

THE KING OF THE BATTLEFIELD

BOOK 01

Onhu

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The King of the Battlefield

(전장의 화신)

by

Onhu

(온후)

Synopsis

Amidst the war between 72 Demon Gods, humanity was defeated.

Muyoung steps into the past to fix their mistakes.

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Prologue

Roar!

The forest was on fire.

This was the base of the organization, the Forest of Death, where any human could come to kill each other.

Cough.

In the edges of the forest, a man missing the lower half of his body was struggling.

While coughing blood, he grasped Muyoung's ankle and shouted, "For, for what reason did you destroy the Forest of Death? For 40 years, you killed thousands of people with us so why now!"

Muyoung, wearing a black robe smeared with blood, quietly looked down at the man and said, "Weren't we all already nonexistent?"

The group living in the furthest corner of the world.

That was the Forest of Death.

As they were never able to tread in the light, they did not exist.

It was just a disappearance of people who already didn't exist. There was nothing strange about this.

Finally, everything was quiet.

It was because the man grasping his ankle, the leader of the Forest of Death, had breathed his last breath.

As he gazed at the abundance of bodies surrounding him, Muyoung thought, 'If I was given the choice... would I have lived a different life?'

Too many had died.

Even the blood of the innocent were spilled by his hands.

Living a different life, it was probably impossible.

It was hard to imagine living with someone with his pungent smell of blood.

Thud!

Muyoung fell to his knees.

There were various holes strewn throughout his body.

It was surprising that he still didn’t die after losing so much blood.

Even though he had the finest training in the Forest of Death, it was too difficult to assassinate hundreds of experienced fighters and the leader by himself.

‘It’s been a long road.’

He forcefully brought the edges of his lips up.

He couldn’t even remember his real name or how to smile anymore.

But 40 years ago, Muyoung had been just a common university student on Earth.

Once he was summoned to the Underworld, everything changed.

The Underworld.

This world that was ruled by 72 demons was no different from hell.

For a long time, humans were slowly summoned to the Underworld.

It was the same for him.

Without any time to adjust, he was left to protect himself against monsters.

He couldn’t even trust other humans.

For decades, humans existed in this world. They treated other lives as if they were worthless.

To protect this belief, small organizations and bases like this were even established.

Muyoung was kidnapped by the Forest of Death as soon as he arrived in the Underworld.

From then, he was put under drugs and brainwashed into killing others.

The people who could have been the hope of humanity were killed in this way.

Even after he was released from those methods, he already lost the guilt of killing others.

He had gone too far to live amongst others.

But, even this path was now at its end.

Muyoung lifted his head.

“It will probably be the last time I get to see a sky like this.”

The sky above his head was incomparably clear.

Blue Temple Arc

Chapter 1: Blue Temple (1)

“Huuk!”

Muyoung opened his eyes.

His whole body was covered with cold sweat.

As he wiped his sweat, he took a deep breath.

Whoo! Whoo!

He slightly frowned as he felt something strange.

‘How am I able to breathe?’

He definitely remembered dying after wiping out the Forest of Death.

He was also aware that his heart stopped when he took his life.

‘Am I… alive?’

‘But what is this vividness I am feeling right now?’

Even doctors who have reached heavenly levels wouldn’t have

been able to heal him.

It was definite that he was going to die.

But he didn't.

The heart he thought that had stopped was thumping harder than ever.

All his senses of smell, hearing, touch, taste and sight were normal.

These weren't the only weird points.

He turned his head.

There were almost 50 people around him.

"Wh-where is this?"

"I was definitely working at my company?"

"Mommy, mommy!"

There were many different types of people, ranging from children to the elderly.

Muyoung had seen this before.

It was a vague, faded memory, but this was the scene he saw 40 years ago, when he was first summoned into the Underworld.

He also remembered the hell that happened afterwards.

‘I don’t have any calluses,’ he thought as he examined his hands.

The rough calluses that were formed from using weapons for 40 years were nowhere to be seen.

The scars and wounds that were riddled throughout his body were gone as well.

‘Everything is refreshed.’

The past events he had endured were gone like it never happened.

Even the great Muyoung was taken back.

‘Did I return?’

It was hard to believe.

Time traveling.

‘But if this truly is the past, then I might know where this is.’

‘The Blue Temple.’

A half destroyed temple.

It was the place where people who are summoned arrive first.

He has to survive here for a month to reach the next stage.

‘I guess it’ll come up soon.’

Muyoung gazed in front of him.

Shortly, the expected phrase floated up.

<Choose your weapon.>

“What?”

“It’s telling us to choose weapons?”

“Fuck! What’s that supposed to mean!”

While everyone was confused, only Muyoung moved out.

Of the hundred weapons strewn along the wall, he grasped a shining blue weapon.

Then a message appeared in front of him.

Name: Scimitar of Strength

Rank: E

Classification: Flange-mounted

Endurance: 300

Effect: Strength +1

‘Ha!’

It was the same as before.

If there was a difference, it would be that he reacted and moved faster than others.

<Following the Law of Solomon, the first one to complete their mission will be awarded ‘Leather Armor’>

Everyone turned to look at Muyoung.

Soon, out of nowhere, an armor made out of leather floated in front of him.

Muyoung wordlessly packed the armor.

‘Completing the missions fast is good.’

That way he could receive these extra rewards as well.

The Underworld was swelling with various monsters.

A regular human was unable to survive in this environment.

That was the reason why there was the ‘Law of Solomon’.

The Underworld was created by the 72 demons trapped under Lemegeton (Note: Lesser Key of Solomon) as they wake up.

Baal, Agares, Amon as well as the other demons were the

strongest among the monsters.

Solomon, who originally trapped the 72 demons, predicted this outcome and, to give humanity hope, forcefully made this system to fight against the 72 demons.

‘But the real enemies were the humans.’

That was right.

The enemy of humans were humans themselves.

The work Muyoung carried out was of the same nature.

People with promising futures or those that would be of a hindrance were requested to be eliminated by the Forest of Death.

Because of that small belief, they became narrow-minded.

Since he arrived 40 years in the past, 20 years from now, the <Great Calamity> will strike and summon all of humanity to the Underworld. That is when the demons will make their move.

However, to protect their small belief, humans hid their trump cards in fear of losing them and were divided and eventually conquered.

Even then, the amount of people requesting assassinations from the Forest of Death never dropped.

By the time Muyoung destroyed the Forest of Death, humanity was already on the brink of defeat.

“Is, isn’t it best if we all chose a weapon?”

A woman gave her opinion.

They all remembered the words and the leather armor floating in front of them.

They realized that this wasn’t just a trivial matter.

But they were a step too late.

Screech!

Screech! Screech! Screeeech!

<Kill 100 Fire Eagles.>

<Rewards will be given to the people who kill the most.>

<Or endure until there are 30 people left.>

<The Fire Eagles that have eaten their full will return back to where they came from.>

As the temple doors opened, 2-meter-tall birds were slowly flying towards them.

Because their tails always emit fire, they were monsters known as the Fire Eagles.

These eagles used their long sharp beaks to tear out the human guts.

A good number of 100 Fire Eagles landed.

‘It has begun.’

Muyoung calmly gazed at his surroundings.

“Caww!”

“Wh-what is heck is that!”

The Fire Eagles fearless entered the temple and started their attack.

Only five people were able to react quickly to the situation and grabbed a weapon.

“Argh…”

A big, unarmed man standing at the front was the first to be eaten.

He died as soon as a Fire Eagles stabbed him through his throat with its beak.

Afterwards three Fire Eagles sat down and started to feast on the man’s carcass.

“S-save me!”

“Please!”

It was total madness.

Hell had arisen.

‘It could be said that dying here could even be a blessing.’

Muyoung was cool-headed.

If they couldn’t handle this sort of situation, once they were out

in the Underworld, they would meet even more terrifying ends.

If he was to save them with half-baked sympathy, it wouldn't last long.

If he wasn't going to take care of them until the end, it was better to not start in the first place.

Also, with the body he returned to, he was unable to eliminate all 100 of the Fire Eagles.

'The Fire Eagles aren't capable of doing two things at once.'

Especially when they were eating, they do not pay attention to their surroundings.

To defeat the swarm of Fire Eagles, a few people had to be sacrificed.

Although he returned to the past, he still kept the accumulated experiences he gained in the past 40 years.

And though his body was not like before, he expected that he will adjust to it quickly.

'Even though these birds will return once they are full...'

If that was to happen, he wouldn’t be able to get any reward.

Swish!

He cut the head of the oncoming Fire Eagle.

Screech!

Will the eagles rage once they see their companion die?

‘Of course not.’

Surprisingly a few eagles flew down to feast on the guts of their dead comrade.

These bastards would even revert to cannibalism to sate their hunger.

It was because at this moment, they were at their hungriest.

For this reason, it wasn’t hard to fight against the eagles.

If he was alone, it would have been difficult, but there was prey all around him.

While the eagles were preoccupied with eating, he had to take them down one by one.

“Hey, that guy is fighting! Everyone, lift your weapons and fight!”

“The, the throat! Aim for the throat!”

Everyone was in a panic.

Fortunately, it seemed like there was someone who was thinking straight.

After observing Muyoung’s actions, the person started to lead the others.

The five people who picked out weapons from the wall earlier, led others to also pick their weapons.

But there were also a few who didn’t move.

“Like the voice said... if there are only 30 people left, the birds will return.”

“I. I. I can’t do it. I won’t.”

They were the ones that were too frightened to act.

But did they know that if they don’t hold a weapon, they become

the main targets of the Fire Eagles?

‘If I was given the choice, would I have lived a different life?’

Muyoung thought that all the time.

He drew a different image of himself, not as a member of the Forest of Death.

A dream that could never be achieved.

But by some miracle, he was brought back to the past and was given a choice.

‘At least this time I won’t be used by others.’

I am tired of doing other people’s bidding.

Slash!

The scimitar was smeared with blood.

Chapter 2: Blue Temple (2)

Almost a hundred Fire Eagles were spread across the floor.

“What the fuck is this”

“Fuck, Fuck, Fuck.”

“Waaaahhh, Mommy!”

Cries and curses existed everywhere.

All of the Fire Eagle had been killed, but so many humans had also died in the process.

Including Muyoung, 51 people had arrived at the temple. However, only 38 people were currently alive. 13 had died from fighting the Fire Eagles.

‘Quite a few survived.’

Although he couldn’t remember the exact number, back then, not nearly as this many people survived.

At most half.

It was definitely different from the past.

Of course, it was mostly because Muyoung alone was able to clear about half of the number of Fire Eagle…

<Following the Laws of Solomon, to the survivors, I give you the ‘Status Viewer’.>

A watch with a strange shape appeared on their left hands.

There was only a pentagram on the face of the watch which didn’t show the time.

<The ‘Status Viewer’ shows the status of the person as well as their activity log.>

<Every time you turn it on, it gets updated, and all its record gets permanently saved.>

<Extorting someone else’s watch and seeing their record is possible so make sure you don’t lose your watch.>

Status Viewers were very important.

If it was not a person you completely trust, you should never show them your watch.

If you lose it, you can steal someone else's and overwrite it, but then you will lose your entire history you saved up.

Therefore, if you can, it was best for you to not lose it.

Muyoung remembered looking at the watch of the people he had killed. For some odd reason, his only hobby was collecting these watches.

Thanks to this... He had more information than anyone else.

He even assassinated people who were thought to be impenetrable.

As he turned the small bump on the side of the device, a hologram only viewable to the user appeared.

<Abilities>

<Skills>

<History>

<Other>

He first looked at the abilities.

And then, the hologram changed to show something else.

> Achievement Effect –> None
>
> Class Effect –> None
>
> Strength 11 (10 + 1) Agility 13
>
> Stamina 9 Intelligence 9 Wisdom 8
>
> Special Note: None

As he had equipped the Scimitar of Strength, his strength increased by 1.

If it wasn't for the scimitar, his Strength would have only been 10.

These stats were incomparable to the ones he had in the past.

But he didn't care.

If he could just think over his past, he knew he could get stronger faster than anyone else.

<Next: Announcing the Result of the Hunt.>

<The Best Hunter: Muyoung, 47 Fire Eagles.>

Prize = Water producing Magical Item, Food Supply for 5 days, Unknown item (Known only by the owner)

<2nd best hunter: Kim Taehwan, 6 Fire Eagles.>

Prize = Rank E+ weapon (Options available), Food Supply for 4 days

< 3rd best hunter: Oh Juyoung, 4 Fire Eagles.>

Prize = Rank E weapon (Options available), Food Supply for 3 days

'Does the system only show the name I remember...?'

Muyoung was the name appointed to him during the days he was a trainee at the Forest of Death.

He remembered using a totally different name when he was a university student in the past. As a side effect from the continuous brainwashing and drugs, he had forgotten a lot of important information.

'Being Muyoung is enough.'

He shook his head slightly.

The choices he would make in the future were more important.

What he had to do, what he was going to achieve.

The name was a minor part.

A little later, 3 items appeared above his hand.

<'Water producing Magical Item', 'Food Supply for 5 days', and the extra reward 'Paranormal' have been received.>

<On your history, 'First day, best hunter' had been recorded.>

These magical items were talismans that held different kinds of materials and mysterious skills.

Unlocking the Seal of Lemegeton didn’t only release the 72 demons.

The laws overruling this world changed and different types of magical items were created everywhere.

This was arranged by Solomon.

The hope of humanity forcefully created to give strength to those who fight against the 72 demons!

‘Not bad for the first earnings.’

The water producing magical item will surely be helpful from now on.

Not just in the Blue Temple, but in the Underworld, it was always hard to find fresh water.

Muyoung concentrated on the yellow talisman he had and information relating to the object appeared.

<Magical Item Information>

Name: Water producing Magical Item

Rank: D

Classification: Continuous Use

Effect: Able to produce 10L of water everyday

Even though there was a 10L limit, it was still a lot for him to drink by himself.

All the items were ranked from EX, S, A, B, C, D, E, F, in order from the best to the worst.

If an item was D ranked, then it was one of the best items you can get in the beginning. Not to mention it was a magical item.

The food supply for 5 days appeared in a small box. Inside there were loaves of bread under a preservation spell.

Muyoung gazed at his bonus item.

‘Paranormal. An accessory with a spell... Were you able to get something like this at Blue Temple before?’

Paranormal was a red ring.

<Information about the accessory>

Name: Paranormal

Rank: D

Classification: Equipable type

Durability: Max 5 times (5/5)

Effect: For 10 mins, user can choose to increase all their ability +2, use Healing Wave, or Fire Bolt.

As he looked at the information, he nodded his head.

Depending on when he uses it, it could be quite the game changer.

In a dangerous situation, the item could be used as the deciding blow.

The fact that it was much harder to find decent accessories than weapons made Paranormal an amazing treasure for now.

As he wore the accessory on his left hand, people came up to him.

“Excuse me.”

Two women and five men.

From the group, the man who was standing in front of them spoke.

‘A group has already been made.’

It was an action worth applauding. The man instinctively knew they had to stick together to live and wanted him to join them.

“You seemed quite calm. Are you experienced?”

“What if I am?”

“Of course! Ah, my name is Kim Taehwan. And your name is?”

Kim Taehwan.

I knew I saw him somewhere. He was second in the previous ranking.

Looking at the sharp longsword he was holding, he probably chose it as a reward this round.

“Are you referring to me?”

“Yes, as there is no one in front of me besides you.”

Kim Taehwan impudently laughed.

But, Muyoung didn’t feel like getting involved with them.

So he replied briefly.

“YongSa.”

[TN: YongSa means soldier]

Taehwan’s expression stiffened.

Taehwan would probably think that he was being played around with.

Even though he wasn’t going to treat him seriously, he thought about the word continuously before telling him.

In the past, Muyoung killed a countless number of people.

From the people that he killed, there were soldiers and people who could have been recognized as heroes. For example, the Dragon Lord who tamed a magical dragon and Queen of Frost Wind, Kim Hannah, and so forth.

If those people were to be alive today, the humanity would not have been destroyed that easily.

‘They should still be alive.”

They were few of the toughest opponents I had to assassinate.

Especially the Dragon Lord, it took him a whopping 3 years.

The magical dragon that was by his side was one of the strongest monsters in the Underworld, with great perception. Even the Dragon Lord himself was one of the top 10 human beings living in the Underworld. Therefore, even 3 years was considered quite short against someone like him.

Anyhow, he will not deny the things he had done in the past, but he now has the chance to change what he had done.

Since he now had the chance, Muyoung decided to live a more meaningful life this time.

“Yong Sa... Then what is your last name? Lee Yong Sa? Park Yong Sa?”

Was he saying that to joke with me?

Muyoung turned away.

“My last name is Yong. First name is Sa.”

Anyone who saw them would know that he was ignoring him.

“Haha! You’re funny.”

However, Taehwan laughed.

Muyoung was now admiring him in his own way.

‘This dude. He will survive quite a while.’

Even in this situation he decided to laugh.

When he thought about it, the Blue Temple in the past might have had someone like him.

However, Muyoung didn’t really care.

Even from the beginning, he wasn't someone who could socialize well with others. Nor did he ever have the time.

Depending on how one used their time in Blue Temple, it will drastically change their starting point outside of the Blue Temple.

Only the people who use their time wisely will be able to survive the Underworld.

Also... It was the only way to dodge the hands of the Forest of Death.

Unlike the past, he refuses to be kidnapped helplessly.

As Muyoung started to walk away cold-heartedly, the other people around Taehwan Kim started to get enraged.

"Hey!"

"Yong Sa? Wow, Mr. Kim, just leave someone like him alone."

"Yeah. He has no basics."

As Taehwan Kim decided to follow him, the other members of the group tried to stop him.

It seemed that these people have formed a group with Taehwan

as the core and had already agreed on a few things.

And as they were pushed to their limit, there had to be someone who they could place their hatred on.

As Muyoung heard their fuss, he just shook his head.

‘It’s not like grouping up will be best for them.’

If you couldn’t trust each other, it was best not to group up.

In reality, didn’t most of the Nine Great Guilds and the Five Great Clans get destroyed because their internal conflicts?

They were unable to trust each other and later they were unable to trust themselves.

If this was the case, then how can a group of people trust each other when they just met each other.

As time passes, the intensity of trials would only get stronger and within these people, there will be some who had hit rock bottom.

He would rather act alone than to see them in that state.

‘First, I need to build my body.’

The body that he had right now was very shabby.

With this body, he couldn't achieve anything.

The Muyoung in the past had seen a great number of other people's histories to know the way of attaining important items only available at the Blue Temple.

'Secret Classes.'

Normal people were only able to achieve one class.

However, Muyoung was able to get four different classes with different tendencies.

The leader of the Forest of Death called it, 'Universal Type Characteristics.' This allowed him to act freely in any situation.

In the past, through the leader's policy, he had attained the classes of warrior, mage, ranger, and priest. Now... If he was to learn 4 different secret classes, he would be an expert with no apparent weaknesses.

Secret classes were so powerful and dangerous that Solomon decided to hide their existence.

And one of the classes was available in the Blue Temple.

‘If I remember correctly, it was the Necromancer class.’

There was a person who threatened others using an army of undead.

The lunatic Necromancer, Kim Gilyoung.

By himself, he killed thousands of people, and made the dead join his force and developed even greater strength. When fighting a large group of people, it was a class with an absolute advantage.

Even so, Muyoung slit his throat. During a war, he used his extreme hiding abilities to creep up to him and cut his throat.

Drunk on blood, it was his fault not being cautious.

Afterwards, Muyoung remembered taking his watch to look at his history.

‘First, I need to get the Necromancer class.’

Instead of allowing Gilyoung Kim to get Necromancer class, it was much better to keep it for himself.

Chapter 3: Blue Temple (End)

Thud. Thud.

Muyoung kept striking the scarecrows located outside the Blue Temple.

Everyday, monsters would try to raid the temple, but for the past three days, starting from the first day, he never forgot to strike the scarecrow.

“Doesn’t that guy get tired…”

“There are all kinds of weirdos in the world.”

All the people around him were amazed at how hard-working he was, but no one stepped out to train with him.

They were already exhausted after fighting off a monster raid everyday.

No one was willing to overwork themselves with all that training.

To them, it seemed foolish for Muyoung to push himself so hard.

It was also incredible that he kept getting the best hunter title, but since he never mingled with anyone, there was no one to

compliment him for it.

If anything, there were people who were revolted by the fact he wouldn't share his rations or water with anyone.

< For diligently hitting the scarecrow, Strength has gone up by 1>

But Muyoung didn't care about that.

Before befriending others, to him, it was more important to prioritize getting stronger.

And in his own way, he felt confident in his decision.

'I can raise my Strength and Stamina up to a maximum of 20 using these scarecrows.'

Everyone knew about this in the Underworld, but it was impossible for these newly summoned people to know it.

Knowledge is power.

And at this moment, Muyoung had the most knowledge out of all the people here.

He never thought about sharing this knowledge.

For people who needed to be spoon-fed information, there was no way they would survive in the Underworld anyways.

To survive, one had to have quick wits, decisiveness and most importantly, have perseverance.

“Why the hell is he doing that?”

“Let him be, let him be. There’s not much to eat anyways.”

The people next to Muyoung copied his actions, but gave up quickly.

Thud! Thud!

He raised his attack speed.

They would have had to hit the scarecrow at least ten thousand times to see results.

It was a battle with himself, but to him, this was nothing.

For every 100 recruits, only one or two survived the Forest of Death’s training and he survived.

‘I need my Strength and Stamina to be at least 20 to attempt it.’

A secret class was obtained once you overcame the impossible.

Even in the past, there were no more than 100 people with a secret class.

But they all had logic defying strength. Of course, there was an equivalent amount of risk involved, but it was definitely worth the risk.

And to achieve the secret class, ‘Necromancer’, it required you to first train your body to a certain level.

Muyoung looked over.

He saw the tall cliffs that surrounded the Blue Temple.

Up on those unending cliffs somewhere, there was a nest.

To become a necromancer, he would have to climb the cliffs, while fighting off hoards of monsters, and kill the five gatekeepers.

As of now, that goal was still far off.

Once one leaves the temple, fighting Orcs and Knolls were common, but if you were unlucky, you might meet the ‘Giant Leo’,

a lion type predator.

So killing the five gatekeepers was too difficult for beginners.

‘Besides Strength and Stamina, I also need to a weapon.’

After defeating the raid of monsters everyday, they would receive rewards dependent on their performance.

The reward for killing the boss monster that comes every 10 days was enough to offset the previous days’ rewards.

It meant that bosses were that much stronger, but he wanted to move out after he had at least killed the first boss.

“Excuse me.”

Just then, two women approached Muyoung.

Although they looked a bit messy, they had a much better appearance than the rest.

They were two university students with heavy makeup on.

The one with long straight hair and who was adorably clenching her fist, spoke.

He hit the scarecrow a bit more softly.

“Is there any meaning to hitting them?”

Thud! Thud!

But Muyoung only continued with his actions.

He hit concisely with no unnecessary movements.

The scarecrow shook dangerously.

“Aren’t you going to answer me?”

The girl stepped right next to the scarecrow.

She lowered her gaze with a pitiful expression.

On top of that, her white blouse exposed her bare shoulders.

That scene would have enchanted most men.

She had that level of beauty and in reality, a few of the surrounding men gave Muyoung jealous stares.

“Fuck off.”

But that wouldn’t work on Muyoung.

To Muyoung, who passed the harsh training of the Forest of Death, that level of seduction was like a child acting cute.

That wasn’t all…

One of the things people had to be most cautious of in the Underworld were beauties.

Listening to Muyoung’s reply, the girl staggered as if her pride was hurt.

Then she lowered her head and knit her brows.

‘Crazy bastard! Is he an eunuch or what?’

Kim Soyoung was not used to this sort of treatment as there weren’t many men who would just abruptly tell her to fuck off.

She was one of the those commonly known ‘idols’ of her school.

Men would line up just to have a chance to hold her hand.

She knew she was pretty and because she thought she had such worth, she had extremely high standards for men.

She didn’t even consider doctors, lawyers or attorneys as much.

If it wasn’t for being summoned here, she would have been enjoying a drive in a sports car after an extravagant dinner.

He should be thanking her while shedding tears for talking to him, but he dares to tell her to fuck off?

‘Just because you know how to fight a bit…’

The reason why she approached him was because he seemed like a lone wolf.

Although she said he could only ‘fight a bit’, she knew it was quite the opposite.

During the past three days, they were constantly subject to life threatening situations.

They knew that there were more monsters waiting for them outside the temple.

To be physically strong was the biggest asset in this situation.

Even more so, the man in front of her resembled a wolf that would tear apart all the monsters he faced.

He didn’t approach others and because of his special aura, no one could approach him.

She thought if it was this man, she would allow him to be with her for a while.

But from the start, her plan was trampled by him.

She refused to give up.

She lifted her head and straightened her clothes.

She revealed her enchanting smile and said, “Aren’t your words a bit too harsh? Even I would be a bit hurt.”

Muyoung stopped for a moment.

His expressionless gaze fell upon her. She took that as a ‘signal’ and told him, “I’ve seen your performance for the past few days. People talk about oppa, oh, I can call you oppa right? Anyways, people talk about oppa lot.”

[TN: Oppa means big brother (younger female to older male)]

She stealthily came closer and slightly brushed her hand against his.

There was no man who could resist this kind of physical contact.

‘When would you have ever held hands with someone as pretty as me?’

Muyoung’s appearance was normal, a guy with very average looks.

If it was an ordinary day, she would never meet someone with his appearance no matter what other qualifications he had.

She believed that he only said those harsh words because he didn’t know how to act in front of a beauty like her.

“‘He’s good at fighting and was originally living in the temple, but he is a bit greedy.’ Ah, but don’t worry about it oppa. They are all cowards who can’t say it to your face. Also because you kill so many monsters, isn’t it natural you receive the most rewards?”

Eye contact.

She tried to laugh as naturally as she could while gazing at his eyes.

It could be said that that was the finishing move, but as soon as she looked at Muyoung’s eyes, she felt her body tremble slightly.

‘For human eyes to be like that…’

There was not a hint of emotion in his eyes.

His eyes didn't waver like other men would when they looked at beautiful women.

His eyes were endlessly abyss.

It was hard to explain the terrifying sight.

Finally, Muyoung opened his mouth.

"Are you done talking?"

"Yes? Ah, y-yes, I am."

"Then fuck off."

"What... did you say?"

Punch!

Muyoung shattered the scarecrow's face.

Her intentions were obvious and he didn't have to the time to listen to her.

There was less than a month left.

Once the month was up, the gate to the Underworld would open.

And then… big guilds like the Forest of Death and the Five Great Clans will be waiting for them.

If he doesn't want to be pushed around by them, he had to increase his strength even by a tiny bit.

"If you try this again, I'll make your face the same as the scarecrow," he quietly whispered into her ear.

He said he would become a soldier, but that didn't mean he would try to save everyone.

If anyone stands in his way, he won't hesitate to get rid of them.

'I am not a good man.'

Maybe an evil one.

Because he had gone too far down the road, he could never be a good man.

Not that he wanted to become one.

“Hiccup!”

Soyoung hiccupped.

That was right. He was like the embodiment of a wolf.

Rough and untameable.

“Hiccup! Hiccup!”

The strength in her legs slowly weakened.

Muyoung’s stare was so terrifying she couldn’t move.

“So-Soyoung, are you okay?”

Eventually, the girl who came with her dragged her away by her wrist.

He turned his head away after looking at Soyoung being dragged across the ground.

Thud! Thud!

He started to hit the scarecrow again.

‘If I get a high ranking during the boss raid, I might get a pretty good reward.’

The bosses that come every 10 days were difficult.

No matter how well they fight, a few will inevitably die.

But if he was able to gain an overwhelming victory over the boss, he might receive a weapon of rank ‘C’ or higher.

‘A ‘C’ rank is sufficient.’

To defeat the monsters while climbing the cliff, a rank ‘C’ weapon was more than enough.

As he had the experience to fill the gap of having a lesser weapon!

Star Of David Arc

Chapter 4: Star Of David (1)

Five days have passed.

At this point, there were only 32 survivors left.

After 13 deaths on the first day, one to two people died everyday thereafter.

Everyone had become desperate after they learned that they will die if they didn't fight.

But not everyone was useful.

"Let's reduce our numbers."

Oh Juyoung.

He, who was consistently ranked 3rd the past few days, spoke up.

He was a man in his mid-late twenties with a shaved head and tattoos all over his body.

His appearance made others feel threatened.

There were a few people around him.

“What do you mean by numbers?”

Among them, a man asked while gulping down his saliva.

Juyoung crossed his arms and said, “There’s not enough food, but there are too many useless bastards.”

Food was only given to the top 3 hunters.

Even though it was just crumbly bread under preservation magic, it was the most important supply in this place.

Up until now, Taehwan and Juyoung evenly distributed the bread, but there was a limit to that.

The already small supply of food was distributed among 30 people.

Each person was pretty much living off of half a loaf of bread each day.

A few people in the temple flinched.

After someone had died in agony eating grilled monster meat, no one had put their hands on the monster carcasses.

Bread was their sole salvation, but if Juyoung cut their supply,

many people will have no option, but to starve.

In this world, starvation led to death.

Juyoung smiled as he said, “So let’s have the useless bums fight each other or whatever and reduce the numbers.”

“Oh Juyoung.”

Taehwan approached him.

Juyoung snorted at him.

“Don’t try to be a hypocrite. Didn’t we do enough for them already?”

“Our goal is to keep everyone alive.”

“That’s~ Why~ you thick bastard. Let’s get rid of the useless ones. You see that guy with the kid? What can he do when he has no arms? It’ll be good if he could at least serve as a meat shield.”

“Juyoung!”

Taehwan raised his voice.

There was no choice.

It was only a hard decision to make the first time, but afterwards, it would only get easier.

If they started to get rid of the useless people, then there will only be a minority left at the end.

Taehwan was on guard.

If their conscience died and only the self-centered people lived, the surviving group will eventually collapse.

Juyoung picked his ears.

“Bitch, your voice is fucking loud. Even though you’re okay with it, I’m pretty sure most aren’t happy with the current arrangement.”

Juyoung looked away from Taehwan and gazed at the people around them.

Everyone looked quite malnourished as their cheeks started to cave in.

There was a clear distinction between the useful and the useless.

The people who were of some use started to glare at the ones who weren’t as useful.

It wasn't just one or two days, it seemed like the dissatisfaction piled up during the past few days.

They just couldn't voice their complaints since the food was only distributed to the top 3 hunters.

It wasn't like Taehwan was unaware of the situation.

"We have to find a solution. If we start thinking about throwing others away, how are we different from the monsters? We are humans with reason. We need to help each other out."

"Ha, it's not like you're going to drop food when you die. Whatever, if you really want to take care of everyone, do it yourself. From now on, I am going to take care of myself."

Juyoung shrugged his shoulders.

The food he distributed the past five days was still a considerable amount.

There was no reason for him to stick his neck out for others when it wasn't his responsibility.

But in Taehwan's position, this wasn't pleasant news.

"Juyoung, if you stop… many people are going to starve."

“So what? It’s hard for me to live too. Or…”

Juyoung brought out a loaf of bread and quickly munched on it while looking at the crowd.

“Let’s have a bartering system. I am not that cold-hearted, you know. If you give me a reasonable payment, I will trade it for bread. Or become someone useful to me. Yeah, I think I can feed up to six people.”

The reason why he decided on a specific number was simple.

He wanted to make his own faction.

In a place like this, power was the law.

There was strength in unity.

Although, they were unified, up until now, it was just a public declaration.

It didn’t have the same influence as a faction.

‘So he was waiting for this moment.’

Muyoung was spectating the whole situation from a far.

Oh Juyoung.

He was quite the sly fellow.

He deliberately waited five days.

If he was to make this announcement when everyone was starving, there were definitely people who would cling onto him.

To be part of the ‘six people’, he knew they would do all sorts of things to flatter him.

On the other hand, the leftover faction lead by Taehwan wouldn’t have the same unity.

Taehwan tried to accept everyone. It didn’t matter if they had any capabilities.

Of course, the dissatisfaction among the capable will definitely rise and they will start to side with Juyoung’s faction which centered on power.

Like how Juyoung deliberately waited five days before making a statement like this… he was someone who was able to calmly analyze his surroundings and act at the right moment.

While goading Taehwan.

It seemed like he was well-versed in human psychology.

Juyoung was waiting with a completely relaxed attitude.

“How about me?”

Soon after, someone raised their hand.

Kim Soyoung.

After getting embarrassed by Muyoung, she decided that this time she would try and join Juyoung.

“You? What can you do? Just because you’re a bit pretty, you think I am going to give you my hard earned food?”

She was flustered as she thought that he would definitely accept her.

But she quickly calmed herself and accentuated her chest.

“I can do various things for you. Anything you can imagine.”

“Anything… you say.”

Juyoung skimmed over her body.

It felt like a snake was slithering around her body, but she endured it.

For the past five days, she took various of steps to survive.

First, she searched for the person who she thought would survive the longest.

That was the reason why she approached Muyoung in the first place.

But it ended as a failure and her next target became Juyoung.

Although he was a cold-hearted good-for-nothing, his skills were quite top-notch.

Taehwan seemed a bit muddled, so it didn’t seem like he would last very long.

‘If I make this man a king, then I can be the queen.’

So she decided to make Juyoung a king.

Once she decided on someone, that person had to become the very best was what Soyoung thought.

Juyoung smacked his lips lasciviously.

“Sure. I will make an exception for you, but for the rest, I will have strict requirements. Ah, you must be hungry, have some food while you wait.”

“Thanks.”

As soon as Soyoung stood behind Juyoung, he handed her a loaf of bread.

She chomped on the bread and ate it as if it was the most delicious food in the world.

She knew she would lose some face, but she also knew that if she did this, it would tempt more people to join.

Many people gulped down their saliva while they watched her eat.

“Me, me! Will you accept me?”

“If you need to do something that requires strength, you’ll need someone like me!”

“Instead of a guy like him, I’m a much better choice!”

The responses came down like hail.

Like a flood, a crowd of people went over to Juyoung's side.

Kim Taehwan and Oh Juyoung.

There was a clear distinction between the people who joined each side.

"Juyoung, it's not good to split into two groups."

As Taehwan spoke with a firm voice, Juyoung just clicked his tongue.

"Just worry about your future, kay?"

There was no way for him to stop the momentum.

Juyoung started to recruit members and the chosen held their heads up high as if they have been chosen to become nobles.

Ranks were being established.

Taehwan's 'save everyone' policy didn't appeal to many.

More and more people began to think that it would be better to get rid of the useless ones.

A breakthrough...

That's what he needed.

He looked at Muyoung.

Muyoung never lost his 1st place position in the rankings.

He had the most food, yet whenever Taehwan asked him for help, he was ignored.

However, it wasn't like they could forcefully take it.

Maybe they could if everyone grouped together and fought against him.

But even that was doubtful.

He was the embodiment of a wolf.

But now, Taehwan had no other choice.

If he let this go, Juyoung will definitely take the lead.

Did Muyoung understand Taehwan's look?

Muyoung suddenly moved towards the center of the stage.

At the same time, the commotion died down and everyone's gaze fell on him.

It was because he had never stepped out like this before.

After gaining everyone's attention, he spoke, "I am going to explore the outskirts of the temple. All volunteers will receive two loaves of bread and clean water everyday."

'He's insane.'

That was the one thought in everyone's mind.

Why would all these people try to stay in this small temple?

Because if they went even a little bit outside the temple, they would be overwhelmed with monsters!

And he was going to explore that place?

It didn't make the situation better now that he was handing out bread and water.

Going out there would be no different than suicide. They couldn't decipher any other meaning besides going out to die.

But, Muyoung continued to wait arrogantly.

It was like it didn't matter if anyone joined him or not.

No one would volunteer… that's what most people thought.

"Mister, can't it be three loaves of bread? For me and my father."

The first to appear was a little girl.

She looked like she was nine years old. She still had a lot of baby fat on her.

On the other hand, her father was an armless cripple.

He had lost both his arms during the monster attack on the second day.

Death seemed certain for them as soon as they leave the temple.

They wouldn't be of any help either. It would be considered good if they didn't hold him back.

“Welcome.”

But Muyoung’s next words shattered everyone’s expectations.

Chapter 5: Star Of David (2)

If you left them alone, they were going to die anyways. It made no sense in accepting those two.

However, Muyoung interpreted the situation differently.

‘Quite fierce.’

The young girl knew by instinct that following Muyoung was her only way to survive.

She had quick wits and was a fast decision maker.

Age was not a problem. No one here could match up to his standards anyways.

If that was the case, it would be better to choose someone fast-witted.

“Anyone else?”

“What do you mean by explore the surroundings?” a man who didn’t belong to either side asked.

Muyoung calmly replied, “For three to four hours everyday, you will explore the surroundings and gather anything essential. You will hunt if necessary.”

What they could earn at the temple was extremely limited.

To earn something, you must be willing to accept the risks that follow.

The more risks you take; the more profits you could gain.

There was nothing you can get for free, at least in the Underworld.

“I will volunteer as well.”

Surprisingly, Taehwan made his move. It was quite unexpected as Muyoung thought he would continue his rivalry with Jooyoung.

“Are you sure? We’re not going out to play,” he replied sarcastically.

To him, seeing the two sides fighting each other was no different than bantering children.

Taehwan nodded his head.

“I know it’s a job with my life on the line. I also thought it was about time to explore the surrounding areas. It’s not safe to continue to stay in this place we know nothing about.”

He thought of others before himself before he made his decision.

His kind normally didn't last long.

Nosy people like Taehwan were usually the first to die.

'But if he survives, he will grow to become a great influence.'

The Dragon Lord was like that.

Everyone acknowledged that he had the talent of a real soldier.

If he didn't die by Muyoung's hands, he would have made a great difference.

However, it was very rare to find someone like the Dragon Lord.

Even if they did survive, in the abyss like the Underworld, 99% of them will eventually have a changed personality.

Muyoung was skeptical that Taehwan would survive.

'Things that can be obtained outside the temple.'

The reason why Muyoung was gathering people was simple.

The rewards he could obtain outside were greater than what he could earn here.

Moving luggage, searching and even sleeping, these were better done in a group than by himself.

Also, it was better to hunt for monsters outside than killing them during the raids.

Primarily, people raise their skills better when they strive for it.

By fighting monsters at the temple, their skills will rise quickly in the beginning, but it will slowly stagnate.

If you didn't constantly improve your abilities, you wouldn't be able to survive the harsh realities of the Underworld.

It was a struggle to stay alive... but for now, it was more important to find the magical items hidden outside the temple.

'A magical item with movement abilities and a storage type talisman, Hell Hound's Dagger, Despair Scout's Gloves, and the Mask of Arrogance... I'll find as many as I can.'

Although Muyoung lost many important things by going back to the past, he was able to keep his knowledge and experience. After killing each of his thousands of targets, he would always read and

memorize their history.

There were many objects to find outside the temple.

It was time to get started.

*

In total, five people volunteered.

Muyoung gave each of them a torch.

The ends of the torches were smeared with oil.

The oil was made by boiling the carcasses of the monsters.

“Never lose the torches and the oil can, unless you want to end up as monster fodder.”

Unlike the modern world, with bright neon lights everywhere to brighten up even the darkest nights, here, they could only rely on the torches to see.

Most monsters fear fire.

At the very least, going around with a torch meant that they would be less likely to be ambushed.

A man, who received a torch, asked, “Aren’t we just looking around for 3 to 4 hours?”

It was currently early morning.

If they were to explore for 3 to 4 hours, the sun would be at its highest.

It seemed like he felt uncomfortable with the preparations for the night.

But Muyoung said with a firm voice, “We don’t know what kind of situation we will come across. Also, every midnight, the surrounding topography will change and if we don’t have the torches then, we won’t be able to find our way out.”

“What do… you mean our surroundings change?”

This time, it was Taehwan who asked.

Of course, they didn’t know.

Muyoung decided to use their misunderstanding to his advantage.

“Like you all thought, I am someone who has been living here for a while.”

“So that rumour was true.”

When everyone was confused, Muyoung acted as if he knew what was going to happen.

This was why people assumed that he arrived here before them and had lived at the temple for a while.

He told them, “Outside the temple is wilderness itself. We won’t have the time to help those who fall behind.”

And then, as if he was looking to see their resolve, he examine each of them.

He especially carefully examined the young girl, Bae Suzy, and her crippled father for a long time.

Having quick wits was more helpful than others with ambiguous skills, but there was the question of them being able to keep up in the harsh conditions.

As she obviously knew what he meant, Suzy gritted her teeth and said, “I’ll do my best. So I won’t be a burden to anyone…”

After all, there were no other options for her if she wanted to survive.

If she was to lose the chance at being by Muyoung's side, there wouldn't be anyone else who would take care of the father-daughter pair.

She made up her mind that even if she was to die, she wanted to at least attempt to live.

'She has quite the backbone for her age.'

It seemed like she always had a sense of responsibility.

Along with her fast wits and decisive decisions, it was surprising to see her adapt so fast for her age.

That was why it was a little unfortunate.

If she was a bit older, with a little help, she would have been able to rise to considerable heights.

However the Underworld was not a place that a young girl could easily survive on her own.

'Even I don't have the time to take care of others.'

It was a bit unfortunate, but that was it.

After examining each and every one of them, he turned his back.

“If you don’t want to die, don’t argue with my orders. Don’t get curious. Follow me unconditionally. Understand?”

Everyone solemnly nodded their heads.

There was nothing more important than words from an expert.

Especially after seeing what Muyoung was capable of, at least in the survival aspect, he was a pro.

“Then let’s head out.”

After preparing their weapons and packing some tools, the torch and the oil can, they started to move.

*

Crunch!

Muyoung stomped on a huge ant that was targeting his feet.

As the fist sized ant exploded, its juices flew everywhere.

‘Dark Red Fighter Ant.’

It was a big ant that produced neurotoxins. If someone was to get bitten, the bite will swell up to multiple times its size and the area would become paralyzed.

“Crush every one you see.”

He gave out a warning.

Although they weren’t life-threatening, if they couldn’t move, they would eventually die.

Gulp!

Six people, including Muyoung, cautiously stepped into the forest.

They were constantly on high alert and paid sharp attention to their surroundings.

“They are already like that.”

It was good that they were alert, but if they tried to keep it up for hours, they would be mentally and physically exhausted.

Even if Muyoung told them that, they wouldn’t listen.

It was because this place was a total mystery to them.

It was faster for them to learn from their experiences.

“Mister, there’s an item here.”

Suzy brought a magical item to him.

She found it after crushing a few Dark Red Fighter Ants.

‘Paralysis Inducing Magical Item.’

It contained the neurotoxin produced by the Dark Red Fighter Ants.

In a slightly more refined form.

Muyoung grabbed the magical item with one hand and told everyone, “After killing monsters outside the temple, there will occasionally be items like these. For those that wish to use the item can do so by holding the item with their hands.”

He brought out the Water Producing Magical Item and once he held it in his other hand, water began to slowly trickle out.

“This is water, but the other one contains neurotoxins. It could affect your body, so be careful when handling it.”

Afterwards, Muyoung handed the magical item back to Suzy.

Suzy tilted her head slightly.

“I can keep it?”

“Of course. You’re the one who found it, therefore it’s yours.”

He drew a clear line.

Everyone had to be responsible for their own items that they find.

After walking for a bit, Muyoung pointed towards a tree.

“If you look carefully, you will find trees with exceptionally green and round leaves. All the things growing from this tree are beneficial. However, you must look carefully as there are similar looking trees that are poisonous.”

He took couple of the mushrooms growing on the tree and placed it in his storage bag.

It was a white moss-like mushroom that helped with blood circulation.

Taehwan spoke.

“Can we grab them?”

“Store as much as you can.”

It was a rare tree found in this forest known as the ‘Sacred Tree.’

‘We were lucky.’

It was uncertain if they will see this tree again.

They had to take as many as they could while they had the chance.

“Look dad, it’s a mushroom.”

“I think it will be delicious if we grill it.”

“I’ll cook it into something tasty for you.”

Suzy excitedly stored lots of mushrooms in her bag.

‘Footsteps.’

As others hurried to grab the mushrooms, Muyoung had already finished gathering and looked for any traces around the tree with

his hands.

He then found a scratch made by an animal with three claws.

‘It must be the territory of the Three-clawed Shrewmouse.’

The topography changed every midnight.

If they had simply remembered the places they have been, they would be screwed.

So it was necessary to check whose territory they were in.

Also, because the Three-clawed Shrewmice moved in groups, they were quite hard to deal with.

Even though they were only about knee-high, they had sharp teeth and were very fast.

‘If I remember correctly, there should be a high grade storage type magical item in their territory.’

Storage type magical items were very important.

Depending on their grade, the amount of items one could store varied.

If people didn’t store their belongings in a storage type magical item, they could easily be targeted by others.

Of course, the Shrewmice didn’t just live in a single territory. They lived in a few different areas so he couldn’t be sure if he would find it here, but it was still worth a try.

‘This might be a bit annoying.’

Muyoung knitted his brow after seeing all the traces nearby.

By the looks of it, it seemed like there weren’t just a few tens, or a few hundreds even.

He estimated that there were at least three thousand of these Shrewmice living in this territory.

It was best to quickly accomplish his goals and leave.

“If you’re all done gathering, we should start moving.”

Muyoung told them to hurry up.

*

“Ahhhhhhhh!”

“Get the fuck away! Fuck off!”

Two men who fell behind were swinging their swords and screaming out loud.

A brief moment of inattentiveness led them to be surrounded by Shrewmice.

Tsk.

Muyoung clicked his tongue.

If it was him in the past, he would have noticed these things in an instant.

Unfortunately, it was impossible in his current state.

‘Maybe, it was for the best.’

He couldn’t avoid it.

Therefore, it was better to use it as an advantage.

Especially when some stats increase more rapidly in these type of situations.

If he looked at it simply as a way to temper his body, it was

actually more beneficial.

Muyoung raised his scimitar.

“Bring it on!”

He shouted loudly to get their attention.

It was a dangerous move, but he thought that if he fought with all he had, it wasn’t impossible to win.

Screech. Screech.

One of the Shrewmice fell down from above.

While falling, the mice raised its claws in attempt to cut Muyoung’s neck.

Slash!

Starting by leaving an air hole in the belly of the mouse, Muyoung started to kill mercilessly.

A number a bit less than 150.

He had to take out one mouse per strike.

Muyoung started to collect all the magical items that poured out as he killed the Shrewmice one by one.

<Magical Item Information>

Name: Shrewmouse's Strike

Rank: F

Classification: Single Use

Effect: For one time only, you can have the same effect as a Shrewmouse's scratch.

It was just an F rank.

It was the lowest rank with barely any effect.

On average, one dropped for every two Shrewmice he killed.

The reason why he made an effort to even collect these magical items while killing the Shrewmouse was because they stacked up. If you looked at the item individually, they were useless, however,

if you collected 5, then it was a different story.

> <You have collected 5 ‘Shrewmouse’s Strike’.>
>
> <The 5 ‘Shrewmouse’s Strike(F)’ has now evolved to ‘Shrewmouse’s Great Strike(E)’.>

The name changed as well as their rank.

‘Spell enchantment.’

In the Underworld, people referred it as ‘Spell enchantment’.

By collecting 5 of the same magical item, it allowed the item to evolve into an item with a much stronger effect, or sometimes an item with much different effect.

‘Not yet.’

However, it wasn’t an item he was pleased with.

Screech!

He couldn’t afford to waste anymore time in this situation.

His shirt was torn near his bellybutton by a Shrewmouse and his skin showed through.

Blood dripped from the red streaks that appeared all over his body.

However, he didn't care.

Muyoung was used to these life threatening battles.

He pushed himself further.

Even though he was able to dodge all their attacks easily, he waited for their attacks and counterattacked only when they were very close to him.

'If you endure these dangers, your Agility will increase.'

Agility stats didn't just increase your ability to move faster.

It was considered the 3rd eye.

The commonly known, 'sixth sense', was a part of agility.

To increase his Agility stat, he had to put more pressure on himself in these situations.

Creak!

Screech!

The Shrewmouse started to focus on Muyoung and gathered towards him.

They recognized that Muyoung was the most dangerous one out of them.

Muyoung kicked their carcasses in order to create a makeshift barrier.

Being vulnerable all around was the worst. He needed to at least keep a side blocked to stop them from coming at him on all sides.

He slashed his scimitar without even turning around.

Gaak!

The mouse that tried to bite down with his wide mouth had the scimitar pierced through his neck.

Slash!

As he pulled out his scimitar, blood scattered everywhere.

Muyoung was getting exhausted.

However, Muyoung didn't stop. He moved faster and fiercer when more and more Shrewmice gathered around him.

Even though he was smothered in blood and had plenty of wounds, Muyoung's movements were still the same.

His instincts took over the body as he lost half his sense of reason.

And so, he was able to kill more than 70 Shrewmice.

<You have collected 5 'Shrewmouse's Great Strike'.>

<The 5 'Shrewmouse's Great Strike(E)' has now evolved to 'Shrewmouse's Cry (D)'.>

Waaaaaaaang.

A small sound emitted from the magical item.

At the same time, the Shrewmouse who heard this sound became sluggish.

‘There we go.’

The corners of his mouth lifted to form a sly smile.

Chapter 6: Star Of David (3)

It was as he expected.

When the magical item evolved, it became the Shrewmouse's Cry.

Information popped up as he lightly examined the magical item.

> Name: Shrewmouse's Cry
>
> Rank: D
>
> Classification: Continuous
>
> Effect: Inflicts surrounding Shrewmice with a 'Fear' status.

Although it could not be used to physically damage their enemies, it was much more useful.

Just possessing this magical item would affect the Shrewmice near him.

Because of the 'Fear' status, the Shrewmice's movements became sluggish. Unlike before, they weren't able to act as a group and were scattered.

When the Shrewmice flinched, Muyoung started the massacre.

‘… Incredible.’

Taehwan was absent-mindedly staring at the scene which was unfolding before his eyes.

Out of all the members gathered today, Muyoung was the only one who was truly ‘hunting’.

It was a scene that made others tremble, Muyoung looked like an evil spirit.

He seemed like a champion fighting to death. Every unyielding step seemed to thirst for victory.

If it wasn’t for Muyoung, they would have been annihilated in seconds.

‘I have to get stronger.’

Overwhelmingly.

That is what Taehwan felt as he watched Muyoung fight.

If he doesn’t get stronger, he would never be able to survive in

this place.

If he wanted to survive, he had to get stronger.

Like the man in front of him, he had to persistently strive to survive.

“After we clean up, we will move out,” said Muyoung after he had massacred all the Shrewmice except for the few that had fled.

His body was caked with a mixture of his own blood and the blood of the Shrewmice.

‘There should be a den nearby.’

Looking towards the direction the Screwmice fled to, it seemed like their destination wasn’t far away.

His stamina was almost completely used up, but he couldn’t stop.

There was no guarantee that it would still be there tomorrow.

“We, we aren’t going back?”

There were no casualties on their side, but everyone had some light scratches.

They were also extremely exhausted.

It was too much to expect them to continue.

Swish.

Instead of answering, Muyoung opened his gathering bag and took out a few leaves.

The leaves on the Sacred Tree could disinfect wounds and had excellent treatment capabilities.

After inattentively crushing the leaves into a paste, he rubbed it on his wounds.

Not long after, the bleeding stopped.

“Those that want to leave, leave. If you leave now, you can get back by retracing our steps.”

Muyoung was completely calm.

The reason why he dragged all these people out here was simple.

Luggage, sleep and for unlikely circumstances.

It was also to select the few who would fight with their life on the

line.

Something like exploring the outskirts of the temple could only be done by those who were desperate.

‘For the boss battle, I need people with at least a bit of experience.’

Bosses were strong. It was hard for him to overwhelm them alone.

The ones that only improved inside the temple weren’t of any use.

Only those who experienced the outskirts of the temple for a few days would be able to cope with the boss.

It was foolish for him to try to force them.

That was why he only accepted the people who volunteered.

At the same time, the person, who asked the question, became dumbfounded.

Even if they tried to return to the temple, if they were attacked by monsters along the way, without Muyoung, they would be in danger either way.

In fact, they felt that they would be safer with Muyoung after watching the previous scene.

“I will follow you.”

The first one to speak was Taehwan.

Muyoung who was examining his wounds next to a tree looked at him.

“We’re not going out to play.”

“… I didn’t volunteer so I could fool around.”

Muyoung got up.

‘I guess he figured something out.’

He wasn’t simply a meddlesome fellow.

On the other hand, Suzy held a small dagger in her hand. Looking at the blood stained on the dagger, it seemed like she didn’t simply run away when they encountered the Shrewmice. She probably wielded her dagger to protect her father.

Even so, she was only out of breath, he didn’t see any apparent signs of agitation in her.

‘If she just survives…’

He smacked his lips in anticipation for a second before shaking his head.

He then grasped his trembling fist.

He couldn’t calm his excitement.

It was quite different from his past self who was cool-headed in any situation.

He didn’t even feel this excited after killing 300 assassins and the leader of the Forest of Death.

Was it because his body reverted back to its untrained state?

‘As expected, my Agility went up.’

After the fight, his Agility went up by 1.

The more he pushed himself towards the boundary between life and death, the faster his attributes would rise.

He looked at the carcasses of the Shrewmice around him.

The smell of Shrewmouse blood was pungent.

This was not a good place to stay.

Even if it was the territory of the Three-clawed Shrewmice, this much blood could attract other predators.

If, in the unlikely chance, a Giant Leo appears, he will have no choice, but to use the others as bait and escape.

“Crush these herbs and rub them on your wounds. We leave in 5 minutes.”

He took out some herbs from his storage bag and distributed a small portion to everyone.

*

After following several leads, they arrived at the Shrewmice’s den.

It was a huge cave.

Clomp.

The sound of their footsteps echoed out.

There was no way to figure out how deep the cave was.

“Raise your torches and step lightly. I will lead. Taehwan, you bring up the back.”

“Wouldn’t it be better if I was at the front?”

“Don’t question my orders.”

“… Okay.”

Before they left the temple, Muyoung told everyone to follow his orders unconditionally.

No matter what, they had to return by midnight.

There was no time for him to explain each and every detail.

After arranging everyone in a line, he headed into the cave.

Squeak. Squeaak!

Not long after, they were able to hear the cries of the Shrewmice.

Muyoung took out the ‘Shrewmouse’s Cry’.

The rushing Shrewmice slowed down and paced back and forth hesitantly.

When he shed the torchlight around him, they were able see approximately 300 Shrewmice scattered around every corner.

In any case, he wasn't after the Shrewmice, he was after what was behind them.

It was wise to pass through the hoard of mice while they were still under the 'Fear' status.

"Huuk!"

"Gasp!"

Everyone was frothing at their mouth as they rushed to follow Muyoung.

He wasn't running at an especially fast pace, but the pressure felt from the surrounding monsters was no joke.

*

They ran for a while.

As the pathway slowly expanded, they arrived at an enormous

cavern.

From the floor to the ceiling, it seemed to be 50 meters tall and there were a multitude of holes on the walls.

‘These are the tunnels the Shrewmice use to move around.’

This was the center where all the tunnels led to.

“A shrine?”

Taehwan softly spoke out.

His eyes fell on a certain place.

At the end of the cavern, there was a shrine.

There was a hexagram drawn in the center and statues of a goddess were spread out around it.

Although it looked old and rusted, everyone was captivated by its magnificence.

‘A hexagram and statues of a goddess, huh.’

Muyoung looked at the Status Viewer on his left wrist.

There was a pentagram on its face.

On the other hand, the symbol drawn in the center of the shrine was a hexagram.

It looked like two overlapping triangles.

However, Muyoung had definitely seen the symbol and the statue before.

“The Star of David…”

“What?”

Taehwan tilted his head as he looked towards Muyoung.

But Muyoung’s expression was extremely solemn.

‘Why would the Star of David be here?’

His whole body was shaking.

The Star of David.

The symbol only appeared in places where the 72 Demons were

summoned into the Underworld after being unsealed from Lemegeton.

That meant that one of the 72 Demons was summoned here and that the shrine was just a consequence of the summoning.

And that statue of the goddess was...

'Gremory.'

As one of the 72 Demons, Gremory held the 56th seat.

It was the statue of Gremory.

'What do I do.'

Muyoung motionlessly stared at the shrine.

A place where the Star of David appeared.

There would be treasures in every place Demons were summoned.

For example, in the place where the 7th seat, Amon, was summoned, there was a book. The book overflowed with knowledge of all kinds of magic.

Magicians who have read the Book of Amon gained 10 years worth of training from simply reading the book.

Those who rigorously studied the book became Grand Magicians… The owner of the book's class was changed to the secret class 'Arch Mage' and constructed the Tower of Wisdom which allowed him to confidently place in the top 10 among humans.

Unfortunately, no one could ever find the summoning location of Gremory.

He couldn't understand why Gremory was summoned so close the Blue Temple where beginners stayed.

Of course, he expected that this place would be as risky as the retrieval the Book of Amon, where more than 500 people lost their lives…

'There is only one chance.'

If he failed, that was it.

After a month, the gate will open and they will all be sent to the Underworld.

Once they arrived in the Underworld, they will not be able to return to the temple. Also, there was no guarantee that they would be able to come back to the shrine within a month.

He was at a crossroad.

If they were successful in investigating the shrine, Muyoung will have an unbelievable advantage over others. On the other hand, if he failed, he will die.

“We will go inside.”

He made his decision.

The Underworld was a place where nothing could be gained without risk.

The rewards were too tempting to just let this opportunity pass by.

*

Rumble!

As soon as they stepped into the shrine, the ground below them shook and words appeared in front of their eyes.

<You have entered the ‘Shrine of Gremory’.>

<The Star of David starts to shine.>

<Four trials are created.>

<Choose your trial and step in.>

<Only a single person may enter each trial.>

Four doors appeared at the time.

A few words were etched on each door.

<The difficult, but short path>, <The long, but easy path>, <The long and difficult path>, and <The short and easy path>

Chapter 7: Star Of David (End)

“What’s this all of a sudden…”

“I think it’s telling us to choose a door and enter?”

Two members of the party discussed as they examined the four doors.

‘You can only choose once.’

Four doors.

Only one person could enter a room and these kinds of trials could not be repeated.

Once someone enters a room, the door will lose its effect.

It was also impossible for one to pass a trial and attempt another.

Until this time, no one has ever reached the shrine so the four trials were still intact.

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

‘The trials are chosen by the specific characteristics of each of the 72 Demons.’

There were always treasures to be found in places where the Star of David appears.

However, the methods of attaining these treasures were different.

The method would usually depend on the specific characteristics of the Demon.

The trial to obtain the Book of Amon was a conflict between human malice and selfishness.

In the end, there were more than 500 casualties as people ended up killing each other.

On the other hand…

What about Gremory?

‘Gremory never revealed herself, even until the very end.’

There were only rumors that she was the only female Demon, besides that, there was no other information.

Even after the Great Calamity, when the Demons were destroying mankind, she never showed herself.

There were a few Demons who never showed up either, but even among them, Gremory was especially hidden under a veil.

He would have no choice, but to make a decision depending on the commonly known characteristics of Gremory.

‘Fidelity, honesty, generosity and anguish.’

The first things that come to mind were those four.

There were a few characteristics included that didn’t match with the typical image of Demons, but since he had never seen Gremory, there was nothing he could do.

Anyhow, these were the characteristics used to describe Gremory in literature, he had to assume that the trials had something to do with them.

‘Will there be rewards in every trial or after the completion of all four trials or if not those, will the reward be hidden in just a single trial?”

There was no way to know right now.

“Somehow, I feel uneasy. I, I’m not going in.”

Eventually, a man raised a white flag.

Wooooo.

The sounds and the aura emitted from the doors were without a doubt able to stimulate fear in humans.

Unless you were quite courageous, you wouldn’t even think about opening a door.

Since Muyoung was used to these situations, he wasn’t heavily affected, but to those whose lives were the most precious to them, it was an obvious choice.

“Mister, can I go in there?”

Suzy broke the brief silence.

Muyoung looked at her indifferently.

‘How unexpected.’

She was the youngest and physically the weakest.

She was only able to survive because of her quick wits and decisiveness.

Since she was with her father, he didn’t expect her to take risks,

but she was the first to affirm she would be challenging one of the doors.

The door she chose was <The difficult, but short path>.

“No one knows what’s waiting for you inside the door. Is there a reason why you chose this door?”

“Just…”

“Just?”

“I don’t know. I just think that I should enter that door.”

She bowed her head deeply.

It looked like she didn’t know how to explain herself.

‘A feeling. Or a trap.’

It was hard to conclude the reason why only Suzy felt that way.

But it felt like it wasn’t just fluke.

‘It’s not a trap.’

If it was, there was no way they would target Suzy.

It is natural they would try to separate the most powerful one here, Muyoung.

Even if they targeted Suzy, it wasn't like she would influence others.

He recalled Suzy's past actions.

As he thought about it, he realized that, although she wouldn't always be doing the best thing to survive, she would at least take the next best action.

Like the time she survived the attack of the Three-clawed Shrewmice.

The others would try their best to close their distance between Muyoung, but only she would keep her distance and secretly look for a place to avoid the fight.

She wasn't taking actions consciously, her instincts and senses took over.

"Which door do you think I will have to enter?"

So he asked.

No matter how hard he thought, there was no definite answer.

On the other hand, Suzy acted with ‘confidence’.

The more surprising fact was her father’s reaction.

Normally parents would try to stop their children from getting in danger.

Yet, as if it was natural, he didn’t even try to stop her.

Most likely, he knew about her ‘feeling’.

“Ummm…”

As she looked back and forth between the four doors and Muyoung, she pointed at a door.

“This one.”

Muyoung followed her finger and looked towards the door.

‘The difficult and long path.’

He shook his head.

He then stood in front of the door with the phrase <The difficult and long path>.

“All of you enter the door Suzy chooses for you.”

“What?”

Taehwan stared at him in surprise as if inquiring what he meant.

It was abnormal to let a child make a choice that could decide their fate.

However, Muyoung thought it was the right choice.

Although he could only explain it as a ‘feeling’, since he had experienced life in the Underworld, he able to accept it rather easily.

It wasn’t like there was no one with foresight in the Underworld.

“Suzy, who are the people who will attempt the remaining two doors?”

“Taehwan oppa and that person.”

She didn’t hesitate as she picked out those two people.

And so it was decided that Taehwan was to attempt the <The long, but easy path> while the other man was to attempt the <The short and easy path>.

“The-then are you telling me to stay out here with this person?”

The man, who was the first to say that he wouldn’t enter the trials, trembled.

It was because if he was to stay with the armless cripple, there was no doubt they would die if the monsters attacked.

“As long as you’re in the shrine, the shrewmice won’t attack.”

It wasn’t a place where beasts like shrewmice could enter whenever they wanted.

And there really were no traces of shrewmice around the shrine.

‘We have to finish as fast as possible.’

It will be midnight in nine hours.

They need at least one hour to return back to the temple.

If they weren’t able to get out of the trials by then, then the topography of the forest will change.

If that happens, it will become much harder to return to the temple.

“Then… let’s see each other on the other side.”

Muyoung was the first to open the door.

The inside of the room was pitch black like a black hole.

Slam!

As soon as he stepped into the room, the door slammed shut behind him.

*

<You have entered the ‘Room of Anguish’.>

He looked around his surroundings.

An endlessly desolate desert.

There was absolutely nothing in this place.

‘My bag and magical items disappeared.’

On top of that, his food and water were gone as well.

Thin clothes and a scimitar were all he had.

It seemed like the items unnecessary for the trial were removed.

‘If I keep walking, I guess something will pop up.’

Didn’t the name already suggest it would be a ‘difficult and long path’?

There was no way that as soon as he stepped into the room, he would see his objective.

He pushed through the rough sand and walked forward.

How long had he been walking?

It felt like it had been at least a day.

If it was him in the past, he would have been fine after walking continuously without rest for a week. However, in his current state, he was slowly approaching his limit.

The lack of food and water was the problem.

It was incredibly taxing to walk without rest towards an unknown destination.

If it was any normal person, they would have already exhausted their mind and body.

However, Muyoung wasn't normal.

'I can still endure a bit longer.'

He dragged his feet.

After walking like that for a few hours, he came across an oasis.

'Poison.'

But the water in the oasis gave off a purple hue.

He sniffed the water and dipped his tongue in the water.

Spit!

He spat out the water immediately and turned his body away.

Poison was mixed in.

It wasn’t a strong poison, but if he was to drink it, it would only momentarily relieve his thirst.

It wasn’t wise to try to distill the water without the proper tools either.

The fourth day.

The next thing to appear was a rabbit.

He tried to hunt down the rabbit, but the rabbit was always slightly faster than him.

So close, yet so far.

The distance between the two wouldn’t shrink no matter what he tried.

‘So it’s like this.’

After walking for four days, a man who has lost all sense of reason will do whatever it takes to catch the rabbit.

But Muyoung realized that it was a trick.

He gave up on the rabbit and forced his feet to move.

He walked a few more hours like that.

Thump!

Even the great Muyoung had eventually collapsed on floor.

‘I can’t fall here.’

The mind controlled the body.

Muyoung was successful in getting his body back up with extreme concentration.

Compared to the beginning, his pace was very slow, but he didn’t give up and continued to walk.

To make up for his loss of energy, his body started to burn away his muscles.

This was the most optimal choice his body could make in this situation where there wasn’t even water to drink.

Not long after, his body was only skin and bones and his hair started falling out quite quickly.

It was because he was Muyoung, he was able to stay alive in that

state and continue walking.

For 40 years, there was not a single moment when he lived his own life.

He wanted to live his own life.

A life of some significance.

However, that was impossible.

But then, he was given a chance.

There was no way he was going to waste this chance as soon as he got it.

Even though there were tens, even hundreds of times he could have given up, he didn't.

Along the way, food and water did appear, but since he knew that the trial was simply tempting him, he didn't even bother to look at them.

As his stamina and mentality reached their limits, someone blocked his path.

"Why did you destroy the Forest of Death? Didn't we have a good

relationship the past 40 years?”

Was it a mirage?

The man in front of him was the owner of the Forest of Death, the chief.

Muyoung waved his hands, however the chief didn’t disappear.

“It… wasn’t… my life.”

“Didn’t you kill all your companions that have been with you for years? The ones who you laughed and played with!”

“We… never… laughed.”

Muyoung took out the scimitar from his chest.

“Just wait. This time, I will certainly erase you.”

Once he returns to the Underworld, his first target will be the Forest of Death.

It would be difficult to do this right away, but he will strengthen himself and annihilate them as fast as possible.

Splash!

As he slashed out with his scimitar, the chief's blood sprayed out.

Gulp!

Muyoung drank the blood dripping off the chief.

He bit into the chief's flesh.

And then, approximately 300 members of the Forest of Death appeared.

Specters.

Their eyes were blank.

It looked as if they were asking why he killed them and to take responsibility for their deaths.

However, Muyoung looked at the sight and laughed brightly.

"I don't regret my decision."

He used the last of his strength and performed a deadly sword dance.

<Achievement percentage 227.7%>

<You passed the trial brilliantly.>

<Hidden piece, the special benefit for people who have stepped into the ‘impossible to solve’ area, has been invoked.>

<The special stat ‘Fighting Aura’ has manifested.>

<You gained a complete victory in ‘Gremory’s Anguish’.>

<You have earned the weapon ‘Anguish’.>

<The skill ‘The Demon Commander of the 27th Legion’ has been created.>

Boss Battle Arc

Chapter 8: Boss Battle (1)

A door appeared.

As Muyoung stepped through the door, a bright light enveloped him.

Muyoung closed his eyes, when he opened them, he noticed others looking at him.

All together, 5 people.

‘Was I the last one?’

The desert was long.

For days, maybe weeks, Muyoung had walked continuously.

No way, did they wait for me all this time?

Muyoung stretched his hands and touched his hair.

His body of only skin and bones with almost no hair, had been turned back to normal.

‘An illusion.’

Muyoung realized that the world within the door was an illusion.

Within the doors he wasn't aware of it, but he became certain once he passed through the door.

"Are you okay?"

Taehwan approached him.

He donned a shield Muyoung hadn't seen before.

A red shield embedded with a cylindrical ruby.

As the aura seemed to be out of the ordinary, Muyoung assumed it was the reward he earned from passing through his trial.

As Muyoung's gazed fixed on the shield, Taehwan awkwardly laughed.

"Ah, this shield? They gave it to me when I passed through the trial. It's a rank B item, the 'Shield of Eradication'.'"

A B rank gear was definitely a rare item in the Underworld.

Even in a large guild, it was only given out to a few of their important members.

It wasn’t an item a newbie could get.

Taehwan seemed quite triumphant about the fact that he earned a B rank equipment.

“Hyoungnim, there is an unknown effect on this shield. Could you please look at it?”

Big brother (younger male to an older male).

Taehwan started to call Muyoung ‘hyungnim’ since they entered the forest.

And so, he held out the shield.

Normally, it was common sense to not hand over your gear, even among your friends.

It meant that he wasn’t completely contaminated by this world, but as Muyoung was also curious, he took Taehwan’s shield.

Name: Shield of Eradication

Rank: B

Classification: Equipable type

Durability: 8,500

Effect: You gain a ‘Toughness’ buff when you face more enemies.

“You got a quite decent item.”

Muyoung nodded his head.

The durability level was certainly high, but his attention was more focused on the ‘Toughness’.

Within the B rank items, it was definitely hard to find one with a Toughness effect.

On top of that, its buff will increase as he faced more opponent.

If he used it on a battlefield, it was sufficient enough to be qualified as a B+ or an A rank item.

However, Muyoung’s reaction only made Taehwan more puzzled.

“I don’t understand what Toughness really means.”

“It is a buff to reduce the effects of spells and curses. It also

allows to resist primitive states of dread, like fear.”

Muyoung handed back the shield.

It was a decent item, but Taehwan’s abilities were far off from being able to use it to its full potential.

There was a secret class, ‘Guardian of Light,’ which used shields, but unfortunately, Muyoung didn’t know how to earn it.

As Taehwan received his shield back, he said,

“Anyhow… it seems like you have also changed quite drastically.”

Taehwan skimmed Muyoung’s body and looked at his sheath attached to his waist.

The usually place for his Scimitar of Strength was replaced by a different sword.

Muyoung drew his sword.

It was a red sword that looked like it was covered in blood.

Bone-like objects stuck out throughout the length of the blade.

Name: Anguish

Rank: A

Classification: Equipable Type

Durability: 30,000 (Unrepairable)

Effect: Strength +5. Ability to steal blood from the opponent and recover the stamina of the user.

An A rank...

It was a high ranked equipment that only the leaders of guilds would normally use.

The effects were also outstanding.

It was perfect for Muyoung who had a low level of stamina.

The fact that it was not repairable was a bit of a fall back, but still since the durability itself was amazingly high, he knew it would last him at least a few years.

Even with his Scimitar of Strength, with a durability of only 300,

he was still able to use it even if it became a bit dull.

‘The Shield of Eradication is nothing compared to it.’

There was a condition attached to the Shield of Eradication.

As you fight a greater number of enemies.

If you think in reverse, it also implies that you can’t get the Toughness effect when you fight against a few people.

However, with Anguish, he just needed to attack. As long as he could spill the blood of his enemies and the durability had not dropped to 0, it was built for continuous fighting.

But, Anguish wasn’t the only thing he had earned.

Muyoung turned his Status Viewer and checked his abilities.

Achievement Effect –> Gremory’s Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Class Effect –> None

Strength 30 (22 + 8) Agility 23 (20 + 3)

Stamina 24 (21 + 3) Intelligence 14 (11 + 3)

Wisdom 15 (12 + 3) Fighting Aura 13 (10 + 3)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened.

*As your Fighting Aura increases, low grade enemies won't be able to approach you.

[Before and After Comparison]

Strength 11 Agility 13 Stamina 9 Intelligence 9 Wisdom 8

Strength 30 Agility 23 Stamina 24 Intelligence 14 Wisdom 15

Maybe that was why his body felt like it was overflowing with power.

'Ha.'

Even Muyoung himself was surprised at his development.

When comparing to the first day, his basic stats had improved drastically. However with the inclusion of Anguish and the Achievement Effect, his stats had improved even further.

Besides, an A ranked Achievement Effect was much rarer than similarly ranked weapons.

That was because receiving an achievement effect itself was extremely difficult.

‘With this, it seems like the boss battle will be much easier.’

His current stats exceeded far beyond his expectations.

If Taehwan blocked the attacks with his shield, he thought that it was enough to come out victorious in the boss battle.

Afterwards, it seemed possible for him to go and retrieve his secret class.

‘Anyways…’

He examined everything, except for the last one.

‘The Demon Commander of the 27th Legion?’

If Muyoung's memories were correct, he clearly remembered the last message about a skill earned with that name.

It was exceptionally rare for a someone to gain a skill before earning a class, but the name wasn't anything ordinary either.

When he opened his skill category, there was one as he expected.

Skill Title: The Demon Commander of the 27th Legion (A+)

Description – The qualifications to become the Demon Commander of the 27th Legion. Gremory originally had 26 Legions. Only Demon Commanders were able to command the 26 Legions and every one of them was possessed with tremendous power.

<In your history, 'The first Human Demon Commander(?)' had been recorded.>

<Another link has been created to continue your quest.>

<Quest: Prove yourself as the Demon Commander of the 27th Legion.>

<Gremory is one of the few peacekeeping Demons. If you can prove yourself as Gremory's Demon commander, you could

gain a power greater than anyone else.>

These were the messages that popped up as he checked his skill.

Muyoung knitted his brows after reading all the messages.

‘If you really think about, it’s not really a skill.’

Simply put, he didn’t have the ‘qualification’.

But, the necessary qualification was a staggering A+ rank.

However, if he could prove himself, it meant that he would gain more power than he could imagine.

‘A quest to become Demon Gremory’s Demon Commander…’

Even in the past, Gremory was a Demon who didn’t reveal herself and was a Demon of mystery.

He never thought it was because she was a peacekeeper.

He thought for a moment and decided it wasn’t a bad idea.

If he could gain strength and achieve his goals, becoming a Demon Commander wasn’t bad at all.

What Muyoung truly wanted to do was save humanity.

But, it didn't mean that he wanted to save everyone. That's why Muyoung didn't want to be a true warrior.

It suited him more to become a Demon Commander-like warrior.

The problem was the method.

How he was going to become one.

For Muyoung, who didn't even know the location of Gremory, it was like trying to find a needle in a haystack.

'Someday I will achieve this.'

However, Muyoung didn't really care.

They were most likely able to find this Shrine of Gremory only because someone or something deliberately led them to it, otherwise it would have been impossible.

That meant that it was possible to complete the quest.

"Mister. It says that I gained a new class."

Suzy carefully approached him.

She then removed her Status Viewer from her wrist.

This was also considered taboo in the Underworld.

However, this wasn't even comparable to Taehwan giving his shield to him.

"Don't ever show your Status Viewer to others."

"Okay..."

She sunk her head from Muyoung's cold words.

But quickly raised her head to say...

"Then I will only show it to you, mister. After all, if I don't know what I have, I will still be in danger."

Muyoung looked at Suzy's eyes for a moment.

He couldn't believe that that was a statement made by a 9 year old.

She really was a keen child.

And it wasn't as if her words were wrong.

Not knowing what you had was also dangerous.

He took Suzy's Status Viewer and looked at it closely.

Name: Bae Suzy

Achievement Effect –> None

Class Effect –> Valkyrie of Dawn (Secret, There will be light after hardships.)

Strength 11 Agility 11

Stamina 11 Intelligence 11 Wisdom 11

Special Note: None

'So you could even receive a secret class.'

Valkyries referred to maiden warriors who served a God.

It seemed like a special class only women could receive.

Even in the past, he had never heard of the Valkyrie of Dawn.

That was probably why it was a secret class.

In the past, there were less than 100 people who had a secret class.

Just by looking at that, you could tell that they were well worth it.

It was as if Suzy received an incredible growth potential.

Though there was a question regarding the last part.

There will be light after hardships.

It was indeed an ambiguous effect.

Does it mean that you will only get stronger as you face more hardships?

Perhaps it might have something to do with the fact that her abilities are all 11.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

Screech. Squeak.

That moment.

It became noisy outside.

‘Must be the Shrewmice.’

Muyoung sensed a huge number of them heading their way.

“Is, Isn’t this the sound of the monsters coming towards us?”

“They shouldn’t be able to enter the shrine right?”

The two cowardly men asked Muyoung.

However, Muyoung just shook his head.

All the doors disappeared and the Star of David had lost its brightness.

Bang! Swish!

The statues of the goddess outside the shrine started to crack and crumble.

These signs only meant one thing.

“Catch this. And.. Brace yourselves.”

After passing Suzy her Status Viewer, Muyoung unsheathed Anguish.

“Enemies are approaching.”

Chapter 9: Boss Battle (2)

A large cavern.

Shrewmice swarmed out from a great number of holes.

There seemed to be easily over two thousand.

“Block the entrance. We can win if we fight them within a small pathway.”

Luckily, the shrine would not collapse.

So there was hope if they fought them at the entrance of the shrine.

No matter how many there were, there was a limit to how many could possibly come in through the entrance.

First, Muyoung held the magical item, ‘Shrewmouse’s Cry’.

However, it had no effect on the Shrewmice’s movements.

‘Something is controlling the Shrewmice.’

That meant there was something that could control this swarm of Shrewmice.

And that its influence was greater than a D rank magical item, so the Shrewmice could ignore the Shrewmouse's Cry.

'It would have been a close call without Anguish.'

Muyoung placed his magical item back in his bag.

Slash!

He then raised the edge of Anguish to slice the neck of the oncoming Shrewmouse.

At the same time, Anguish sucked in its blood.

It converted the blood into stamina. As he regained his energy, he was overflowing with power.

At the very least, it didn't seem like he was going to get exhausted and collapse.

"Keep the line!"

"Argh!"

It seemed like Taehwan earned a shield, Suzi earned a secret class, and the remaining person earned two daggers.

He just noticed the man swinging his two daggers wildly while screaming out loud.

‘Wasn’t his name Kang Baeksoo?’

It seemed like he also passed the trials.

Muyoung didn’t try to remember his name because he seemed like a scary cat who was going to die sooner or later. But, if he passed the trial, things changed.

That meant that he had more than enough strength to be helpful for now.

“None of you will pass by me, you fuckin mice bitches!”

Taehwan blocked the pathway the Shrewmice were entering with his Shield of Eradication.

He was the only person besides Muyoung who wasn’t afraid of them.

The ‘toughness’ buff from the Shield of Eradication allowed him to reduce his level of fear.

Also, his toughness buff increased the more enemies he faced.

“Sword of Dawn.”

As Suzi quitely chanted, a sword of light appeared in her hand.

It must be an inherent skill from the secret class, Valkyrie of Dawn.

The skill wasn’t very destructive, but it was enough to handle the Shrewmice.

Stab!

Gush!

Anguish pierced through a Shrewmouse and completely devastated its organs.

As soon as he pulled Anguish out, the Shrewmouse’s body exploded and its pieces flew everywhere.

That wasn’t all.

While the others were stopping them at the entrance, he was the only one moving forward.

The increased stats from passing the trial made him stronger.

Although the difference wasn't drastic, he knew how to use his strength to its full potential.

By instinctively calculating the air resistance, the angle of attack and even the slightest movement of his muscles, he was able to move without any wasteful actions.

Compared to him, the Shrewmice moved in very predictable patterns.

Even though there were a lot of them, none could stop Muyoung's advance.

Those that saw Muyoung's endless onslaught shuddered.

"Ha..."

"In any case, he really is a mad man."

Taehwan, who was blocking the entrance using his toughness buff, and Baeksoo, who was frantically swinging his daggers, were astonished.

The brutally sliced Shrewmice even looked pitiful.

What if Muyoung pointed his sword at them?

‘Run away.’

Everyone thought the same thing.

Running away. There was no other way.

However, there was also the question of if they could even run away.

Since people knew this, no one at the temple bothered him… however he was much stronger now.

Monster, was the word that kept reoccurring in their mind.

‘Where is it.’

As Muyoung keep swinging his sword, he continuously scanned his surroundings.

The thing that was controlling these Shrewmice was probably not far away.

While he continued, his magical item kept enchanting.

<You have collected 5 ‘Shrewmouse’s Cry.’>

<‘Shrewmouses’ Cry (D)’ has now evolved to ‘Shrewmouse Slayer(C).’>

<You have evolved the item related to ‘Shrewmouse’ to the limit.>

<To evolve this to its final state, you need the magical item from the ‘Great King of Shrewmice’.>

Just because you blindly collected tons of magical items, didn’t mean they would continue to rise in rank.

There was always a limit. Items that start off as a F rank, like the ‘Shrewmouse’ series, tend to usually end at C rank.

Of course, there were always ‘transcendental evolution’, but the materials and the effort that were required were unbelievable.

For now, it seemed like a pie in the sky.

‘You are able to read the movements of the Shrewmice.’

The magical item, Shrewmouse Slayer, allowed Muyoung to gain information about the Shrewmice around him.

Muyoung instinctly realized that there were a total of 1,538 Shrewmice in this cavern. At the same time, he found the location

of the thing that controlled the Shrewmice.

'It's there.'

Beyond the cavern.

There laid the Shrewmice's king.

Muyoung made his way through without stopping.

As the entrance was small, as long as Taehwan was there, it would be difficult for Shrewmice to invade.

That meant that it wasn't really necessary for Muyoung to be there with them. Besides, it was a much wiser decision for him to eliminate the Great Shrewmouse King and end the battle.

Muyoung headed towards the biggest hole among the thousands of holes in the cavern.

Grr. Grrrrr.

Just as he expected, as he entered the hole, there was an exceptionally large Shrewmouse waiting for him.

At least 2m in height. He seemed to be about 5 times the size of a normal Shrewmouse.

When he noticed other large Shrewmice around him, he was certain he had found their hideout.

He must have sent signals from here to move the Shrewmice.

“If you’re a king, act like a king and come out.”

Rawr!

Like a lion, the Great Shrewmouse King roared and swung his huge front claws.

Swang!

Anguish bounced off.

Of course, it could have been that Muyoung was weak, but the Great King’s claws were also very sharp and sturdy.

‘It seems like fighting with just my strength will get me nowhere.’

Even after a single exchange, he felt a shooting pain in his shoulders.

If he was to receive a direct blow from him, his body wouldn’t be

able to handle it.

Muyoung changed his strategy.

It couldn’t be helped, let’s make this into a fight of endurance!

Kluck!

Clank!

Anguish ate up the Shrewmice around him.

In an instant, Muyoung was able to recover his stamina and went all out at the Great Shrewmouse King again.

If he was to lose his stamina again, he would attack the surrounding Shrewmice.

Raaawr!

As he did this, the Great Shrewmouse King’s movements became more aggressive towards him.

‘Are they blood-related?’

As this was the nest of the Great Shrewmouse King, the Shrewmice that were fighting outside didn’t try to come in.

Instead, there were a few Shrewmice inside the nest, it seemed like they were the offspring of the king.

The Great King desperately tried to stop Muyoung, but Muyoung continued to massacre them ruthlessly.

“You shouldn’t be trying to attack me.”

Anguish kept absorbing all the blood it could get its hands on.

A battle to the death where only one could live.

Even the smallest forms of mercy would lead to a tragedy.

As Muyoung knew this better than anyone else, he didn’t hesitate.

Screeeech!

Anguish scraped the floor to produce a sound which confused the Great Shrewmouse King.

The Great Shrewmouse King, who was more enraged then ever, threw caution to the wind and headed straight for Muyoung.

By doing this, the stomach of the Great King was in plain sight.

Muyoung instantly found his chance to stab Anguish through its body.

Screek!

It gave a loud cry.

However, even that didn't last very long.

Thump!

As Muyoung moved aside as he pulled out Anguish, the Great Shrewmouse King slumped down.

Muyoung then picked up the magical item which appeared above its corpse.

<You have earned the 'Great Shrewmouse King'.>

<The two magical items, 'Shrewmouse Slayer (C)' and 'Great Shrewmouse King', combined to form 'Emperor of Shrewmice (B)'.>

As the two magical items overlapped, a light radiated and evolved.

‘Emperor of Shrewmice.’

Normally, if you continuously killed the same type of monster and also killed their king, you were able to receive a magical item with an absolute effect over their race.

There were also rumors that the same method applied to Demons and Demon Commanders, but there was no way in knowing the truth. Either way, the Shrewmice were quite common monsters in the Underworld due to its peculiar ability to reproduce. That was why there were also quite a few people who earned magical items regarding them.

Muyoung knew what to expect from the new item.

As Muyoung gazed at the magical item, information appeared.

Name: Emperor of Shrewmice

Rank: B

Classification: Continuous Use, Developing Type

Effect: You can summon the owner of all the Shrewmice, the Emperor of Shrewmice.

“Summon.”

As he called out the most simple command, a Shewmouse appeared as the face of the magical item jiggled.

It was slightly bigger than the size of his fist.

Kking, Kkinnng.

It was obvious for everyone that it was a baby.

‘This must be why it was a developing type.’

Muyoung held the Emperor by its neck.

As he came out of their hideout, all the Shrewmice turned their heads around to look at them.

“Get lost!”

Screek. Screeeek.

Right at that moment, a big commotion occurred.

It was because they lost the influence of the Great Shrewmouse King and noticed a much greater influence emitting from Muyoung.

As Muyoung yelled at the Shrewmice, they all fled into the cave.

“Huff! Huff! Are you okay?”

The five, who were stopping the Shrewmice in front of the temple, ran towards him and out of them, Taehwan spoke.

Muyoung, who was completely expressionless, replied.

“We leave immediately.”

They had achieved everything they could.

There was nothing good in staying here any longer.

*

The forest was pitch-black.

Evening.

However, it wasn’t past midnight.

A day had not pass yet.

They followed the traces Muyoung had left behind.

If the topography didn't change, it seemed like they had enough time to return.

When they arrived at the temple after roughly 2 hours of walking, everyone except Muyoung were completely exhausted. Their bodies were glued to the ground.

"Now, gasp! Even you beat me to death, gasp! I don't think I could move!"

"Pant, pant, pant,...!"

Most of them had facial expressions that showed breathing was the only thing they could do.

Just a day.

However, they experienced more than just that.

Muyoung noticed that just in a day, their prayers have changed.

"As promised, I will give out the bread and water."

Muyoung distributed the bread and water to each of them.

Even though they were completely exhausted, they all stuffed the bread in their throats.

“Take it.”

“Th, thank you.”

Suzy replied as she wiped off the sweat from her forehead.

Even if it was only 3 pieces, she handled them with great care, as if she was handling some kind of treasure.

As Muyoung watched her, he quietly opened his mouth.

“You cannot tell anyone your class.”

“Even to my father?”

“Yes.”

The secret class was much rarer and worth more than a regular class.

If people knew the truth, when they entered the Underworld, there will be bloodshed.

Big guilds and clans would try to somehow get it or to kill if they

couldn’t earn it.

Even if Suzy was mature for her age, there was no way she could handle the harsh reality she might have to eventually to face.

So until she had enough strength, even if it was her father, it was best to keep it a secret.

“I understand. Thank you for your advice.”

(Bows.)

After she bowed 90 degrees toward Muyoung, she ran towards her father.

‘It’s a nice momentum.’

To be honest, it was unexpected for everyone to return safely.

Since people followed him much better than he expected, he was able to achieve what he wanted.

At first, he thought of them as simply a luggage carrier, but his impression of them was changing little by little.

“What? You guys came back?”

“Look here! They came back!”

Although it was late at night, people started to quickly gather around them.

Even the ones who were rubbing their sleepy eyes were awestruck as they realized that the group had returned.

When they left the temple, not many expected them to come back alive.

But, without an exception, everyone had returned back safely.

In an instant, they were overcrowded.

“You look terrible, which kind of monsters did you fight?”

“Did you get anything?”

“How did you find your way back?”

There was no one who wasn’t curious about their trip outside the temple.

Just one.

Expect Juyoung.

“Fuck, why are you all making a big fuss about something as trivial as this?”

Chapter 10: Boss Battle (3)

While swearing roughly, he approached them with a trashy demeanor.

Suddenly, a silence enveloped the group.

Juyoung was one of the three strongest people in the group and because of his particular attitude, many were afraid of him.

Juyoung approached Taehwan by passing by other people and spoke while grinding his teeth.

“4 people died today, assholes! All because you guys just had to go out on your ‘wonderful’ exploration!”

Once a day.

Monsters raided the temple.

However, including Muyoung, 6 people had left the temple.

The remaining group had to try and fight off the monsters with their insufficient strength and 4 people ended up being sacrificed.

Excluding the first day, it was the highest number of casualties.

Not having Muyoung and Taehwan there must have made a big impact.

Especially Muyoung, as he was able to annihilate almost half of the monsters by himself, his absence must have left a huge impact.

However, losing just four people meant that they fought well.

A moment later, Juyoung raised his left hand.

The middle finger was abnormally short.

“Just the number of deaths is four, but there are many more who were injured. I even lost a finger. If it wasn’t for me, half of the people would have died already! But, you guys decided to go out for a treasure hunt? That shield is looks great, huh!”

Juyoung mocked Taehwan, who was holding the Shield of Eradication.

It wasn’t like Taehwan had nothing to say.

Even he, himself, fought with thousands of Shrewmice before coming back.

However, he wasn’t able to open his mouth easily.

It was because whatever he had to say would only be heard as an excuse to the others.

Juyoung had the lead.

Tsk!

Muyoung clicked his tongue.

Then he approached Juyoung.

“It was necessary to explore.”

“Step aside old man! I’m talking to Taehwan, the great humanitarian.”

“This exploration was lead by me. If you have anything to say, isn’t it right for you to talk to me about it?”

Muyoung just stood there and looked at him.

The reason why Juyoung was only after Taehwan was simple.

In any case, it didn’t seem like Muyoung was going to make a group of his own and he believed that the only person who would be in his way in becoming the king of this temple was Taehwan.

Juyoung who felt Muyoung's gaze, grinded his teeth, but then calmed himself and talked.

"A lot of people were depending on Taehwan. At least Taehwan shouldn't have gone out to explore."

"You make it sound like Taehwan is their nanny."

"No, not that but there is something called a mentor."

"Those who can't survive on their own will die either way."

They didn't even have to think about the Underworld, those who rely on others wouldn't even make it to the Underworld and would die in the temple.

As soon as you relied on someone and were satisfied, you would stop progressing and later be eaten by monsters.

Also, the right to take care of others was given to only those who had the strength.

Taehwan was definitely not strong.

The weak helping each other out was something that existed only in fairy tales.

In the Underworld, only the strong could act as they want as it was a world where the strong have absolute authority.

“So your saying that it’s okay for everyone to just die?”

The veins on Juyoung’s neck bulged.

Since he was already opposing Muyoung, Muyoung could tell that he was trying to sway the public to his side.

“Yes, Those who can only survive by relying on others will only face even greater hellish conditions later on.”

However, Muyoung wasn’t going to take back any of the words he said.

Even Muyoung had spent 40 years living as an assassin without his will.

Before he returned, the 40 years he went through was continuous torture.

The days where he had to survive by even selling out his comrades.

It was a blessing to just die now than to experience that again.

“Ha! Old man, you can probably live by yourself because you’re strong.”

“It’s not that I am strong, it’s just that you guys are weak.”

Muyoung asserted.

The current Muyoung couldn’t even compare to the Muyoung of the past.

Even in the Underworld, just looking at the physical abilities, there were countless people who were like monsters compared to him.

Muyoung pointed at the scarecrows outside the temple.

“Was there anyone who trained on their own time? Didn’t you guys give up right away after knowing there were monsters outside the temple? Whining is what kids do. If you weren’t even going to try and be lousy about it, all that’s left for you is to become monster meat.”

Even Suzy, the youngest one here, didn’t whine about anything.

Instead, she tried to find a way to survive on her own.

When Muyoung was hitting the scarecrows everyday, no one had the determination to join him.

It was because they believed that fighting the monsters that came everyday was enough.

“Aren’t you experienced? You were at the temple alr-...!”

Smack!

Juyoung’s body flew through the air.

Thump!

Juyoung, who unsightly fell on the ground, reached for his throat.

“Cough!”

He spasmed after getting hit unexpectedly on his chest.

While Juyoung was struggling on the ground, Muyoung approached him and stepped on his belly.

“This is the wild. There are no rules or laws. If I was to kill you right now, who would be able to stop me? You need to learn to protect yourself.”

Squeeze!

Muyoung place more strength on his foot.

“Gaaaa… Gaaahhh! Haaa!”

Juyoung face was completely red.

If Muyoung placed a bit more strength on his foot, the air inside Juyoung’s body would flow upwards and impact his brain, killing him.

Expressionlessly, Muyoung looked down on Juyoung.

Juyoung’s face filled with fear that he was going to die.

Muyoung just lowered his head to look at Juyoung straight in the eye.

“Or, have you never thought that I could become your enemy?”

No one could stop Muyoung.

This was reality. Even if you were nice and split your resources, no one would dare to speak out to the strongest.

If you wanted to change that kind of reality, you had to move. You had to strive harder than anyone else.

Muyoung was willing to do that.

“Pl… Please!”

As Juyoung begged for mercy with his completely red face, Muyoung stepped away.

“Learn to be independent, I’m not expecting you to be strong. But, don’t hold back others who are trying to move forward.”

Muyoung turned around to enter the temple.

There was a long silence that followed.

No one could move.

*

Some people who were able to gain sudden realization from Muyoung’s speech started to move.

Even if the numbers weren’t great, due to them, new things were constantly being unveiled.

“It says that my strength has increased.”

“My stamina has increased!”

Once people began to figure out that they could improve their stats by continuously hitting the scarecrow, many of them started to train themselves.

Even if you had to hit at least 10,000 times for it to be of any effect, it was more productive than just standing still and wasting their time.

Muyoung continued to explore everyday and whenever he returned, he started to build a fence.

He fashioned wood into sharp spears and placed them around the temple.

Although people were setting traps in preparation for the monster raids, they weren’t very effective. Muyoung was preparing for the ‘boss’ battle that will occur soon.

‘There will be countless monsters that will attack before the boss comes out.’

This fence was made to interfere with the monsters’ movements, even if only a little.

Of course it wouldn’t have any effect if it was an ordinary wooden fence.

However, Muyoung had gathered ‘Anesthetic Flowers’ and rubbed its sap all around the fence.

It had a strong anesthetic that would start to paralyze the body with a single touch.

He also spread around Giant Leo’s feces to confuse the monsters with its strong scent.

As a predator of the forest, Giant Leo was at least one of the strongest monsters here.

There were always going to be monsters raiding in once a day, but smelling the Leo’s feces would definitely confuse them.

‘Even though I had to risk my life, it was definitely a good idea to go to a Giant Leo’s territory.’

If he was ever to be found by a Giant Leo, he wouldn’t have been able to escape easily.

But, to make the boss battle a bit easier, he needed Giant Leo’s feces.

“Mister. I’m done applying them.”

Also, the work of rubbing the feces on the fence was being done

by Suzy.

Even if she was carrying a bin to do this, her whole body smelled strongly of feces.

Kking. Kkinng.

The Emperor of Shrewmice, who Suzy named Kking Kking, stealthily avoided her.

Kking Kking knew instinctively to fear the Giant Leo.

It was a task no one wanted to do.

However, Suzy volunteered to do it.

‘Is this also her sense?’

However, would Suzy know that this work will help her greatly in surviving?

The one that emitted the scent of the Giant Leo the most was Suzy. Even if you washed yourself vigorously, the scent wouldn’t disappear for a few days. Monsters wouldn’t be able to easily approach her.

If she instinctively knew this and volunteered, her sense had to

be quite astonishing.

Muyoung nodded as he glanced at the fences.

“Good job.”

“Give me the bread a bit later please. Also…”

She had 2 loaves of bread to receive.

Suzy looked behind Muyoung for a moment and cautiously spoke to him.

“After practice, can I play with Kking Kking?”

Kking. Kkinnng.

Emperor of the Shrewmice.

Kking Kking’s body was shivering pitifully.

Muyoung spoke without care.

“Do as you please.”

“Yay! Thank you.”

She was still a kid.

With a smile, Suzy ran towards the scarecrows.

‘Then…’

Muyoung stood up as he rubbed his shoulders.

‘All that’s left is to wait.’

He had prepared everything he could.

Not just Muyoung, other people also did what they could in their own way.

It was now a matter of how they could fight the boss battle with as little damage as possible.

*

Grrrr.

Gnar!

Hundreds of two-headed hyenas approached the temple.

They were the species of monsters known as ‘Shamba’.

The Shambas, who were running extremely fast became confused after smelling the Giant Leo.

Swift!

Pluck!

At the same time, numerous number of arrows flew towards them from a far.

People who were already waiting for them started to attack them with bow and arrows that they prepared at the last-minute.

“Follow me.”

While the others were fighting the Shambas, Muyoung unsheathed Anguish not to far away from the temple.

He had to finish the job before monsters started to climb over the fence.

Taehwan and Baeksoo followed Muyoung.

As he wanted them to work as two separate forces, Suzy stayed

behind to help others.

“Kill them! Kill them all!”

From a far, Muyoung could see Juyoung frantically fighting off the Shambas.

While the Shambas’ focus was on the group, Muyoung quickly took a side route around.

What Muyoung was after wasn’t the Shambas.

It was the boss behind the Shambas.

“I will take the front. When I make the signal, come out.”

As he went further back, the number of Shambas decreased.

And at the very back, the place where the temple and the forest met, there were two exceptionally large Shambas on the narrow pathway.

Muyoung had to quietly exterminate the two.

Muyoung closed his eyes and tried to slow his heartbeat as much as possible.

Even if he returned to the past, the experience he had was still intact.

Hiding abilities were abilities Muyoung had reached extreme levels in.

There was no way he couldn’t escape the eyes of such monsters like Shambas.

Sniff...?

However as Muyoung approached them using his abilities, one of the Shambas noticed that something was wrong.

Muyoung quickly swung Anguish and sliced the Shamba’s neck.

Grahhh.. Gah!

It was the same for the other Shambas.

As Muyoung lift his hand, the two men approached.

“H, how did you do this? How... did they not notice you when you just walked towards them?”

Taehwan asked Muyoung with disbelief.

But, Muyoung didn’t reply.

After a while, he opened his mouth.

“Search the area. Since we killed the guards, it will now show up.”

Muyoung was nervous, very slightly.

He was certain that there was a boss nearby leading the Shambas.

However, he couldn’t sense its presence.

Instead, he felt a gaze.

‘It’s watching me.’

Drip. Drip. Drrrip.

And what Muyoung thought was correct.

There was a wall that blocked the narrow pathway.

However, something was climbing down that wall.

Krrrang!

If Shambas had two heads, this thing had a staggering three.

It was at least twice the size of a regular Shamba.

The formal appearance of the boss who led hundreds of Shambas.

In an instant, messages popped up in front of them.

<Quest: Rellaka's Attack>

<'Rellaka' has a great grudge on the humans. He will not stop his massacre until he kills all of mankind. >

<Stop Rellaka.>

<Following the Laws of Solomon, every survivor will receive a prize depending on their level of contribution.>

Rellaka.

If he remembered correctly, it seemed like it did have a name like that.

In the past, from its attack, more than 10 people had died.

Not because of the hundreds of Shambas, but because of this one monster.

‘I was waiting for you.’

However, Muyoung believed that it was possible with three people.

The predator of the past, now it was its turn to get hunted.

Chapter 11: Boss Battle (End)

Taehwan lifted his Shield of Eradication.

Clash-!

However, Rellaka's strength was beyond his imagination.

"Hugh!"

Taehwan, who was holding the shield, just bounced away.

Thump!

Behind him, Baeksoo stabbed Rellaka's side with his dagger.

But, it wasn't deep enough.

It was like making a light scratch on a tough leather.

Graaahh!

After Muyoung figured out Rellaka's movement patterns, he started to move.

Then Rellaka instantly turned its body to face him.

From the start, Rellaka knew that Muyoung was the strongest out of the three.

If it could kill Muyoung, then killing the rest wasn't going to be a problem.

'It's smart.'

Indeed, it wasn't an ordinary monster.

While holding Anguish, Muyoung spurred from the ground.

In an instant, Muyoung swiftly jumped for one of its three necks, but Rellaka's speed was second to none.

But, Muyoung also knew that the Rellaka was going to dodge.

Puuk!

As he landed on the ground, he lowered himself and extended his foot to trip it.

Like tackling, the smooth attack by Muyoung led Rellaka to stumble and lose its balance.

Afterwards, it turned into a fight of speed.

Either Muyoung was swifter with his sword or Rellaka was faster at recovering its balance.

By a narrow margin, Muyoung's sword sliced one of Rellaka's necks.

Graaaahhh!

Rellaka, while writhing in agony, quickly backed off.

Although it was a critical attack, surprisingly, the wound quickly recovered.

'All the heads need to be cut off.'

Even if the head that dropped on the floor wasn't going to recover, he knew that it was going to be hard to land a fatal injury with most of his attacks.

'I've also suffered.'

As he slightly tilted his head, he looked towards his right shoulder.

The instant Muyoung went for its neck, one of Rellaka's claws must have gotten stuck on his shoulder.

Blood was gushing out and it was hard for him use his full strength.

If you think about the amount of damage, Muyoung suffered a loss.

“Hyoungnim! I will block it!”

Taehwan came to the middle and made a wall.

Taehwan probably wanted Muyoung to stop the bleeding.

Muyoung nodded.

This will probably be a long fight.

It was unwise to leave a wound unattended during a fight.

He rubbed on some herbs that were good for hemostasis, which he had brought.

It felt like his skin was burning off, but he gritted his teeth and endured it.

“Gaaaaaahh!”

The enraged Rellaka started to fight more aggressively.

Even if Taehwan kept trying to block all of its moves, it was impossible.

And it has already been a while since Beaksoo had been knocked out.

Muyoung picked up Anguish again while rotating his shoulder.

What Muyoung felt was excitement.

He was aroused by the fact that he could freely express all he had against a powerful prey.

Gaaahh!!

While ignoring Taehwan, Rellaka jumped high above the ground and went straight for Muyoung.

It seemed like it knew it was going to die if it didn't kill Muyoung. And, therefore, made a desperate attempt to kill him.

'Okay. Bring it on.'

Muyoung firmly grabbed hold of Anguish.

*

‘Son of a bitch. How dare you humiliate me.’

Juyoung moved out of the temple with a group of people.

“Will, will this be really alright?”

“It’s not too late to return back…”

Besides Juyoung, the 5 people who were with him were all uneasy.

It was because they were unsure if the job they were trying to complete while abandoning their post was going to go well.

“Just shut up and follow me. I’m sure he’s probably exhausted by now.”

Juyoung was overflowing with confidence.

‘That bastard said that he was going to kill the boss. It’s probably a formidable opponent since he needed to prepare for days.’

The bastard he was referring to was Muyoung.

Muyoung was continuously preparing for days for today’s battle.

The guy who continuously murdered monsters like it was nothing.

It meant that the ‘boss’ they had to kill today was that much stronger.

But, it didn’t seem like Muyoung was going to lose. However, he had to be exhausted.

Juyoung was planning on eliminating Muyoung when he was worn out.

‘I’m going kill him, take his weapon and the prize he was supposed to earn.’

If Muyoung and Taehwan disappeared at the same time, no one could stop Juyoung’s advancement.

This was the jungle.

It was the place where the strongest became the righteous.

Oh Juyoung.

Before he came to this place, he was a gangster.

After being expelled from high school for violence, he hung around crappy friends and committed crimes.

Besides continuously committing violent acts, he stole and threatened others. He was even an agent of an underage prostitution by using juniors from his past high school. He was definitely not a guy who would live by obeying the law.

But, Juyoung was always filled with dissatisfaction.

He was dissatisfied that he had to always crawl on the floor in society.

And then one day.

His life was turned upside down and he was summoned to this ‘Blue Temple’.

Getting attacked by monsters, living in the wild where life was considered worthless. He was there.

Everything was perfect.

He thought that he could finally live how he wanted with no one to stop him.

Kim Taehwan?

He was a rookie.

He was clueless about the bloody underground world.

Even if Taehwan had the skills, Juyoung knew he could get rid of him if he really wanted to.

But... Just one person.

Juyoung couldn't do anything about just one person.

Just by his appearance, he seemed to be like a bomb.

When he fought against monsters, he didn't seem like a wolf, instead he resembled more closely to a lion.

'Muyoung. I just need to kill him.'

Clash!

He heard sounds of an intense fight nearby.

Taehwan and Baeksoo, who were injured, were both sprawled out on the ground.

Only Muyoung was fighting the great monster.

But, the fight was about to end.

Slash!

Muyoung had sliced off the last head of the monster.

Haaa! Haaa!

Muyoung dropped on the ground and was breathing heavily.

From a far, it seemed like he had suffered injuries all over his body.

‘Today’s going to be the last day you’ll get to act like a mad dog.’

A smile formed on Juyoung’s face.

If he was so exhausted that he had to fall onto the ground like that, even if he was the mighty Muyoung, he wouldn’t stand a chance against six men.

*

Rellaka was strong.

It was strange.

When he thought of his past memories, he was sure three people were going to be more than enough, but instead they could have been the victims.

‘Are my memories wrong?’

Of course, he couldn’t have been able to remember everything perfectly.

But, at least they won.

He will use these mistakes as a stepping stone in moving forward from today.

Hoo! Hoo!

Muyoung sat down for a bit after he had cut Rellaka’s last head off.

There wasn’t a place on his body that wasn’t sore.

There were traces of Rellaka’s claws all over his body.

However, he couldn’t just continuously rest there.

Both Taehwan and Baeksoo fainted after receiving injuries.

It wasn't good to leave them unattended.

Even the Shamba's attacks weren't finished yet.

"I will be back soon."

He had to kill all the Shambas for him to have an opportunity to treat them.

Thump!

He stood up using Anguish for support.

Even if Anguish absorbed the blood of Rellaka, whom he had killed, the amount was small.

Instead, the wounds he had received from Rellaka's attacks were much greater.

Maybe it was because Muyoung had lost so much blood, but his face was white as a sheet.

At the moment when he was too exhausted to move properly.

"Mister! Be careful!!"

Suzy’s urgent cry struck Muyoung’s ears.

He then looked around.

“That crazy bitch!”

“Die!”

The six men who were hiding behind a nearby tree came out.

It was Juyoung and his group.

Muyoung sorta figured out why they showed up there.

Far behind Juyoung, there was Suzy who seemed to be out of breath from following Juyoung from the other side.

If Suzy didn’t warn him, he would have been helplessly ambushed.

‘Even if my body was in this state…’

He didn’t think he wouldn’t be able to notice people who weren’t even properly hidden.

It was the limit to the body he returned to.

Oh Juyoung.

Muyoung didn't think he would be that reckless.

Muyoung thought he had at least some sense in him.

Was his thirst for revenge so strong that he had lost all reason?

Did Juyoung really think that he could win against him just because he was exhausted?

Stab!

Muyoung pierced through the chest of the first person who ran up to him.

Then using Anguish, Muyoung absorbed the blood flowing from the person's body.

Juyoung didn't know the effect of Anguish.

He probably just thought it was a weapon with an extremely sharp edge.

If he knew that it allowed him to recover his stamina like that, he

wouldn’t dare to challenge him like this.

Even without Anguish, as his skills were far superior than the six men, there was probably nothing they could do.

One should not be screwing around a lion just because it was injured.

Gush!

As he pulled out Anguish, he looked at Juyoung.

“Stop struggling and just quietly die. You son of a bitch!”

This was probably the last frantic attempt from Juyoung.

“You first.”

Muyoung positioned himself again.

He gained the stamina to move after killing the guy who thoughtlessly approached him.

Then, he slowly spoke.

“I will tear out your tongue which doesn’t have a shred of responsibility.”

“Crazy bitch!”

Juyoung wasn’t as composed as his words made him out to be as he tightly held his sword upright.

The reason why monsters were a threat was because of their fast speeds and their attack power. They were specialized to risk their life in order to kill their opponent.

However, Juyoung didn’t match any of the above criteria.

He was just strong in terms of strength, but that was all.

Clash!

Smack!

After their swords had clashed, Muyoung quickly turned his shoulders to smack his elbow against Juyoung’s chin.

“Kuk!”

Juyoung fell on the ground with a concussion.

Muyoung shoved his hand inside Juyoung’s suspended jaws, which were disjointed.

Stretch!

Unable to resist Muyoung's strong grip, his tongue was pulled out.

Because of the grotesque scene that just happened, the other four were unable to act rashly.

"GAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Next, I will slice off your wrist since you don't need it."

He wasn't going to kill him right then.

Muyoung was the best assassin who completed even the hardest training.

He knew how to kill a person while allowing them suffer and make them feel extreme fear.

It wasn't the most pleasant experience, but since Juyoung stuck out his sword against him, he was an enemy; not anything more or less than that.

Swish!

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Juyoung writhed in a desperate agony.

His wrist that was holding the sword was cut off.

“I’m not really the type to enjoy torture. Lastly, I will slice your head off.”

Giving him a warning before completing the task.

Juyoung was in complete fear just by that.

However, Juyoung shook his head as he still desperately wanted to live.

He seemed like he was pleading for his life, but Muyoung had already given him a warning.

It was Juyoung who ignored his warning. Now it was time for him to pay for his decisions.

Slash!

Necromancer Arc

Chapter 12: Necromancer (1)

There wasn't even the slightest hesitation.

In a blink of an eye, Juyoung's head was separated from his body.

The scene was like a B-rated film, its lack of realism left the surrounding men speechless.

Clank!

Crash!

However, they soon realized that this was reality and they all dropped their weapons on the ground.

Then they raised their hands and tried to prove their innocence.

"I, I was forced by Juyoung, that bastard, to participate in this."

"Same with me... Didn't you know? If you didn't follow Juyoung, you had no choice, but to starve..."

Ha!

Muyoung laughed as if he found this whole situation ridiculous.

“Save your lame excuses.”

Since they have already raised their weapons against him, there was no need for any excuses.

In the past, Muyoung knew the reason why the Forest of Death was able to survive amidst all that ill-will.

The Forest of Death never let an enemy go.

It was the same for those who had the possibility to later become an enemy.

It was one of the few things Muyoung agreed with the Forest of Death.

It was foolish to leave those who could later become an obstacle alone.

“Raise your weapons.”

Muyoung’s eyes narrowed.

The men shivered at that sight.

And at the same time, they realized.

They should have never meddled with him.

Even if it was injured, a lion was a lion.

If they continued to stand there idly, they knew they were going to die.

As their instincts told them to move, they picked up their dropped weapons.

“FUUCKK!”

The man, who was the first to come up with an excuse, dashed towards Muyoung.

Swish!

Thud!

One exchange was enough.

To end this quickly was the only mercy Muyoung could show.

As an act of mercy, Muyoung swiftly ended their lives.

Swish!

Swish!

As he moved continuously like a stream of water, their heads fell to the ground.

Muyoung recovered some of his stamina as Anguish absorbed their blood.

The wounds received from the fight with Rellaka slowly began to close.

Although he wasn't fully recovered, he still recovered enough to hunt the rest of the Shambas.

Shortly, he sheathed Anguish and started to move.

"Ah..."

As the one who spectated everything from a far, Suzy was startled when Muyoung appeared in front of her.

Suzy has seen quite a few deaths, but this was the first time seeing a human dying at the hands of another human.

It was natural for her to fear Muyoung.

“Follow me.”

But Muyoung didn’t care.

If she learned something from his actions today, she would live, if not, she would die.

The Underworld wasn’t a kind place for a child.

As Muyoung took the lead, Suzy lowered her head and followed along.

*

<You have successfully defended against Rellaka and the Shambas.>

<To the survivors, depending on your contributions, an appropriate reward will be given.>

<The contribution level of the survivor ‘Muyoung’ is 80.4%>

<Marvelous. You have broken a record.>

<Will you leave your name in Solomon’s Hall of Fame? If you decline, it will be displayed as ‘No-name’.>

After splitting the skull of the last Shamba, the above words appeared.

Solomon’s Hall of Fame.

In the past, he did have his name on there.

He was at the top of the ‘most humans killed’ rankings.

It seemed like this was a ranking of people with the highest level of contribution in a boss raid at the Blue Temple.

‘If I leave my name in Solomon’s Hall of Fame, the Demons will learn of my name as well.’

It was a fact found by the one with the most names on Solomon’s Hall of Fame, ‘The Adventure King Orgo’.

Although he didn’t know the exact relationship between Solomon and the Demons, the story of how the 9th seat Paimon went out to search and kill Orgo himself was famous.

There was even a secret rumor floating around that if one had many achievements in Solomon’s Hall of Fame, they would receive something that could harm even the Demons.

On top of that, it became much easier to get accepted into one of the Great Guilds or gather more people. Depending on the situation, it might even unlock a ‘Secret Mission’, however…

Muyoung declined.

He might have become famous more quickly once he revealed his name, but that was not what he wanted.

After all, revealing his name had very little to do with receiving secret missions.

There was also nothing good that could come from the Demons learning about him.

Of course, it couldn’t be said that it wouldn’t help him become a Demon Commander under Gremory, but the disadvantages outweighed the advantages.

‘I refuse.’

He didn’t even bother to say his decision out loud.

<You have refused to leave your name in Solomon’s Hall of Fame.>

<1st place: No-name – 80.4%>

<2nd place: Alexandro Quintart – 78.7%>

< 3rd place: Ootsuki Yuka – 72.8%>

The names of 2nd and 3rd place were both very famous.

They had already established their influence and had been rising at a frightening pace.

That was especially the case for Alexandro who had already become the head of the Nine Great Guilds years ago.

‘Influential monsters.’

Which meant that for at least ten years, no one had broken his record and that Muyoung was finally the one to break it.

Even though he probably didn’t have any past experiences like Muyoung, the difference was less than 2%.

Although results weren’t everything in the Blue Temple, Alexandro definitely had the right to rank amongst the top 10.

<’Solomon’s Hall of Fame: Blue Temple (1)’ has been added to your history.>

<By the Law of Solomon, a reward will be given to you.>

<You may choose two of the following: Infinity Pouch, The Secret Medicine of the Sage, Tyrant’s Sword, Soul Shield of Avalokitesvara, Talisman of Asura, Nine Dragon Blade, Boot of Hermes and Thousand Faces.>

“…!”

His eyelids slightly trembled.

There were a few items that he had heard of within the list.

Tyrant’s Sword, Soul Shield of Avalokitesvara and the Boots of Hermes were especially famous.

These were items used by masters.

The Secret Medicine of the Sage was known as the epitome of alchemy and the Infinity Pouch spoke for itself.

There was simply nothing to discard.

But the item that peaked his interest the most was the Talisman of Asura.

‘Talismans of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.’

There were Eight Guardians that served under Buddha.

Among them, there was one called Asura.

Wasn’t this one of the items the Five Great Clans searched for day and night!

Muyoung didn’t know for certain, but he remembered reading a secret document that stated if someone collected all eight of the talismans, Buddha will descend.

The descend of Buddha, it might be hard to believe, but there really could be a calamity that significant.

‘I choose the Infinity Pouch and the Talisman of Asura.’

There was no need to agonize over it.

Anguish was enough for him as a weapon and Infinity Pouch was a treasure he might not get the chance to obtain again. For someone who was trying to change everything by himself, it was a vital item.

Not choosing the Secret Medicine of the Sage, which could raise the limit of a human, was a regretful loss, however, his growth would be determined by the four secret classes he would choose.

Not long after, a pouch the size of two fists and a talisman floated above his hands.

Although the Infinity Pouch had a limit to the size of the item that could fit, it was limitless in terms of the amount it could store.

Muyoung was quite interested in the Talisman of Asura.

> Name: Talisman of Asura
>
> Rank: A+
>
> Type: One-time reinforcement type
>
> Effect: Contains the strength of Asura, one of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism. It can strengthen an equipment or a skill.

Aha, Muyoung nodded his head.

After reading the explanation, he understood.

The Five Great Clans had a few exceptionally incredible weapons.

They were probably reinforced by the Talismans of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

‘Unexpectedly, it can also reinforce skills.’

It wasn’t that there were no magical items that could reinforce skills.

However, there were only a minute number of them. If one did not have heavenly luck, they would not be able to obtain one.

On top of that, the Talisman of Asura had no limitations so possibilities were endless.

“Damn it, everyone move! How long are you all going to be space out for?”

“Someone lend a hand here!”

People started to carry the corpses.

Though they won the battle, the damage was devastating.

Muyoung packed some medicinal herbs and went out to bring back Taehwan and Baeksoo.

*

17 people.

Out of 28 people, 17 were left.

But more than half the deaths were caused by Muyoung.

Five died from the Shamba raid while six died by his hands.

Everyone knew of this fact, but did not discuss it.

It was because a few people saw the six people escape from the battle to kill Muyoung.

There were a few that thought the consequences were too harsh, but they valued their lives.

It wasn’t like the monsters would stop attacking now that they were so few in numbers.

To survive, they had to get stronger and now, more than ever, they sought to unite as a group.

The death of Juyoung actually resulted in everyone gathering together as a group.

People started to follow Taehwan as their leader and the exploration was stopped.

However, Muyoung didn’t intend to explore any further.

‘Necromancer.’

The secret class that was able to singlehandedly kill thousands of people in the past.

After fully preparing to get the class, he headed out towards the forest.

Chapter 13: Necromancer (2)

A massive castle.

A man was sitting on a throne built by the bloodshed of countless men.

The man, who had a scraggly beard and was wearing silver armor, was the leader of the ‘Sun’ Guild and also the one who placed top 10 amongst humans, Alexandro.

Alexandro Quintart.

It had been decades since the Underworld started to summon humans, but even among them, he was exceptional.

He had the most achievements in Solomon’s Hall of Fame after the Adventure King Orgo and was responsible for solving a few major dilemmas in the Underworld by himself.

As a man who started from the bottom, he forged a path for himself and his grandeur was recognized by all the people in the Underworld as a leader of one of the Nine Great Guilds.

However, he was currently looking at his Status Viewer with a solemn expression.

“Someone broke my record.”

There was no one near the throne.

Growl.

If the humongous lion-like beast, Giant Leo, was excluded.

Only people who had permission from Alexandro were able to enter the throne room.

And Alexandro would not let anyone in unless it was of utmost importance.

Basically, he didn't trust anyone.

No matter how faithful a man who had taken an oath was, he was ultimately 'human', therefore he would not trust them.

A risk of an assassination attempt... that was his biggest worry.

Although he was ranked in the top 10, that didn't mean that he was impervious to powerful curses or skills.

As it hadn't been long since he had become the guild leader, the guild wasn't completely united.

They were split into a few different factions and if they saw a

chance, they would devour Alexandro.

‘I can use this.’

He was not sure if he was able to use the ‘novice hero’ to his advantage.

The record he held in the Blue Temple hadn’t been broken for over 20 years.

But now someone who had broken that record appeared...

After advancing rapidly, this was the golden opportunity for the talented individual to gain the attention of many.

If he could use this person to earn a bit more time, he believed he could seize control of his guild.

‘No-name.’

The problem was the new record holder did not reveal his name.

In approximately 20 days, the newly summoned individuals would be sucked into the gate and arrive in the Underworld, but no one will be able to know who the record holder was.

Alexandro knit his brows.

It was great news that a new hero had appeared, however he couldn't help, but feel a little uncomfortable as well.

For what reason did he not reveal himself?

Was that even possible considering the human psyche?

It was 'normal' for people who gathered in the Blue Temple to reveal their names.

It was because there was a reward, a reward that was only given to people who accomplished the impossible!

Humans would try to leave their trace behind after they overcome something.

Of course there were people in the Underworld who would intentionally hide their names after a particular achievement, but wasn't that place the Blue Temple?

It was a place where people were newly summoned. They didn't know anything.

Alexandro pondered as he rubbed his chin.

'Ootsuki Yuka. That bitch probably knows by now.'

Solomon's Hall of Fame only revealed the top 3 record holders and if the records were changed, they would be notified on their Status Viewers.

Ootsuki Yuka who led the ninjas would have noticed the appearance of a new talent.

She would definitely keep track of the movement of this new seedling.

The man who placed 3rd had already died so there was no need to worry about him.

If, by any chance, Ootsuki was to secretly snatch the talent, it would make things difficult.

However, even for the Great Alexandro, it was hard to win an 'information battle' against the ninjas.

'If he is deliberately trying to hide himself, I guess I'll have to make this welcoming ceremony especially grand.'

Alexandro decided to change his plans.

Someone who concealed his name.

That meant that he didn't want to reveal himself.

However, if he was to publicly announce this information, no matter how hard he tried, he would be unable to hide himself any longer.

There was no way to openly take him away, but if he could tie up Yuki for a while, he would be able to exercise his right of speech to snatch that no-name away.

After he organized his thoughts, his shoulders relaxed.

‘The arrival of a new hero, huh.’

Smirk!

Alexandro smirked.

No one hoped for that.

None of the ones who held any influence in the Underworld hoped for it.

It was just something they could use when they needed to…

*

Before Muyoung left the temple, he left traces around the forest.

It was so that he could find the way back even if the areas changed.

With Kking Kking's extraordinary sense of smell and Muyoung's experiences, they were able to explore the forest with ease.

After walking for three days, he arrived at his destination.

"It's been a long time since a human has come here."

Within the overgrown vegetation, there was a small wooden house.

A black skinned, long eared man who was in front of the house looked at Muyoung.

"Dark elf."

"Yeah. I am a dark elf and you are a human. Did you lose your way in the forest? But you came too deep for that to be the case."

"Guide. I came looking for you."

He didn't get lost.

Muyoung had precisely wandered through the forest to find this

dark elf.

The dark elf widened his eyes.

“Me? Hmm... That’s strange. It’s normal for the ones who had just arrived at the temple to not know the existence of a guide. I wonder if you have a special skill? Or you just came here using your senses.”

He looked at Muyoung for a second before shrugging his shoulders.

It was not in his place to care about that.

Just like his name, the Guide, his role was to simply guide people.

‘This is the best way to save time.’

Only this dark elf knew the geography of the forest.

The former necromancer coincidentally found the cliff, but Muyoung had no time to wait for coincidences.

So his solution was the Guide.

If it was the Guide, he would be able to efficiently and quickly take Muyoung to that cliff.

“Well if you know about me, you should surely know about the rules as well?”

“Are you talking about the three wagers?”

He replied as if it was something insignificant.

There were quite a few people in the past who were able to find the Guide, who lived in the center of the forest.

Usually they would find him accidentally while exploring the forest or getting lost in it.

The existence of the Guide was quite well known in the Underworld.

The Guide clapped his hands together.

“Oh, you really do know quite a lot. That’s right. If you are able to beat any of the three wagers I suggest, I will take you to wherever you wish. Ah, by take you anywhere, I mean within the boundaries of the forest and the temple.”

That meant if he wanted, it was possible to be guided to the other temples as well.

The massive forest was connected to every temple.

However, there was no need to travel to another temple.

The remaining survivors will meet when they travel through the gate anyways.

The real competition would start then.

“I have no objection.”

Only, the wagers were always different.

He could only adapt to the following circumstances.

As Muyoung gave him a look, the Guide said, “It’s good that you’re so open-minded. Then should we start with hunting? The winner will be whoever catches a ‘Dwarf Squirrel’, that lives throughout forest, first. The time limit will be by midnight.”

“Isn’t that too advantageous for you?”

“I will start 6 hours after you.”

The Guide stated with ease.

He looked confident as if he could never lose.

Hunting was second nature to him.

He was one of the few predators that hunted day and night.

It was daytime at the moment, but due to the characteristics of dark elves, he would be able to see clearly in the dark. He had to catch the squirrel as fast as he could.

‘I have to use his composed attitude to my advantage.’

Muyoung started to move after he nodded his head.

Since he said he would start 6 hours later, Muyoung planned to hunt it down before then.

*

Although it does live throughout the forest, just like its name, it was only around the size of a thumb.

Unless one had extraordinary senses and sight, it would be very difficult to hunt them.

However, Muyoung knew what Dwarf Squirrels liked to eat.

‘Dwarf Squirrels like to eat Dark Red Fighter Ant eggs.’

It wasn’t hard.

In the past, he used to catch a lot of them for assassinations.

Since these squirrels were small and fast, they were quite useful for information warfare.

Muyoung searched for an ant hill and lit a fire. Once the ants were dazed, he swiftly took out their eggs.

He then made a simple trap and waited for a Dwarf Squirrel to come.

‘Now.’

Thud!

After waiting around 2 hours, a cowardly Dwarf Squirrel slowly approached the eggs.

He didn’t lose that chance and dropped the grass woven basket. He had successfully captured the squirrel.

He waited for the allotted 6 hours to pass before returning to the Guide. When he arrived, the Guide opened his eyes widely and trembled.

“Th-this… is invalid. I didn’t even get to start!”

“I have the same thoughts as well. My luck was just good.”

“Of course it was like that! Haha, quite the flexible fellow. Then, let’s forget about hunting and do a treasure hunt. I placed a few strips of red fabric around this place. If you are able to find 3 of them before the sun rises tomorrow, it will be your win. If you fail, it will be my win.”

“Fine.”

“Then I guess I’ll go prepare my dinner. Huhu.”

This time, the Guide was certain Muyoung was going to fail and felt confident.

‘Luckily it’s a wager I know.’

Muyoung had sufficient past knowledge about this wager.

‘If I win twice, it said that he would give me a useful treasure.’

There was a reason why he didn’t end it at the first wager.

He once assassinated a man who won two wagers against the Guide.

In his history, there was detailed information about the events that unfolded and once the man won twice, he received the ‘Glass of Fire’.

The Glass of Fire contained a mid-ranked fire spirit which could spit out an unlimited amount of flames.

However, what would happen if he won all three wagers?

As there weren’t even rumors about anyone who won three times, even Muyoung was slightly curious.

Muyoung grabbed a magical item and summoned Kking Kking.

“Kking Kking, avoid places with lots of mana and find the dark elf’s scent that’s on the ground.”

Kking. Kkiiiing.

The man who won this wager in the past used a tracking skill to look for the fabric, but Muyoung had the Shrewmouse Emperor, Kking Kking.

Kking Kking was especially specialized in finding magical positions and tracking.

Its nose was more advanced than a dog’s and was able to

distinguish even the smallest difference in scents.

It was largely due to Kking Kking that he was able to safely arrive at this place.

‘The problem was the explosive magic traps. If I mishandle them, I will die.’

The Guide hated losing to an extreme.

He would rather see Muyoung die than lose.

Unfortunately, Kking Kking was able to avoid those places and only find the strips of red fabric.

Knock knock.

After an hour, Muyoung knocked on the door of the wooden house.

“Huh? Are you giving up already?”

“Three strips. I found them.”

“What…?”

The Guide blinked his eyes and stared at Muyoung’s hand.

There were exactly three strips of red fabric.

“Hu…”

“Are you going to call this wager invalid as well?”

“Th-that, that’s not it, but I casted stealth magic on the fabrics. It’s just surprising to see you found them already.”

“If you want, I can do the next wager as well.”

“Is that true!”

The Guide cheered.

His pride wouldn’t let him lose like this.

“When the sun rises tomorrow, let’s have you hide and I’ll try to find you.”

“Can’t you use magic? It should be easy to find me.”

“I vow in the name of Solomon to not use magic during this wager! I will simply use my physical capabilities to search for you.”

“How long do I have to hide?”

“I will admit defeat if I can’t find you by sunset. How about it?”

“Good.”

It was pretty much hide-and-seek and Muyoung was most confident in this field.

It won’t be as perfect as what as he could accomplish before, but he definitely had the skills to fool one dark elf.

As soon as the day passed, Muyoung stepped out into the forest.

After climbing a suitable tree, he closed his eyes and slowed his heartbeat.

‘Become one with nature.’

There were different stages of stealth.

If one practiced to an extreme like Muyoung, they were able to become one with nature at will.

However, without a practiced body, it was uncertain if he could hide from the dark elf for a long time.

Fifty-fifty.

He was gambling everything on that fifty-fifty chance and he even constricted the movements of his organs.

He even controlled the unconscious movements any living creature would make.

In the past he could move in this state, but currently if he was to make even the slightest movement, he would be caught by the Guide.

He was motionless like a grass swaying from the wind.

A few hours have passed.

And… dinner time arrived.

Thud!

As soon as the agreed time had passed, Muyoung dropped from the tree.

Thereafter, he went inside the Guide's house and started to eat the prepared food when the Guide opened the door.

"Why are you here…!"

Gulp!

After swallowing the meat he stabbed with a fork, he answered, “They say it’s easy to miss what is in front of you.”

He acted like he left the central area, but in fact, he didn’t even leave the center.

From the beginning, hiding was the field Muyoung was most confident in.

The Guide never thought he would lose due to the special traits of dark elves, but as soon as he chose this wager, his loss was determined.

Unaware of this fact, the Guide searched the area where he expected Muyoung to hide.

As he realized this, his legs wobbled.

“… I, I lost.”

Only then did he acknowledge complete defeat.

Chapter 14: Necromancer (3)

The Guide regained his composure after looking like he saw the collapse of the world for a while.

Soon after, he looked through his clothes, took out a small magical item with his one hand and offered it to Muyoung.

“Accept it. Since you beat me three times, you have the right to receive this.”

Muyoung examined the magical item. As soon as he accepted it, information popped up.

> Name: Long-distance Teleportation Magical Item
>
> Rank: B+
>
> Type: 1 Person, Single Use
>
> Effect: Within the Underworld, you are able to teleport to a place you remember.

Muyoung tried to keep himself as calm as possible.

He calmed his spirit and regained his composure.

Although it couldn’t endlessly emit flames like the Glass of Fire, to Muyoung, the Glass of Fire was incomparable to this item.

‘To a place I remember…’

He couldn’t return to Earth, but depending on how he used it, it could be incredibly useful.

It was peculiar that it didn’t have a limit to the distance.

If Muyoung was a beginner, he might not have had much use for this item. However, as the current Muyoung possessed his past memories, he could make use of it better than anyone.

He could teleport to a currently undiscovered place with the Star of David and monopolize the rewards or he gain a secret class much more easily.

However, the first thing that came to mind when he first laid eyes on the magical item wasn’t either of those.

‘Hedley Kow.’

Hedley Kow is a mischievous shapeshifting creature in a fairy tale.

More info here.

Humans have been summoned into the Underworld for a long

time, but there were more unexplored areas than there were explored.

5 years from now, due to the foretelling of the Great Calamity, every guild and clan started to organize a wide-scale exploration of the Underworld. During that time, they happened upon Hedley Kow.

‘Hedley Kow’ was the name of a certain fairy.

Although fairies normally have the appearance of a four-legged rock, they were able to shapeshift.

On top of that, they were able to possess the same abilities as the target they shapeshifted into.

And one of those targets was… the phoenix.

Once they felt that their life was threatened, they would break out of the rock as a phoenix.

However, Hedley Kow was too cowardly and fled as soon as it transformed.

If he could only capture it, it could have become a material necessary to create an S rank weapon.

Even if he was to absorb it, he anticipated an incredible growth to

his abilities as the heart of a phoenix was an endless supply of magical power.

Although the phoenix was a bit weaker than a dragon, its heart was comparable to that of a dragon's.

If it was a regular phoenix, it would be impossible to catch, but a Hedley Kow-transformed phoenix could even be captured by Muyoung.

It was better than most rewards he could receive from a place with the Star of David. What was worse was that the trials were designed to be impossible to complete by one person.

The only obstacle in capturing Hedley Kow was that area which Hedley Kow inhabited was quite deep in the territory of a Demon so, to secretly traverse the territory, he needed to get stronger.

"Is this all?" asked Muyoung as cool-headed as he could.

It was because it was him, that he had a use for the item, to any ordinary beginner, the item would have been an insignificant reward.

At the same time, the Guide's expression stiffened.

"What do you mean 'Is this all'! It could be a life-saving item you know."

“Every time I win, don’t a get a reward?”

On the first bet, he won the Guide’s guidance. On the second, he won the Long-distance Magical Item and now Muyoung looked like he was waiting to see what he would get for his third win.

“You… are very greedy!”

“You are the one that said you would give a reward for a win.”

“Urgh. Fine. For the last reward, why don’t you tell me what you want. I will do my best to fulfil your request as long as it’s something I can do.”

The biggest compromise.

It was obvious he was going to coldly refuse the difficult requests.

Also, Muyoung didn’t have anything special to ask of him.

“Guarantee my safety for 10 days.”

Muyoung was certain that the Guide wouldn’t refuse as this request overlapped with the initial request of guiding him.

“10 days? Too long. I won’t go over 3 days.”

“Then let’s settle for 3 days.”

Muyoung nodded his head.

Truthfully, one or two days would have been sufficient.

Since he knew the Guide was going to haggle, he purposely asked for 10 days. 3 days was a splendid result.

The Guide was stupefied when Muyoung agreed so easily.

However, Muyoung knew what kind of existence the Guide really was.

‘The past aide of Solomon, a magician who can only live in the Blue Temple.

A supreme magician more than a thousand years old.

He was a guide and at the same time, a protector.

With his existence, the Blue Temple was completely protected.

Even the great Demons were not able to easily break into the Blue Temple.

However, he was unable to leave the Blue Temple, in a certain way, he was the Blue Temple.

It was because he had aged to a point where he should have been long dead.

However, he heard that the Guide periodically reverse the effect of time on his physical body.

It was magic that was only permitted in the Blue Temple.

This was why he currently had a naïve appearance.

As both his physical body and mind would always revert back in time, his physical body had to die to truly awaken the power of the supreme magician.

‘This was uncovered through the Demons.’

A full-scale invasion started after the Great Calamity, where all the humans on Earth were summoned to the Underworld.

And then, because of the massive gathering of humans, the barrier of the Blue Temple collapsed.

Three of the highest ranking Demons launched an attack on the Blue Temple and the Guide’s physical body turned to ashes in an instant. However, afterwards the supreme magician began to

‘reanimate’ himself.

The battle went on for ten long days, but the supreme magician ended up losing.

However, he was an incredible existence who was able to fight evenly against three high ranking Demons for ten days.

Although he was not the supreme magician, the current body of the Guide was more than enough to ensure his safety within the forest.

Since, no matter what his current condition was, his strength was in magic.

“So where are you planning on going? I will first fulfill my role as a guide.”

Shiing!

Muyoung unsheathed Anguish.

And then, he ran towards the forest.

“That, that crazy….”

Huuuuuaaaggggghhh!

After staring at Muyoung's fleeting image and hearing the shrieks of various monsters, the Guide finally realized Muyoung's intentions.

'So that's what he meant by ensure his safety!'

That was it.

The reason why Muyoung asked him to ensure his safety for three days.

Shut up and hunt!

He planned to wipe out the monsters without looking back.

*

<Agility has increased by 1.>

<Stamina has increased by 1.>

……

Muyoung ran like crazy.

As if to show what it meant to run like crazy, he didn't even stop to rest for a second.

If anything, he jumped towards danger and fought with his life on the line.

He knew that the best way to increase his stats was to fight against monsters.

At the same time, the one who felt like dying was the Guide.

"Grr. You asked me to only ensure your life, what kind of impractical request is this!"

The Guide only acted when Muyoung was about to die.

However, that was not easy to time.

With the way Muyoung fought, it wouldn't be weird if he dropped dead at any time.

After he had protected him with magic, he was thanked with replies like, "I almost lost my flesh and could have ended up as a pile of bones," "I got scratched a little, but it's not to the point I'll die."

Crazy bastard.

So he couldn’t afford to look away for a second.

The observing Guide was much more exhausted.

After killing a Dark Bear, Muyoung said, “I need to fight a bit riskier.”

“What?”

“When I avoid every attack by the width of a finger, my Agility isn’t increasing as fast as I hoped. I need to reduce the width to half a finger.”

“Is that a distance you can reduce just because you want to?”

“It seems to be possible the more I try.”

“……”

The Guide was speechless.

It seemed like he was looking at a person who couldn’t wait to die.

If he was able to choose the distance he avoided incoming attack at will, he could already be considered an expert.

No, it was difficult even for an expert.

However, there was no end to Muyoung's mysteriousness.

His technique was definitely above an expert, but it felt like his body couldn't follow through properly.

If he was to force himself to move a certain way, it would cause an untimely death.

However, the more he fought, the faster his body adapted to his movements.

'What a crazy, but peculiar fellow.'

A promise was a promise.

The Guide had to take care of Muyoung throughout the duration for the determined three days.

And Muyoung was definitely planning on maximizing the Guide's help and fought with every monster he encountered.

After doing this for a day and a half, a message appeared.

<Amazing. You have broken the Blue Temple Hunting Record.>

<Will you leave you name in Solomon's Hall of Fame? If you decline, it will be displayed as 'No-name'.>

There was even a ranking for this?

But, Muyoung shook his head.

He didn't have the slightest intent to reveal himself.

<You have refused to leave your name in Solomon's Hall of Fame.>

< 1st place: Lucien – 2578 Monsters>

< 2nd place: Muller Lucas – 1956 Monsters>

< 3rd place: No-name – 1221 Monsters>

Third place.

Muyoung had killed more than 1200 monsters since his arrival.

It was most likely that only monsters that were suitable opponents were counted.

Shortly after, ‘Hunting Record (3)’ was added to his history and a ‘Hunting Map’ was given as a reward.

The Hunting Map showed which monster’s territory he was currently in.

It wasn’t a very useful item, but it would save Muyoung some time.

Muyoung decided not to waste even a second of the remaining time and continued to hunt.

Then his ranking slowly started to climb.

<Marvelous. You have broken a new record.>

<You have refused to leave your name in Solomon’s Hall of Fame.>

< 1st place: No-name – 2579 Monsters>

< 2nd place: Lucien – 2578 Monsters>

< 3rd place: Muller Lucas – 1956 Monsters>

Finally, he was even able to take first place.

‘Herculean Strength Leather Armor’ was given as a reward.

He didn’t expect much since he didn’t receive any reward for taking 2nd place, but it was a pleasant surprise to receive a B+ ranked armor with an effect that increased the wearer’s strength by 3.

Although he was able to find some equipment in the forest other than those rewards, unfortunately none were useful for Muyoung.

Muyoung looked at his Status Viewer.

The Status Screen popped up.

Achievement Effect à Gremory’s Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Class Effect à None

Strength 41 (30+11) Agility 35 (32+3)

Stamina 33 (30+3) Intelligence 17 (14+3)

Wisdom 16 (13+3) Fighting Aura 19 (16+3)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened.

Even considering that the Herculean Strength Leather Armor increased his Strength by 3, he could see that his base stats had increased considerably.

Agility especially increased a lot.

His senses had become sharper.

Although everyone's stats increased rapidly in the beginning, there wasn't anyone who could compete with Muyoung at this point in time.

'Not bad.'

While he was feeling content with his improvement, the Guide said, "The promised 3 days have passed. Isn't it time to tell me where you want to go?"

Muyoung answered right away, “To the Cliff of Agony.”

Finally, all the preparations were complete.

Chapter 15: Necromancer (End)

Giant bird-like monsters flew around the steep cliff.

There were a countless number of monsters, including one known as the small pterodactyl, ‘the Sword-Beaked Bird’, and another whose body was half transparent, ‘Transparent Bat’.

The only thing these monsters had in common was their fierce appetite towards prey.

You had to prepare to lay down your life if you wanted to climb this cliff.

“Are… you seriously thinking about climbing this cliff?”

The Guide spoke slowly with a pale face.

Even while coming here, Muyoung ceaselessly hunted.

To show someone the way, meant that that someone had to be alive.

Muyoung maximized that subtle reasoning and travelled as slowly as he could.

Even if the Guide understood his intentions and travelled in places where there were no monsters, Muyoung would always find

a way to draw monsters to him.

Like they say, he got his money's worth.

And thanks to that, the one to suffer was the Guide.

They only arrived two days later than they expected, but the Guide's appearance made it look like he aged a few years.

"I'm going to climb it."

Muyoung replied as if it wasn't a big deal.

Unlike the Guide, he used Anguish to continuously stack up Stamina so he wasn't as tired as he thought he would be.

The Guide's face stiffened and he opened his mouth, "Within the boundaries of the temple and the forest, this is one of the most dangerous places here. Since we're here, I can take to all the way up, but..."

"No thanks."

It was like the Guide was offering him a last bit of service, but Muyoung flatly refused.

The Cliff of Agony.

At the top, there lied the secret class, Necromancer.

And one of the few conditions to receive the Necromancer class was to climb the cliff ‘by himself’.

If he was to accept the Guide’s help, all of his efforts would become meaningless.

“You really have a thoroughly adventurous spirit.”

The Guide shook his head side to side.

Although he had this thought numerous times while coming here, the human in front of him was definitely not normal.

He really couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

It felt like he was recklessly running towards his goal, but since he acted as though he had 12 lives, he felt that it was slightly contradictory.

People who have clear goals value their lives.

To achieve their goals, they would not hesitate to use any method necessary, but they would at least value their lives.

However, when looking at Muyoung's actions, it felt like he was moving on the premise he was going to die.

'Does he not care about his life?'

While coming here, Muyoung faced situations where, if it wasn't for the Guide, he would have died at least 50 times.

If he was to make the slightest error, he would have lost his life.

Although he had promised to keep him alive, it was still reckless.

What was more, the Cliff of Agony was known as one of the most dangerous places even in the forest.

Logically speaking, it was hard to resolve this matter with Muyoung's current level.

But he still wanted to attempt it?

And without any help.

He was thoroughly insane.

Because of this, the Guide was excited.

How far could this insane human go?

It felt like it had been a long time since he felt this way.

Although his memories weren't complete, he felt that it had been a few decades since he felt this kind of feeling.

'If only he comes back alive…'

The Guide imagined an impossible scenario.

The Blue Temple was a place where people who attempt the impossible will be aptly rewarded.

If by any chance, Muyoung returned after climbing the cliff, the Guide had no choice, but to admit that Muyoung wasn't crazy, he was just different.

That's right. Different.

Those that tread a completely different path than others were known as 'Heroes'.

Although there were many people who claimed they were heroes, in the Guide's eyes, they all were incompetent.

However, the human right in front of his eyes seemed to be out of the ordinary.

“If you can pass the Cliff’s trial, I’ll tell you my name.”

A small swirl of emotion appeared in the Guide’s eyes.

And Muyoung stared at his eyes as if he was being pulled in.

Now that you mention it, the Guide, the Supreme Magician were simply titles, there was no one who knew his real name.

It didn’t seem like even the Demons knew his name.

‘How strange.’

Up until now, he never really thought about it.

He wasn’t even curious.

The fact that he was able to fight against the Demons for 10 days was important, his name wasn’t really that important.

Of course, the question was will there be some change by knowing his name.

“Do I really have to know?”

“There won’t be any disadvantages from knowing it.”

The Guide’s expression was extremely serious.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulder and turned around.

“Do what you want.”

There was no reason for him to refuse if he insisted on telling him.

However, it was more important to climb the cliff.

Whoooooshh!

The fierce winds attacked Muyoung.

Like a swaying twig, he perilously climbed the cliff.

‘The only thing confirmed by reading his history was that he had climbed this cliff.’

The Status Viewer he read after killing the Necromancer was not very detailed.

The facts that the Necromancer class was attained by climbing the cliff and killing the Five Gatekeepers were all that he knew.

Of course, there was no way for Muyoung to know the methods the previous Necromancer had used.

That was why he increased his stats as high as he could. To prepare for any situation.

Caww!

A Sword-beaked Bird targeted Muyoung's back with its sharp beak.

Muyoung immediately used Anguish to cut its beak in half.

The increased Agility enhanced Muyoung's senses.

Taking care of a bird that would make a sound while rushing at its prey was simple.

Caww!

Cawwww!

However, as one died, as if they were getting revenge on their fallen comrade, ten Sword-beaked Birds rushed at him.

'From the beginning, I never intended to dodge.'

There was nothing more barbaric, but the method Muyoung chose was a direct face-off.

He planned to crush all the obstacles and attempt to climb the cliff directly.

He took a deep breath, pulled his body close to the cliff and wielded Anguish.

How far did he climb?

The clouds touched the top of his head.

‘Almost there.’

His whole body was a mess.

If he didn’t receive the leather armor from breaking the hunting record, he would have had a few fatal injuries.

The Giant Centipedes that jumped out from between the boulders were especially dangerous.

He was nearly crushed to death by a centipede wrapping around his body.

Others would have sworn that he was completely insane and that he had lost his mind, but to Muyoung, these situations weren't particularly weird.

As climbing an endless cliff was part of the Forest of Death's training regime.

If you don't climb, you die.

Even if they climbed, they would die from starvation or would fall to their deaths.

Half his fellow recruits died from simply climbing a cliff.

'A Red Orc...'

He quickly ended his thoughts, as he climbed onto the top of the cliff and looked around.

There was a single cave in the center of the summit.

And at the entrance of the cave, there was a red-skinned orc standing guard.

It seemed to be one of the Five Gatekeepers, nevertheless it didn't seem ordinary.

The fighting aura emitted from his body!

His tempered muscles and physique made it seem like it was born to fight.

Kuruk?

The Red Orc stared at Muyoung.

“Come at me.”

Kadakkadakk!

Muyoung motioned with his finger.

Kururukk!

The Red Orc grabbed his big axe and rushed towards Muyoung.

His shoulder got dislocated.

The Orc’s raw strength was greater than what he had imagined.

If it had become a battle of strength, there was no way for him to win.

He seized his victory wholly through his exquisite skills.

Stab!

As he stabbed the center of the orc's carcass, Anguish started to absorb the blood.

He was able to regain a bit of his empty stamina back, but this method was only temporary.

Nevertheless, Muyoung immediately started moving.

Kegehgek!

The next opponent he faced was a 'Knoll Thief'.

True to his name, he was incredibly fast.

He aimed for Muyoung's neck with his poisoned dagger.

Unfortunately, the pairing was bad.

Muyoung was an assassin second to none. He was able to predict all of the Knoll Thief's movements.

The fight concluded in 5 minutes.

“This is driving me crazy.”

The victor was obviously Muyoung.

However, he groaned after killing the Knoll Thief.

His leg was poisoned.

He definitely should have evaded it, but the dagger lengthened and cut his leg.

It was completely his fault.

However, each Gatekeeper he fought left a wound.

It was as if it was predetermined.

It was like for every Gatekeeper, the challenger had to be inflicted with a wound.

<You have climbed the Cliff of Agony and hunted the final Gatekeeper.>

Muyoung did not stop.

To expel the remaining poison, it would take 5 more days, but he didn’t not have the time.

As a result, his actions would become rougher the more wounds he had received.

Like the uncontrollable Norse warriors, he went berserk.

In the end, he able to hunt down the last Gatekeeper.

Huff! Huff!

He panted heavily while gazing at the chunks of what used to be a giant serpent.

‘I think I’m going to die.’

His complexion was deathly pale.

He couldn’t put any strength in his fingers.

The fight was intense to that extent.

He narrowly came out victorious in the life-or-death struggle.

Muyoung slumped to the ground.

It seemed he really had pushed himself too hard.

There may have been a better way to do this.

As there was only one Gatekeeper per fight and there was no time limit.

Perhaps if he took his time, he would have been able to win more easily.

The previous person to get the Necromancer class must have spent days figuring out ways to defeat the Five Gatekeepers.

However, Muyoung foolishly forced his way through.

He crushed everything with a frontal assault.

It was truly an intense surprise attack.

‘Overcoming danger makes me stronger.’

He only knew how to get stronger by pushing himself to his limits.

Even if someone kindly taught him a different method, the

current Muyoung would still tread this path.

To push himself like this was definitely dangerous, but he strongly believed if he was to endure it, he would take a step towards his growth.

‘I endured this time and will continue enduring.’

Muyoung gritted his teeth.

He will not die.

Live the way you want and achieve your goals!

Before long, his vision became hazy.

<You climbed the Cliff of Agony and defeated the Five Gatekeepers in a day.>

<To you who accomplished the impossible! In accordance to Solomon’s Law, a special reward will be given.>

<The Masters of Darkness are examining the User.>

<’The Death Lord’ has chosen the User.>

Art of Death Arc

Chapter 16: Art Of Death (1)

A stretch of flat, barren land.

Against an army of a million undead, more than a million humans fought.

Most of the humans used swords and spears, while a few users of holy energy and magic were mixed in the crowd.

However, there was a great variety of undead.

No, there were so many of them that looked so bizarre, it was difficult to define them as undead.

Zombies with wings of an angel, skeletons with Pegasus's horn pierced through both of their hands, vampires with the body of a bear, and 3 frog-headed Cerberus……

They weren't simply different in appearance, but they were far stronger than a typical undead.

They even had an amazing ability to think for themselves and had cognitive capabilities.

The general belief that undeads were just dead bodies who moved simply was destroyed.

Humans struggled to protect their base, but it was useless.

In an instant, there was a mountain of corpses.

Massacre, there was no other way to describe this scene.

And in the middle of all this, there was a huge lich with a red cape fluttering in the wind.

The Death Lord.

As the Death Lord raised his hand, thousands of corpse were lifted off the ground and completely reconstructed into the form of a giant.

“Death is a beautiful thing.”

Gwahhhhhhhhhh!

The giant roared out loud.

As the Death Lord gazed at the huge giant, so large that it seemed as if it could touch the sky, he nodded his head.

Doesn’t it look amazing for something made out of mere humans?

As the Death Lord walked, all the corpses he passed by came back to life.

The comrades who used to fight with them in battle were now ripping apart and chewing on their hearts and swinging weapons in an attempt to cut their throats off.

It was an unbearably horrific scene.

Against the overwhelming power, humans were only helpless.

“Since I’m the King of Death, worship death!”

The ruler of all deaths.

He was the Death Lord.

*

The body was burning with a fever.

After Muyoung had collapsed, he was continuously in a hypnagogic state for the entire day before he could finally get up from his spot.

‘What… was that dream?’

While he was passed out, Muyoung had a dream that could have been part of a movie.

He felt like he had seen a war movie through a big screen.

However, it felt strangely vivid. A dream, but not just a dream.

Thump!

He tripped over his own legs and fell back on the ground.

Muyoung lightly clicked his tongue.

It seemed like he needed to first take care of his body before he could even think about the dream.

‘Hmm, I wasn’t able to completely remove all the poison.’

He remembered using herbs right before he fainted, but it seemed like they didn’t completely heal him.

Muyoung gazed as his ring on his finger.

“Paranormal.”

The first reward he received in the Blue Temple by killing monsters.

Even if it was limited to 5 uses, it allowed for an effect to increase all his stats by 2 for ten minutes, cast a Healing Wave, or a Fire Bolt.

'I used it twice already. But, I'm not sure if 3 healing waves will be enough for my body to recovery.'

He used it twice to fight against the giant serpent.

Swaaaa!

He chose the Healing Wave skill among the effects offered by Paranormal.

Right away, a green light emitted from the ring.

The light wrapped around him and rejuvenated his body.

After casting it two more times, he was back to his lively self.

His body seemed to have recovered and gained resistance to the poison.

'It's done.'

Since it wasn't a powerful poison, it seemed like the tiny bit left

in his body would naturally recover on its own.

Swoosh!

However, since he had used Paranormal to the full, the ring shattered into dust.

He felt as if he had wasted it, but considering the situation, it was the best choice he could make so he didn't have any regrets.

'By the way... I clearly remember that messages popped up before passing out.'

He remembered seeing a few words floating in from of him.

But he could not remember what it was about.

After Muyoung sipped some water using his water producing magical item, he looked at his watch to see what had changed.

First, he looked at his abilities.

Achievement Effect –> Gremory's Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Class Effect –> Death Lord (Lord class, Ruler of Death)

Abilities –>

Strength 44 (33+11) Agility 37 (34+3)

Stamina 35 (32+3) Intelligence 17 (14+3)

Wisdom 16 (13+3) Fighting Aura 19 (16+3)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened.

The armor you are currently wearing or using: Anguish (Strength +5) and Herculean Strength Leather Armor (Strength +3).

Nothing greatly changed about his abilities.

His strength was definitely the highest, but since his pure stat was only 33 with an added stat of 11, it just seemed very high.

However... Something he had never seen before was written under class effect.

'Death Lord.'

The Ruler of Death!

But, it was the first time he heard of this.

There was also something unfamiliar.

‘Lord class?’

Not even a secret class, but a lord class?

There was no one with a lord class, at least from the people he had killed in the past. Even Muyoung, who knew quite a lot of classified information, was totally clueless.

‘Wasn’t this the place where he could receive the secret class, Necromancer?’

Muyoung instantly shrugged his head.

This was the place.

The trials were also the ones he had to complete as well.

Then, he could only believe the cause was the amount of time he spent on clearing the trials.

‘It clearly stated Masters of Darkness were examining me. I don’t have a clue what all this means.’

Masters of Darkness and lord class, they were all things unfamiliar to Muyoung.

For a moment, Muyoung furrowed his brow.

The reason he wanted to earn the Necromancer class was because it was a class that specialized against a large group of opponents.

However, if the Death Lord's class specialized against only a few opponents, then he couldn't say he had achieved his goal.

He needed to carefully examine the classes he was planning to earn in the future.

'Skills.'

Muyoung turned the pentagram of his watch to look at his skills.

There was an addition to his skills besides the skill of the Demon Commander of the 27th Legion.

Skill Title: Art of Death (F)

Description – Reinvent and reconstruct death into art. Once the undead is created, it will be graded. Its abilities will be determined by this grade.

> “Death is a beautiful thing.” #DeathLord

Even if he had only gained a single skill, he felt like he understood what it could do.

‘This wasn’t simply a dream.’

The transfigured undead in his dreams.

It was probably the skill to make those kinds of creatures.

Death Lord led an army of a million transfigured undead to massacre humans.

If it was that powerful, then it seemed enough to fight off the troops of Demons, the legion of Demon Commanders.

‘First, it was a type of Necromancer class.’

His initial worries disappeared.

It also seemed like a higher class than the normal necromancer.

If he just polished this skill, he believed he could reenact the scene he had seen in his dreams.

Also, as he increased his rank, more skills would be added.

Muyoung approached the dead giant serpent.

Out of the Five Gatekeepers, it was the monster that tormented him the most.

Didn’t he almost die from it?

He felt it would be beneficial to make it as an undead.

“Art of Death.”

When you didn’t know how to use a skill, if you just say its name, it usually worked.

Soon after, a dark aura emitted from the tips of Muyoung’s fingers and it wrapped around the giant serpent.

<The material isn’t in a good condition.>

<Skill rank is really low.>

<There isn’t a trace of artistry.>

<Art score of 0.>

<All the abilities will be reduced by 50% from when it was alive.>

Swish.

The giant serpent started to move slowly.

‘If it’s an art score of 0, then does it reduce the strength of the undead?’

At first, nothing really seemed different.

The sluggish movement and basic patterns.

However with a glance, he noticed that it was definitely weaker than before.

It just seemed like a great big undead giant serpent. That was all he could say.

It was nothing compared to the undeads in his dream, who moved on their own without an order, could think for themselves and overwhelm the humans.

Stumble!

Muyoung was barely able to stay up by leaning on to the giant serpent.

Maybe it was because he used a skill, he felt as if he was becoming exhausted at an alarming rate.

‘Somehow it seems as though I spent my stamina.’

It must had been a skill where he couldn’t abuse it constantly.

From the state he was in, it looked like he could use this skill at most 3 times a day.

It seemed like he needed to use it wisely.

To increase the art score, different types of materials were generally required.

If he used the corpse of the boss that attacked every 10 days, he thought he might be able to get a better score.

‘Let’s go down.’

After thoroughly examining the Death Lord class, he started his way back.

He passed out for quite a long time. There wasn't any time to waste.

*

Even if the giant serpent had lost 50% of its abilities, it was quite useful.

Its thick hide was a fine shield for Muyoung, as he climbed down the cliff.

Thanks to the serpent, Muyoung was able to climb down safely.

The Guide was waiting for Muyoung at the bottom of the cliff.

He looked at Muyoung in admiration.

"Huk. Huk. Didn't think you would really make it."

Although he did not have any ill-will, these words could have caused a misunderstanding depending on who heard them.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders and spoke,

"Did you want me to die?"

“No, but it’s hard for me to believe that this is real. And from your aura, you don’t seem like an ordinary man. It seemed as though you have earned an incredible reward…”

Muyoung nodded.

The Guide was the other self of the supreme magician.

Although Muyoung didn’t deliberately try to hide the change, it wouldn’t have been weird for the Guide to notice his changes.

‘What perfect timing.’

Muyoung asked one of the questions he had about the Death Lord class.

“Who are the Masters of Darkness?”

As if it was trivial matter, he answered.

“They are the ones who couldn’t become Gods and by Solomon’s Laws, became the ones who managed the darkness. But, how do you know… ah, no, did you?”

“They said one of the Masters of Darkness has chosen me.”

“…!”

The Guide’s eyes widened.

Chapter 17: Art Of Death (2)

“The Rule Administrators have ‘chosen’ you?”

It was hard for him to believe. As if that wasn’t possible.

The Guide asked again.

Muyoung nodded his head and started to speak.

“Is it really that strange?”

He was honestly just curious.

That was why Muyoung asked so bluntly.

The Guide was someone who was wholly dedicated to this place, even before the collapse of humans.

He might even be the one person who knew more than Muyoung.

If the Guide didn’t have the answers, there was no way for Muyoung to find out as well.

His expression was serious.

“I’m not sure of the details. How many manage the Laws of the Darkness, who are part of it, and etc. Just know one thing, that they have really high standards. Even if someone completed the impossible, it was rare for them to choose anyone…”

Then he looked Muyoung again and rubbed his chin.

It seemed like even the Guide did not have the information about the Death Lord or the Lord class that Muyoung really wanted to know about.

The Guide continued to speak.

“But, you were chosen, right?”

Like a kid who had just found a new toy, his eyes started to sparkle.

Great excitement.

At the same time, a slight smile appeared on his face.

“As expected, you truly aren’t an ordinary human being. That’s probably why you were able to win the three wagers against me.”

While he seemed to be particularly obsessed with wagers, Muyoung could not refute his words.

Before Muyoung realized, the Guide was holding an Orc Staff.

Even the mood seemed to have changed.

The aura of magic surrounding them was so dense that it suffocated Muyoung.

Muyoung bent his eyebrows.

As Muyoung slowly moved his hand towards his weapon, the Guide started to talk again.

“Ah. Ah, I’m sorry. I was extremely thrilled. That’s right, I probably said that I was going to tell you my name if you came back alive. If it is you, you deserve to know my name.”

Tsk.

Muyoung clicked his tongue as he removed his hand from the sheath and returned his hand to where it was before.

“Do as you please.”

To be honest, it wasn’t like Muyoung was really curious about his name.

What could happen by knowing letters of a name.

Seeing how the Guide was obsessed about it, Muyoung just thought he really wanted to introduce himself.

“I’m a Druid.”

Druids were known to be the ones who dealt with nature and spirits.

Swish.

Out of the blue, the wind blew.

The spirits of the wind started to come and surround the Guide.

Muyoung swallowed his saliva.

“I thought you were a magician.”

“At the same time, I’m also the supreme magician. You weren’t wrong. Even though I was born from an Incubus of Darkness, I was baptized right away so that I wouldn’t be infected by evil. Instead I was able to gain an enormous amount of power. Of course, there is no way I can display my true powers in this fake form.”

As if he was boasting, he continued to talk.

“The system of ‘skills’ that humans are able to use were made by me. So that as long as you knew the spell, it wasn’t hard to cast the spell or to exert magic.”

Even though the Guide said that he was going to share his name, he was bragging about his identity.

But, Muyoung didn’t really care about his identity.

“Are you asking me to play twenty questions?”

The Guide looked a bit disappointed.

“You still don’t know who I am?”

As if his identity should have been obvious by now, the Guide clearly found it shocking.

“I still don’t know.”

“Merlin.”

“Merlin?”

Muyoung looked at the Guide.

The Guide didn’t seem like he was joking around.

Finally, there was a smile on the Guide's face.

"I'm the Merlin whom your thinking of."

Finally, few words appeared in front of Muyoung.

<The supreme magician Merlin has identified himself.>

<Your intelligence has been permanently increased by 2.>

For a moment, a blue light wrapped around Muyoung's body.

Just by knowing the Guide's name, his magical abilities rose.

That meant that the 'name' had that much worth, but it was the first time something like this happened for Muyoung, so it was natural for him to be a bit confused.

"As expected, you really are talented! Just because someone hears my name doesn't mean that they all get something. A drawing might be just a scribble for someone, but to another, it might be a work of art."

Without a care in the world, Merlin became more enthusiastic about Muyoung.

“It’s my first time hearing that Merlin followed Solomon.”

“It wouldn’t be correct to say that I followed him. We had no choice, but to combine our strength. If the Seal of Lemegeton was to be broken… The fake will become real and the real will become fake. It was very obvious that in a state where everything became chaotic, humans would be annihilated.”

He also seemed to be the reason to why humans from Earth were being summoned here.

Muyoung could not take it as a joke any longer.

Right now, Merlin was telling him about the history of this world.

He knew that the 72 demons were going to be freed when the Seal of Lemegeton was broken. But, even Muyoung was unaware of the specifics regarding its background.

“Do you mean the summoning of the humans into this Underworld was already decided upon long ago?”

Merlin nodded his head.

“Yes. And to be honest, it wasn’t too promising either. The demons were too strong and therefore, even if they were to

prepare for them, there was always a limit. That's why, our only hope was human's unlimited potential, but..."

He became silent.

However even if he didn't hear the rest of the story, Muyoung understood.

After all, in the end, humanity wasn't able to stop the demons.

Instead, due to conflicts between humans, numerous humans with potentials were killed.

And, even Merlin, himself, wasn't able to consider human's desires and their selfishness.

No, even if he knew, like a Pandora's box, he might have still firmly believed in them as their last hope.

"However, if it is you, the person who was chosen by the Masters of the Darkness, I believe you have the potential of becoming a true hero."

The burning look of Merlin's eyes were making him feel uncomfortable.

However, Muyoung didn't really like how he was sweet talking him.

Muyoung placed a lot of pressure on his neck before he spoke.

“So what is your point?”

“Become my successor.”

<The supreme magician Merlin has made an offer.>

<If you were to accept, you will succeed in obtaining the secret class ‘Court Magician’.>

Muyoung thought he had heard of this somewhere.

That a person could potentially receive a class from supreme beings.

Unlike other people, Muyoug was able to accept four classes.

As of now, since he has earned a secret class, it wasn’t a bad idea to earn another.

Still…

‘Death Lord is one of the magic-type classes.’

Muyoung was planning on getting specifically distinct classes.

And just by the name, he could tell that the Court Magician class was one of the magic-type classes.

“I refuse.”

“You… refuse?”

In an instant, Merlin’s expression became strange.

It was an expression like he never expected to get refused by his offer.

Muyoung calmly spoke.

“To become your successor means that I need to be here for a long time right?”

Merlin was a being unable to leave this Blue Temple.

To learn from him meant that a lot of time will be spent here.

“10 years would be more than enough. You will be an accomplished magician…”

Muyoung just shook his head from the expected answer.

Becoming an accomplished magician seemed nice, but in 10 years, he could gain a lot more by living in the Underworld.

He needed to be the first to retrieve specific treasures.

“I’m more curious about the world beyond these gates.”

“Even if you go there, there aren’t many good things to see. It’s much better to learn from me now and go against the demons later.”

“If I become your successor, does that mean I can kill the demons for sure?”

“That…”

Of course, it would be impossible.

Like he said, all Muyoung could do was fight against them.

Muyoung knew the end of Merlin.

Even when he returned to his former self, all he could do was tie up three top ranking demons for 10 days. That was all.

Even if Muyoung was to take all Merlin had to offer, it meant that there was a limit.

Of course, just that by itself was an incredible thing. It was enough for him to be called the supreme magician.

However, Muyoung knew too much about the past.

It would be foolish for him to waste 10 years here.

Therefore, he calmly replied.

“As humans are faced with trials, by overcoming them, they get stronger. And a system that rewards you appropriately is exceptionally pleasing. Since you will be rewarded for the amount of effort you put in.”

“Selfishness of the humans have gone too far. If you pass the gates, monsters and demons aren’t the ones to be worried about, it’s facing the sickening desires of humans, the same kind as you. Are you going to consider that as a trial too?”

“If they stop me, I will destroy them. I’m not willing to leave anything that stands in my way.”

“Ha…”

As Merlin listened to Muyoung’s answers, he sighed.

It was because he knew that whatever he had to say, wouldn't go through to Muyoung.

Muyoung's determination was that firm.

"What a shame, what a real shame."

"Why don't you look for a successor yourself instead of just waiting. There are plenty of people who are more talented than me."

It wasn't like Muyoung was exceptionally talented in magic.

However, considering how many real 'genius' magicians have shown up in the Underworld, it wasn't like Merlin couldn't find a successor.

But, Merlin didn't move from the center of the forest.

Even if a genius showed up, how can he find a successor if he just sits and waits?

"I'm not just looking at skills. But you do make a good point."

Merlin sighed out loud.

“I’ve basically given up on relying on humans. Just enjoyed wagering with a few humans who came to see me. However… After seeing you, I wanted to try once more.”

“You will surely find someone.”

Finally, Merlin took out a small bottle from his side.

“Take it. It’s the Secret Medicine of the Sage.”

Inside the bottle, there was a liquid that had a red glow.

The Secret Medicine of the Sage!

It was an item recognized as the pinnacle of alchemy.

It was one of the choices he had when he made it to Solomon’s Hall of Fame for killing the boss. But unfortunately, it was a reward he had to give up.

However, Muyoung gave him a flat refusal.

“I’m not interested in becoming your successor.”

Even then, Merlin didn’t take his hand back.

“I’m not giving it to you because of that. My primary role is to

make heroes and to guide them. Since I can see hope in you, I can't just send you away, can I?"

For a long time, Merlin just looked at Muyoung without saying a word.

Muyoung didn't try look away either.

If Merlin was willing to give him the Secret Medicine of the Sage with no strings attached, there was no reason for him to refuse.

As Muyoung grabbed the bottle, Merlin spoke as if he was worried.

"I hope your will won't be broken."

"Nothing will be able to break my will."

Muyoung waited 40 years to get this chance.

A chance to go through his life again!

Never, no matter what happens, Muyoung wasn't willing to waste this chance.

Chapter 18: Art Of Death (End)

Merlin placed a spell on the hunting map Muyoung had.

It evolved to be an item that allowed him to move without getting lost, at least in Blue Temple.

Afterwards, Muyoung headed out on his own.

Although he could feel the lingering gaze of Merlin, he knew that if they were to stay together, they would only grow to become more attached to each other.

On his way back, Muyoung killed monsters and used his ‘Art of Death’ skill to increase his level of understanding.

<The material is a bit usable.>

<Art score of 5.>

<Name: Ugly salamander monkey

Level: 14

Type: Zombie

Strength 17 Agility 15 Stamina 20 Intelligence 3 Wisdom 1 >

Grr. Grrrrr.

The completed undead looked at Muyoung while flicking its tongue.

After wildly mixing the corpses of a monkey monster and a red salamander, he received an art score of 5.

‘Just mixing them won’t do.’

Muyoung lived the past 40 years as an assassin.

Perhaps the little artistic sense he may have had in the past had already disappeared by now.

He rubbed his chin.

‘How to get a higher score.’

However, the stronger a class was, the more difficult it was to master.

If he carefully experimented, he would be able to laugh at the

face of necromancers.

‘I should make a skeleton by carving out the bones.’

Instead of connecting monsters’ body parts to create a zombie, wouldn’t it be better to create a skeleton by carving out its bones?

Muyoung first looked for materials.

If the materials were good, it would have a better compensation effect.

And it was making a soldier out of bones.

He couldn’t just use the random bones of monsters.

He needed the sturdiest bones possible.

‘If I remember correctly… there were cannibalistic elephants around here.’

He thought of the elephants that lived in the forest of the Blue Temple.

These elephants that had robust frames and huge ivory tusks were very hard to find as there were only a few. Cases of them being found were very rare.

Even in the case that they were found, it was difficult for someone to fight them alone.

However, Muyoung had the map Merlin had placed a spell on.

Also, Muyoung wasn't just an ordinary person. In the Underworld, he might have been a weakling, but at Blue Temple, he was one of the strongest.

Muyoung quickly moved his steps and entered the territory of the 'cannibalistic elephants'.

He was able to witness four elephants drinking water near a lake.

Unlike regular elephants, cannibalistic elephants did not normally move in groups. At most, they moved as a family.

But, they were aggressive and were known to enjoy fights.

If you approached them carelessly, you might suddenly get attacked by them.

Muyoung carefully stalked the elephant family and at the moment an elephant was by itself, he rushed in.

Tralala!

The elephant who discovered Muyoung screamed out loud.

It was because Muyoung swiftly went on top of the elephant to stab its neck with Anguish.

The elephant constantly shook its body, but it was useless as Muyoung was stuck to him like a glue.

Thump!

As soon as Anguish had sucked out all of its blood, the elephant collapsed onto the ground.

Muyoung wiped his forehead.

‘I think I also need the cartilages and the tendons.’

He couldn’t make a skeleton with just its ivory tusks. He needed enough cartilage and tendons to connect the bones to make a proper shape.

However, Muyoung didn’t have enough time to dissect the enormous elephant by parts as the other elephants may discover and attack him.

“Remove the skin.”

Scrape.

Grawl!

Muyoung wasn’t alone.

The giant undead serpent and the undead salamander monkey followed Muyoung’s order and started to move slowly.

The serpent swallowed a big chunk and spat it out, while the monkey used his dull sword to slice the skin off.

They were slow, but it was much faster than Muyoung doing it alone.

Muyoung started to dissect the elephant and left the useful parts aside.

When he had gathered enough bones to create a skeleton, he finished by cutting off its ivory tusks.

He wasn’t done just because he had collected enough materials.

A lot of knowledge and effort was required in slicing the tusks to make a skeleton.

It was fortunate that he knew the anatomy of a human body better than anyone else, but it was hard work to carve the tusks into bones.

Scrape. Scrape.

After moving to a safe area, Muyoung started to cut the tusks inside an empty cave.

If he had a sharp chisel, it would have made the job much easier, but all he had was axe to carefully carve the tusks.

The axe was one of the items he grabbed while he was massacring the monsters with Merlin protecting him. It seemed like a waste to throw it out, but as he didn't really need it, he kept it in his Infinity Pouch.

Carving wasn't hard to do.

All he had to do was concentrate his strength and scratch along the grain.

'This is an interesting experience.'

He chuckled out loud.

Something he had never done. It wasn't a bad feeling.

It must be because you get stronger by learning things you didn't know and by overcoming them.

It wasn't bad for Muyoung to experience these things.

'It's probably better to make it a bit different than just having it shaped like a normal human.'

Didn't he just have to make it as beautiful as he could?

To Muyoung, art was beauty.

He thought that his concept wasn't bad.

Scrape! Scrape!

Muyoung's hands slowly moved faster.

As he started to shape the bones and pieced together the pieces, more than half of a day had passed.

Muyoung nodded as he was satisfied with his finished work.

A skeleton with small wings was laid out on the ground.

As Muyoung activated Art of Death, a dark aura emitted from Muyoung's hand and wrapped around the skeleton.

<The material is decent.>

<Art score of 15.>

<Name: Slipshod skeleton who cannot fly

Type: Skeleton

Level: 21

Strength 33 Agility 19 Stamina 23 Intelligence 5 Wisdom 4 >

Rattle. Rattle.

Skeleton stood up awkwardly.

As Muyoung looked at the skeleton, he found out that the bilateral symmetry was slightly off.

It was the first time he had made anything. He couldn’t be satisfied on his first try.

As if handicapped, the skeleton walked while dragging its right foot.

‘A score of 15.’

It couldn’t be considered as a high score, but compare to the serpent or the monkey, it was much better.

Its stats were also quite decent.

Maybe it was because he made it with the tusks of the elephant, but its strength was high.

This should be similar to a typical undead.

“Take this. It was the axe I used to make you.”

Muyoung handed the axe he used to carve the tusks.

Since the skeleton had a high level of strength, it was perfect for it.

Crack!

It made weird noises as it reached out to grab the axe.

*

The temple was calm.

The survivors, including Taehwan, gulped down their saliva as they blocked the entrance of the temple.

20 days had passed since they had first arrived.

He had heard from Muyoung that there would be a boss battle every 10 days.

If that was true, then today was the day a strong boss would make an appearance.

Taehwan looked around.

15 survivors.

Almost no one had died since the 10th day.

It was due to Taehwan’s leadership and his shield.

However, today, Taehwan was nervous.

Thump! Thump!

Soon after, a huge monster appeared heading towards the entrance as the ground shook.

“A goblin…?”

Everyone was puzzled after seeing it.

It was 2.5m tall, one-eyed monster, with a small horn on its forehead, holding a large club. Whoever looked at it was reminded of a goblin.

It seemed to be a female considering her large breasts.

It was the first time they faced a human-like monster.

Gaaaaaaaah!

The goblin ran towards them while screaming out loud.

“Let’s act calmly. As usual, just attack behind me!”

The very first to act was Taehwan, with his Shield of Eradication.

The only reason why there weren’t many casualties was because Taehwan stood and blocked the front.

But, the conditions weren’t great this time.

The Shield of Eradication's toughness buff worked when there were numerous of enemies. But, there was only one goblin.

Thump!

"Gwagh!"

It was only a single attack.

But, it felt like his arm was being shattered.

Taehwan clenched his teeth.

As if it was unexpected, the goblin tilted her head. At that moment, a rain of arrows flew towards her.

However, a fog-like shield was formed beside the goblin and all the arrows bounced off.

'Ah...!'

As expected, the boss is different. It was on a different level than normal monsters.

Even against Rellaka, it was Muyoung who killed the boss himself.

Thump! Thump! Thuuump!

Taehwan was at his limit after blocking a few more of the goblin's attacks.

Crack!

He wasn't able to handle her attack any longer and his bone snapped.

'Damn it!'

He felt like he was going to faint.

Holding his right arm, he dropped onto the ground. The goblin slowly approached him.

'If only hyungnim was here...'

Although he had made a resolution to protect the others by himself, there was a limit to his abilities.

Soon, the goblin tried to smash Taehwan's head off with her club.

Taehwan closed his eyes.

Swaaack.

He only heard a noise, his head wasn’t split open.

Taehwan opened his eyes and saw an odd sight.

‘A serpent?’

A huge serpent was wrapped around the goblin!

Gwaah! Gwaaah!

The enraged goblin held the serpent by its neck. She then threw the serpent on the ground and started to rip its body apart with her bare hands.

Swing-

Thump!

At that moment, a dagger flew straight towards the goblin’s head and embedded itself into the back of her head.

As if the barrier didn’t work properly, the goblin’s body started to wobble.

And then he appeared.

Twak!

Lowering his body as low as possible, he ran at an incredible speed, then flew up and sliced the neck of the goblin.

“Hyungnim...!”

“Goblins can’t produce a barrier if they can’t see where an attack is coming from. Aim for her back or her neck.”

“You’re back!”

Taehwan lean forward and attempted to get up to greet him, but Muyoung stopped him.

“This isn’t the end. A male is going to show up soon.”

Gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!

The moment Muyoung finished his words, an enraged cry sounded out.

The ground shook from just the sound.

As they turned their heads, a completely red goblin snorted

violently as he was staring deathly at them.

Blood-Red Tower Arc

Chapter 19: Blood-Red Tower (1)

Goblin.

This goblin was different from the virtuous goblins that appeared in folk tales. There were a variety of goblins in the Underworld, however, all of them were strong, yet savage and cruel.

‘The reddening of the skin when angry is the special trait of blaze goblins.’

Among goblins, blaze goblins were known for their foul temper.

It seemed like the previously killed goblin was his mate.

The goblin was angrier than he had ever been before.

The goblin brandished its giant club.

Soon a black fog formed above the goblin.

Blaze!

A flame created from the fog flew in the direction of Muyoung.

Since he was aware of what kind of attack he was going to make, it wasn’t hard avoiding it.

However, he wasn’t finished with just one attack.

Blaze! Blaaaaze!

In a moment, his surroundings became a sea of flames.

“Back off.”

Muyoung grasped Anguish. The flames of a blaze goblin weren’t the kind that could be easily put out.

Until the anger of the blaze goblin died down, the flames would endlessly burn everything in its surroundings.

“I.. will help you.”

Muyoung glanced at Taehwan’s current condition.

The hand holding his shield was broken and his muscles were very distorted.

If he pushed himself too hard in his current condition, his arm would have to be amputated.

Slam!

Muyoung kicked Taehwan's body.

"Get lost. You aren't of any help."

This was the truth.

By needlessly pushing himself, he could end up being a hindrance in Muyoung's battle.

Also, it was better to face the blaze goblin by himself than with a group.

Slash!

Muyoung forcefully cut the neck of the dead female goblin with the dagger embedded in her head.

He then held the female goblin's head in his hands.

"Do you want her?"

Grahh! GRAHHHH!

As his mate's corpse was desecrated, the blaze goblin's red skin incomparably reddened.

Excluding the goblin king, all goblins had lifelong mates.

They were devoted to each other and spent their lives together.

If their mate died, they didn't look for another. They had a very loyal side to them... His enemy was bad.

"Then take her."

Muyoung threw the head of the female goblin high above his head.

When the blaze goblin moved to catch his mate's head, Muyoung threw the dagger, predicting where the head would land, and quickly rushed out.

Others may look at this and curse and point their fingers, however, Muyoung held the opinion of 'doing whatever it takes to win'.

Someone who was only kind will die.

Only because Muyoung knew to use any weakness, he was able to survive as the greatest assassin.

Even if you were to say his end wasn't great.

The blaze goblin caught the falling head of his mate, however, a dagger stabbed into his back.

He purposely took the hit.

If he did not step in the way, his mate's head would have been pierced.

The place where the head would fall and the direction of which the dagger flew completely intersected.

Only if he was to sacrifice his back was he able to protect what he wanted to protect.

'As expected.'

Up until this point, it was as he planned in his head.

BLLLAAAAZZZZEEEEEEEEEE!

Soon the whole body of the blaze goblin was burning.

After carefully placing the female's head on the ground, the blaze goblin grinded his teeth and charged towards Muyoung.

Clash!

Anguish bounced off.

Immense monstrous power!

However, as soon as Anguish had bounced off, he twisted his body and arrived at the blaze goblin's chest.

Flames completely engulfed Muyoung.

'The Goblin won't be able to guard his blind spots.'

As he wasn't able to follow Muyoung's instantaneous movements, the blaze goblin was unable to set up a guard. Using this opening, Anguish was wrenched into the blaze goblin's body.

Kraahhhhh!

The problem was the flames.

Even if it was Muyoung, if he was to receive these flames unconditionally, there was no way he was going to survive.

The only reason he was able to last this long was due to the enhancement of a stat after taking the Secret Medicine of the Sage.

'Magic Resistance!'

The Secret Medicine of the Sage was a liquid medication that would randomly raise one of his stats.

Since it was random, it heavily relied on luck.

However, Muyoung knew of a method to reduce the options.

‘The Secret Medicine of the Sage’s random stat would slightly differ depending on the time and place.’

Luckily, it was a full moon yesterday.

The night of a full moon was the most abundant in magic power. There was an especially large amount of magic power reflected off the lakes.

This was how Muyoung was able to enhance his Magic Resistance.

Magic Resistance.

Just like its name, it was able to raise the resistance against magic and special skills.

It was rare for common equipment to have a Magic Resistance stat. Even related skills were rare and only cleric and support classes were able to raise Magic Resistance a little for a limited time.

However, it was different if the basic Magic Resistance stat was

increased.

Depending on one's effort, it was possible to permanently raise the Magic Resistance stat.

Being one of the strongest depended on if they used the Secret Medicine of the Sage to raise their Magic Resistance, was there anything more to say?

The problem was it was incredibly hard to obtain the Secret Medicine of the Sage.

As Muyoung was satisfied with four classes, he chose the Talisman of Asura, otherwise, he would have chosen the Secret Medicine of the Sage.

However, he was able to obtain the Secret Medicine of the Sage through Merlin.

'It's a battle of who endures the longest.'

The dagger was laced with a strong neurotoxin.

Even the blaze goblin would be affected by it.

On top of that, Anguish was ceaselessly draining his blood.

Kraaaaahhhhhh!

He tried to get Muyoung off in any way possible, but Muyoung was also desperately holding on.

If it was only a battle of endurance, it was more advantageous for Muyoung.

As soon as the blaze goblin's strength weakened, Anguish cut through his chest in a vertical line and pierced his throat.

Slam!

The blaze goblin fell to his knees.

Muyoung drew Anguish and sheathed it.

<You have successfully guarded against the charge of the goblin couple.>

<All the survivors will be rewarded depending on their contribution.>

<The level of contribution for Muyoung is 98.7%>

<Phenomenal. You have broken a new record.>

<Will you leave your name in Solomon's Hall of Fame? If you decline, it will be displayed as 'No-name'.>

In the first boss battle, Muyoung had an approximate level of contribution of 80%.

As their group was smaller, it was much easier to monopolize the level of contribution.

It was because he became incomparably stronger than himself 10 days ago.

Just like before, Muyoung shook his head to decline.

<You have refused to leave your name in Solomon's Hall of Fame.>

< 1st No-name – 98.7%>

< 2nd Alexandro Quintart – 88.4%>

< 3rd Lucien – 86.3%>

Alexandro was already the guild master of one the Nine Great

Guilds, the ‘Sun’ Guild, Lucien was someone who was 1st in Solomon’s Hall of Fame in number of humans killed when Muyoung started to assassinate people.

‘Fighting King Lucien.’

At first, he wasn’t too sure, but after looking at the Boss Battle Rankings, he was certain.

Although he didn’t place within the top 10 among humans, he was a monster who came close.

His title, ‘Fighting King’, showed that he was a fighting psycho with strength second to none, never leaving an enemy, a complete wild man.

The two of them both had high levels of contribution, however, there was around 10% difference from Muyoung.

<’Solomon’s Hall of Fame: Blue Temple (2)’ has been added to your History.>

<By the Law of Solomon, a reward will be given to you.>

<You have received the ’Talisman Creation’ skill.>

There was no choice as he was forcefully given a skill.

As much as there was no choice, it was bound to be a useful reward.

Muyoung expectantly checked the skill.

> Skill Name: Talisman Creation (Rank: Nothing)
>
> Info – Transform something that contains an object, creature, magic or holy power into a talisman. Only items the user ‘possesses’ are able to be used.

It was a skill that created talismans!

Seeing how it wasn’t ranked, it seemed like it could only hold one effect.

‘Not bad.’

Depending on how the skill was used, it was better than most high ranking items.

Its usability was a bit broader than the Infinity Pouch.

In the very least, Infinity Pouch had a size constraint and could not hold living creatures.

However, Talisman Creation could accommodate a larger variety.

‘Something containing magic or holy power, I guess these mean skills?’

This was the part that received most of his attention.

If it was possible, it meant that he was able to convert the Priest’s Blessing into a single-use talisman and use it during hunts!

Also, it would be useful for hiding things.

Simply put, its uses were limitless.

Muyoung lowered his head and gazed at the blaze goblin.

The hand of the blaze goblin fell in the direction of the female goblin.

He could feel his will to be together even in death.

‘I’ll do as you wish.’

A blaze goblin was the best material he could use currently.

Muyoung dragged the two corpses in an attempt to create an undead.

*

Muyoung built a simple log cabin near the temple and locked himself inside.

There was no one who would bother him now.

In fact, there were a quite a few that were happy with Muyoung's return.

In this place, there was no one who could hunt the boss by themselves.

No, even facing the monster raid every day was too much.

However, Muyoung would be able to take care of these by himself.

If for a while, they struggled to live, with Muyoung, they were able to be more relaxed.

There were even a lot of people leaving food in front of

Muyoung's cabin.

Going beyond leaning against Muyoung, there were some who started to revere his power.

Also, there was a rumor Muyoung was able to handle 'death'.

This rumor started from the skeleton and zombie guarding his cabin.

The mixture of fear and awe made some even deify Muyoung.

"Muyoung-nim! I killed the wicked woman who slandered Muyoung-nim."

–nim to indicate reverence, high standing or in this case, god

Late at night.

As soon as Muyoung stepped out of his cabin, a man kneeled and handed him a package wrapped in cloth.

A familiar face of a woman was inside the cloth.

'Kim Soyoung.'

At one time, she tried to seduce Muyoung and failed, next, she stuck next to Oh Juyoung, who died by Muyoung's hands, a

woman who walked a stray path.

Although he never paid attention to her, it seemed like she was slandering Muyoung when she was alive.

It seemed as though she thought that making Muyoung the bad guy was the only way for her to survive.

And then she died from a man who followed Muyoung as if he was a god...

Soyoung's eyes were wide open.

How cruel was her death that her face still held a pained expression?

Muyoung frowned.

A human killing another human wasn't something weird at this point, however, someone killing another for his sake felt different.

Even more, he didn't feel happy about this kind of attention.

"Clear it away."

"D-does it not satisfy you? Please do not leave us!"

The man slammed his head on the ground.

His figure showed that he completely believed that without Muyoung at the temple, they would all die.

‘This wasn’t what I hoped for.’

Following something blindly would eventually lead to only being able to see things in black and white.

And seeing things only in black and white was the greatest deterrent in unifying humanity.

While humanity was on the brink of destruction, the Forest of Death’s clients may or may not have increased, but they definitely did not decrease.

He acted so he didn’t have to see that ever again, but to think out that because of him, these same events were happening, made him feel terrible.

“If you don’t leave within 3 seconds, I’ll cut your head off.”

“Ye.. YES!”

The man held the cloth and ran away.

Taehwan will punish him in the morning.

Taehwan was trying to maintain rules and protect others in his own way.

Muyoung clicked his tongue as he looked up at the night sky.

An awfully large amount of stars was shooting down.

’10 days from now.’

This was the time left until the gates would open and teleport them into the Underworld.

And before that time, there was something he had to get.

‘After 5 days, I will climb the tower.’

On the 25th day, towers will automatically emerge at the centers of all the temples.

The tower only allowed those who have killed humans to enter.

And once they entered, until they completed a special objective, no one was allowed to leave.

‘I have to obtain the Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring from there.’

The tower was connected to every temple.

The surviving elite would gather there.

And only by massacring approximately 200 people who enter would he be able to obtain the Lunatic Sovereign's Ring.

Although it was the most savage condition, he had to obtain the ring.

The greatest possible treasure earned from the Blue Temple was that ring.

Also, the Lunatic Sovereign's Ring was one of the items essential to awakening the S rank weapon, 'Diabolos',

A weapon above S rank was almost non-existent in the Underworld.

No more than an amount you could count on your hand.

So... he had to once again become a slaughterer to accomplish his goals.

Only those who have killed humans were allowed inside the tower.

It was the start of a blood-red festival for murderers.

Muyoung’s eyes sunk endlessly.

Chapter 20: Blood-Red Tower (2)

He sat with his legs crossed and meditated.

Silently reevaluating himself, Muyoung would always meditate like this when he wanted to contemplate on his life and the mistakes he had made.

And this time, he closed his eyes to plan something.

He was conceptualizing the figure and the use of the undead he would create from the corpses of the goblin couple.

To Muyoung, this sort of effort itself was new to him.

The pondering Muyoung opened his eyes.

“The goblins look too pitiful.”

Suzy, who was silently playing with the Emperor of Shrewmice, Kking Kking, said directly.

The only one who would walk into Muyoung’s home with no hesitation was Suzy.

The Suzy, who was stricken with fear, watching Muyoung cut off Juyoung’s head, seemed like she had changed, as she would come whenever she wanted to play with Kking Kking.

Muyoung didn’t refuse her.

However, it was rare for one to let another enter their personal space. Muyoung, himself, thought it was strange and came to one conclusion.

‘It must be a specific trait of the Valkyrie of Dawn.’

Suzy would receive some care from everyone at the temple.

If it was like before, this would have been unimaginable.

Everyone would have chosen to ignore the young Suzy for their own survival.

Perhaps… the Valkyrie of Dawn had an effect that would make surrounding humans more friendly to one another.

Its effect was similar to the one the Saintess, ‘Snow’, had in the past.

“The goblins are pitiful?”

As long as she wasn’t hostile, there was no reason for Muyoung to chase her out.

If she was a disturbance, it may be different, but whenever he was doing something, Suzy would even go as far as slowing her breathing to stay silent.

After asking her again, Suzy answered.

“The couple wanted to stay together.”

She pointed to the corpses of the couple.

The blaze goblin definitely wanted to be with the head of the female goblin until the very dead.

“Aren’t they together?”

“Not that… A bit more closer… ummm.”

It seemed like she was having a hard time thinking of the right words.

However, he understood the gist of her intention.

Muyoung motionlessly stared at the two goblins.

‘There are trees that fuse to form a single tree as their branches tangle together.’

People called this phenomenon, inosculation.

‘Fuse them together?’

Combining the structures of similar goblins didn’t seem like it would result in a more special undead.

However, instead of replacing certain parts of the body, if he was to connect them, would it yield a better result?

He had to make it so that the two bodies moved like one.

He thought that this was a challenge worth challenging.

The exposed skeletons of the goblins had their backs facing each other.

After burrowing grooves in their spines, he interlinked them like a jigsaw.

If, by any chance, two individuals were combined into this form, they wouldn’t even be able to walk properly.

Only after they knew each other’s tempo and were considerate enough, would they be able to move.

However, these two were a couple.

Even in death, the blaze goblin didn't hesitate to throw his body to protect the corpse of his mate.

Although goblins were aggressive and cruel, their loyalty towards their mate was better than humans. Until they died, they would only care for a single goblin.

'I'll do as you wish.'

Although it was a simple job, he was satisfied.

According to the blaze goblin's wishes, Muyoung placed them as close together as possible.

The head of the female was embedded in her chest.

Soon after, Muyoung raised his hands and casted the 'Art of Death' skill.

<The material is good.>

<Your skill rank is very low.>

<The two goblins have completely different attributes. However, their combination is perfect.>

Finally, a short scene played in Muyoung's head.

The story of the two goblins unfolded like a movie.

A battlefield.

Hundreds of blaze goblins and the ice-attributed frost goblins were gruesomely fighting against each other.

The two met each other as enemies.

Eventually, the blaze goblins lost and everyone died. However, for some reason, the female goblin hid the dying male.

She cared for him devotedly for a long time. The male was touched by her sincerity and proposed to her. Even facing opposition from their tribes, they promised to care for each other for their whole lives.

However, they could only run and escape from pursuit of their tribes.

Perhaps it was inevitable that they ended up at the Blue Temple.

Although they did die by Muyoung's hands, they were at peace.

Their love for each other would continue on in death.

<Love completed through death! The Death Lord is very pleased.>

<Art Score 71! A surprising work of art has been made!>

<Name: Skeleton of Fire and Ice

Level: 47

Type: Skeleton

Strength 45 Agility 36 Stamina 51 Intelligence 21 Wisdom 34>

+Can cast a Mantle of Fire and Ice in a radius of 5m

+Can use the skills, Flame Cannon and Ice Pillar

+Very slow

<Your skill rank has increased from F to E rank.>

Muyoung read and reread the words for a long time.

This work was incomparable to the previous works he had made.

Creaaak.

Soon, the moving Skeleton of Fire and Ice began to undergo a transformation.

The empty sockets of the blaze goblin were filled with flames while frost began to settle on the whole body of the ice goblin.

‘Huh.’

Honestly, Muyoung’s thoughts on the undead were simple.

Quantity over quality!

Anyone would be pressured from the increasing amount of undead during war.

However, the undead in front of his eyes was enough to smash Muyoung’s understanding.

Using only an F ranked skill and some decent materials, he was able to create something beyond his imagination,

‘The story is important.’

Unlike the other undead, there was a story to the two goblins.

That story was reflected in the art score.

The combinations of undead he had seen in his dream seemed to have been a trap.

‘If I get a high score, does my skill rank up?’

It seemed that no matter how many of those undead he makes; it wouldn’t be very effective.

He thought it was hard, but now he realized he was thinking inside the box.

Undead were monsters that shined depending on the death of the living.

Obviously, the focus should be placed on the stories of when they were living.

‘It looks like it will be of some help.’

Muyoung looked at the Skeleton of Fire and Ice and nodded in

satisfaction.

Its stats weren't very different from his own.

He felt that it could be of vital importance in the tower.

Although its flaw was that it was slow, it wasn't a big concern.

As he could just make it into a talisman and use it when he needed it.

'Talisman Creation.'

Muyoung placed his hand on the Skeleton of Fire and Ice and activated the skill.

The Skeleton of Fire and Ice quickly shrunk and soon became a single talisman.

Now, whenever he wanted, he could summon the Skeleton of Fire and Ice with this talisman.

*

Soon, the 25th day, since they arrived, had arrived.

And at the same time the Sun was rising, the ground shook as a

giant tower emerged.

The tower was odd.

Its red sheen made one image blood and an unknown moan sounded out.

A sign made of rock was erected at the entrance of the tower.

> Only those who have murdered may enter.
>
> You are unable to leave unless you survive for 5 days or kill 5 people.
>
> A reward will be handed out depending on the number of people you have killed.

They were simple rules.

Unless one was obsessed with murder, they would not enter.

In reality, everyone was just staring at the tower.

Only Muyoung was entering that place.

“If you don’t want to die, don’t come.”

This was the only warning Muyoung could give.

*

Muyoung completely erased his expressionless expression.

Abyss like eyes and the murderous intent hidden within!

He was the one who killed countless people for 40 years.

Although he resolved to live a different life, the past wasn’t something that could fade.

The blood of the Forest of Death still flowed in him. Cold and heartless.

He was a monster who would kill others without a moment’s hesitation.

What’s more, as his targets were all murderers, and those that willingly entered the tower to kill, there was nothing to hide.

The tower was like a first round interview venue.

They would meet after transferring into the Underworld.

If it was like any other day, Muyoung would have worn a mask to hide his identity.

However, Muyoung simply unsheathed Anguish and walked forward.

There was no need for a mask if he killed everyone he saw.

Chapter 21: Blood-Red Tower (3)

He had killed them all.

25 days had passed since he had been summoned to this strange world.

Just a few days ago, there were about 4 people who had survived. But even those few survivors were killed by him two days ago.

‘I killed them all.’

Tang Shaolei grinned.

Just thinking of the expressions people made just before they died were enough to make him stiff.

The loud cries and pleas of his victims.

The pitiful look in their eyes excited him.

Since he acted as secretly as he could, no one knew that Tang Shaolei was the murderer, even in their last moment.

When there were only 4 people left, it was a bit difficult as people had their doubts, but even that was amusing in its own way.

Either way, they all died at the end.

‘More… I can kill more.’

With glittering eyes, he licked his dagger.

He could still remember the thrill he felt when he found out that there were others inside the tower.

A tower full of murderers, just when he was feeling sad that there wasn’t anyone else left to kill?!

He was like a fish in water. This was truly the place where he was meant to be.

‘No one can stop me.’

Was it at the time when he had killed 10 people?

The rare class, ‘Butcher’, he received then, suited him perfectly.

It was like a perfect gift god had prepared for him to kill other humans.

Butcher allowed him to enhance ‘all abilities by 3’ when he faced other humans.

So he knew that when he faced other humans, he had the confidence that he will not lose to anyone.

No, it was impossible for him to lose!

On Earth, he was just one of billions of Chinese.

However, things were now different.

The reaper who brought death upon humans.

The reaper of death.

Thump. Thump.

At that moment, he could hear footsteps nearby.

Like a person who found something delicious to eat, Tang Shaolei ran across the hall, drooling hungrily.

“Kwahahahaha! Be my first victim!”

The opponent was a man.

A dark haired man with a long sword in his hand.

The weapon seemed quite decent, just in time.

He was going to kill him and take his weapon.

That's what he thought when he approached him and stabbed his body with his dagger.

Crunch!

Tumble...

Tang Shaolei realized his vision was lowering very rapidly.

It was strange.

The man was expressionless.

The dagger didn't even reach him in the first place.

Ah!

Only then did Tang Shaolei see the face of the reaper who stood behind the man.

The real reaper who sentenced deaths, a number incomparable to himself, stood there.

‘That person… That person is real…’

The wailing of thousands of souls!

It was the last thing Tang Shaowlei heard before he died.

Muyoung climbed the tower.

The tower had a total of five floors. The first floor was very large and it had too many ways that led up that it was inconvenient to search for all of them.

And it wasn’t like he had the time.

<The total number of people in the tower has been updated.>

<1,337 people>

It was the message that appeared the moment he killed the Chinese man who was running towards him.

It told him the number of people who entered the tower.

However, the number was quickly decreasing.

Nearly one person was dying every 10 seconds.

‘200 people among them.’

It wasn’t going to be easy.

Even ‘Ben the Slaughter’ had to work with 10 people to help each other out to get 200 kills each and for him to get the Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring.

He had heard that they used nine people to lure the prey, which Ben would then kill.

So it was very time consuming for someone to find and kill 200 people on their own.

However, Muyoung did not mind it.

Muyoung was an assassin.

He had successfully assassinated people better than anyone else.

It was his specialty was to sense people nearby and to sneak up on them.

Even the slightest tremor in the air, or a small vibration.

If he didn’t pass up even the smallest trace, he believed he could kill 200 people within 5 days.

Muyoung closed his eyes.

Soon, not far from where he was, he was able to detect his next prey.

“Please help me!”

A man and a woman were running away.

They were sweating profusely as murderers were chasing them down.

Even if they screamed, no one was willing to help them.

From behind, they could only sense the people coming to kill them.

“O, oppa, I’m tired.”

“No. We can’t stop now.”

“How did this happen? If, if we didn’t kill those people back then…”

“Cut the crap! Then should we have just let them do as they please? They deserved their deaths.”

The man and the woman were lovers.

They were summoned together and had been barely able to survive until now.

However, her beauty was the problem.

Late at night, two men tried to rape her, but before they could succeed, the man found them and killed one of the two men with a rock. And the other man was killed by the woman.

As a result, the two were branded as murderers and were banished into the tower.

If anything was unfair, it was the situation... But, it wasn’t like these murderers were willing to listen.

“Leave, leave me behind, they are after me. If we go on like this, we will both die.”

The woman realized that she was holding him back.

However, the man could still remember the look on those crazy murder-driven bastards, how they smacked their lips when they

saw her face.

His face crunched up.

“I told you not to say things like that!”

“Then just die? You want to just die?”

“If you’re exhausted, then just get on my back. We can still run away.”

There was no time to waste.

Even at that moment, they could hear many footsteps approaching them.

The woman bit her lips and got on his back.

The speed was a bit slow, but they had no other choice.

At that moment.

Clash!

“Gahhh!”

“Mo, monster!”

A scream echoed behind them.

“Oppa, this sound is…”

It was the sound of the people who tried to kill the couple.

It couldn’t have been a mistake.

“Someone must be fighting them. Shouldn’t we go back and help?”

The woman cautiously made an opinion.

If someone was really helping them, then it might be better to help the person.

But, there was also the danger that they might still get tracked down if the murderers won.

The man pondered for a moment and nodded his head.

He felt that they had a better chance on surviving if they combined their strength with that person to fight against them.

And besides, it was human nature to help a person who was in

danger.

They turned their footsteps.

And... in a moment, the couple were able to witness a scene that was hard to believe.

“Sa, save me! Please!”

“My arm, my arm!”

The murderers were a group of seven.

Just a single man was fighting against them.

As there was a saying that all things yield to numbers, a minority couldn’t win against the majority.

However, no common sense worked for him.

He was strong.

In an instant, he finished off all seven of the murderers.

Afterwards, he looked at the two couple.

Gulp!

The bodies with their arms and legs cut-offed were lined on the floor.

At the moment when their eyes met, the two were unable to move.

They had met a countless number of people, but they had never seen a man with that kind of aura.

The man next to the woman tried to sweep his fears away and started to talk.

“Are, are you okay?”

“Why didn’t you just run away?”

“We came to help you.”

It wasn’t like they were lying.

They didn’t realize how the man knew that they were running away from the murderers.

Eventually, he, Muyoung, scrunched up his eyes.

‘Affection could only be given by the strong.’

It was a truth they should have realized by surviving the 25 days.

The affection spared on the weak could make the situation worse.

Also, seeing the conditions of the couple, it didn’t seem like they could last the 5 days.

The women had sprained her foot and even if the man tried not to show it, his face was blue as if his internal organs were twisted.

They probably had entered the tower because they killed someone, but in here, there were a lot of crazy people, craving to kill. If they were caught by them, they would experience all sorts of terrors before they die.

To meet Muyoung at that moment, it was hard to say if they were lucky or unlucky…

‘Kill everyone.’

It was the reason why he decided not to wear a mask.

He thought there was no need for it as he was going to kill everyone he faced.

At least in this tower, he planned to be a reaper who brought forth death.

That meant that he was not willing to go back on his thoughts.

Swish!

Anguish screamed.

Muyoung gave off an icy cold expression.

*

<You have killed 50 people.>

<From now on, a red dot will show everyone the location of the ‘Slayer’.>

<The location can be traced using your Status Viewer.>

You could find a map of the tower with the Status Viewer.

And on the map, Muyoung’s location appeared as a red dot.

About now, everyone would have received a similar warning

message.

‘I can’t just run around blindly.’

A normal person would try to avoid where a red dot appeared.

After 24 hours had passed since he had first entered the tower, a new message appeared.

<A day has passed.>

<First floor will now close.>

<Total of 895 survivors.>

A bleak smile appeared on Muyoung.

The tower had a total of five floors.

Everyday, a floor will be filled with water and closed off.

If you didn’t want to drown, you had to climb up to the next floor.

Even if Muyoung’s location was exposed by the red dot, even if

someone wanted to avoid him, there were sections where there were no other escape routes.

‘The entrances leading to the 3rd floor.’

There were 2 entrances that led to the 3rd floor from the 2nd.

And Muyoung was planning on blocking one of the two entrances.

The other entrance would be clear, but it still won’t be easy to pass by.

‘Skeleton of Fire and Ice.’

Muyoung took out a talisman. And as he shook it like he was shaking off some dust, the Skeleton of Fire and Ice appeared.

Crack. Craaack.

The skeleton rattled as its bones creaked.

Muyoung pointed towards an entrance that was about 5m wide and quietly spoke.

“Kill everyone who passes by.”

Two entrances.

And one of the two was blocked by the Skeleton of Fire and Ice.

People needed to make a choice.

To face Muyoung or to face the skeleton.

Or to die from drowning!

Whatever choice they made, it would not be an easy decision to make.

‘Now, I just need to wait.’

Like a fisher who waits patiently after casting his line.

Chapter 22: Blood-Red Tower (4)

As he stood with his arms crossed, he waited for people to walk by the entrance.

Prey started to flood in sooner than he anticipated.

Even if he was identified as a ‘Slayer’ and his location was exposed by the red dot, not everyone tried to avoid him.

“I came hoping to see how strong the so-called ‘Slayer’ is, but aren’t you just a weakling?”

Foolish people wanted to prove their strength.

There were quite a few people who came, curious to see the face of the Slayer.

And curiosity killed the cat.

Slice!

He cleanly cut out the wrist of a muscular man who was holding a sword.

In an instant, as blood gushed out, he grabbed hold of his wrist and screamed out loud.

“Gaaaah! This, this bastard!”

And as his eyes met Muyoung’s cold eyes, he quickly quieted down.

He couldn’t move either of his feet. It was similar to when you face a lion and your feet get all tied up.

“N, no, I said it wrong. Friend, yes? Give me just one… Gukk!”

Anguish, which squeezed into his organs, started to suck out all the blood.

Shortly, the man dried up like a mummy and dropped on the floor.

Like him, there were others who disregarded Muyoung’s first impression and fought against him. Usually, these types of people didn’t even last a minute or changed their words after one of their body parts was cut off.

In front of Muyoung, corpses were piling up neatly.

As the smell of blood overpowered the surroundings and thick blood was splattered all over the floor, Muyoung cut up the corpses into smaller parts, as best and as cruel he could, and arranged them in front of the entrance.

‘Warning and division.’

Even Muyoung, himself, would be no match if dozens of men started to force their way in.

Although he was certain he was the strongest within the tower, it was only in a one-on-one scenario.

Although a strong person being able to overwhelm a 100 people was the reality in the Underworld, he was not at that level.

Muyoung coldly recognized the reality.

Overconfidence was poison and was the main culprit for destroying one’s self.

Against monsters, he would transform into a beast to slaughter them. However, against humans, who knew how to think, he would have to use that to his advantage.

The people who see these corpses would think they would not be able to tread further by themselves.

So they would try to gather together, but would it be that simple?

‘If I kill five people, I can leave.’

It was one of the conditions to leave the tower.

It was the easiest condition to make people stricken with fear to divide.

Unless someone who possessed an unrivaled charisma dropped down like a comet, it was certain they were going to divide.

It would be the same at the other entrance.

And because the Skeleton of Fire and Ice was not human, they would get a taste the most primitive feelings of fear.

Within these people, there will be some who would try to force their way through.

Although humans were rational, if they lost that rationality, they will act recklessly.

‘Then…’

Muyoung closed his eyes as he leaned against the wall of the entrance.

It was to know if someone approached him.

Either way, it was a battle against the time from now.

*

36 hours had passed since they had entered the tower.

<‘Slayer’ has killed 100 people!>

<Now, if a ‘Slayer’ comes nearby, an alert will sound from the Status Viewer.>

<After 11 hours and 56 minutes, the 2nd floor will close.>

The same message appeared in front of everyone’s eyes.

The Slayer was blocking the two entrances.

It didn’t take long for everyone to realize that it meant that all the courageous people have been killed and that they needed to kill that Slayer to pass through the entrance.

“We need to stick together to live.”

One deadly strong opponent.

It gave people a reason to group up.

If someone with a special trait appeared, it was obvious they were going to group around him.

And Collin was one of the people who had a special trait.

A Prince.

It was a unique class, but he was also the Prince of England before he was summoned.

At most, he could confer ‘knighthood’ upon 30 people at most and, depending on their conferred knighthood, their abilities will be strengthened. Loyalty was just an extra benefit.

‘If the majority became his enemy, he would die.’ This penalty existed, but even with it, it was definitely an attractive class.

Usually, the greater the class, a greater penalty existed.

And Collin entered the tower with ten loyal subordinates.

However, the Slayer was strong.

Even if he didn’t face him face-to-face, he knew how strong he was.

It was logically impossible for him to kill 100 people by himself.

Collin who believed that even 10 wasn't enough, decided to increase his numbers a bit more.

"I will not kill you guys. Instead, work with me."

Collin spoke to a group of five collapsed on the floor.

Out of the five, the one who seemed to be their leader spat at Collin's face.

"Puh! What kind of crap are you trying to pull?"

"These bastards! You're all desperate to die, aren't you!"

A man beside Collin, who was wearing a full plate of armor, walked out.

While holding a sword, he tried to cut off their necks, but Collin stopped him.

"Sir Swin, I'm fine."

"However, Prince. These rude bastards."

Punch!

Collin’s fist smacked the chest of the man named Swin.

Even though Swin was wearing a full plate of armor, the armor caved in as he flew back.

Cough!

As Swin cough up blood, Collin spoke.

“Sir Swin, I told you I was fine.”

“...I, I’m sorry.”

Swin’s face was filled with fear.

Even besides the unique class, Collin knew how and when to use his power properly to put others under his control.

It could be said that he was born with the ability to rule over others!

Therefore, in reality, the penalty was non-existent for him, as it was unlikely for more than half of his followers to betray him.

The five who witnessed his strength only gulped their saliva.

And then, Collin resumed negotiations, smiling as he pressured them.

“Work with me. If you do, you will be able to enjoy all the glory.”

*

First, it was just one person.

Muyoung sliced a man who was wildly running towards him.

Next, two people came at him.

Afterwards, five. By then, Muyoung noticed what they were up to.

‘Someone is testing me.’

Who was this person?

Muyoung was very interested.

A man with considerable leadership had appeared.

He had been rallying up people and cornering them into a deadly

situation.

Only to measure Muyoung's strength.

He could slowly feel the killing intent of the person who would try to kill him after measuring his strength.

'Their abilities were strengthened; I wonder if they have a priest class.'

And those who attacked Muyoung were all consistently strong.

Of course, even if he said strong, it was all the same to him. However, they were still above average.

He was certain after seeing how they were unfamiliar with their own strength and were just randomly swinging their weapons.

If they were a complete party with a priest class, Muyoung might have fought a bit seriously.

But, Muyoung only made a small smile.

It was like something was tickling him.

It was similar to the feeling he had when he was appointed with a difficult mission.

The habit he gained while living as an assassin for the longest time didn't disappear.

It wasn't the type of habit he could fix if he wanted to.

'Then…'

It was unlikely for the person to appear unless he was certain of Muyoung's strength.

If he had a brain, it was more than likely for him to just watch from afar.

Muyoung couldn't approach him.

Since he became a 'Slayer', a warning will sound on the Status Viewer if he was to approach him.

If he did, the enemy would hide even deeper.

Pushh!

After Muyoung had killed seven people, the last person to survive had stabbed Muyoung through his abdomen.

"Ah, ahhh…!"

Clink!

As if the man who stabbed Muyoung couldn't believe it himself, he cried out a weird sound, dropped his sword as he ran away without looking back.

Just after the man disappeared from his sight, Muyoung pulled out the sword from his abdomen.

'My organs aren't damaged.'

He purposely got stabbed with the sword.

He moved so that the sword would pass by all his organs.

He couldn't do anything about the blood that was spilling out, but there were lots of dead bodies nearby.

Gulp! Gulp!

As Muyoung thrust Anguish in a corpse, it started to absorb the blood.

His wound was healing at a noticeable pace.

'Now, what are you going to do?'

Muyoung looked towards the direction the man ran.

Since he asked the question, a reply will come soon.

It wouldn't be weird if the man decided to make a full frontal attack against Muyoung after learning that Muyoung was injured.

He knew that the battle would be tough if the numbers were great.

However...

Muyoung gathered all the scattered corpses.

'Alone, but not truly.'

Lord Class.

Death Lord!

That was right.

He could just make allies.

Soldiers of Death who would never betray him and were willing

to fight with all they had for Muyoung.

Chapter 23: Blood-Red Tower (5)

Stamina was consumed to create undead.

However, that was only when he made an effort in creating undead.

As the skill rank increased, his expenditure of stamina decreased slightly, however, Muyoung only focused on creating the corpses into undead as they were.

He didn’t care by what percent their original abilities decreased.

The unknown was horrifying. In this world, not being knowledgeable enough was really a crime.

Even if the people who entered the tower survived the 25 days, fighting different monsters, they lacked knowledge of the undead.

As they didn’t know how to face them, it wouldn’t be easy for them to come out alive.

That was why some of the undead were roaming around the tower looking for ‘food’.

“What, you? Didn’t you die?”

As Collin’s comrade, who was sent to the Slayer, returned, people

came up to greet him.

People gathered around their comrade who was limping towards them and each spoke.

“Why isn’t this bastard replying?”

“Leave him alone, he seems severely injured.”

They really didn’t have the slightest doubt.

They didn’t notice the unique smell of his body or anything strange about his appearance.

It was because... They had never experienced it.

The fear of undead.

The horror of having your once-comrade biting your neck!

Crunch!

“Gaaah!”

“Is, is this kid crazy?”

“Yo, get away, get away from him!”

As the zombie bit the person closest to him, three people tried to help, but it was no use.

The lowest level among the undead, the zombie’s only useful weapon was the strong biting strength of his jaws.

Unless someone ripped apart his jaws, he would never let go of his prey.

Only when the zombie decided to let go, did the man dropped down on the ground with blood gushing out from his bitten neck.

Gawr.

As the zombie made a half-gurgling sound, as if he was mocking them, all three of them grabbed hold of their weapons.

Swing!

“It’s a monster! It’s not human!”

Only then did they grasp the magnitude of the problem.

Afterwards, the fight was dull.

Until they realized that the zombie's weakness was his head, they continuously poked through its body until its body was a beehive.

"Ha... ha...!"

"Fucking monster."

Even when the zombie completely stopped moving, they kept kicking the corpse to vent their anger.

Although they thought it was over, they didn't realize this was, in fact, the most dangerous moment.

Grab!

"Gaaaah!"

The man who was bitten by the zombie to death had come back alive.

*

<You have killed 131 people.>

<Vicious Slayer! You have achieved a new record of the 'Tower'.>

<Will you leave your name in Solomon's Hall of Fame? If you decline, it will be displayed as 'No-name'.>

Muyoung shook his head.

'131 people.'

Muyoung's record increased even when the undead killed humans.

After he had reached 3rd place for killing over 90 people, it seemed he had reached a new record.

If Muyoung could remember correctly, the top score was made by Ben the Slaughterer, but the time period was different.

'Ben the Slaughterer hasn't been summoned yet.'

He needed to wait three more years for Ben, who received the 'Lunatic Sovereign's Ring' by killing more than 200 people, to be summoned.

However, as Muyoung had already reached the top score, he was planning to continue increasing his kill count. Therefore, Ben the Slaughterer will probably not be able to set a new record.

<‘Blood-Red Tower’ has been added to your history.>

<You have refused to leave your name in Solomon’s Hall of Fame.>

<1st place: No-name – 131 people.>

<2nd place: Wung Chunglin – 130 people.>

< 3rd place: Lucien – 111 people.>

The reward will be given once he left the tower.

Even if there weren’t any extra messages, he didn’t mind.

‘Wung Chunglin…!”

However, he couldn’t help, but frown as that name appeared in the records.

Wung Chunglin.

It was the real name of the chief who led the Forest of Death.

Out of hundreds of assassins, Muyoung was the only one who

knew the real name of the chief.

He was truly a shadow as he existed in the boundaries of this world.

If Muyoung didn't break through his brainwashing, he wouldn't have known the chief's real name in his lifetime.

Crunch!

From the current list of people Muyoung had to kill, Wung Chunglin was, of course, his top priority.

Even now, he will be growing the Forest of Death as the people he had killed with his hands were unable to rest in peace and were in infinite pain.

Like Muyoung in the past, there will be a continuous rise of people who are kidnapped and forced to perform these hell-like duties.

'Wait for me.'

For now, it wasn't the right time.

Muyoung was only given one chance.

He wasn’t as easygoing as to think he would be given another chance to return to the past.

As his memories were clear, there was no way for Wung Chunglin to avoid death.

Muyoung calmed his rage. In an instant, his breathing returned to normal and his heartbeat became regular.

It wasn’t like he could fulfill his revenge right away.

Instead, he needed to focus on getting the Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring.

‘Zombies have a high chance of infecting their prey.’

He couldn’t say that the zombies themselves were strong.

The time they could move was short and they rotted fast if they didn’t continue to consume humans.

However, because of their contagiousness, people needed to be alert.

But those who were unaware of the undead were just good prey.

The zombies were continuously increasing in numbers.

“Collin, that bitch. He used us knowing we were gonna die?”

“To the 3rd floor! It’s impossible on the 2nd floor!”

“The Status, Status Viewer is ringing.”

“The other entrance is being blocked by a skeleton. And the bastard called Slayer has a serious injury! We have a chance.”

Muyoung could sense five people fairly close by.

The challengers approached, knowing that Muyoung the Slayer was at that location.

They seemed to have made a detour after seeing the Skeleton of Fire and Ice in front of the other entrance.

‘There are starting to split up.’

He could sense that the group, that was gathering people, had started to break apart.

And also that the person in the middle of all this was a man called ‘Collin’.

His comrades who were killed by Muyoung would come back

alive as undead only attack them.

It seemed impossible for Collin to gain the trust of the people.

It was like Muyoung had planned.

He just quietly unsheathed Anguish.

*

<‘Slayer’ has killed 150 people!>

<Following the Laws of Solomon, depending on the level of contribution, a reward will be given to those who kill the ‘Slayer’.>

<The 2nd floor will close after 4 hours and 49 minutes.>

Was it a safety measure?

The alert level about Muyoung would change in intervals of 50 kills.

And as he reached 150 people, he was recognized as the ‘Boss’.

As if it didn’t want Muyoung to kill anymore.

However, the number of people who came to the entrance to kill Muyoung had decreased over time.

It couldn’t be helped.

There was no way that people would come crawling to a place if they knew it meant their deaths.

It was because they all entered the tower to hunt, not to be hunted.

Muyoung waited patiently.

They didn’t like the zombies, Muyoung, or the Skeleton of Fire and Ice.

Then he wondered, what kind of decision will people make?

‘Escape.’

By killing five people they could leave the tower.

It was an absolute proposition and their only way out.

As people gathered, their selfishness tended to grow stronger.

For now, they will group up because of Collin, but it was only a matter of time.

‘I should start moving.’

There was no point in blocking the entrance any further.

Collin would most likely try to leave the place to save himself or to arrange an all-out attack on Muyoung since he was now recognized as the ‘Boss’.

It was foolish to just continue blocking an entrance.

Zombies were now scattered all around the 2nd floor and, through them, he was able to figure out the location of the people.

Muyoung just had to move.

Their confusion will only increase if they hear that the Slayer had started to hunt.

The decisions and the fates of those who were cornered were already decided.

*

Beep – Beep – !

An alert sounded from the Status Viewer.

The red dot on the map was moving quickly.

The movements of the Slayer, who used to only guard the entrance, made people nervous.

“Gaaah!”

People who faced the red dot were surely killed.

The people who were still alive could only hear dying screams of the victims.

People were frightened out of their senses.

The combination of zombies and the Slayer were enough for them to lose their souls.

Stab!

In the end, someone had made a drastic decision.

“Cough! You..!”

“I’m, I’m sorry. If I just kill you, I will have 5 kills. I don’t want to die.”

They gathered because of Collin, but their priority was to survive.

A bright light wrapped around the body of the man who stabbed his own comrade.

And as if it was a lie, the man’s body soon disappeared.

The people who watched the scene felt as if the ‘line’ they were holding on to broke free.

The first time was always hard, but, afterwards, it would progressively get easier.

Beep – Beep – Beep…

Even so, the red dot kept moving.

“Die!”

“Aahhhh!”

The robust group made up of tens of people could only be shaken

by the fear of death.

But, there was something he couldn't understand at all.

They clearly said that the Slayer was severely injured.

That he was stabbed with a sword and his blood was gushing out.

However, the Slayer didn't even care about the zombies and kept moving.

By him, a lot of people had died.

There was only one thought that came up on everyone's mind.

'Is he a monster?'

A thought that it might be possible for him to not be human!

A suspicion that he might even be controlling the zombies himself.

"Who the hell is the Slayer!"

Finally, someone screamed out.

It was obvious.

The person who told everyone that the Slayer was injured had ended up having a convulsive death.

The messages that popped in front of the people were the only way for them to learn about the Slayer.

The words that stated how many people he had killed.

In the end, no one knew if he was a human or a monster.

No one...

Chapter 24: Blood-Red Tower (6)

Anguish was soaked in blood.

Because of the endless amount of blood, it was unable to absorb all of it.

Drip. Drip.

The blood ran down the edge of the sword and dripped on the floor.

However, a puddle of blood was already forming on the ground.

Muyoung's appearance was that of a vampire.

As if he craved for blood, he instantly assassinated five more people.

These five sheep who were stricken with fear and weren't able to cooperate with each other were unable to do anything against the wolf.

"This has to be a dream…"

Muyoung wielded his sword at a man who fell to the floor who had lost the will to even run away.

Slash!

Swish.

Naturally, Anguish was sheathed once again.

<‘Slayer’ has killed 200 people!>

<Following the Laws of Solomon, excluding the ‘Slayer’, everyone will receive a ‘Toughness’ blessing.>

<The second floor will close after 2 hours and 31 minutes. >

<257 Survivors.>

It wasn’t satisfied in labelling Muyoung as the Boss and had to go and give everyone else a blessing.

As if it was trying to balance it out.

Muyoung could understand why Ben the Slaughterer stopped his massacre after 200 kills.

‘He probably got scared.’

He valued his life.

The Toughness blessing protected the person from the effects of spells and curses and also negated negative emotions, like fear.

When fear disappeared, a prey is no longer simply a prey.

If they combined their strengths and used their now clear-headed minds, the hunter might be the one to get bitten.

‘I’ve now fulfilled the condition to receive the Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring.’

Normally, a person would usually stop after reaching their goal.

Muyoung’s ultimate goal in entering the tower was to receive the Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring and he had already achieved it.

If he continued to progress, he didn’t know what they would try to do in an attempt to kill the ‘Slayer’.

But…

Muyoung was interested.

If there wasn’t a condition for the Slayer to be at a disadvantage,

he would have stopped by now.

He didn't particularly enjoy pointless bloodbaths.

However, after every 50 kills, Muyoung's situation also changed disadvantageously.

Was it simply just to make it balanced?

Or because they didn't want the Slayer to kill everyone inside the tower?

No way!

The tower or the Underworld were both not all that friendly of a place.

'As the conditions get harder, the rewards will also become better.'

An immutable law.

In this world, a person was rewarded by overcoming hardship.

The problem was most would die in the process, but it was still worth a try.

Even if Muyoung returned with his memories intact, there was no way to ensure a victory against the Demons by following a fixed path.

Muyoung looked towards the survivors.

‘257 people.’

There was enough prey.

‘This, this is impossible.’

Collin wasn’t able to come back to his senses.

The current situation was way beyond what he had imagined.

Truly, something impossible had occurred.

‘I’m going to die?’

The people he had appointed knighthood had turned their backs and started to escape.

The people he tried hard to gather, half had scattered or were dead, and of the 10 people who followed Collin before he had even entered the tower, 3 had already escaped.

It was the worst situation. Death was slowly approaching.

As Collin had always been a winner his entire life, losing was something Collin was unfamiliar with.

Born as the Prince of England, he always reigned over numerous amounts of people.

However, no amount of authority worked on his enemy.

Die by the condition of his class or die in the hands of the Slayer.

But, how was he to contend against a monster if he couldn't even step on his shadow?

'Escape…'

It was easy killing 5 men.

It was a decision a ruler should never make.

Collin was seriously considering an option he has never made in his life.

At the moment he was licking his lips nervously.

<‘Slayer’ has killed 200 people!>

<Excluding the ‘Slayer’, everyone will receive a ‘Toughness’ blessing.>

Swish.

The wind blew.

At the same time, he felt as though something was covering his body.

His thumping heartbeat slowly calmed back down to normal.

His brain which was solely fixed on fear started to function again.

“What do you want to do?”

As the man who was wearing a leather armor and holding a mace asked, Collin spoke.

“...Lord Alberts, the man is cleverly avoiding our location. Aren’t I right?”

“Yes. The people he had killed so far were the ones who had run away.”

“In other words, it means he fears our gathering of people.”

“Indeed, yes.”

“Gather everyone. Now, we will commence hunting.”

They were taken back for a moment due to the appearance of zombies and the movements of the Slayer, but they had far greater numbers on their side.

About a hundred people.

Originally, they had about double their current number.

Even though he didn’t knight everyone, the fact that Collin was able to bring together this many people in a short time proved his ability.

It was doable.

He just panicked because he had never met anyone who threatened his life.

‘That son-of-a-bitch. How dare he humiliate me like this.’

Collin couldn’t accept the fact that he was frightened for a

moment.

'I will definitely kill you. No matter what happens, I will kill you for sure!'

Clench!

Collin ground his teeth as he projected his murderous intent towards where the 'Slayer' might be located.

*

Zombies were quickly decreasing in numbers.

People, who were blessed with Toughness, had their fear reduced to a certain degree and started to fight back.

'Gather.'

If he left them alone, they would only be defeated by the enemy one by one.

All the 30 some odd zombies who used to roam around the second floor started to gather towards Muyoung.

By this process, Muyoung was able to notice that 'Collin' was the man behind the hunt.

The widespread arrangement of people started to move in around Muyoung.

‘Not a bad decision.’

It seemed like his stiff brain was working better.

However, it wasn’t like Muyoung would let them do as they pleased after knowing their intentions.

Using the talisman, Muyoung recalled the Skeleton of Fire and Ice.

It was possible to summon it wherever he was if he had the talisman.

Crack. Craaack.

The Skeleton of Fire and Ice was covered in thick layers of blood.

Since it had killed tens of people who tried to pass through the entrance, it seemed natural that traces were left.

But… At that moment.

<The skill ‘Art of Death’ rank has changed from E to D.>

<You are filled with the energy of death.>

<The change is starting.>

Clank.

Zombies started to eat each other.

In a blink of an eye, the total number of zombies had decreased to 15.

Eventually, the bodies of the 15 zombies that ate off another were inflated. Their skins also changed to green.

Sharp fingernails and teeth were created and they contained a strong corpse poison.

<All the zombies have evolved into ‘ghouls’.>

Watching the whole process, Muyoung pondered for a moment.

‘Did my skill ranking increase because the number of kills from

the Skeleton of Fire and Ice added up to my score?'

Muyoung didn't do much after he entered the tower.

All he did was make zombies and slay people.

It seemed like the two actions he made had helped him raise his rank.

Death and art, it seemed as though their fields were divided.

Muyoung just looked at the newly created ghouls.

They were about 1.5 times bigger than the size of a normal zombie and their abilities have greatly improved.

'Sorry about this.'

Ghouls were incomparable to zombies.

If there were 10 zombies, they may be somewhat comparable.

If zombies were just mindless moving corpses, ghouls had an understanding of combat.

Especially their poison imbued in their nails and teeth were strong enough to kill even an elephant.

Unintentionally, an enormous fighting potential was handed to him.

All of Collin's efforts and plans were put to shame.

'If it's like this, then even a single breakthrough isn't necessary.'

Originally, he was planning on making a single pathway and killing them off slowly.

But, with 15 ghouls, it didn't seem necessary.

"Follow me."

Geeeeek.

Kwaaaaak.

As Muyoung moved forward, the Skeleton of Ice and Fire and the ghouls followed behind.

*

Clash!

Muyoung parried a mace that was flying towards him.

The man who lost his weapon ran towards him without a weapon.

Gaah!

Anguish cleanly sliced through the man’s chest.

An exquisite work where even the bones were cleanly cut. The man fell to the floor.

“Haaaaaaaa!”

Right after, a man wearing a full plated armor blocked him with a longsword.

Thump!

However, the speed was awful.

After Muyoung tripped him over, the man lost his balance and Muyoung took the chance to stab through the slight gap in-between the man’s plated armor.

Swish.

As Muyoung took back Anguish, which had accurately pierced through his sides, with a loud sound of a crack, the man's waist snapped.

Muyoung continued to walk as he sliced through people who were in his way.

No one could stop Muyoung from moving forward.

If they attacked all at once, it might have been different, but the ghouls were already taking care of the surrounding situation.

And the person, who was trying to kill Muyoung, was a man being protected in a safe area.

'Collin.'

At a first sight, Muyoung could tell it was him.

That this was the man who was responsible for gathering up all the people and testing him up until now.

As Muyoung stood right in front of him, Collin grabbed a thin longsword.

"Lord Alberts, Sir Swin..."

As he stood there and called out the names of his dead comrades, he felt enraged.

“You, I am going to kill you for sure!”

Did he feel companionship with those who were dead?

But, he was flimsy.

Like a flowing stream of water, Muyoung naturally dodged the longsword.

As if he trained his skills well, compared to the few who fought earlier, he had much more sophisticated skills. But, he didn’t have too much real-life experience.

On the other hand, Muyoung had more real-life experience than anyone else.

As Muyoung moved much deeper than the length of the longsword, he swung Anguish without the slightest hesitation.

Slash!

Chapter 25: Blood-Red Tower (End)

<‘Slayer’ has killed 300 people.>

<Excluding the ‘Slayer’, everyone will receive a ‘Guardian’ blessing.>

<The ‘Slayer’ cannot leave until the last person is killed.>

<The second floor has closed.>

<102 Survivors.>

The number of survivors quickly decreased.

As Collin, the person who had arranged the largest group had died, without an exception, the majority of the people tried to kill each other to escape.

However, there were still a few who decided to stay.

The blessing from the Tower allowed survivors to lose their fears and stick together.

At 200 kills, they received a ‘Toughness’ blessing, at 250 kills, they received an ‘Iron Will’ blessing and finally at 300 kills, they received the ‘Guardian’ blessing.

‘Isn’t it trying hard.’

Muyoung lightly clicked his tongue after reading the message about the ‘Guardian’ blessing.

It was a blessing that could only be used by quite high ranked priests.

A penalty that wasn’t really a penalty was created.

Either Muyoung had to die or everyone else did for this fight to end.

Now, he couldn’t even give up.

Of course, he wasn’t planning to… But still, it was going to the extremes.

‘Winner gets all.’

The last one standing would get everything.

Muyoung was already very used to this method.

It wasn’t originally this kind of an extreme world.

He turned around and looked at the ghouls.

Meanwhile, the number ghouls have increased to 30.

There was something unique about these ghouls, they had a bit of a dark aura mixed into their skin.

And in the middle of them, there was a ghoul that was particularly dark.

‘Dark Ghoul. The Prince and his subjects.’

As a matter of fact, after making Collin into an undead, he had turned into that creature.

An ability to reinforce the 30 ghouls under his supervision had been created when his head was put back together.

When Muyoung looked at the Dark Ghoul created from Collin’s corpse, information about it appeared on the Status Viewer.

<Name: Dark Ghoul (Prince and his subjects)>

Level: 56

Type: Ghoul

Strength 65 (60 + 5) Agility 60 (55 + 5)

Stamina 55 (50 + 5) Intelligence 44 (39 + 5)

Wisdom 46 (41 + 5) >

+ Dark Aura (The 30 chosen ghouls' stats will increase by 5.)

+ Decent tolerance to light.

+ Loss of vision (superior sense of hearing).

Even the Dark Ghoul had its stats raised by 5.

Since the number in front of the brackets were the finalized values, if he only considered just the basic stats, it was higher than Muyoung.

Although stats weren't everything in a battle, it was at least an objective indicator of one's capabilities.

'I've gained something unexpected.'

Muyoung never guessed that Collin could be turned into this good of an undead.

It meant that Collin had that much of an overwhelming story.

Not only that but since he was recognized as ‘Prince and his subjects’, not one but many, he could now place the 31 ghouls under one talisman.

It was now a question of whether all the blessing given to the rest of the people in the Tower to counterbalance Muyoung would be able to stop these undead.

Grrr.

The Dark Ghoul laid down flat on the floor and pricked up his ears.

Although he had lost his vision, he instead gained a greater sense of hearing and was able to catch even the finest details.

Geeeek!

Unlike the zombies, the Dark Ghoul was able to make decisions by himself and soon started to run towards his prey while letting out a horrible shriek.

The 30 ghouls followed soon afterwards.

‘Then…’

Muyoung couldn’t just play around.

The time had come to end this fight.

After 350 kills, no other blessing was given.

Maybe it had assumed that no one could massacre more than 300 people?

He could only know just how many survivors were left and how many people he had slain.

Even then, Muyoung was still calm.

To enter the Tower, the requirement was that the person had to have ‘murdered’ someone.

Also, most of the people entered to kill another.

Even though there were some who entered not because they wanted to, he didn’t have the time to take care of them.

He couldn’t hesitate any longer.

It wasn’t enough to just step onwards.

There were too many strong enemies Muyoung had to face.

‘396 people.’

Swish!

With a large shake, Muyoung brushed off a large amount of blood on Anguish.

<0 Survivors.>

<The ‘Slayer’ has won. >

No one else had survived.

Muyoung walked in between the dead bodies.

‘I’m missing four people.’

For some reason, he felt sad.

The numbers didn’t exactly fall clean.

He thought that like the blessing, the reward might have been decided upon every 50 kills.

However, no one was left alive.

In sadness, as he sheathed Anguish, letters started to appear and combine.

> <To you who almost accomplished the impossible! In accordance with Solomon's Law, an incredible reward will be given.>

'Who almost accomplished?'

It was definitely different from the last time he earned the Death Lord class.

At that time, he had received a special reward instead of an incredible.

As expected, was it because he didn't have 400 kills?

Since it seemed like he would get a reward every 50 kills and since he had killed 394 people, he thought he was going to get the reward for 350 kills.

Muyoung clicked his tongue.

He waited for the reward, but then a story he never thought of appeared before his eyes.

<‘Death Lord’ objects.>

<The Masters of Darkness are evaluating with a different perspective.>

<The Ruler of the Afterlife, the Spirit Sovereign, the Star of 12 Zodiacs and King Slayer have approved. The other 6 have decided to withdraw.>

<A number was added depending on the number of supporting Masters of Darkness (396 + 4).>

<To you who accomplished the impossible! In accordance with Solomon’s Law, a chance to earn a special reward will be given.>

The reward has changed.

The impossible that has been almost accomplished has been changed to accomplished.

This had never happened in all of his 40 years.

Even more, the fact that the ‘Masters of Darkness’ were responsible for this change in the reward.

Besides the Death Lord, they were names unfamiliar to him.

‘The Masters of the Darkness, who couldn’t become Gods.’

Solomon had died and instead the Laws were left behind.

And through the conversation with Merlin, Muyoung knew that those who overlooked the Laws were recognized as the Masters of Darkness.

However, Merlin didn’t even know the specifics about the Masters of Darkness.

Possibly because the Masters of Darkness were superior beings to Merlin?

Through this opportunity, Muyoung found out how many were part of the masters.

‘Eleven beings.’

Those who supported were 4 and those who forfeited were 6. And if you added the Death Lord, by simple calculations, there were 11 in total.

However, it didn’t seem like the Masters of Darkness were simply managers.

Even if their identities were in a fog, like how Muyoung was chosen by the Death Lord and was given a class related to him, it was likely that other masters could also choose someone as well.

Death Lord, the Lord Class.

The undead made by the Art of Death skill were much stronger than a normal undead.

Depending on the rank, it should have more destructive power than most secret classes.

The classes offered by the other 10 masters would probably be the same.

While putting a bit of strength in his eyes, he focused on the letters that appeared.

<You have received the ‘Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring’.>

<You have received the ‘Lunatic Sovereign’s Helmet’.>

<You have received the ‘Lunatic Sovereign’s Cape’.>

<King Slayer has offered his favorite horse as a present.>

Soon after, a red ring, helmet, and cape appeared on top of Muyoung's hand.

Swish!

Neeeigh!

And beside him, a huge horse, about 3 meters tall, jumped out.

Its hoofs, tail and mane were blazing with blue fire.

It had dark skin and great big wings like a Pegasus, but Muyoung almost pulled out his sword instinctively, after looking at the creature.

'A top ranking monster...!'

Even in the Underworld, there weren't many monsters considered to be in the top ranks.

Usually, people identified dragons and their mixed bloodlines, giants, hydras and other creatures as top ranking monsters.

And the Hellhorse that appeared before Muyoung had the magic

power that was comparable to a dragon's.

Just by facing the creature made Muyoung's whole body tingle. It became hard for him to breathe and all his pores were dripping with sweat.

Even if the monsters that appeared at the temple were strong, they were merely low ranked.

Something like a Dark Ghoul would barely pass the threshold into the intermediate rankings.

But, all of a sudden, a top-ranked monster appeared.

If it was someone other than Muyoung, they would have fainted already.

The Hellhorse looked down on Muyoung.

Neigh!

Afterward, it snorted heavily.

<The 'Hellhorse' does not recognize a user that is weaker than itself as its master.>

<Instead, it is willing to help you three times when you're in need.>

<Are you willing to accept?>

<If you decline, a fight will commence.>

<If you win the fight, you will be acknowledged as its master.>

A top ranking monster could wipe out a reasonably sized guild or a clan.

As of now, even if Muyoung gave it all he had, he would be unable to win against the Hellhorse.

For some reason, he didn't sense any killing intent.

Muyoung quickly calmed down.

It was one of Muyoung's specialties to adapt to any situation.

When the Hellhorse watched Muyoung instantly return his breathing back to normal, the horse looked surprised as it nickered.

“I accept.”

Neigh!

As if it was telling Muyoung, he had made a good decision, it spread its wings widely.

It probably thought it benefited, but Muyoung also did it intentionally.

‘It’s enough.’

The rewards were more than what he had expected to receive in the beginning.

It was truly impossible to simply tame a top ranking monster.

Even the Dragon Lord had to overcome tens of life-threatening situations and succeed in 10 consecutive achievements in order to tame the Magical Dragon.

For now, being helped 3 times was more than enough.

Just like that, it was the same as a decent guild moving at his command.

Depending on how he used them, these 3 opportunities could

prove to be an enormous help.

And Muyoung was one of the few people who could use these opportunities wisely.

‘I could look around a dangerous area.’

As for now, ‘Hedley Kow’ was all that was on his mind.

A fairy that could transform into any appearance.

In the end, it turns into a Phoenix, if he could just grab hold of the Hedley Kow in that transformed state, he could benefit from it tremendously.

Even though he had a Long-distance Teleportation Magical Item since it was in a Demon God’s territory he didn’t know where to start, but with this, he believed he could advance more quickly than before.

Besides that, couple memories came back to him regarding where he could use the Hellhorse.

‘If I beat it before using all my 3 chances, that will do.’

Also, if Muyoung grew stronger before he used all his chances, that was good enough.

Or, figured out a way to win.

He had many options.

It was just that it took him time.

Muyoung considered taming the Hellhorse as a ‘definite fact’.

‘The gate to the Underworld opens in two days.’

He cleared his mind and nodded.

The Tower appeared on the 25th day. Within just 3 days he was able to overcome the trial and receive a reward greater than what he had imagined.

This was enough to enter the Underworld in two days.

It would be enough to be free from the clutches of the Forest of Death and Wung Chunglin.

‘The past will not repeat itself.’

In the past, he was kidnapped without being able to even resist them.

Afterwards, with all the different kinds of drugs and

brainwashing, he was turned into an absolute perfect assassin.

He lived a meaningless life, like a machine, for 40 years.

Once was more than enough.

Muyoung clenched his teeth.

<You have cleared all the conditions.>

<You will now be transported out of the Tower.>

Whoooosh – !

Afterwards, a bright light surrounded Muyoung.

Underworld Arc

Chapter 26: Underworld (1)

A mountain with swirling snow.

Tens of white troll corpses were scattered along the side of the mountain.

The gruesome scene revealed that these corpses were smashed to pieces.

There was a man in between these corpses.

Ice trolls were ranked high among the middle ranked monsters.

Tens of these trolls, which most strong fighters wouldn't even fight one alone, were cleaned out solely by the man who sat down and mumbled.

"Troll King bitch, only good at running away while causing trouble."

Troll King!

The King of Trolls who was incomparable to regular trolls.

There were even rumors that he was so gigantic that ogres avoided him.

But, this man talked about the Troll King lightly as if he was talking about his neighbor's dog.

However, he had to qualification to do so.

The Fighting King Lucien.

He was the wild man who was known as the person closest to humanity's top 10.

He didn't join a guild or clan and only acted by himself.

However, no group attempted to recruit this man.

His fighting style was the embodiment of craziness. He wouldn't discriminate between friend or foe and would smash everyone.

He was quite a ways apart from being helpful in group battles.

Usually, due to his unstable state, he was banned from entering all 'cities', however that didn't worry him at all as he was originally a wild man living by himself.

"There are tons of bastards to catch, but this Troll King is being a pain. Ha, fucking bastard."

He had come all this way to complete a certain trial.

Wiiiiing!

Just then, his Status Viewer rang suddenly.

As Lucien wrinkled his forehead to look, renewed information appeared.

“Hmm? The record of the tower has been broken?”

Just like his name, the Fighting King, Lucien has left countless record on Solomon’s Hall of Fame.

However, there weren’t many cases of his records being broken.

Of course, even if they were, he didn’t care all that much. There were all bastards anyways.

However… he couldn’t help, but widen his eyes when he looked at the renewed record.

“400 people? Just what kind of bastard is he?”

The name that appeared was ‘No-name’.

It meant he purposely hid his name.

This happened before not too long ago.

He was notified when the killing record at the temple was broken.

Even at that time, No-name took first place.

It was highly likely they were the same person.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen a bastard who seems crazier than me.”

Lucien knew that he himself wasn’t normal.

But, this person was even more absurd.

Lucien’s record was 111 people, but this bastard’s record was 400.

Even demonstrating his cleverness by cold-heartedly hiding his name.

‘Hyah!’

Just who was it?

His curiosity was aroused.

“He’ll soon go through the gate at the temple and arrive at a Great City. Should I go watch?”

Although there was an important trial, Lucien was a person who would only follow his heart.

If he became curious, he had to immediately satisfy it.

Even though he was hiding himself, a crazy man would always recognize his kind.

Perhaps he would be the only one to find the true identity of that person.

Although he was banned from entering Great Cities… Lucien shrugged his shoulders.

He was the Fighting King.

He was one of the few who held the title of a king.

And there was no one who could block a king’s path.

*

Muyoung wasn’t the only one to exit the tower.

Flutter!

After blowing air out of its mouth, the Hell Horse broadly spread its wings and flew up to the sky.

Muyoung didn’t really care.

It would probably loiter around his surroundings while keeping an eye on him.

If not, it wouldn’t be able to come promptly if Muyoung was in danger.

‘The Lunatic Sovereign’s set, huh.”

Although he was preoccupied with the Hellhorse, the three equipment he received in the tower were equally important.

However, he would have never thought that the Lunatic Sovereign would be a set.

Moreover, he was able to receive all three set pieces in the tower.

It seemed like he was rewarded a piece after killing 200, 250 and 300 people.

‘If you gather items that are part of a set, you will receive an

effect greater than its rank.’

Normally, only items used by legendary figures were judged to be a ‘set’. It meant that it was that much rarer and harder to find.

It was the type of equipment he would have never been able to receive at the temple.

As he carefully gazed at the equipment, related information appeared.

Name: Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring

Rank: A

Classification: Equipment

Durability: 25, 000

Effect: All stats +4, when close to death, you will become a ‘Lunatic Warrior’ by consuming stamina.

Name: Lunatic Sovereign’s Helmet

Rank: B++

Classification: Equipment

Durability: 25, 000

Effect: All stats +3, Stamina +5

Name: Lunatic Sovereign’s Cape

Rank: B++

Classification: Equipment

Durability: 25, 000

Effect: All stats +3, Stamina +5

*Set effect (3/3): All stats +5, You do not consume stamina as a ‘Lunatic Warrior’.

Ha!

Muyoung blinked.

Each equipment increased all of his stats.

‘All stats’ had the very important property of even increasing new created stats.

Equipment that had this property were considered to be in the top among their ranks.

But, if he was to add the values together, it was an increase of 15. Stamina was even increased by a further 10.

This was better than combining a few A ranked equipment.

It was safe to say it was strongest equipment he could receive at the Blue Temple.

‘It seems like this effect was the reason why Ben ran amok.’

Ben the Slaughterer.

He had another name besides being a human butcher.

Lunatic Warrior.

Just like the name, he would become a crazy warrior.

Although it stated that it would give a continuous effect while consuming the user's stamina, the user's mind would also be affected. So the user had to be careful when using items with these kinds of effects or skills.

Those that had weak willpower would be consumed.

Especially since this would only take effect when the user had taken a fatal blow, he had to be even more careful.

Didn't Ben the Slaughterer eventually become half-crazy after becoming the Lunatic Warrior?

'Reversing the tables in one shot.'

Although he eventually brought his own end through the consumption of stamina, due to his transformation as the Lunatic Warrior, Muyoung experienced a life-threatening crisis during his assassination attempt.

Even when he was inflicted with tens of fatal wounds, he would try to take Muyoung down with him until the very end.

He seemed invulnerable and the reason for that was this ring.

Muyoung didn't hesitate as he equipped all three items he had in

his hands.

Finally, his whole body was filled with strength.

His vision became wider and his senses became more sensitive.

Burning excitement.

He felt like he could do anything.

‘Two rings left.’

The Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring was necessary for obtaining the S ranked weapon, ‘Diabolos’.

And the key to that was made up of three rings in total.

‘Oris’s God Seat Ring and Hamel’s Rune Ring. I will definitely find them.’

He knew where the other two were.

Although it would take some time, he planned to take both rings for himself.

To see the changes in his abilities, Muyoung turned his Status Viewer.

Achievement Effect à Gremory's Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Class Effect à Death Lord (Lord Class, Ruler of Death)

Stats à

Strength 64 (38 + 26) Agility 59 (41 + 18)

Stamina 66 (38 + 28) Intelligence 35 (17 + 18)

Wisdom 35 (17 + 18) Fighting Aura 40 (22 + 18)

Magic Resistance 28 (10 +18)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened.

Equipped and Invoked Equipment: Anguish (Strength +5), Herculean Strength Leather Armor (Strength +3), Lunatic Sovereign's Set (All Stats +15, Stamina +10)

These were not the stats a beginner with less than a month of experience at the temple could possess.

No matter how quickly your stats increased, most would have to

train for 1 or 2 years to be able to barely reach this threshold.

Although it had a lot to do with his equipment, nothing was achievable without effort. His equipment could definitely be considered as Muyoung's 'strength'.

"Hyungnim! You've come out!"

He saw many people near the temple entrance.

Including Kim Taehwan, Kang Baeksoo and Bae Suzy, about fifteen people were grouped together.

They were a mess as if they had just finished hunting in the forest.

It was because they had captured a boar and collected a few different kinds of medicinal herbs.

"You look awful."

"Hyungnim became more stylish."

Taehwan admired after approaching and glancing at Muyoung's outfit.

The equipment from the Lunatic Sovereign were all blood-red.

Especially the helmet which would cover his face and had wing-like ornaments on either side would catch people's attention.

'I have to make them into talismans and use them when I need them."

When they go through the gates, there was nothing good in catching people's attention when they arrive at a 'Great City' in the Underworld.

Although it was a huge event with the arrival of tens of thousands of people, the Lunatic Sovereign's set had an especially eye-catching color and shape.

'To find the one who entered the Hall of Fame, there will be guilds and clans intensely looking for me.'

It was an obvious sequence of events.

It wasn't like Muyoung only broke one or two records in Solomon's Hall of Fame.

If he was to wear the Lunatic Sovereign's equipment, it was inevitable that he would place at the top of the list of suspects.

Muyoung silently looked at the people around him.

'I guess I have to use a camouflage tactic.'

He would conceal himself and draw attention to the others.

Muyoung nodded his head and said.

“I have something to tell you all.”

*

Sizzle sizzle!

The captured boar was placed above a campfire and roasted with some herbs.

Once people gathered around him, Muyoung started to talk.

“In two days, a door will open.”

Baeksoo became surprised as he asked.

“A door? Wi-will that door lead us back to our old world?”

“No. It will lead us to a much more hellish place.”

“Sorry…? Then can’t we choose not to enter?”

“Do you know the reason why there are a set amount of monsters

that enter the temple every day?”

“I don’t know.”

“It’s because there is an invisible barrier. And in two days, that barrier will dissipate. There will be thousands of monsters frequenting the temple every day.”

If that was the case, no one would be able to resist.

There was no other choice, but to enter the gates.

Everyone’s eyes were filled with shock.

No one had heard of this until now.

Since he never felt the need to tell them, Muyoung hadn’t told them until now.

“When you go through the gates, you will meet a countless number of people. It’s better if you think of everyone you meet as your enemy. As the weak will be hunted immediately.”

Every month, at most tens of thousands of people would pass through the gates.

However, the population of the Underworld was limited. In such

an infertile land, there was no way to sustain everyone.

It inevitably led to ‘pruning’.

Although there were people who thought to just leave it as it was, the influential monsters wished that all cases were under their control.

That was the reason why they accepted the necessary and threw out the rest.

Although the situation wasn’t funny, the Underworld was made up of this extreme environment.

“If you don’t want to die, follow me. We’ll gather equipment in the forest.”

He determined that if the average level of equipment was to rise, his existence would be slightly more hidden and that there could be other uses as well.

After all, they would end up moving in groups once they passed through the gates. Although Muyoung could display the strength of several groups, he would gain too much attention.

Muyoung was planning to display an adequate amount of strength before escaping the Great City.

“Didn’t you say that the door would open in two days? I don’t know if we will have enough time.”

This time, it was Taehwan who asked.

Muyoung nodded his head.

Suitable equipment was scattered in the forest.

With the Hunting Map, there was no need to worry about getting lost and low-ranked monsters were no longer Muyoung’s match.

Also, everyone else had developed to a state where they were able to hunt.

“Two days are enough.”

Muyoung coolly answered.

Two days were more than enough.

If they moved like he did with Merlin and hunted nonstop without even a second of rest, they would be able to equip everyone with suitable equipment.

Hunting for only two days was as simple as breathing to Muyoung.

On the other hand, it was going to be a hellish march for everyone else…

“We will follow you.”

The title of the group leader was passed from Taehwan to Muyoung.

It was because they had recognized through past experiences that it was best to listen to Muyoung when it came to survival.

Chapter 27: Underworld (2)

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“This, is, Crazy!”

They finally realized something was wrong after a whole day had passed.

They continued on their forced march reducing the time to eat, rest and even piss.

On the other hand, Muyoung didn’t show any apparent change.

Like always, he had the same expressionless look as he engaged himself in the fight.

‘Monster...!’

There really wasn’t a need for a different word.

But, it wasn’t like they could stop.

Everyone knew that he wasn’t the type to help others who fell behind.

Being left alone in the forest meant death.

Those that valued their own lives would follow Muyoung and hold their dissatisfaction inside.

“Here it is.”

Muyoung was able to find different items in caves and forests as if he was drawn to them like a magnet, he acted as if he knew the locations of where everything was.

Muyoung really did know the locations of items, but people, including Taehwan, just looked at him with amazement.

As time passed, one by one, people started to get geared.

‘The territory of Jumbo Ant-lions’ pits.’

This was the location where Muyoung and his group were currently at.

Although they would die if they accidentally stumbled and fell into the ant-lions’ pits, Muyoung could sense their presence underneath the sand pit.

They were able to walk the path where Jumbo Ant-lions weren’t present and take what they came here for.

Muyoung nodded as he looked at the equipment stored in

talismans.

‘Horn Helmet and Chain Armor.’

C Rank equipment.

It was too heavy and too low ranking of an item for Muyoung to use.

But, compared to the regular items they could earn in the Temple, they were quite decent.

“You can use it.”

Whoosh! As Muyoung threw the items, a well-built man who was nearby caught it.

Muyoung turned around.

He tried to use his knowledge to the best of his abilities.

However, even Muyoung couldn’t know everything.

Although he could remember the overall picture, he couldn’t remember all the fine details of where trivial equipment was located.

That was why Muyoung decided to go around the whole place.

The forest wasn't as large as it seemed to be. It was because the topography changed every midnight that it seemed large, but if you just knew the way, you could go around the whole forest in 5 days.

Of course, it was too much to go all the way around the forest with only a day remaining, however, if they followed a decent path, he could gear up fifteen people with the bits of information he had.

'You could earn an information distortion talisman by killing the most diverse number of species.'

Also, he had another intention.

It was one of the methods he thought of when he was trying to think of a way to roam around the Underworld.

Information distortion talisman!

There were some people in the Underworld who specialized in finding out information of others. Even if Muyoung tried to hide his identity, they could read his information just by looking at him.

He realized that if he avoided their eyes, he could gain more time and thought that the information distortion talisman was the way

to go.

The information distortion talisman was a type of trick item, where only the information Muyoung set beforehand would be readable.

Since it was very rare, not many people knew of this item.

It was common sense that it would be impossible for a beginner to possess such an item.

‘They weren’t able to openly show that they were looking for him.’

There were people who would try to find him.

However, all the guilds and clans all kept each other in check.

If a large group showed signs that they were trying to find Muyoung, even if they didn’t know the reason, other groups would hold them back.

The Underworld was that kind of place.

There were many who couldn’t bear to see others do well.

It was obvious that they could only move secretly in a small

group and it would be most effective if they used individuals who had abilities in information gathering.

As they could find out just by looking.

They would try to find out who No-Name was among the strong.

The information distortion talisman was his hidden card to avoid their eyes.

On top of that, he would increase others' appeal so that they get more confused.

Muyoung was aiming to buy more time than to deceive others.

He didn't think he could completely deceive everyone.

What Muyoung wanted was to just buy enough time to get what he wanted and leave the Great City while they wasted their time looking for him.

'I need to enter the Sky Library.'

Sky Library.

It was the place with plentiful amounts of knowledge.

The place where beginners could gain knowledge after they arrived in the Underworld.

Nowadays, the meaning had changed, but either way, because of its importance, it was within bounds to say that the Great City was built on the site where the Sky Library was located.

However, there was a daily limit on the number of people who could enter the library. That was why, for beginners, they needed to have a good score from the ‘Pruning’ trial.

‘Eye of the Sky.’

It was the name of the skill that could greatly help Muyoung as he moved forward.

Its value was incomparable to a generic skill in information gathering.

The Eye of the Sky helped the user read and know all the knowledge that existed in the Sky Library.

Of course, it could only be earned in the Sky Library.

“I need to move right away.”

“Ahhh…!”

Everyone started to move as they grabbed hold of their legs that felt like they were going to break.

*

Shush!

Muyoung quietly moved his index finger to the tip of his nose.

Then, everyone held their breath and looked towards the front.

A Giant Leo was sitting on top of a rock, enjoying his nap.

‘He left his group since he was too old.”

His age could be estimated by the color and thickness of his mane.

Normally, Giant Leos lived as a group. However, when they aged, they usually left their group to live alone.

Of course, Muyoung couldn’t disregard him.

Giant Leo was the king of the forest.

The one on the very top of the food chain, the monster who ate up the other monsters in the forest.

From the second boss fight, one could know how much of a diabolical monster it was when even the Shambas hesitated because of his scent.

‘I could do it alone.’

However, he was no match for Muyoung in his current state.

He concluded that he could easily hunt the beast using the Lunatic Sovereign’s set and the undead.

However, Muyoung wasn’t planning on approaching him first.

‘A way of fighting against a strong opponent.’

Normally, they had to learn this by taking part in the boss battles, but didn’t Muyoung always finished them by himself?

Because of this, they never really learned to fight against a strong opponent.

Muyoung lightly tapped Taehwan’s shoulders and pointed toward the Giant Leo.

And then, quietly spoke.

For him to go first.

Gulp!

Taehwan nervously grabbed hold of his Shield of Eradication.

Then, Muyoung gestured the rest to spread apart.

By following his gestures, everyone started to move and eventually, the hunt began.

“Gaaaahh!”

Taehwan got the Leo’s attention by screaming.

Grooowl!

The Giant Leo, who was woken from a nap, let out a horrible roar and jumped down from the rock.

The rest of the close range soldiers waited for an opportunity as they closed in from behind.

“Scream from every direction.”

Giant Leos had large territories.

Since he already figured out that he was not in a group, but alone, there was no need to worry.

Soon, by Muyoung's orders, everyone started to scream.

"Gahhh!"

"Heha! Huuhaa!"

Growwl!

As if he was unable to think straight, he let out another loud roar.

"Don't stop."

People were taken back by his vigor, but Muyoung kept inciting them to continue.

If they were intimidated by just one monster, they couldn't survive the Underworld.

"Huuuuuuaaaaaa!"

Of course, the first to move was Taehwan.

However, the one that moved right after him was Suzy.

Suzy was holding the Sword and Shield of Dawn.

There was no need for her to join the rest to find equipment because her secret class was good. But, she decided to join the others for her own development.

‘Not bad.’

The splendors of the secret class were certainly being revealed.

She has passed the level where she could be disregarded for being young.

Overall, in terms of fighting power, she was better than the average adult.

If she gained more experience and became a bit harsher, a great soldier would be born.

“Damn it!”

Taehwan swore.

It was because his nape was injured by the Giant Leo’s claws.

However, he calmly defended his place. Thanks to him, other people were able to attack the Leo much easier.

“Ha! Gasp!”

“Stupid, monster! Ha!”

And after 20 minutes of a long fight, there were able to succeed in killing the Giant Leo.

When everyone thought that the hunt was over, they all sat down where they were standing.

As their minds and bodies were relaxing.

Grrr!

The Giant Leo, who everyone thought was dead, targeted and jumped towards Taehwan’s back.

“…!”

Taehwan also felt him approaching, but didn’t have any time to react.

Was he just going to die like this?

Taehwan tightly closed his eyes.

Then...

Stab!

Muyoung spoke along with the sound of something being stabbed.

“An old Giant Leo is skilled. They even know how to play dead.”

Afterwards, he pulled out the dagger which pierced through the middle of the Giant Leo’s forehead.

“Th-thank you.”

“Just because a fight has ended, it doesn’t mean that that’s the end. Don’t relax until the very end.”

“I’ll bear that in mind.”

Taehwan nodded heavily.

Although they made the mistake of loosening up at the end, but it wasn’t bad overall.

If it was two days ago, this would have been impossible.

They were able to hunt the Giant Leo without much difficulty because they had all geared up.

‘They should be able to get a good result from the Pruning trial.’

It seemed like he would be able to climb the Sky Library.

They were stronger than the average beginner.

Finally, messages appeared in the air.

<Phenomenal. You have broken a new record.>

<You have refused to leave your name in Solomon’s Hall of Fame.>

< 1st No-name – 121 Species>

< 2nd Kim Ahin – 120 Species>

< 3rd Lucien – 98 Species>

‘Kim Ahin, the monster scholar.’

There was no need to say anything about Lucien, but a new name appeared from the temple.

However, Muyoung was well aware of this woman.

It was only through the assassination of Ahin that he was able to obtain information about the information distortion talisman.

She was a strange woman who studied monsters and wanted to find a way to be on friendly terms with them.

<‘Blue Temple: Much More Monsters ’ had been recorded in your history>

<You may choose one of the following: Battle Roar, Poison Smeared Sword, The Rude Fellow’s Gloves, Rapier of Honor and Camouflage Talisman.>

Without a hesitation, Muyoung chose the Camouflage Talisman.

On the spot, Muyoung used the yellow talisman that appeared on top of his hand.

<You have used the Camouflage Talisman.>

<Usable only 5 times.>

<You can hide an item or reset the stats shown on the Status Viewer. But, no matter what, it is only a ‘disguise’, therefore, there is no change to the actual stats.>

<The effect lasts until you remove the effect.>

Lunatic Sovereign’s set could just be made into a talisman and placed inside the Infinity Pouch. Then, if he disguised the Infinity Pouch, no one would notice.

All that was left was resetting his stats.

‘Not too strong, but not too weak.’

As he rubbed his chin, he inputted reasonable numbers.

After all, it was only a disguise, Muyoung didn’t actually become any weaker.

<The reset has been completed.>

Muyoung nodded after he verified the short message.

The preparations were finished.

He couldn’t be 100% certain, but it was enough to buy him some time.

It wasn’t like any of the people around him knew exactly what Muyoung did or what he had earned.

Besides that, he was planning on taking further measures.

For the rest, he thought to take care of them when the opportunity arises.

He didn’t really worry too much. Even if an unlikely situation occurred, there were still many ways to escape.

By using the Hellhorse, or the Long-distance Teleportation Magical Item, he could avert a crisis.

After collecting the equipment from the Giant Leo’s territory, Muyoung spoke.

“Let’s return.”

Chapter 28: Underworld (End)

Within the group of 15 people, only three actually understood Muyoung.

Kim Taehwan, Bae Suzy and Kang Baeksoo.

They were the ones who completed the trials of ‘the Star of David’ and the ones who were with him in the frontlines during Boss Battles. That was why they knew more about Muyoung than others, even though that was only the tip of the iceberg.

However, it was better to set up a small safeguard.

If someone took extreme measures to find information on him, it wasn’t impossible to expose Muyoung’s identity early.

He didn’t need a lot. Muyoung decided to do one last thing.

‘The subconscious.’

The subconscious was something that influenced a person’s actions.

Something that the person himself couldn’t notice. It was the territory of the mind that even one’s consciousness couldn’t approach.

The subconscious was something that would stay dormant until triggered by a specific action or thought. Then it would manifest in one's consciousness.

The Chief of the Forest of Death, Wung Chunglin, used his strange skills and the subconscious of his victims to brainwash them into members of the Forest of Death.

He made them into puppets who didn't fear death and skillfully erased his presence from their minds. Because of this, Wung Chunglin lived only as a 'shadow' that no one was aware of.

This was the decisive reason why no one knew the true identity of Wung Chunglin besides Muyoung.

As Wung Chunglin used vicious methods that would even erase one's consciousness, Muyoung would have lived the remainder of his life as a puppet if he didn't break through the limit.

To preserve his disappearing self, Muyoung instinctively read the history of his targets' Status Viewers which helped him build up his mental defense.

Only because of these countless stories slowly bringing his subconscious back out was he able to break free from the brainwashing and annihilate the Forest of Death.

Didn't stories play an important role in the 'Art of Death' skill as well? Perhaps, even getting the Death Lord class was unavoidable.

Anyways, Wung Chunglin used countless methods to erase the consciousness of his greatest assassin, Muyoung, and through this, Muyoung was able to understand his methods little by little.

'I think it's possible to execute the 2nd stage at most.'

Methods of manipulating the subconscious were divided into 3 general stages.

1st stage.

Manipulate the surface layer of one's conscious to control their actions.

2nd stage.

Make a special action trigger a single idea that will change their conscious.

3rd stage.

Increase the boundaries of their unconsciousness and erode their mind.

Wung Chunglin was able to freely use any of the 3 stages to manipulate one's subconscious.

Muyoung thought it was possible to execute up to the 2nd stage.

Up to the 2nd stage was still considered relatively easy.

It wasn't impossible to make someone not reveal information about him or avoid certain situations when they see a specific action.

On top of that... it could also strengthen their mental defense in preparation for unlikely situations.

'It is the only way to escape from Wung Chunglin's evil influence.'

Although it wasn't a method he particularly liked, it was the most optimal one.

It would be helpful to Muyoung and it wasn't bad for everyone else as well.

Wung Chunglin was a master of manipulating minds. It might be of help when they experience even the slightest touch of his evil influence.

If they were strong with high intelligence, this would be useless. However, as they were weak, it was only obvious they had to prepare beforehand.

‘My real enemies are the Demon Gods that changed this world.’

Muyoung didn’t forget his original objective.

Although the hatred for the Forest of Death ran deep, Muyoung placed the Demon Gods as the root cause.

He believed that the world changed because there were Demon Gods that wanted to annihilate humans and that their deaths would be his final objective in living a ‘meaningful life’.

He regarded himself as a hero that wasn’t a hero because he wanted to remove all the obstacles in his path.

Even if he was someone who was called a hero in the past.

If they didn’t obstruct his way, he wouldn’t go out of his way to disturb them either. However, there was no reason not to move obstacles that were in his way.

That was why he didn’t hold getting his identity exposed in any regard.

It was enough if he could gain sufficient time to enter the Sky Library.

Muyoung fundamentally acted alone.

This wouldn’t change in the future.

If there were other heroes that wanted to kill the Demon Gods, he could provide some help, but would never join them.

Muyoung was Muyoung and they were them. As their methods were different, it was best not to bother each other.

Also… didn’t he personally witness human gatherings collapse frivolously?

This was the reason why Muyoung resolved himself to obtain everything himself.

On top of that, the Underworld was a place where the strong were able to defeat the masses.

He would become a true superhuman and annihilate his enemies.

‘I guess I have to get started.’

There wasn’t much time until the gates would open.

*

“Hehe, is it tasty?”

Muyoung and Suzy were sitting together.

Suzy was playing around with the Emperor of Shrewmice, Kking Kking, with her fingers.

She giggled as she watched Kking Kking chewing on a bean with gusto.

Taehwan, Baeksoo and everyone else would be nervous when facing Muyoung.

However, Suzy was different from everyone and wasn’t nervous at all.

It was probably due to her good senses that she realized Muyoung didn’t really have any bad intentions. She followed Muyoung based her instincts.

‘The best type for burrowing into one’s subconscious.’

Manipulating one’s subconscious wasn’t something that could be done to anyone.

That was if you weren't at Wung Chunglin's level.

First, there must be some trust and confidence towards the manipulator. It had to be to the point where if one was to claim that a regular stone was gold, the other would say, 'it really could be gold!'.

"You're enduring better than I thought."

"Really? I always think I'm constantly making mistakes..."

"Everyone makes those mistakes."

The moment was approaching.

The most important thing to do first was to get the target to open up their heart.

Although Wung Chunglin would use hallucinations, the side effects were too strong.

Also, there weren't any lies in Muyoung's words.

It was possible because Suzy's adaptability was outstanding.

It might even be easier for her to comply because she was so

young.

Also, her basic fighting strength was better than most adults.

A surprising level for her age.

It was definitely worth paying attention to her future growth.

“Then that’s a relief, hehe.”

Suzy smiled brightly. Her smile seemed to be more relaxed than before.

“Do you remember my warnings?”

“Umm, don’t show your watch to others, don’t try to show off until you have indisputable strength and if you’re going to do something, put all your effort into it?”

Although they were passing words, she had fortunately remembered them all.

As soon as Muyoung nodded his head, Suzy clapped her hands and held out her Status Viewer.

“Right. I got a weird skill. I read the description, but the words were too difficult and I couldn’t understand it.”

Did she forget the words she just said?

It didn't seem that way.

It felt like she just didn't consider Muyoung as an 'other'.

Muyoung clicked his tongue as he accepted her Status Viewer and examined it.

Achievement Effect -> None

Class Effect -> Valkyrie of Dawn (Secret, There will be light after hardships.)

Strength 30 Agility 30

Stamina 30 Intelligence 30 Wisdom 30

Special Note: None

Skill Name: Sword of Dawn (D)

Description – Summon the Sword of Dawn

Skill Name: Shield of Dawn (D)

Description – Summon the Shield of Dawn

Skill Name: Suffering and Hardship (D)

Description – Soft on the Outside, but Strong and Firm on the Inside. You cannot gain any stats from skills or equipment. However, all basic stats will rise quickly.

This word was in Hanja (Chinese Characters) so it was hard for Suzy to understand it.

'It's a good skill.'

Like he expected, it seemed like the Valkyrie of Dawn was a class that raised all stats equally.

However, Muyoung admired her last skill.

It could be considered the best skill for those who didn't have the ability to find outstanding equipment like Muyoung.

Unfortunately, since this skill wouldn't be able to increase her stats limitlessly and due to the increasing importance of good equipment later on, he wondered how this class would overcome these limitations as it would be the determining factor of who was strong and who was weak.

Muyoung handed back her watch and told her what the word meant.

“It just means as long as you try hard, you will continuously get stronger.”

“Then I can be of more help in the future. Did you hear that, Kking Kking? You have to look up to me.”

Suzy yawned as she rubbed Kking Kking’s chin.

“Hmm, but why am I suddenly sleepy…”

Looking at her hazy partly opened eyes, Muyoung decided that this was the moment.

The faint sleeping scent he had released had finally taken effect.

“Look at my finger.”

“Okaaay…”

After getting her to concentrate on his right index finger, he gently pressed it in the middle of her forehead.

It would serve as the link to her consciousness.

“Concentrate. You have to put all your consciousness into this finger.”

This wasn’t something that would bring forth a large change.

The best Muyoung could do was take out her consciousness and plant two commands in her subconscious which resided deep in her mind.

One was to not expose Muyoung and the other was to prepare for the unlikely situation by increasing her mental defense.

As Suzy nodded her head with a dazed expression, Muyoung continued on with his work.

*

Rumble!

The ground was shaking.

Countless shooting stars were falling from the sky.

A strong wind blew as a gate opened in the middle of the temple.

“Let’s go.”

Muyoung walked ahead.

The rest followed behind with very nervous expressions.

Once they passed through the gates, a wave of slight dizziness fell on them.

Muyoung held his forehead as the black surroundings changed and he returned back to reality shortly after.

“Wh-where is this?”

“Why are there so many people…”

Commotion erupted all around.

Muyoung looked around at his surroundings.

Around a thousand people were standing on a vast plain.

‘The pruning has started.’

It was different from the past.

In the past, almost ten thousand people from the Nine Guilds and

5 Great Clans received the beginners, including Muyoung.

However, this time, they were dropped on the trial grounds with no explanation.

What was more was seeing how there were only a thousand people. It seemed like they were divided into separate groups.

As he waited, fortunately, information about the trial appeared on his Status Viewer.

<A free-for-all has started.>

<You will move to a safe area once there are only 300 people remaining or if two of the '5 Judges' who are mixed into the crowd are killed.>

Judge?

He tilted his head as he faced this unfamiliar word, however, shortly after he understood its meaning.

"I am the Judge! You trashy bastards!"

Blaaaazzze!

Maybe he had just turned fifteen.

The boy who was standing in the middle of the crowd, the one who called himself the Judge, had large flames surrounding his whole body.

He wore a shiny helmet adorned with ‘Fire Dragon’ and held an enormous spear in his hand.

Glittering equipment that was at least A-ranked.

‘He must be the direct descendent of the Fire Dragon Clan.’

His face was one that Muyoung remembered seeing in his memories.

Generally, guilds were founded by Westerners while clans were founded by Chinese and other Asians. If they excluded some traditional traits and the name, there weren’t any real differences between a guild and a clan.

Although the Fire Dragon Clan wasn’t one of the Five Great Clans, they were a large group that received the same treatment as them.

‘Were the Judges just the rising talents of various groups?’

Muyoung smirked.

Now that he thought about it, it seemed like each group sent their rising talents into the trial to show off their strength while pruning the beginners.

"My name is Fire Dragon Woo! If you don't want to die, kill me! Or else, all of you will die by my hands!"

Blaaazze!

A coarse flame rose out of Fire Dragon Woo's spear.

This was the symbol of wealth and power of an establishment that had built themselves for tens of years in the Underworld.

This was the roar of a young monster who was raised by spending an eye-popping amount of treasures.

Free-For-All Arc

Chapter 29: Free-For-All (1)

Muyoung could easily tell who the other four Judges were.

At the same time, he figured out the location of where they may be.

Vast plains. Although there were the sky and the Sun, this wasn't the Underworld.

Muyoung noticed that the atmosphere and the concentration of magic power were completely different from the Underworld.

'Box of Trials.'

The 'Box of Trials' was an item that allowed people to set up their own trial and rewards.

It would automatically transport people who enter a particular area and it was set up behind the gates so that people who passed through would be forced to enter.

By seeing how elaborate the setup was, Muyoung could tell that they put in a lot of effort.

Those Judges... Kids from each group probably entered beforehand.

‘All rising talents were occasionally tested with trials like this.’

The system wouldn’t have given trials to only the newcomers. Clearly, a similar message had to be given to those five kids as well.

Of course, the situations of those five kids and the thousand newcomers who gathered here were completely different.

It was because the establishments that have dominated the Underworld for about 50 years had spent all their mind-boggling treasures to create these five people.

Especially, due to the nature of clans, the clan heads would have more authority than guild masters. This could lead to a more drastic difference in allocated resources.

In fact, the meaning of clans was different from the general term.

Clan members would normally be related to each other by blood, however, the clans in the Underworld weren’t like that. They were tied together with bonds thicker than blood.

Even if these bonds had degraded over time, because the bonds still existed, it was possible for those of higher ranking to pool their resources together.

Muyoung gazed at Fire Dragon Woo.

The Fire Dragon Clan could not be part of the Five Great Clans and were very displeased with that fact. In a few words, they were just a lump of inferiority complex.

It was certain that they wanted to take advantage of this chance to prove that they were superior.

Unlike Fire Dragon Woo, the other four people seemed to be members of the Nine Guilds or the Five Great Clans.

“You bastards lower than bugs! Remember! If you stay still, you’ll all die!”

Blaze!

As his spear moved, a blazing fire spread around him.

“Gahhh!”

“My body, my body!!”

And in an instant, seven people were burned into ashes.

What should he do?

Fire Dragon Woo was overwhelming. The little monster was crazily blasting fire everywhere.

However, the people who were gathered here all survived a month at a temple. It was unexpected, but they weren't taken back.

"Let's stick together!"

"Let's beat this kid first and think later."

The equipment they were carrying weren't that bad. Of course, it wasn't comparable to the five Judges, but, if a thousand newcomers fought together, it was definitely possible.

Some people within the group were even willing to risk their lives.

Literally, those people realized on their own that they need to fight with their lives on the line.

Every person realized themselves that they need to fight with their lives on the line.

Although Woo was a direct descendant of the Fire Dragon Clan, he was still only in his mid 20's.

He couldn't be experienced in fighting against a number this big on his own.

He wasn’t losing the fight, but he could only be taken back as the majority of the people who he called lower than bugs were grouping up against him.

“Hyungnim, shouldn’t we join them?”

Taehwan who was behind Muyoung asked.

Muyoung shook his head.

‘The four haven’t made their move yet.’

The four Judges near Woo.

Two boys, two girls.

They haven’t made their move yet.

However, they wouldn’t just watch Woo suffer.

Even if they didn’t really care for him, that didn’t mean they would allow people to gossip about how a descendant of a Fire Dragon Clan died in the hands of newbies, as this will lower their status as well.

It was foolish to fight against the five Judges when they were all gathered in one place.

“Why is he showing off?”

“Ah… I don’t feel like it.”

Finally, the rest of the four started to make their move.

As expected, they weren’t going to just sit and watch Woo get attacked.

They looked very relaxed as if they were all going on a walk, but as soon as they grabbed hold of their weapons, they turned into yakshas.

Thump!

Rumble!

A transparent sword split someone apart, some people were burned by a widespread lightning that came out of nowhere and there was even someone who ran on all fours like a beast.

The people who acted against the Judges were killed first. As the center fell apart, the rest could only follow suit.

Deserters cropped up on after another… Muyoung raised one of his hands.

“Fall back.”

*

Even the plains had an end.

After walking straight for about 30 minutes, a wall blocked their path.

As Muyoung stretched out his hand to touch the transparent wall, he shook his head.

This was probably the limit of the Box of Trials.

‘Besides those five, no one else seemed to be different.’

Muyoung sat on a nearby rock.

He carefully examined the thousand people, however, excluding the kids who were Judges, no one else looked foreign.

Although Muyoung returned from the past, he still kept his unique sharp senses. It seemed unlikely that someone who could deceive Muyoung’s senses could be in a place like this.

‘It’s difficult to target them when the five are together. I need to

take them on one by one.'

Like how Woo was in danger by acting by himself, there was a chance if he removed them one by one.

"Hyungnim. Are we just going to stay here and wait?"

Taehwan seemed a bit mad.

He didn't seem satisfied in drawing back and not joining forces with the rest.

In fact, it wasn't a bad idea to run away until there were 300 people left.

"Do you think something will change if we joined the rest?"

"How do we know if we haven't even tried."

"The price for recklessness is death. Not just one person, but everyone here will die."

Knowing how to be objectively rational was the best way to survive in the Underworld. If Taehwan was skilled and strong, things might have been different, but for now, it was nothing more than nonsense.

Muyoung got up from the rock and approached Taehwan.

“About 100 people died over there. 900 people are scattered. It is realistically difficult to target 900 people with just five people. What do you think will happen next?”

“…I’m not sure.”

“They will create and release hunting dogs. There will be some who surrender themselves to a more powerful force.”

The Judges weren’t stupid.

They were young, but they were rational.

They would most likely know that it would be much more efficient if they created hunting dogs and released them out to hunt.

Muyoung walked forward.

Everyone, including Taehwan, looked at him.

“Where are you going?”

“This is a safe place. If you stay put, you will last until there are only 300 people left.”

It was a suitable area as there were many rocks to hide under.

Muyoung thought he did what he had to do by evacuating them to a safe area.

“If you truly want to win, gather people who have the same goal as you. I will move by myself.”

Again, the position of the leader was given back to Taehwan.

If the description of the trial was a free-for-all fight and if there were only five Judges, Muyoung still had a chance. However, to seek that chance, he needed to move alone.

‘Fire Dragon Woo.’

That lump of inferiority complex wouldn’t get along with the other Judges.

A baby monster who was away from his group.

He was the perfect prey for Muyoung.

Muyoung’s eyes sunk in as he walked his path.

*

As Muyoung said, the Judges looked for hunting dogs.

They knew that it was realistically hard for the five of them to hunt down everyone.

“I want to end this fast and get out of here.”

“What is he saying, Code?”

“His usual bad habits like always.”

The three carelessly yawned as they had their hands clasped behind their back.

The girl called Code gathered up about 20 people and spoke to them as she zapped a corpse nearby.

“You guys are dogs. You know that as a dog you need to be loyal to your owner, right?”

“Woof, woof!”

“If you listen well, I will specially let you guys live. I will allow you guys to be my pets.”

Zap.

Code shot out circular electric fields from both her hands and embedded them on people's necks.

"This is a 'Lightning Rune'. If you guys don't listen, then this will blow up and you will die. Like this!"

Kaboom!

A person's neck and head blew up.

It wasn't a corpse. It was a living person.

"Gasp...!"

People's bodies shivered in fear.

In front of them was a real monster, incomparable to the monsters they had faced in the temple.

Code smiled coldly.

"It's not only a bad thing. The Lightning Rune strengthens your body. So... Scatter and step on those bugs. If you don't want to die."

"Wow, woof, woof!"

They desperately barked to try and stay alive somehow.

Afterwards, these improvised hunting dogs went out to hunt.

Behind them, the Judges talked as they watched the scene.

“Where did Woo go?”

“Isn’t it too much to ask for him to cooperate?”

“Let’s leave Woo for now and increase our number of hunting dogs. It will be fun to watch them dispute and fight against each other.”

*

Woo was tracking down a prey by himself.

While the other four were taking their time, he didn’t stop.

‘Stupid bastards. You will be killed for taking it easy.’

As a descendant of Fire Dragon Clan, he had lived his life in constant competition since he was young. To become a core member in the future, he had to endure harsh training and sufferings.

To Woo, the four looked lousy.

There would be no development for those who lived their lives relaxingly as they thought they were strong.

He was going to quickly end this trial and prove that he was superior.

Just then, when Woo was walking in between dried up trees.

Crack.

He stepped on something and numerous of daggers flew towards him.

Swish!

Dadadadadadak!

Woo quickly swung his spear and quickly rotated it to block all the daggers.

Blaze!

As flames fiercely lashed out, all the flying daggers dropped onto the floor.

But, that wasn’t the end.

Graaaaah!

The Fire Dragon on his helmet roared out loud.

At the same time, a fire protective shield appeared over his body.

It was the ‘Protection of the Fire Dragon’ which alerted and protected the user when their life was at risk.

“…!”

Instinctively, Woo rotated his spear towards the approaching danger.

“Ga!”

But, he could only hinder the swords that approached him from behind and could not block them.

His shoulder was cleaved.

If it wasn’t for the Protection of the Fire Dragon, he would have been seriously injured.

“You have sharp sense. Also, the Protection of the Fire Dragon?”

A deep voice.

The middle of Woo’s forehead shivered slightly.

Before he realized, a man was standing behind him.

“You bastard… what the fuck?”

The activation of the Protection of the Fire Dragon meant that his life was in danger.

His death was confirmed even before the sword touched him. His whole body was covered in goosebumps.

His skills in setting up a trap that would immediately aim for his life.

He was an expert.

He definitely wasn’t a beginner that could be found anywhere.

However, there was no reply.

Eyes layered in darkness.

Woo didn’t recognize his face.

The man was wearing a red helmet, a fluttering red cape and was just gently holding a sword.

Chapter 30: Free-For-All (2)

Muyoung made a trap in the location where most of the people ran towards.

He waited quietly at a location where he believed Fire Dragon Woo would pass by.

Fully armed.

‘Lunatic Sovereign’s set.’

The effect of increasing all stats by 15 and stamina by 10 and becoming a Lunatic Warrior when close to death. It was better than most A rank items combined.

Information about the ‘Lunatic Warrior’ was given below.

> Lunatic Warrior – Become enraged by the continuous consumption of stamina. Three random stats will increase by 15.

By collecting the full set, there was no consumption of stamina. It meant that he was able to ceaselessly become an ‘Enraged Lunatic Warrior’ when he received a certain amount of damage.

It might have been a perfect fit for Muyoung's style.

From the beginning, didn't Muyoung continue to fight dangerously?

If he just pushed himself further to just activate the Lunatic Warrior, he would be able to grow stronger at a faster rate.

Anyhow, Muyoung wore the Lunatic Sovereign's set before he made his surprise attack on Woo.

Honestly, he thought there was a fifty-fifty chance.

Woo was a second generation, born in the Underworld. Since he was young, he had grown up with monsters, unlike the first generation who were summoned into the Underworld.

It was obvious that Woo was significantly more developed than Muyoung's current state when they looked at the overall factors.

But, he still considered it a fifty-fifty chance because he was certain that Woo wouldn't suspect of an ambush attack.

But... the Protection of Fire Dragon.

'They are really supporting him.'

Muyoung clicked his tongue knowing how much of a blessing it was to have that item.

Descendants really were descendants.

The past Muyoung also dealt with the Fire Dragon Clan.

The one who assassinated ‘Fire Dragon In’, the clan leader, was Muyoung.

Even then, it was difficult because the Protection of Fire Dragon had been activated. I thought I heard somewhere that it took about a year to make an item with the Protection of the Fire Dragon.

A blessing that could protect your life once couldn’t have been easily obtained.

He could tell how much the Fire Dragon Clan was supporting Woo by the amount of resources they have given him, even for a trial to kill beginners.

“Talk. Who sent you? The Blue Dragon Clan? Maestro Guild?”

Woo asked with a stiff face.

The tips of Muyoung’s lips were slightly raised.

Of course, it would be hard for Woo to accept that a newbie would be able to injure him since he would also know that the beginners have only lived in a temple for just a month.

“So you’re not going to respond? Fine, you bastard, I won’t let you die so easily.”

Woo rotated his spear.

It changed into a different form of a spear as it started blazing with fire.

“Did you think you could do anything with your mere B ranked equipment? Most of my skills and equipment are A ranked...”

Clash!

Muyoung made the first move.

Muyoung tilted Anguish and smacked the head of the spear.

Woo’s body shuddered after sensibly blocking Muyoung’s attack.

He never thought that Muyoung would attack him before he finished what he had to say.

“You talk too much.”

Muyoung put an end to the conversation.

The prideful Woo was obviously pissed by Muyoung interfering with what he had to say.

“Die!”

Even if his skills and equipment were good, all of Woo’s movements were within Muyoung’s assumptions. It couldn’t be helped as Woo was too young.

If only he was a bit older and could be more rational... After thinking to that point, Muyoung secretly laughed.

Muyoung remembered that Woo still had an inferiority complex even when he took over the Fire Dragon clan when Fire Dragon In died.

Blaaaze!

Countless numbers of blazing spears dropped all around.

Muyoung avoided them all, but still his whole body was covered in soot.

‘Rain of Fire Dragon. It had better range that I thought.’

Even if Muyoung knew most of Woo's skills because of the overall difference in stats and skill rank, he didn't think it would be easy.

If he didn't wear the Lunatic Sovereign's set, it would have been difficult.

Woo mocked Muyoung after casting a few more Rain of Fire Dragon on him.

"You little squirt!"

Muyoung shrugged as he took out two talismans.

'The Skeleton of Fire and Ice and the Prince and his subjects.'

Crack. Craack.

Screeeech!

In an instant, the undead appeared and surrounded Woo.

"Necromancer? Foolish! Do you think undead could survive my blaze-!"

As if it was ridiculous, Woo laughed and attacked with his blazing

spear.

But, it was completely blocked by the shield produced by the Skeleton of Fire and Ice.

Basically, the element of fire was offset by the element of water. The Skeleton of Fire and Ice had both characteristics of fire and ice elements and wasn't bad against Woo's element.

"Die."

Creeeeaak!

The Dark Ghoul and 30 other ghouls joined up and followed right away.

Showing both these undead meant that Muyoung was certainly going to kill him.

"These half-dead corpses!!"

Woo's face became completely red.

He wasn't used to a situation like this where things didn't go his way.

The shield created by the Skeleton weakened Woo's blazing spear

and the Dark Ghoul and his reinforced ghouls persistently harassed Woo.

Meanwhile, Muyoung moved soundlessly.

Free-for-all was the type of fight assassins enjoyed the most. In a fight where people couldn't tell who was who, they liked approach them like a shadow to slit their throats.

Slowly. Piercing through their weakness.

Muyoung was clearly right in front of him, but was outside his sight.

Even if Woo had lots of great equipment and skills, he was still young and had little experience. He wouldn't have had time to learn how to face a real assassin.

Stab!

"Gahh!"

He barely avoided a critical injury. However, he was able to precisely deepen the wound he made earlier.

'As expected, he really does have sharp senses.'

Woo had outstanding senses in evading death. If Muyoung was in his prime, this wouldn't have happened, but still, it was amazing.

As the same situation continuously occurred, he couldn't contain his anger and raised his spear high.

"I will kill you all! The Cry of the Fire Dragon!"

Ziiiiiiiiiiing!

The sky turned red. Blazing clouds were created and warmed the ground with hellfire.

The Cry of the Fire Dragon was a unique skill only the Fire Dragon Clan had.

However, that skill was a double-edged sword. It had monstrous destructive power, but didn't allow for the user to be safe.

'Cover me.'

Right away, Muyoung ordered his undead.

The ghouls hurriedly ran toward Muyoung and covered his body.

Thump! Blaaaze!

Hellfire continued to drop flames onto the ground. The Skeleton of Fire and Ice used its shield, but it was useless. The ghouls were all burnt and Muyoung wasn't completely safe.

<'Lunatic Warrior' has been activated.>

<While your Lunatic Warrior state is active, the following stats will change: strength 64 -> 79, agility 59 -> 74, and magic resist 40 -> 55. >

Muyoung pushed the burnt up ghouls and came out after the duration of the Cry of the Fire Dragon had ended.

With his wrecked body, Woo looked at Muyoung.

As if he was tired of this.

Including the Dark Ghoul, 6 Ghouls were still fine.

It was sad, but the Skeleton of Fire and Ice broke apart.

Tsk! Muyoung clicked his tongue and grabbed hold of Anguish.

Was it because the Lunatic Warrior was active?

The world seemed to be stained red and he was filled with the will to fight.

He didn’t feel pain even though he had an unavoidable injury.

Want to fight.

Want to kill!

“You bastard…”

Thump!

Muyoung moved.

Swoosh!

Clash!

Muyoung was like a typhoon.

“Eeeek…!”

Woo got scared after seeing how Muyoung didn’t die, even after pouring out everything he had.

It was like the fight had already ended at that moment.

*

Woo was unconscious.

His whole body was mangled.

It was amazing how he didn't die yet; it was as he planned.

Muyoung was barely able to not kill Woo.

He had to force himself to withstand the strong murderous intent he had while in the Lunatic Warrior state.

Muyoung's endurance wasn't that weak to give in to such desires.

'Creating with a living corpse.'

A living corpse. Muyoung was planning to make Woo into an undead when he was still half alive.

It was never done before, but he believed it was worth a try.

If he could turn Woo into an undead when he was still half alive, it would be very useful for Muyoung.

‘The Box of Trials could be tricked.’

Muyoung had a complete understanding of the weakness of the Box of Trials.

Unlike the normal trials, the Box of Trials allowed people to set up their own trials and rewards. Of course, they lacked in detail.

If Woo who was a living corpse killed the other four Judges, the reward would go to Woo and not Muyoung. Muyoung could then hide his identity and still get the reward. It was like killing two birds with one stone.

Woo was currently still on the boundaries of death.

Could he possibly make an undead with Woo in this state?

After removing Woo’s Status Viewer from his wrist, Muyoung quickly scanned his history.

‘Nothing much is here.’

Simply, Woo walked a path that someone else laid out for him and mistakenly believed that he had built up his own path.

Like father, like son.

He had a complete inferiority complex, only overestimating himself, and didn't realize the reality. This crooked personality was similar to Fire Dragon In.

Therefore, there wasn't much he could learn from his history.

Inevitably, Muyoung activated his 'Art of Death' skill.

Soon a dark aura touched Woo's body.

<A new challenge! You have newfound knowledge of the boundaries of death.>

<The 'Death Lord' highly appreciates your sense of challenge.>

<Art score is 80! An amazing work of art has been completed.>

<Name: Blazing Spear Soldier

Level: 78

Type: Dark Warrior

Strength 87 (77 + 10) Agility 85 (75 + 10) Stamina 88 (78 + 10)

Intelligence 71 (61 + 10) Wisdom 76 (66 + 10) Fire Power 80 (70 + 10) >

+ Incredible Equipped State (All stats will increase by 10).

+ High tolerance to fire.

+ High tolerance to light.

+ Following skills are available: Rain of Fire, Cry of Fire, and Spear of Fire.

+ Able to detect danger.

+ Half alive, doesn't rot.

<The skill 'Art of Death' rank has been changed D to C.>

<The skill 'Exploitation of the Soul' has been added.>

Muyoung was quite surprised by the stats of the newly created

undead.

He knew that the basic stats were going to be better than his.

Muyoung would have lost if he couldn't read Woo's movements or know about his skills.

But, he was completed without much of a loss compared to when he was alive.

Normally, it was rare for the skills or stats to be transferred over when a Necromancer made an undead. It was only possible with materials like the Death Knight to make something similar.

The Death Knight.

A top ranking undead.

It was an entity that had attained death and was simply a powerful knight without a match.

However, there was a limit in finding materials like the Death Knight.

Maybe they had to be at least a leader of a large guild or clan?

If you could make one, you could be fearless against an army of

over ten thousand…

Of course, Woo's material fell short by a lot compared to that.

It seemed like it was a result of a high art score and an increased rank in the Art of Death skill.

'Exploitation of the Soul?'

What was more, a new skill was created.

A name he had not heard of before.

Just when Muyoung was feeling strange.

Swoosh.

Woo's injuries were rapidly recovering and his body was slowly raised.

A bright light appeared above on top.

Chapter 31: Free-For-All (3)

Was it because he turned into a Blazing Spear Soldier?

However, the bright light was floating above other undead as well.

‘It’s the effect of the skill.’

He thought he was seeing the lights because of the ‘Soul Exploitation’ skill.

Muyoung immediately turned his Status Viewer and read his newly acquired skill.

> Skill Name: Soul Exploitation (F)
>
> Description – Absorb undead with an art score above 70 to increase your stats. There is a very low possibility of obtaining one of the skills the undead possessed.

The efficiency varies depending on the Art Score, Skill Rank and the material of the undead.

Muyoung’s eyebrows twitched slightly.

‘Huh.’

He wasn’t this surprised when he created the Blazing Spear Soldier.

Fire Dragon Woo could be classified as a top ranked material, but due to the property of the undead, he wouldn’t get stronger.

Unless it was strengthened by the necromancer personally using his magic or through equipment or fusion.

Although it couldn’t be said that all undead couldn’t develop, it was very rare. So eventually there would be a time when the undead would be discarded and when that time came, Muyoung could use this skill.

‘I could even gain their skill.’

Muyoung concentrated on the last part of the description.

Even though the possibility was low, there was a chance to obtain one of the skills the undead possessed.

That meant, if he was to create someone with a really good skill, he could cast Soul Exploitation to obtain that skill.

Although that was only when that low possibility worked to his favor...

However, once he cast the spell, the undead would become useless. This skill seemed to be best used when the undead was about to be discarded.

‘The Skeleton of Fire and Ice.’

Muyoung raised his head.

The half-collapsed Skeleton of Fire and Ice had its head completely lowered next to him.

But, there definitely was a bright light hovering above it.

It meant it was possible to use Soul Exploitation.

The light started to slowly dim and it looked like after a period of time, he could no longer use it.

‘Soul Exploitation.’

Muyoung approached the skeleton and cast the skill.

Soon a blue light appeared out of Muyoung’s hand and stole the light above the skeleton’s head.

[It is a work of art with an art score of 71.]

[After examining the material and the skill rank, you have exploited 4% of its stats.]

[The Skeleton of Fire and Ice has a total of '187' stats.]

['7' of the stats will be randomly distributed to your stats.]

[Strength +1, Agility +2, Intelligence +1, Fighting Aura +1, Magic Resistance +2.]

Sadly, he wasn't able to obtain a skill.

Well, it would have been weird if he was easily able to obtain a skill when it said the possibility was low.

The fact that the skill used the total amount of stats as the standard drew his attention.

There were many cases where the undead made with top quality materials would develop multiple stats.

If Muyoung was to use this skill on those undead, he would be able to gain more stats with the same effect.

‘My stamina is recovered.’

Another thing.

He could feel his body getting stronger through his skin.

However, there was another effect.

The wounds inflicted during the fight with Fire Dragon Woo healed at a visible rate.

‘Looks like the Soul Exploitation skill can even heal my wounds.’

Muyoung slowly nodded his head.

The skill he obtained after ranking the Art of Death skill to C rank, it could be incredibly useful depending on how he used it.

He was positive that his skills were one or two levels above a normal necromancer at the very least.

As his movements became more natural, Muyoung turned his Status Viewer to see his increased stats.

Achievement Effect -> Gremory’s Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Class Effect -> Death Lord (Lord Class, Ruler of Death)

Stats ->

Strength 67 (41 + 26) Agility 61 (43 + 18)

Stamina 67 (39 + 28) Intelligence 36 (18 + 18)

Wisdom 35 (17 + 18) Fighting Aura 42 (24 + 18)

Magic Resistance 30 (12 +18)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened.

Equipped and Invoked Equipment: Anguish (Strength +5), Herculean Strength Leather Armor (Strength +3), Lunatic Sovereign's Set (All Stats +15, Stamina +10)

'My basic stats have increased. Magic Resistance as well.'

Normally, stats increased by skills or equipment were considered 'support' stats.

Curse-type skills would usually reduce the 'support' stats by a percentage and if people went into high ranked 'Anti-Magic

Fields', they would not receive an increase of stats from skills. However, there was no problem if his basic stats increased.

On top of that, Magic Resistance was a stat he wasn't even able to increase by one until now.

Although he did develop the stat, methods to increase it were almost nonexistent. Usually, it could only be raised with the help of equipment or an achievement, but now there was a way to increase it without difficulty.

The strong who placed at the top would normally pay a lot of attention to Magic Resistance. Due the characteristic of the Underworld, they didn't know who would use what skill to threaten them.

No matter how strong you were, if you were careless, you would die. It was because of this, Muyoung was able to successfully complete his assassination against someone with a large difference in stats.

While he rubbed his chin, thinking about something momentarily, the Blazing Spear Soldier regained his original appearance.

"Master."

Muyoung glanced towards the Blazing Spear Soldier.

“You can talk?”

“Please give, me orders.”

Was it because he was only half-dead?

Or was it because he had more intelligence and wisdom than his other undead.

Muyoung couldn’t help, but ask.

“Do you have any memories of when you were alive?”

“I only remember, a little.”

Hmm. Muyoung crossed his arms.

His intelligence was enough, but his memories weren’t completely intact.

If he still retained his memories, it would have been a big help in dealing with the other four judges, but the problem was his memories were too ambiguous.

If they found out that he was an undead, Muyoung would lose his Blazing Spear Soldier and arouse their attention.

‘I can use him.’

However… It wasn’t like all paths were blocked.

Muyoung started to design a small plan.

A story that could be used even outside the Box of Trials.

A method that could keep suspicions at a minimum while gaining all the profit!

“You will act like Fire Dragon Woo from now on. Do you at least remember his way of speech?”

“I, remember. I will, do as you command.”

Although he did pause his words, it was enough.

Muyoung put everything in order and moved out without any hesitation.

*

Taehwan had to choose.

To be satisfied or go out.

As a leader, he had tremendous responsibilities. His decision could decide whether more than ten people lived or died.

‘Was staying here really safe?’

Rocky formations. It was an ideal place to hide.

However, they had no way of knowing when there will only be 300 remaining.

And he didn’t feel like hiding either.

If they used the death of others as a stepping stone for survival, it was certain that they would continue to use it. The first time was hard, from the second, it was easy.

‘I can’t assume everyone besides the Judges are on the same side.’

Muyoung had told them.

That there would be some who would submit to their power.

And if they had endured a month in a temple like them, there was no way of knowing for sure they were nice people.

‘He said if we want to win, we have to combine our strength.’

Muyoung would never say anything that was impossible.

If Muyoung mentioned ‘winning, it meant that the possibility of winning wasn’t zero.

The result would change depending on their actions.

That was what Taehwan thought.

“I am gathering those that are willing to fight against the Judges. It is dangerous, so I won’t force you. I hope that those who are willing will follow me.”

Taehwan would always respectfully state his opinion.

He believed that he couldn’t force anyone to follow when it would lead to a deadly situation.

Of course, everyone could only try to read what was on each other’s minds.

They would be safe if they stayed hidden, so would there really be people who would risk their lives.

“I’ll go with you. It’s not like we’re a 100% safe staying here either, right? If that’s the case, it’s better to make a last-ditch effort.”

Kang Baeksoo.

He was the man who Taehwan had been through the Star of David and two Boss Battles with.

Although he was a bit sleazy, he was someone he could trust.

Kim Taehwan and Kang Baeksoo were the real big shots of the temple. If those two both left at once, there would be too big of a gap.

As Baeksoo acted, the atmosphere slowly started to change.

Finally, 7 people including Bae Suzy gathered and Taehwan didn’t scold the rest.

‘I can’t force their decision.’

Let’s try to change the progression of the battle with these 7 people.

Taehwan left the rocky formations with a heavy heart.

Although they started with vigor, it wasn’t easy to find people.

Even when they did, people didn’t want to follow Taehwan.

Only 7 people. There wasn't anyone who would believe in a group with a child and wounded people.

They just couldn't understand.

The force displayed by the Judges were beyond their imaginations.

At that time, it did look like they were going to gather their forces to attack, but once they felt the difference between them, they all lowered their tails.

In reality, the people's reactions were all the same.

"Why would I take that risk? When I could hide and wait for it to drop to 300 people. Can't I just leave then?"

"How can I believe you enough to follow you? How are you going to do something with 7 people when we couldn't do anything with a thousand? It'd be a relief we all died a dog's death."

They were right.

Didn't Taehwan just barely resist that temptation?

"Cowardly bastards."

Baeksoo ground his teeth.

‘It’s because I’m not good enough.’

However, the first thing Taehwan felt was remorse.

It was because he wasn’t able to get people to trust him.

Maybe if he had the same strength as Muyoung, it might have gone differently.

He would have been able to lead the crowd with his overwhelming charisma.

Taehwan still didn’t give up. If he could just increase the numbers, it would also increase their strength. He wholeheartedly believed that there was someone out there with the same thoughts as him.

However… the hunting dogs were a problem.

Those who submitted to power had spotted the group of seven and started their attack.

“Shit!”

Baeksoo raised his dagger.

The number of hunting dogs was well above twenty.

“Just why are you doing this, you damn bastards!”

Baeksoo suddenly shouted.

The situation really wasn’t great.

A blood bath.

It was to the point where Taehwan was just barely able to block the front.

However, the enemies were frantic.

“You guys need to die for us to live!”

“I-I don’t want to die!”

They acted like if they didn’t kill they would be the ones to die.

There was no way they could start a conversation in a situation like this.

So the only way for them to live was to kill their enemies.

And… the side to die had been decided.

‘Is this the end?’

Taehwan felt the sky turn yellow.

It might have been best just to hide in between the rocks.

And it looked like people were going to die because of his reckless bravado.

‘I have to let at least a person escape.’

He felt responsible.

Taehwan was willing to die.

“Huahhhhhhhhh!”

He pushed the hunting dogs away with his Shield of Eradication to force a path.

However, no matter how many dogs he pushed away, more would come and take their place.

‘Please, please!’

Taehwan gritted his teeth. Even when he received a wound or a deep slash, he wasn’t fazed.

<Your strong will has awakened the ‘Shield of Eradication’.>

<You have obtained the unique class, ‘The Guardian of Eradication’.>

Strength poured in.

The shape of the shield changed.

But, it was inadequate.

If he didn’t kill everyone, he would not be able to leave this place.

It didn’t matter if he was willing to die or if he obtained a unique class, the current Taehwan was unable to handle the strength of the masses.

The shadow of despair covered everyone’s face.

At that moment, they instinctively realized that there was no way out and that their deaths were approaching.

Swiiiiish!

Thud!

A red spear flew down from afar.

The hunting dog's head which was hit by the spear exploded like a firework.

And as if it was planned, everyone's movements stopped. At the same time, Taehwan mumbled after looking to the direction the spear flew from.

"Fire Dragon Woo...? Hyungnim?"

The Judge, Fire Dragon Woo!

He was calming walking towards them.

What was more surprising was that the man next to Woo was Muyoung.

And more than 100 people were trailing behind them.

Chapter 32: Free-For-All (4)

The hunting dogs could only panic.

“Why would a Judge?”

The Judges were the ones who made them into hunting dogs.

They were the ones who forcefully attached the Lightning Runes and ordered them to hunt, so why was a Judge attacking them!?

But, Woo was only expressionless.

When he stretched out his hand, the Blazing Spear returned to him.

Afterwards, without any mercy, he started to hunt.

“Why on Earth...!”

“Gaaaaackkk!”

Woo could not be stopped with only 20 hunting dogs.

As soon as the hundred people behind him joined up with them, the situation was quickly resolved.

Taehwan just gawked at the scene.

His head wasn't able to process the situation fast enough.

He could only recover his senses after Muyoung approached him.

"Hyungnim. How, how did this happened?"

"Why did you leave the rocky area?"

Taehwan gulped his saliva as Muyoung asked instead of replying.

Hup. He felt choked.

He thought he was being scolded by being asked what he had accomplished while Muyoung had finished his preparations. Truthfully, Taehwan didn't do anything besides driving his comrades into danger.

Nothing.

There was a common saying that it is better to remain silent than risk being thought as a fool.

Taehwan was the latter.

Because he was weak. He just acted with reckless bravado.

“…I didn’t want to just hide.”

“I guess it’s in your nature.”

Muyoung chuckled as he turned around.

Muyoung believed he needed to slightly adjust his thoughts about Taehwan.

‘If there are people who change, there should be others who don’t.’

The people who were praised as true heroes like the Dragon Lord, all were strong-spirited in nature.

What is a hero?

People who cannot let injustice pass by even if they knew that the situation was hopeless.

Therefore, most lived a short life. But if they were to survive, they would leave a mark in this world.

‘He became stronger.’

And Taehwan became stronger.

With a glance, Muyoung could tell that Taehwan had changed.

When he saw that the shape of his shield had changed, he realized that it probably had a secret option.

He didn't seem like a fool who simply followed his will.

Probably... When people talk about what qualities a hero possessed, they were probably referring to people like Taehwan.

The problem was surviving and that was solely Taehwan's responsibility.

Muyoung couldn't do anything in that area.

It was probably only possible for him to push his back a little.

'They were worth being respected.'

Muyoung thought of the heroes he had killed with his hands.

At least, they weren't like the monsters that moved for their selfish motives who Muyoung loathed, they were upright in their beliefs.

The problem was that they made up only a few people and most

were hostile towards them.

A lot of things could have been different if they didn't die by those monsters who used the Forest of Death to do their work.

At least, it wouldn't have hopelessly collapsed like that.

The reason why Muyoung aimed for an absolute power that no one had ever achieved was because he felt it was meaningless to fight with them.

He wanted to give off the impression that if they messed with him, everything would be destroyed and use that to stop them in advance.

The Underworld was a world where the winner gets all.

If he stepped on them so that even the new sprouts couldn't shoot up, no one would attempt to crawl all over him.

Therefore, it was true that he had positive feelings towards Taehwan who had the qualities of a true hero. At first, he was negative towards him, but after seeing how his actions, his perspective had changed.

Muyoung spoke quietly.

"Follow me. Desperately learn and master with your eyes and

movements. After you become strong, you won't need to hide any longer."

*

Muyoung only had one goal.

Using Fire Dragon Woo to rally up people and have a real 'free-for-all' fight!

The four Judges could not be handled by just Woo and Muyoung.

However, things would change if hundreds of people were gathered.

The Judges would falter thinking that Woo betrayed them and he was going to squeeze in through that gap.

Also, Muyoung knew who the first person to let their guard down would be.

'Code.'

One of the Judges, second daughter of the 'Lawless Clan'.

She was engaged with Woo.

For the Fire Dragon Clan, the engagement was supposed to be the footsteps towards becoming part of the Five Great Clans. And, to progress their relationship, the two were placed in the same trial.

However, Woo had already become an undead.

Muyoung could hide in the shadows and attain the reward when Woo kills Code by exploiting the flaws of the Box of Trials.

‘It was highly likely that they were trying to make their rising stars more competitive and stronger. They would have had to include terms if a Judge killed another. And it wouldn’t have been a petty reward either.’

After all, the Five Great Clans and the Nine Guilds are all competitive with each other.

It was obvious what kind of trial they have set for the Box of Trials.

Was someone killed by Woo?

There could be an uproar, but that was it.

On the contrary, the Fire Dragon Clan might be happy about it.

As Woo would have demonstrated enough power for the Fire Dragon Clan to be well-known throughout the Underworld.

Of course, they couldn’t just be happy about it…

‘Woo will disappear.’

However, he couldn’t just let Woo go after everything was complete.

Even if he was half dead, he was still an undead.

There will be some who would recognize him.

And Muyoung’s identity would be revealed.

He needed to design a meticulous plan that would certainly work.

Zaap! Zaaaaap!

Then, a lightning storm raged from afar.

Within the lightning storm, a figure flew towards them.

And below, people who had lost their will followed one after another.

It was the person who had placed Lightning Runes on people and

turned them into hunting dogs.

“You traitor! You even dare to turn your back on me?”

Code had appeared.

Code’s appearance was faster than Muyoung had imagined.

However, the other 3 Judges hadn’t appeared.

They might not have wanted to get involved in a love quarrel.

‘They were strengthened.’

Muyoung’s gazed was focused on the hunting dogs Code had brought with her.

As if they were drunk, their eyes seemed out of focus and as if their muscles expanded, their bodies had become larger.

About 50 people.

While Muyoung led a number a bit over 150.

Even though there was a definite difference in numbers, there was no way to guarantee a win.

“Gaga. Why are you acting like this all of a sudden? Are you crazy?”

Code’s face turned red as she raged at him.

As they were already engaged, they called each other differently.

However, Woo’s expression didn’t change.

“So you’re not going to speak? You want to hang around with these bugs instead of us, right? Okay. Then, I will kill you all. It’s not like your Fire Dragon Clan can do anything against my Lawless Clan.”

‘Attack.’

An undead could be ordered through his consciousness.

Woo grabbed hold of his Blazing Spear and swung it around.

Swoosh!

He moved without the slightest hesitation.

Zaaap!

The spear brushed against Code’s neck.

He wanted to finish her off in one shot when her guard was down, but it only left a scratch.

A layer of lightning around her acted as a shield.

“You, you tried to attack me? You dare attack me? Me!?”

Splaatt!

A wide shockwave of lightning spread out from Code’s entire body.

The ground shook and it was hard to even approach her.

If you just looked at their stats, Code was a level higher than Woo.

However, Woo became stronger as he became an undead.

First, the fact that he no longer feared death was a very big factor.

‘Use Rain of Fire.’

Woo, the Blazing Spear Soldier, moved as he heard Muyoung’s

order.

As he courageously stepped in the shockwave made of lightning, he produced his Blazing Spear and pierced it multiple times.

Meanwhile, Muyoung never forgot to look around.

“Taehwan. You lead the rest of the people.”

Taehwan’s eyes widened.

“You, you mean me?”

“You are the third strongest person here. You can have some confidence.”

“Third…”

Taehwan nodded as if he thought it was quite the compliment.

“I understand.”

A fight had started, the hunting dogs against the humans.

‘Remove the core of the electric shield.’

Meanwhile, Muyoung focused on ordering the Blazing Spear Soldier.

He wasn't used to these types of fights, but Muyoung was still able to think a few moves ahead. If he could recognize the opponent's movements ahead of time and ordered him accordingly, that was enough.

Through the Blazing Spear Soldier, Muyoung was able to move in a way his current body couldn't.

The core of the electric shield. As he stopped the path that the lightning flowed through, the raging lightning calmed noticeably.

"You're just making a last frantic attempt! Gaga won't be able to win against me. You should know well yourself. Hanging around with a bunch of bugs, did you forget your position? Then I'll teach you again, properly."

Code was also part of the inferiority complex Woo had.

Woo always had his tail between his legs as Code was one of the geniuses of the Lawless Clan.

However... Would Woo know?

That if they just looked at their strength, Woo was comparable to Code.

That he was never able to pass over his own limits due to the surrounding pressure and his inferiority complex.

As he was able to borrow Muyoung's eyes, he was not the same as he used to be. If he was stuck, he would force his way through.

'Now.'

The soldier slammed the ground as he quickly jumped up.

The soldier moved as though it was one with Muyoung.

As the two slowly blended, it was no different than Muyoung moving on his own body.

'I want to win.'

Muyoung could also hear the cry of Woo's soul.

This was how Muyoung could understand how great of an inferiority complex he had against Code, the person who was supposed to become his closest.

Muyoung could read the flow of the lightning.

Since the lightning flowed in a single direction, it wasn't

impossible to reach Code if they moved to the side.

Code trembled as he slowly moved closer.

“H, how?”

He tossed the flowing lightning aside with his spear.

The fire spread apart and neutralized the lightning.

The flow of the fight had changed. Muyoung wasn’t naïve to give back the momentum he had attained.

Wasn’t Muyoung the type who would never let go after grabbing hold of a chance to win?

Code raised her hand to create lightning and continuously tried to attack him, but they were unable to reach him.

“Lies! There is no way Gaga could destroy my lightning!”

Even that bias showed that she had already let her guard down.

Letting one’s guard down would result in a loss.

Also, Code had never lost in her life. She was weak in these situations.

Soon, the Blazing Spear Soldier stood right in front of her as he passed through the lightning.

An emotionless face.

Because of it, she was more afraid.

After seeing him like that, Code could only tense up.

“You, you aren’t going to kill me, right? You wouldn’t kill me. I will take back what I said before…”

The soldier raised his spear high in the air.

Staab!

There wasn’t even a second of hesitation.

The spear pierced through Code’s neck.

At the same time, a long message appeared on top of his Status Viewer.

<Judge ‘Fire Dragon Woo’ had slain Judge ‘Code’.>

<The soul of the ‘Fire Dragon Woo’ started to shine more brightly. The suppressed stats have been released and he was strengthened.>

<Achievement Effect ‘Soulmate’ has been added.>

<From now on, if you commune with an undead, the undead’s stats will slightly increase permanently.>

<A reward out of the five that have been assigned to the Box of Trials will be given.>

<You have received a ‘Piece of the Giant Worm’s Skin’.>

Chapter 33: Free-For-All (End)

Code's body was lying on the cold floor.

However, this wasn't the end.

"Kaaah!"

The people who were strengthened by the Lightning Runes started to go wild.

After watching the scene, Muyoung just turned his head.

'Taehwan needs experience.'

Taehwan was still a rookie. But, he had the qualities to become a hero.

Only through rough experiences would his potential fully bloom.

In the very least, the so-called heroes Muyoung had seen weren't the type who needed help from others and had to overcome numerous trials on their own to raise the voices.

And, it was the perfect situation for Taehwan to gain experience. If Muyoung was to engage now, Taehwan would lose this chance.

‘Soulmate.’

Muyoung completely moved his attention to the reward he received.

He turned his Status Viewer and looked carefully at the newly appeared sentence.

> Soulmate (B+, When you have a high assimilation with an undead, the undead’s stats will slightly increase)

Soulmate!

It seemed as though using Blazing Spear Soldier to kill Code made it possible.

In reality, all of the Blazing Spear Soldier’s stats were increased by 2.

That wasn’t all.

‘Piece of the Earth Dragon’s Skin… Materials from dragons were very rare.’

A green piece of skin appeared on top of the soldier’s hands.

The amount was small as it could fit in two hands, but even it if it appeared that way, it was still a high-grade material.

It was particularly difficult to find a dragon's skin.

It was because a dragon didn't leave any trace of their shed skin.

'And among the various skins, the Earth Dragon's skin had exceptional magic conductivity.'

There was less chance of a leakage in magic power when a material with high magic conductivity was used to make an equipment.

Since there was also a high chance to amplify the magic, receiving the Earth Dragon's skin was better than most rewards.

Muyoung pondered for a moment and placed the piece inside the Infinity Pouch.

There was no need for it right now, but later in the future, there were a lot of ways this material could be useful.

'Hedley's Kow. It might be nice if I get the heart of the Phoenix and use it together.'

Making an equipment with the heart of the Phoenix and the Earth Dragon's skin?

It would depend on the blacksmith's skills, but whatever he makes, it will at least be an A++ rank equipment.

It was enjoyable just by thinking about it.

For it to be higher than an S-rank, he needed a blacksmith recognized as legendary, but he already had some thoughts about that.

Anyhow… Muyoung looked at Code's body lying on the floor.

'What should I do.'

First, using the flaws of the Box of Trials was successful.

It has been confirmed that Code was killed under Woo's name.

The rest of the Judges will know this truth by now.

As Woo wasn't considered dead, sufficient conditions weren't met to leave this area. Alive. It was because he was made into an undead when he was on the boundaries of death.

Indeed, if they thought Woo was dead, there was no way he could receive such a reward.

How he was going to use Code was the problem.

It was the best evidence to make Woo the killer. If he left it alone, people will believe that Woo was the killer and he will be solely responsible for the crime.

But, it still seemed unfortunate.

Muyoung believed that Code's material was worth more than the other Judges.

She even had a 'story'.

It was really a waste to dispose of her story with Woo.

'I must hide it.'

There was no need for a lot of evidence.

The corpses of the rest of the Judges were enough evidence for others to see.

While everyone else was busy looking elsewhere, he used the Art of Death skill.

A black aura emitted out and wrapped around Code's dead body.

<An intersecting love-hate relationship! Woo and Code's relationship was very unstable.>

<However, both influenced each other in a great way.>

<Buff effect 'Love-Hate' has been added.>

<Art score is 77! An amazing work of art has been completed.>

<Name: Sorceress of Lightning

Level: 81

Type: Demi-Lich

Strength 70 (67 + 3) Agility 66 (63 + 3) Stamina 76 (73 + 3)

Intelligence 91 (88 + 3) Wisdom 95 (92 + 3) Lightning Power 100 (97 + 3) >

+ Lightning Rune (Can strengthen up to 30, by planting them.)

+ Rune Explosion (Explosion of the one with the lightning rune.)

+ Lightning Storm, nailing down Sky's spears skill is usable.

+ 'Love-Hate', if Blazing Spear Soldier and Sorcerer of Lightning are summoned together, all of their stats will increase by 3.

Muyoung nodded in satisfaction.

Love-Hate, it was outstanding for a buff.

Indeed, the Art of Death skill certainly relied on the story of the undead.

It was newly found information that relationships before their deaths had an effect.

'Lightning Runes could be used on the Prince and his subjects.'

It didn't seem like a bad idea in making Code into an undead.

An amazing scene could be pictured if Lightning Runes were placed on the 30 ghouls summoned by Prince and his subjects and if they all exploded.

Right away, Muyoung made the Sorceress of Lightning into a talisman and placed her inside his Infinity Pouch.

Even though the corpse disappeared into thin air, it was an incredibly intense battle. It wasn't odd to find the body disappear without a trace.

Afterward, when he turned his head, he found that the fight was slowly coming to a stop.

*

The faces of the 3 Judges wrinkled.

"Woo killed Code?"

"He's crazy. Well, he was naturally not a normal person."

"But, it will only be his last frantic attempt. What could he do with a bunch of beginners?"

Unlike their disregarding tone, they seemed a bit nervous.

They were completely unaware that Woo was turned into an undead when he was still alive.

"By the way, why would Woo hang around with those bugs?"

"Isn't it because he is the child of the shallow Fire Dragon Clan?"

“But, if Woo turned against us, it would be dangerous for us to move alone. How do you want to do this?”

Even if they were overflowing with bravado, they weren’t going to be reckless about it.

Unlike Woo, they were members of the Five Great Clans.

It was the same for Code, but if Code had died, it was necessary for them to be cautious.

“I don’t like the fact that we all have to act together to fight against someone like Woo… but, it can’t be helped since he was the one to ruin our plan in the first place.”

“We need to teach him why the Five Great Clans are known as the Five Great Clans.”

It wasn’t like they were in a good relationship with Woo in the first place.

Originally, they didn’t acknowledge people other than the Five Great Clans.

Since it was going to annoying if they were to annoy him and because he was engaged to Code, they decided to let him pass.

However, things were different if Woo killed Code.

If they were to just withdraw here, it will only confirm that they were scared of the Fire Dragon Clan and Fire Dragon Woo.

Accuse Woo of the crime outside of the Box of Trials?

Don't.

There were many others who could take their place.

There was no way the Clans would peacefully accept them once they dishonored the clans' face.

They should be glad if they weren't 'disposed'.

They couldn't just be soft on them as they have until now.

'Woo. We will definitely kill you.'

Now, even for them, it was a matter of survival.

*

Gradually, the numbers increased.

At first, many people were unsure if Woo really did betray the others, but after Woo killed one of the other Judges, Code, their thoughts about him completely changed.

After the appearance of the message about Code's death, people started to come out, one by one.

After placing Taehwan and Blazing Spear Soldier on the front lines, Muyoung was preparing something from behind.

Kkingkking!

The Emperor of Shrewmice popped out from the ground.

It was very active and was double the size he was in the beginning.

"Uh? Kking Kking. Where did you come back from?"

Suzy who was beside it tilted her head.

Kking Kking's body was covered in dirt.

As if it was tired, he came out of the ground and lied down with his belly out.

Suzy talked as she poked its belly.

“Mister. Why is Kking Kking like this?”

“Well, I’m not sure.”

Muyoung denied he knew anything about it and just walked down the road.

It wasn’t that big of a deal. He was just making a few preparations for the fight.

Suzy lifted up the droopy Kking Kking by its neck.

“Are you a mole? Why did you dig your way out here?”

Koo! Koo!

As they waited motionlessly at a designated location, the rest of the 3 Judges appeared.

Even from the beginning, they looked at the Blazing Spear Soldier, Fire Dragon Woo, with eyes filled with murderous intent.

“You crazy bastard! Did it feel good after killing your fiancée?”

“You don’t think you could win against us by combining forces with these bugs, right?”

“Just give up trying to leave here alive.”

They all said something, but Woo did not reply.

“…”

He just stood there quietly.

Since the beginning, as Muyoung was controlling him, it could be said that it was obvious.

The soldier had intelligence, but he lagged a bit when he spoke. So others would always be able to tell that something was weird when he spoke.

As if they accepted his silence as him ignoring them, the Judges grinded their teeth.

“Hyungnim. Isn’t it better to just attack first?”

Taehwan asked for Muyoung’s opinion.

However, Muyoung shook his head.

“Just watch them from a far.”

“Yes?”

“Woo will handle them on his own.”

“That… would that be possible? I know that he is strong, but they are also Judges.”

Taehwan was correct. He didn’t see it wrong.

Even if Woo was strong, the three were also strong. Unless if it was 1 vs 1. There was no chance if it was 1 vs 3.

But, Muyoung just looked coldly at the fight scene.

‘Go.’

Thump!

The Blazing Spear Soldier stepped forward.

“I will, kill, you guys.”

One sentence.

That was enough.

As he took the first step on the open field, everyone's gaze was on him.

There were about 400 people who were gathered here. If they fought together, there was hope.

However, only the soldier moved.

At that moment, when everyone was nervously watching them.

"You foolish bastard! Are you saying that you're going to fight us alone!?"

The Judge who was standing in front went down on all fours.

An aura of a beast emitted from all over his body.

As the rising star from one of the Five Great Clans, 'Beast Clan', who was able to control the strength of a beast.

There was a saying that no one could catch up with their strength or agility.

Behind him, the other two also joined.

'Cry of Fire.'

The soldier lifted his spear high in the air.

From the beginning, he was planning to use his best skill.

The widespread and destructive skill that was even dangerous to the user!

Thump! Thuuuump!

In an instant, the sky turned red and blazing hail started to rain down.

The ground exploded and places were being destroyed.

“You can’t hit me with that shit!”

However, the Judge who was in the shape of a beast was able to avoid the fierce blazing hail. Instantly, he was closing the distance between them.

The other two were slow, but were still getting closer while blocking the hail.

If it kept on like this, he would be allowing them to attack.

But… the tips of Muyoung’s lip subtly went up.

Craaaaash!!

With the soldier in the center, the ground started to sink.

“What, what is this?”

The Judges seemed quite taken back.

“Are you going to commit suicide!?”

The man who had the appearance of beast urgently yelled, but Woo was still unresponsive.

Instead, he raised his spear and stop the Judges’ movements.

He was already half dead, there was no reason for him to fear death.

In the end, the Judges were destined to sink down as their movements were stopped by the soldier.

If they forced their way out, they would be exposed to the Cry of Fire.

The Cry of Fire was an intense and widespread skill that was even dangerous to its user.

The 400 some odd people were carried away by the scene and looked with their mouths open.

‘Witnesses.’

Muyoung crossed his arms.

He basically gathered the people so that he could increase the number of witnesses.

To show that Fire Dragon Woo fought against the rest of the Judges.

The reason why the ground started to suddenly sink was all calculated by his plan.

‘I meddled with the core of the Box of Trials.’

He found the core of the Box of Trials by using Kking Kking, the Emperor of Shrewmice.

Muyoung believed that there was a ‘core’ which constructed and maintained the Box of Trials buried somewhere underground.

As the area, where the core was buried, sucked in magic, it was highly likely for the top layer to be weak.

In honestly, he thought it had a fifty-fifty chance of finding it. Since he believed he was near the Great City, he made Kking Kking look around for it.

The results were successful.

Since he found out the location of the core, all that was left was to properly shake it.

It was the reason why he used the soldier's strongest skill from the beginning.

"Order them. To stop the ones who are coming up."

"Yes?"

After Muyoung spoke, Taehwan asked again.

Muyoung just stood there with a cold face.

Almost there.

However, they couldn't look down on their physical stats.

Even though the soldier was stopping them, there was still a chance they would crawl up before they were completely buried.

As if Taehwan understood Muyoung, he nodded and went forward.

“Surround the area and don’t allow them to crawl up! If you have ranged weapons or skills, use them and try to stop their path!”

There was a fixed range of area where the Cry of Fire could rain down on.

If you just surround the area and stop them, even if they were Judges, they couldn’t easily crawl out.

‘Accomplices.’

This way, the 400 people could be considered accomplices.

“You, you, bug-like bastards!”

The man who had a beast-like form grinded his teeth as he stepped on the collapsing ground while trying to escape.

However, he was too late to crawl out of it.

He tried to crawl up somehow by avoiding the pouring Cry of Fire and the various of skills people used, but he wasn’t successful in finding a gap.

Thump!

During that time, the wide area collapsed.

Like a black hole.

Even the place with the core was buried.

The indiscriminate pour of the Cry of Fire had stopped.

<Judge ‘Fire Dragon Woo’ had slain Judge ‘Yarang’.>

<Judge ‘Fire Dragon Woo’ had slain Judge ‘Jun Jinmyeong’.>

<Judge ‘Fire Dragon Woo’ had slain Judge ‘Goon Limhwan’.>

<You have completed the condition of the trial.>

<You will be transported to a safe area.>

The messages that popped up.

The fight inside the Box of Trials has ended.

The Avengers Arc

Chapter 34: The Avengers (1)

Shortly after, messages popped up.

The fight inside the Box of Trials had ended.

Crash!

The ground shook and soon the air started to split.

Muyoung knew right away that the area where a light was leaking out was the exit.

However, Muyoung looked down at the collapsed ground for a moment before he heading towards that direction.

‘It seems like it would be hard to salvage them.’

Myoung summoned the Blazing Spear Soldier back into a talisman right after reading the message that Woo had killed the rest of the Judges.

Possibly due to the characteristics of the undead or because he recalled the soldier before he was completely buried, it didn’t seem like he was completely destroyed to the point beyond recovery.

However, the other three Judges were different.

Their bodies would have been completely destroyed.

Even if the rescue team searched for them, they would probably only find some remains of the corpses.

Clang.

He scratched his cheek after tossing a rock down the large hole.

It didn't seem possible for him to go down alone since it was at least a few hundred meters deep.

'Three rewards...'

He took his mind off the matter and thought of the rewards he received.

One of the rewards was the 'Secret Medicine of the Sage'.

It was a rare medicine that would randomly enhance a single stat.

There wasn't a downside in enhancing a lot of stats.

The other two were 'Night Crystal' and 'Fairy's Wing Powder'. Although they weren't as great as the Secret Medicine of the Sage or the Piece of the Earth Dragon's Skin, they were still quite useful.

“What is that?”

“A light? If we follow the light, does it lead us to a safe area?”

People could only be confused when a light appeared once the fight ended.

As Muyoung started to slowly walk, Taehwan quickly took the lead and settled the people down.

“First, let’s all gather. Let’s find and gather up the people who aren’t here right now and leave this place altogether.”

A total of 650 people.

More than double the number had survived, a lot more than the conditions to survive.

The gazes directed at the people who hid weren’t great, but the pleasant feeling that they had finished the trial and survived was much greater.

Naturally, they relaxed their hearts and their guard against each other went down.

“Kid. You fought well in a place like this, huh?”

“I’m not a kid, but my name is Bae Suzy.”

“Haha! Sure, Kid!”

“Ah, damn. I told you I’m not a kid.”

“Hahahaa!”

People started to gather around Suzy.

They were amazed that a young girl had survived until now, but it was also because of the characteristics of the Valkyrie of Dawn.

Her real father… he just lowered his head from afar.

In all honesty, he would have died more than 10 times already if Taehwan and the rest didn’t accommodate him.

People didn’t say much because Suzy did about 1.5 times the work of others, but it seems like he had a lot more on his mind.

The thought that his existence was rather holding Suzy back.

He started to understand more and more about how power was more important than affection in this world.

“Umm…”

Suzy’s father approached Muyoung.

Muyoung was looking past the light with a stiff face before he turned his head.

“Can I talk to you for a moment?”

He unenthusiastically nodded.

“Speak.”

“Is there any way for me to get stronger? At least… to the point where I won’t hold my daughter back.”

“Do you want to get stronger?”

He stole a glance at Suzy laughing and talking with the others.

“Yes. If it goes on like this, I would only be a large baggage to her. That kid is strong and bright. She never complained while she was growing up. Even when I was fired from my job and when my wife and I divorced, she was the only one who patted my back.”

Muyoung just coldly gazed at him.

Suzy's father sorrowfully continued his words.

"I can't die now. Until she can be completely independent... even right now, I'm aware that I'm holding her back. But, if I die now, I know that she won't be able to bear it. Since her sense of responsibility is strong, I know she is forcing herself but in reality, she is more soft-hearted than anyone else. So please... tell me a way I can get stronger."

He seemed desperate.

He looked as though he thought about it tens and hundreds of times and became even more discouraged before approaching Muyoung.

Muyoung thought about the time when his two arms were cut off.

Only 3 received medicine as a reward for hunting.

Out of the 3, Taehwan gave his medicine to him and was able to avoid death.

However, it would have been impossible if he didn't have a strong will to live.

"There is no way for a crippled person to get stronger."

Muyoung bluntly spoke.

Could you imagine an armless soldier?

Most skills couldn’t be even used without arms.

Even if there was a possibility, they could only dream of moving skillfully.

Others would think it was basically a miracle for him to survive until now… but that luck wouldn’t work in the Underworld.

Thump!

Suzy’s father kneeled.

Muyoung frowned.

“I will do anything. When I die, I will let you have my body. I don’t want much. I just want to know a way, if you could just let me know of a way, that is enough.”

He was willing to give up his dead body. He seemed determined.

For a moment, Muyoung wiped his chin.

‘Story.’

If nothing else, his ‘story’ seemed magnificent.

The material wasn’t that great but didn’t the Art of Death skill placed more importance on the story?

However, no matter how much he thought about it, an armless undead made from a normal human body didn’t seem very useful.

It was at that moment.

<Authority of the Death Lord, the ‘Contract of Death’ has been activated.>

<the ‘Contract of death’ is a contract with their life as collateral. It activates when the subject is desperate enough to put their lives on the line. After the contract has been executed, depending on the content, a score will be added. When the subject dies and the user makes an undead out of the subject, a more powerful strength will be displayed.>

‘Hmm?’

Authority.

This never happened before, probably because no one had ever

clung on to him this desperately, but Muyoung was very interested.

‘Making a contract with me by using his life as collateral.’

In return, he needed to help him achieve his goal.

‘This is no different than a Devil’s contract.’

Muyoung secretly laughed.

If you looked at the content, there was nothing weird about calling it a Devil’s contract.

Death, using their soul as collateral to fulfill their wish.

‘There is nothing better than making materials better.’

His story was amazing. Therefore, if they were to make a Contract of Death, there was no need to think about it.

After thinking that far, he thought of an idea which he didn’t think of in the beginning.

Even if the possibilities were low, it wasn’t like there was no way for Suzy’s father to become stronger.

Rather, wasn’t it better to break through that low possibility and fulfill his goal of getting stronger?

“If you really desire a way, I will let you know. It might be helpful depending on how hard you try.”

“Th, thank you. Thank you.”

Even though it wasn’t something he should really be happy about, maybe it was because he didn’t understand the meaning properly that he cried in rejoice.

<The ’Contract of Death’ has been made.>

Right after, a dot had appeared on top of his forehead.

Muyoung could only be a bit doubtful.

As it never told him how he was going to be notified when the subject died or how he was going to retrieve the body.

‘Since they said by authority, it couldn’t be a sham.’

Authority. The top 10 humans would have at least one power that could be called an authority.

Muyoung trusted the value of that name.

Afterwards, he spoke into Suzy's father's ears as if he was whispering.

"If you pass through that light, soon you will arrive at a location. From there, find a book called the 'Study of the Darkness Spirit."

The Sky Library could only be used once by every person.

The people who enter could choose and learn a 'skill'.

The problem was there was a massive number of skills and for high ranked skills, it was setup that they had to pass a few trials to earn them.

And among them, the Study of the Darkness Spirit was a considerably high ranked skill.

Even in the Underworld, there weren't a lot of people who could control the spirits. And in reality, even if they had learned the skill, if they didn't have the expertise, they weren't able to make a contract with a spirit.

It was like a gamble.

Normally, liches would learn the Study of the Darkness Spirit, but this was the only way for a cripple like him could get stronger.

If he succeeded, his story would become more impressive.

He had something to protect and to do that he would need to desperately devote himself towards his goal.

Even if he died without getting stronger, it wasn't a loss.

Instead, if he was to overcome all trials, there was no reason not to acknowledge him.

'Not bad.'

That was right. It wasn't bad at all.

*

He passed through the light.

And… saw.

An enormous arena!

650 people, including Muyoung, were standing in front of a black door in a place that was like an arena with no ceiling.

Besides that, there were about 20 black doors and a minimum of 300 to a maximum of 400 people were lined up in front of each door.

Most faces looked very pale and were grinding their teeth.

Especially, there were girls and boys who looked to be Judges that were part of the groups.

However, the people who greeted them were at least 10 times their number.

An enormous number of people were on top of the arena stairs and were all looking down at them.

As if they were looking at monkeys at a zoo.

‘Nine Guilds, Five Great Clans. And the rest.”

Muyoung instantly recognized them.

Even if he returned to the past, there was no way he would not be able to recognize them.

‘The Underworld.’

Muyoung’s face stiffened.

He had finally arrived.

“This, this can’t be possible!!”

Out of the people who were watching the 650 people, including Muyoung, someone yelled out loud.

‘Fire Dragon In.’

The leader of the Fire Dragon Clan.

It was Woo’s father.

On top of the highest and widest area of the arena, his whole body was shivering.

“Where did the rest of the kids go?”

“Did those kids really lose?”

That wasn’t all.

The leaders of the Five Great Clans who were sitting near Fire Dragon In were all standing up looking puzzled.

Even though there were other groups that met the conditions and eliminated the Judges, it was very rare and even they did, they were unable to kill all five Judges.

At most, two.

However… not even one of the five Judges was visible.

This could only mean one thing.

The Judge's complete defeat!

Since the impossible happened, it was obvious that there would be a commotion.

"Hyungnim. Where do you think we are at?"

"The location for the selection."

"Yes?"

"If you just quietly watch, you will know."

Muyoung motionlessly watched them.

There was a total of 20 Boxes of Trials.

And about 7 thousand beginners had passed the trial.

Every groups' goal was to recruit the exceptional people after continuously screening them.

Even now, few 'Recruiters' who had the information gathering skills were publicly skimming through them.

Of course, the limitation of their skill was that they would only be able to look at the numerical value of the stats, but Muyoung didn't mind as he has already used the Information Distortion Talisman to trick their eyes.

'As expected, I can't find him.'

When Muyoung looked around, there were no signs of Wung Chunglin.

However, Muyoung was sure that he was somewhere around here.

Muyoung didn't relax.

Screech!

The doors of the arena opened and about 10 people with helmets and equipment adorned with a 'Sun' approached them.

‘It seems like Alexandro Quintart prepared this event.’

The guild master of the Sun Guild, Alexandro Quintart.

One of the top 10 humans.

In fact, this arena was one of the places the Sun Guild maintained.

A few men who were wearing the Sun helmet entered the black door and one man stayed behind and asked.

“Can you tell me what happened inside in detail?”

“Shit! Is this some joke?! What are you planning to do?! Aren’t we returning back to where we originally came from?”

Unlike the rest who were carefully looking around, a man in the back ranted and raved.

The person couldn’t understand the current situation where he was being observed like a monkey in a zoo when he barely survived after thinking that he could return to where he came from if he just passed the grand trial with the Judges.

“Please choose your words carefully. Great figures are present.”

“What? Great figures? This shit...!

Bang!

The man wearing the Sun helmet placed his thumb and his middle finger together.

Clank!

Then a transparent wall fell from the sky and imprisoned the swearing man.

Blaaaze!

Soon, an intense flare erupted inside the wall.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!

The man screamed as he slammed against the transparent wall, but in an instant, the fire completely burned the man.

It was a horrifying tragedy.

Afterwards, the man wearing the Sun helmet asked again.

“Can you tell me what happened inside in detail?”

Chapter 35: The Avengers (2)

“That is…”

“I’ll say it.”

When Taehwan was avoiding the question, Muyoung stepped forward.

After all, if they were to investigate, they would naturally arrive at Muyoung. Since he was the first one to have contact with Woo.

He decided it would be better to come out before they found any faults.

As the man wearing the Sun Helmet nodded, Muyoung acted as if he was talking about something insignificant and opened his mouth.

“The Judge Fire Dragon Woo betrayed the other four.”

“What, did you just say?”

“He helped us attack the other Judges. And as a result, they all died.”

“Is that the truth? If you’re lying, I won’t be able to assure your safety.”

“Why would I risk my life with a lie that could instantly be proven false.”

Muyoung had nothing to hide. Since the rest of the 650 people saw the same thing.

The man wearing the Sun Helmet examined the people behind Muyoung.

He didn’t find any traces of falsehood from their reactions.

“Could you tell me the situation in more detail?”

Muyoung had seen Fire Dragon Woo’s Status Viewer.

History was like a stream.

Although there was no way to know the finer details, he could know the significant events that had occurred in Fire Dragon Woo’s life since birth.

There were also some he found out when he had previously infiltrated the Fire Dragon Clan.

So it was enough if he could slightly adapt the truths to match his story.

“Fire Dragon Woo seemed to have been driven to a corner. I didn’t know why, but he was impatient to show off his skills. He mumbled how he wouldn’t be able to prove anything by facing against us weaklings.”

Gulp!

The man wearing the Sun Helmet couldn’t help, but become slightly nervous.

If it was false, how could Muyoung know the current situation of the Fire Dragon Clan?

The Fire Dragon Clan had adopted a son and, as a result, it was common knowledge that Fire Dragon Woo’s position in the clan was obscure.

However, Muyoung was a beginner who had only spent a month in the temple.

There was no way he could have known that.

Although it was hard to believe that those words came from Fire Dragon Woo’s mouth, the words Muyoung said were all ‘true’.

But because of this, there was a concerning matter.

“So that’s why even Lady Code…”

“Are you talking about that girl who used lighting? Right. Fire Dragon Woo definitely killed her.”

“Baaastard!~”

Crash!

The head of the Fire Dragon Clan, Fire Dragon In, who was standing on top of platform shot to the ground.

With an incredible killing intent, he stared at Muyoung as if he would kill him if he said another word.

‘It’s been a while.’

It felt like a long time since he had felt this much killing intent from someone.

His breath became stifled and each cell in his body was on edge.

However, even so, Fire Dragon In was still a coward.

Fire Dragon In was one of the figures who would choose to settle than struggle.

’20 years of struggling, 30 years of comfort.’

It had already been 50 years since humans have started being summoned into the Underworld.

At first, the demons were quite aggressive and humanity had to fight to survive.

For 20 years, they slowly expanded their territory and at the same time, were able to reclaim a Great City as well as a few other cities.

However, afterwards, the attack from demons and the Demon Gods had stopped.

People changed from fighting to protecting what they had.

As a result, everyone settled down and this continued for 30 years.

‘In 10 years, the Great Calamity will start.’

There was no way to know why the Demon Gods had stopped their attack. At one point, they just stopped attacking.

However, even that would end in 10 years.

After 10 years, once all humans have been summoned into the Underworld, the Great Calamity will start and the Demon Gods will more aggressively corner humanity.

No, at that point, the Demon Gods would lead the way.

It was definitely different when they previously only sent demons.

After killing the Supreme Magician Merlin at the Blue Temple first... The Nine Guilds and Five Great Clans would collapse one after another under the cruel massacre.

This was why Muyoung wasn't afraid of the killing intent emitted from Fire Dragon In who stagnated after settling down.

He was still a coward.

A man who kept his feet on the ground was unable to kill a man who attempted to climb the skies.

"How dare you lash your short tongue out to deceive the Fire Dragon Clan!"

"The truth will be clear as day once the investigation team goes in. Isn't there no need for me to lie?"

At this moment, Fire Dragon In's insides must have been

burning.

The Lawless Clan was one of the Five Great Clans and although there were many who could replace Code, she was still a part of their strength.

Perhaps it would have been different if there was no relationship between them but for Fire Dragon Woo to have killed Code, who was his fiancée... It was inevitable that the relationship between the two clans would break down.

Fire Dragon In's goal of raising the Fire Dragon Clan to become one of the Five Great Clans became difficult.

"Do you need to die for you to shut your mouth?!"

However, Muyoung didn't even blink.

The possibility of Fire Dragon In killing Muyoung was extremely low.

It didn't look good for someone as established as him to punish a beginner.

Above all, people could be suspicious that he killed him to shut him up.

Killing to keep a secret. If he was to erase evidence in front of

everyone's presence, the status of the Fire Dragon Clan would completely dissipate.

'He cannot kill me.'

Muyoung didn't take the lead for no reason.

There was no way for the head of the Fire Dragon Clan to not know this.

In fact, because he was so calculating, he knew he could not lay a hand on Muyoung at this time.

It was just that if he was to stay still, it would be the same as admitting Fire Dragon Woo's betrayal.

<The Hellhorse offers to protect your life as one of your favors.>

<If you nod your head, the deal will be confirmed.>

The Hellhorse was hidden somewhere as it observed Muyoung.

It was indeed a top ranked monster.

Its stealth ability was high enough to avoid the eyes of the strong. Even Muyoung never had a hunch on where the horse may be up until now.

Even though it said it would help, it would only take Muyoung away from the crowd of powerful humans, but even that was incredible.

However, there was no reason to use one of his favors.

Muyoung was certain that Fire Dragon In was only trying to scare him.

He probably thought that if he got angry, Muyoung would kneel and beg for his life.

But, once Muyoung showed no reaction, his face revealed a hint of impatience.

“Head of the Fire Dragon Clan, please stop!”

At that moment, the man sitting in the center of the platform raised his voice.

‘Alexandros Quintart.’

The man who oversaw the whole situation.

The master of the Sun Guild that was contending for first place among the Nine Guilds!

Fire Dragon In wrinkled his face and said.

“Just what right do you have to stop me?!”

“It was not me but Lawless Gong who first suggested it. First, let’s set up an investigation team to investigate.”

“Lawless Gong…”

If the head of the Lawless Clan suggested it, then there was nothing Fire Dragon In could do.

From this suggestion, they could see that the relationship between the two clans was quickly deteriorating.

It meant that he would send the investigation team in to buy some time to find a middle ground.

If Fire Dragon In was to get even angrier, he would lose the chance he had barely received.

“Siiiigh.”

Fire Dragon In who calmed his anger turned his back.

Easily as if he was planning this from the start.

Thump!

He then jumped high into the air and returned to the platform.

<’Hellhorse’ is feeling very sad.>

Muyoung only slightly smirked.

Anyways… he gained enough time to climb the Sky Library.

Shortly after, Alexandros Quintart opened his mouth sitting in the center of the platform.

“To all the small heroes that completed all the trials! We welcome you!”

There was no way to know if those small heroes referred to the beginners or the boys and girls who were Judges.

However, all the beginners, including Muyoung, could not find those words pleasing.

The fact that the Judges were affiliated with them was revealed. They indiscriminately killed people in there, yet they say they welcomed us?

“Bastards…”

Someone quietly scoffed.

However, if he was to say it outright, he would immediately lose his life.

As they were weak, they had no right to speak.

Muyoung clicked his tongue.

Since they were starting their ‘acceptance’, it was going to be much more relaxing than the trial before.

“This place is the Underworld. We are at war with the Demon Gods of the 72 Seats. If we do not defeat the Demon Gods, we will never be able to return to Earth!”

Earth.

It was already a name they missed.

It was the secret word that could slightly divert the

uncomfortable expressions of the people.

“Let us go to back to Earth together. For that, please lend us your strength. We are going to explain everything to those who have passed the difficult trial and give you a chance to decide. The Sky Library…”

A long speech had started.

Even though he spoke softly, his words somehow stuck to their heads.

Alexandros Quintart had activated his ‘Bewilderment of the Sun’ skill.

If time continued to pass, they would slowly be swayed and truly trust and follow the people who tried to kill them. In some sense, he had some similarities with Wung Chunglin.

After talking for around 20 minutes, Alexandros Quintart smiled as he finished.

“We welcome you.”

*

The celebrations had started.

Most the areas of the Great City became public and the beginners had the right to go anywhere besides the ‘castle’ in the center.

Those who exited the arena could only be astonished.

The castle stretched out endlessly. The buildings lined up were so tall, they would not lose out to modern cities and the castle walls didn’t lose out to the Great Wall of China.

‘The Ancient King’s Castle.’

Strictly speaking, this castle, like the Sky Library, wasn’t man-made.

It was only that they released a talisman containing the Ancient King’s Castle here.

Because of that, there were still unknown places within the castle.

For example, the ‘Hallway with no shadows during a full moon’ which was used as a route for assassinations and the ‘Underground tunnel that would lead to a special place every 14 days’.

They weren’t all that great but it wasn’t bad to keep note of them.

“This group can stay here.”

A soldier wearing a Sun Helmet herded about a hundred people including Muyoung into an inn.

Since 650 people couldn't use one inn, they were split up into groups.

"When can we enter the Sky Library?"

Suzy's father asked.

His body was at its limit.

He asked since he instinctively aware that the 'Study of the Darkness Spirit' Muyoung mentioned was located in the Sky Library.

"Only 300 people can enter the Sky Library at once. If you wait, we will come take you there in the morning when it's your turn."

"So that's how it is. I understand."

Once the small question was answered, everyone entered the inn.

On the first floor of the inn, a plentiful array of foods was prepared.

“Hu…”

“I think it’s been a long time since I’ve seen these kinds of foods.”

“Let’s eat first!”

While everyone was deeply moved and rushed to pick up their forks, Muyoung quietly went up to the second floor and unpacked.

‘Was this an unavoidable destiny?’

Muyoung looked around his room and shook his head.

This inn was the exact same one Muyoung stayed in in the past.

He was kidnapped here and used as an assassin for a long time.

He had killed countless heroes.

‘Tonight.’

Muyoung took a deep breath and calmed himself.

Wung Chunglin’s beginner hunt would commence tonight.

Deep into the night of a full moon.

Everyone was passed out drunk.

There was an endless supply of alcohol and because it had been a long time since they could get drunk, their hearts relaxed.

Swish.

With the speed of light, a man wearing a mask flowed through the window.

The masked man looked around after spreading sleeping powder. He spotted a man sleeping on a bed and cautiously approached him with light steps.

Just when he was about to attack the man on the bed.

Grasp!

“…!”

His opponent’s closed eyes suddenly opened and grasped the masked man’s throat.

He precisely hit a pressure point and the masked man couldn’t make a sound.

The opponent stared at the masked man with a completely expressionless face and quietly said.

“It’s been a long time, Number 447.”

Chapter 36: The Avengers (End)

He spoke with a dull emotionless tone.

However, there were ripples in Muyoung's eyes.

'It's not hard to kill him again.'

Even if it was an illusion, Muyoung had already happily killed assassins including Wung Chunglin in the trial of Gremory, the Star of David.

Muyoung had not once regretted his decision.

Even if he was put in the same situation, he will redo what he had done.

His firm determination allowed him to pass the trial at the Star of David.

"Did Wung Chunglin send you? To procure materials to create an assassination machine?"

The eyes of the assassin who entered the room were also completely calm.

Muyoung wasn't able to feel any emotions from him. It was because he was a puppet.

However, the process of making a puppet was unbearably horrifying.

Following Chunglin's orders, after hundreds of materials are collected, only 1% of them would survive. The surviving 1% would be then castrated from all emotions and would become a marionette on a string

Muyoung chuckled. He could only laugh.

He couldn't understand why he bothered to talk to him when he knew already that the man would not reply.

Was it because he still hoped he might reply?

From the position Muyoung was in, he just lifted his upper body, sat on the side of the bed, and spoke.

"Right... we didn't exist even from the start."

Crack!

The man's neck snapped.

And the eyes of an assassin were turned off.

He was instantly killed.

Muyoung quietly turned his head and gazed at the red full moon.

Including Muyoung, assassins were the ones who normally lived in the shadows. Since they could never come out into the light, it was like they didn’t exist.

Shadows. They were the ones who existed but weren’t really there.

Even if they were alive, it was no way of living as no one will mourn for their death.

“Don’t you want to revenge him? The man who filled himself up with your blood.”

The already dead body didn’t move a muscle.

However, Muyoung looked at the eyes of the dead man, feeling what was beyond those eyes.

He thought he was feeling the trembling cry of his soul.

‘Art of Death.’

The dark aura which emitted from his entire body touched the

corpse of the assassin.

<The call of the soul. The one who wants his enemy to be eliminated.>

<‘Avenger’ has been created.>

<Art Score: 65.>

<Name: Avenger

Level: 58

Type: Shadow Ghoul

Strength 50 Agility 80 Stamina 50

Intelligence 15 Wisdom 15 Darkness Aura 55 >

+ Very high resistance to darkness.

+ High movement speed in darkness.

+ Binding of the Darkness, Shadow Hide, and Crit skills are

usable.

+ You get closer to ‘Darkness’ as your Darkness Aura increases.

Nothing particularly changed on the outside. But, his eyes were emitting a fierce beast’s aura. He was definitely more assimilated in darkness.

‘Prince and his subjects.’

Right away, Muyoung summoned the Dark Ghoul.

The Dark Ghoul was able to select up to 30 ‘ghouls’ and increase all their stats by 5.

Avenger was a ghoul type undead.

Just in time, he had extra space from the fight with the Fire Dragon Woo.

With this, he was now able to summon the Avenger when he summoned the Prince and his subjects.

Since he only needed the Dark Ghoul to maintain the effect, he summoned back the regular ghouls.

‘Even though he was a low ranked assassin, this should do.’

The Forest of Death always operated with 500 assassins.

The lower the number, the stronger the person and the higher the number, the weaker the person.

In the past, of course, Muyoung was Number 1. Since Chunglin had died, you could say he was in reality Number 0…

Number 447 meant that he was low ranked within the Forest of Death.

‘Either way, only low ranked assassins would go out to hunt for beginners.’

The Forest of Death operated under the silent protection of all the guilds and clans. Therefore, it was possible for the low ranked assassins to wander around the Great City

All the big shots lived inside the ‘castle’ in the middle of the Great City, so there wasn’t anyone who could restrain them.

‘Wung Chunglin isn’t here.’

At first, Muyoung believed that Chunglin would be somewhere around here.

However, after looking at a couple of places in the Great City, he concluded that Chunglin wasn't here.

If he was here, the Hellhorse would have tried to make him use up one of his favors. The horse would be willing to protect him if a situation arose where someone who Muyoung was unable to win against was present.

Its stealth ability was so great that even Muyoung was unable to tell where it was. None of the strong currently gathered here were able to sense the Hellhorse.

That meant that Chunglin's presence could potentially be found.

But, wasn't it quiet?

That meant the stage was set for Muyoung to freely act.

'I will gather your brothers.'

Muyoung wasn't planning on having Number 447 be all alone.

After making all the assassins here into the undead, his goal was to take all 500 of the members and make a surprise attack on Chunglin.

Muyoung took out his talisman and took out his equipment.

The Lunatic Sovereign's Set.

He went out of the window after putting his red cape and his red helmet on.

Shoosh.

Behind him, the Dark Ghoul and the Avenger followed.

It wasn't the best move to search every place and rule them out one by one.

First, how efficiently they did this was a big problem.

Muyoung only had his own body while there were many assassins.

There should be about 100 low ranked assassins currently active.

That was why Muyoung waited at a path where they will commonly pass.

The Great City was just a location where they used a special talisman to release the 'Ancient King's Castle'.

Secret hidden pathways existed and Muyoung knew the locations of such pathways very well.

On a night of a full moon, a place where even the shadows weren't reflected. It was a path that led to the underground tunnel and was also a place that couldn't be detected from afar.

Muyoung stood outside the stream of consciousness.

Soon, 4 assassins who kidnapped beginners discovered him as they approached.

Muyoung welcomed them when he was still wearing his Lunatic Sovereign's Set.

No conversation was needed.

Showing them was enough.

He took out Anguish.

And ran straight towards them.

Slash!

It was even before they placed down the beginners.

Muyoung was half a step faster.

Stab!

Muyoung just broke off their swords and stabbed Anguish into their hearts.

Cough! Cough!

Anguish hungrily devoured the dripping blood.

Slash!

Muyoung turned his body while pulling out Anguish.

The assassin beside him placed his hand on top of Muyoung.

Crack!

Muyoung grabbed hold of his wrist and twisted it.

However, assassins were resistance to pain. Muyoung didn’t stop after he twisted the assassin’s arm.

Baaash!

From his position, he just lifted his elbow and smacked the man’s chin.

Anguish headed for the man's heart like a snake when he fell down from a concussion.

Swish!

And without giving away any signs, he took out two daggers from his bosom and threw it behind his back.

Clank!

One fell on the floor but the other one avoided by hitting it away.

Muyoung just looked into his eyes.

Under a silent night, the assassin ran towards Muyoung.

There was no turning back for them as their identities were revealed.

Items that were to be disposed of after being used.

Chunglin never recycled. He could just create another if one dies.

That was why Muyoung showed how furious he was with his actions.

It could be called a fighting aura.

The surrounding air and magic all started to rotate around Muyoung.

Muyoung knew everything about assassins of the Forest of Death, including their insignificant actions and habits.

Their breathing pattern and even the rhythm of their beating heart.

Muyoung had figured out everything about them as he wanted to assassinate everyone and finally kill Chunglin.

He didn’t miss even the slightest detail.

‘They are all the same but slightly different.’

That was how Muyoung knew that they weren’t just normal puppets.

The small habits they had while they were alive didn’t change no matter how many times they were corrected and brainwashed.

For example… The assassin in front of him.

‘Number 493. You still limp your right foot.’

Muyoung laughed as he showed his teeth.

Since Number 493 was born, both his foot didn't balance. If he did get a corrective surgery, it could have been fixed but after he became an assassin, he kept limping his right foot as a habit.

As Muyoung laughed, he ate up Number 493's heart as the assassin approached him.

The four assassins lied dead on the cold floor.

'Art of Death.'

But, they were revived.

In the past, they were colleagues, now they were reborn as allies.

That's how pitch dark Avengers revived one after the one, under the red moonlight.

The number of Avengers increased.

Muyoung released them as they were.

Muyoung couldn't guard all the alleys by himself.

And the Avengers started to hunt down only assassins.

Of course, even with the buff from the ‘Prince and his subjects, it wasn’t going to be easy. But, if he added another effect, the story would be different.

‘Sorceress of Lightning’.

The demi-lich created from Code’s dead body, from the Lawless Clan.

The Sorceress of Lightning could place a special effect on a target.

‘Lightning Rune.’

The Lightning Rune would strengthen its targets!

Their strength and stamina increased by about 4 to 6. Although it varied slightly, each one would also have all their stats increased by 5 which allowed them to move beyond what they were capable of before.

The Avengers infiltrated deeper into the darkness.

Since they were ordered to only use hidden pathways of the castle, there was no way for them to be caught.

And… dead assassins started to arrive in front of Muyoung.

All low ranked assassins, under 400.

The ones in the 300's were considered mid-ranked.

The ones in the 200's were considered high ranked and the ones in the 100's were top ranked. It was like that.

If there were assassins from number 400 to 500 currently active, either way, he was catching about 100 assassins.

'Tying down Wung Chunglin.'

Muyoung objectively understood himself.

For now, all he could do was hold Chunglin back.

From the beginning, there was no Chunglin and only the low ranked puppets were active.

What was his reason to release all the low ranked?

To kidnap the beginners and to increase his number of puppets.

So, the best he could do to hold him back was to stop him from hunting the beginners.

‘Just today is enough.’

Even if the Nine Guilds and the Five Great Clans were overlooking them, they couldn’t overlook assassins roaming around the Great City every night.

At the longest, just tonight.

If the assassins were active again after tonight, they would step on them and kill them like bugs.

It only looked like this on the outside but, of course, there were more cases of these large groups using the Forest of Death as a tug of war.

It was a sort of a promise.

Since they would present themselves for show even if their insides were rotten.

Even if the Forest of Death was amazing, they existed only because of the agreement between the giants.

Anyways, the number of Avengers was continuously increasing.

So that after 30 Avengers were filled in, there was a change to the talisman.

<The ‘Prince and his subjects’ talisman has been renamed to the ‘Prince and the Avengers’.>

<The art score has been increased to 79.>

<The level of the ‘Dark Ghoul’ has been increased from 54 to 65.>

<‘Dark Aura’ buff effect has been increased from 30 to 50 ghouls.>

Evolution of a talisman!

Normally, you needed five of the same talisman to reinforce the talisman.

But, this time, it was beyond a reinforcement and was closer to an evolvement.

It was a surprising event which occurred as the talisman combined with the Art of Death.

‘So there is even a method like this.’

Even Muyoung didn’t expect this to happen.

Asura Arc

Chapter 37: Asura (1)

A new idea.

It wasn't bad since it was another way for him to increase his strength. Muyoung took it positively.

Soon, the Dark Ghoul's body became a bit bigger and moved with more agility.

Graawk. Graaaawk.

His nature seemed to have become fiercer.

By the influence of the Dark Ghoul, the Avengers' eyes became more ferocious.

The name 'Avengers' really suited them as they craved for blood.

This was beyond Muyoung's control.

'The corpse aren't intact.'

Muyoung knit his brows.

The almost mangled up corpses of low ranked assassins started to arrive.

Because of this, his frequency of casting the Art of Death skill had decreased but he didn't mind it.

Either way, he was able to completely hold Wung Chunglin back.

The failure to collect beginners and the loss of his low ranked assassins had to be a blow for Chunglin.

Zap.

At that moment, a signal in Muyoung's head was cut off.

That meant that one of the Avengers had died.

'They started to retreat.'

And the last few moments of the ghoul's vision flashed through Muyoung's head.

He couldn't control undead which were spread out, but like this, information could be sent in when an undead died.

As he watched the memories that flew into his head, Muyoung found many groups.

About 30 assassins were moving together and leaving the Great

City.

'Number 400.'

And within the group, one caught Muyoung's eyes.

Assassins whose number ended in a '00' were remotely controlled by Chunglin

It was the same as a signal relay.

It was a method designed to move assassins more systematically and easier.

It was obvious that Wung Chunglin had noticed that something went completely wrong with his plan and ordered them to retreat and leave the Great City with the rest of the assassins.

Muyoung quickly made his decision.

Blaze!

He lit the corpses on fire with a cold blue face.

He was regretful that he couldn't take all his past brothers with him but if they were to become Avengers in their current state they wouldn't have been useful.

Instead... It was better to send them off peacefully.

Right after he put them on fire, Muyoung started to move with all the Avengers, his red cape fluttering behind him.

There were many ways to leave the Great City but there was only one path Chunglin frequently used.

The underground tunnel which changed its structure every 14 days.

It was a place no one entered because it was filled with filthy waters and rats but the only advantage of a place like this was that it was unguarded.

Normal underground tunnels had magical barriers in preparation for outside intruders.

Guards and traps were routinely placed to protect these tunnels.

It would be quite annoying for anyone who tried to sneak through secretly.

But this pathway which Muyoung was in, wasn't known to anyone else. Even the top members of the two great forces, the 'Sun Guild' and the 'Lawless Clan', that ruled over the Great City didn't know of this secret place.

Only Wung Chunglin knew of this place.

No, only Muyoung and Chunglin knew of this place.

However, Chunglin didn't know that Muyoung knew about this place.

That little difference would lead Chunglin to failure.

"I was waiting."

Swoosh.

Muyoung pulled out Anguish.

As around 30 assassins who were heading towards Muyoung hesitated, the Avengers immediately surrounded them.

The originally low ranked assassins were currently strengthened.

The Avengers were enhanced as a couple of buffs overlapped. They were as strong as a mid-ranked monster.

Crack! Rip!

The enraged Avengers all started to go crazy.

Muyoung climbed a wall and darted towards Number 400.

Clash!

“Who are you?”

A sword met with another.

Number 400 directly looked at Muyoung.

‘Wung Chunglin. You’ve personally decided to involve yourself in this.’

The tips of Muyoung’s lip started to go up.

He who was simply ordering them had borrowed the body of Number 400 and appeared.

Anguish violently slashed through the air as it craved for blood.

A detailed attack that a normal low ranked assassin wouldn’t be able to block was blocked by him.

If you put it simply, he was only possessed but, just by adding Chunglin’s fighting senses, he seemed like a completely different

person.

“How do you know this route?”

Composed.

From the tone of his voice, he could sense the composure that only the absolute strong could have.

However, Muyoung never exposed his full strength.

He was facing the opponent with pure technique.

And as the fight continued, he was sure of one thing.

‘I can win.’

He was certain that he could win against Wung Chunglin without much difficulty if he was to gain enough strength as he did in the past.

Chunglin’s skills were fast and detailed like a snake but Muyoung was able to break through all of it.

If they used the same skills, why couldn’t he break through?

“Those skills and movements. Where did you learn them.”

“Wung Chunglin.”

“…. How do you know that name?”

He, who was borrowing the body of Number 400, was speechless.

He never thought that there was anyone in this world who would know of his name.

Chunglin was a person who lived in the shadows.

As he never was projected in anyone’s conscious, there was no real person who knew of his name.

Except Muyoung.

Thrust!

His left shoulder was sliced off.

As he lost his balance and was staggering, Muyoung ended the fight by piercing Anguish into his belly.

“I know who you are but you don’t know who I am.”

“You bastard… who are you?”

His face was covered by the Lunatic Sovereign’s Helmet.

As of right now, there was no way for Chunglin to find out about Muyoung’s identity.

So, Muyoung spoke a short warning as if he was whispering.

“Wait for me. I will go to you.”

Slash!

*

The kidnapped beginners only woke up the morning of the next day.

“Whe, where?”

“What’s that even?!”

However, blood was spread out everywhere and only burnt corpses were lined up.

It seemed like the situation had settled after the guards who were patrolling took them to their inns.

However, a doubt still remained.

Who kidnapped them and why they were lying down with a bunch of burnt up corpse.

Some testified that they caught a glimpse of a ghoul-like monster but, besides a few, most believed that they were just seeing things.

Great guilds and clans were secretly trying to find the culprit but there was no way they could find a person who had disappeared like a ghost.

However, a few people shivered in fear.

“The slayer… The slayer of the tower has returned…!”

Lunch, the next day.

Muyoung was listening to the explanation with a bunch of people on the first floor of the inn.

“We, the Paulownia Guild, are made up of a small number of about 50 elites. We can proudly say that we have been around for 30 years with our own tradition. Right now we have four spots available and we are seeking people who would fill in those spots. If you join us, we will fully support you. Oh, we are hoping to find people with stamina above 40.”

Lunchtime.

Out of the blue, a man showed up and started to talk.

While others were paying attention to the man, Muyoung slowly savored his soup.

‘The Nine Guilds and the Five Great Clans have already finished contacting people. The people who have been coming over were only small groups who were short on members.’

As he turned his head, he found Taehwan and Suzy blankly staring at the floor with a quite serious look on their faces.

Someone had already contacted them.

Even those great guilds and clans couldn’t help but covet people who had the potential to be great.

As it was good to have lots of outstanding slaves.

Of course, no one approached Muyoung who used the Information Distortion Talisman to hide himself.

Technically, an assassin approached him but it wasn’t to recruit him but to kidnap him. It was hard to say that he was a welcoming guest.

Actually, Muyoung could sense a magical scent on Taehwan and Suzy.

'Indicator Skill.'

The people who approached them left an 'indication' on them.

That was why the assassins avoided them.

Muyoung knew that the beginners with an indication were removed from the list of people who they were to kidnap.

"Us, the Paulownia Guild, knows more about the Sky Library than anyone else. You should already know by now that you could earn a skill that you want from the Sky Library. It is really stupid to enter the library without any information. Since what you learn from there will determine your future path and your life span. It is necessary for you to learn a skill that's right for you."

Many people were interested in the man who was speaking in front of the entrance.

There weren't just huge groups in the Great City.

There were small groups who were busily running around to recruit beginners.

Even if there were a lot of reasons, they were mostly after ‘the skill a beginner could learn from the Sky Library’.

‘They are probably trying to get people to learn a skill that could be useful to their group or will be helpful in having them pass a trial.’

There basically was no real group who had pure intentions on helping beginners and fully supporting them.

Most were planning on choosing the skill beginners had to learn and use it to their benefit.

The Sky Library was vast with many kinds of skills people could learn.

Even if they could only choose one, it was clear that that one skill will have a great impact on their future.

Of course, there were ‘kind groups’ who helped people with pure intentions and did not use them. However, you could count them on your fingers and even if they did exist, they didn’t last and disappeared after a few years.

And from the looks of it, Muyoung thought the Paulownia Guild was an outstanding bully.

‘Those who are truly willing to help don’t place any requirements.’

Why would they limit their recruitment to people with ‘stamina above 40’?

It was because the skill they had to learn had a specific requirement to meet and it was something they needed right away. It was obvious they were trying to use them.

“In detail, how are you planning to support us?”

As the woman who was quietly listening to them asked, the man nicely replied back.

“A full set of C ranked gear and basic talismans. We will also introduce you to a good hunting area for you to get stronger. Since we have a few priest classes, they will help you get stronger faster. And above all.”

The man cleared his throat and continued.

“There was nothing you could say is truly free. Remember that. Even getting water to drink is done by a trade. I promise that if you join our guild, food and shelter will be freely provided.”

“In this world, is there any common currency?”

The continuous questions could have irritated him but the man still answered with a smile.

“Umm, easiest way is by talismans. F ranked talisman can allow you to eat three meals. It’s not bad to join a crafting group to make food or items but because of the poor environment, it wouldn’t be easy to survive. I don’t really recommend it.”

The value of currency.

It was possible to trade with monster hides and meat but most commonly used were talismans.

And… It wasn’t like everyone fought.

Crafting groups truly did exist.

However, most the people who joined were scaredy cats and those with physical disabilities.

The exceptions were blacksmiths who were better treated but their work was twice as hard. Normal artisans were unfriendly towards outsiders and if they didn’t raise their rank by completing their associated skill’s workmanship, they were frequently cast away.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

“There are only a few guilds and clans that give an incredible offer when they recruit beginners. Even the huge guilds and clans,

you know them right? They massacre beginners. Just because it's big, it doesn't mean it's good. So please properly think over it before you make your decision."

As if there were other places he could look for people, he ended his talk and clasped his hands behind his back.

Everyone started to read each other's faces.

One choice.

Everything will be determined by this.

But, there seemed to be no lies in his words.

If they were to lose this chance...

Could they get a place with better conditions?

All the people who suffered from the Blue Temple wanted a place where their safety could be assured.

Everyone knew that they needed strength.

"You said you will accept people with stamina above 40? I will join."

As one raised their hand, a few others joined.

“Me too! Accept me too!”

“I’m missing 1 stamina but could you please accept me?”

The Paulownia Guild filled their four spots in an instant.

Even afterwards, a few guilds and clans came by.

Guilds were mostly made up of Caucasians and black people and clans were mostly made up of Asians. There were groups with a mix of different people but there was some racial discrimination going on behind the scenes.

And as the numbers in the inn decreased, the people could only become more nervous.

The group of 100 people had been reduced to less than 20 within half a day.

‘This tastes good.’

Muyoung didn’t care and was silently savoring the taste of the liquor.

He couldn’t remember the last time he drank.

“Hyungnim.”

As he heard a sound from his side, he turned his head.

Taehwan sat beside him and with a serious face, he spoke quietly.

“… An offer came from the Sun Guild. What should I do?”

The Sun Guild was one of the groups who took care of this Great City.

‘Alexandro Quintart.’

It was a guild where the guild master was also ranked in the top 10 among humans.

The Sun Guild was known to only take in less than 10 beginners every month.

And a place like this carefully looked at Taehwan and offered to recruit him.

Normally, Muyoung would have been inattentively glossed over it but a slight interest rose.

“Let’s talk upstairs.”

Muyoung placed down his liquor glass and stood up from his place.

Chapter 38: Asura (2)

Two people were facing each other in a small room.

Before Muyoung said anything, Taehwan opened his mouth.

“They came yesterday afternoon. They said they would offer me a wide building and B ranked equipment.”

“It looks like they thought highly of your potential.”

“I don’t know. Only, if I had my own estate, could I not separate from everyone and bring them all to my estate?”

“Can’t you just do what you want? If the offer isn’t bad, there isn’t a reason for you to decline.”

Taehwan let out a long sigh.

“That is... Sigh! I heard that even the Sun Guild sent in a ‘Judge’ in the free-for-all fight. They consider human lives as ants. No matter how tempting their offer is, I don’t want to join people like them.”

There was no way everything would be good.

Taehwan’s face showed complete loathing.

“On top of that, I find their intentions a bit strange. It didn’t seem like they were simply looking at my potential but it also looked like they were searching for someone. Even asking weird questions.”

“What kind of weird questions?”

Muyoung’s gaze focused on Taehwan.

The Sun Guild was looking for someone. It was highly likely it was under Alexandro Quintart’s orders.

“That if I had my name in Solomon’s Hall of Fame from the Blue Temple, they would offer me an even better treatment. An A ranked weapon and talismans, even a small island. I couldn’t answer since I didn’t know what it was but similar questions were asked afterwards.”

The offer couldn’t be any better.

It was too much of an investment for just a beginner.

To get a small island and receive an A ranked weapon and talismans were something only the top ranking members of a moderately sized group would get.

Although the Sun Guild exceeded that of a ‘moderately’ sized

group but to a single beginner, that amount of investment was excessive.

Even more... providing information on a top-ranked skill in the Sky Library was uncommon.

The competition for information on the Sky Library was fierce and if one mastered a top-ranked skill, it would disappear.

It meant it was impossible for someone else to get the skill.

They were going to give someone who wasn't a high level or a rising star that kind of information?

Even if they were the Sun Guild, they were unable to give out that kind of information limitlessly.

It was hard to take it simply as good will.

They had a goal. They were straightforwardly luring people out with an offer no one could decline.

A reward no group could offer.

It was closer to a warning.

For no one to aim for their target.

The Sun Guild had sufficient power to do so.

Just why?

‘It’s regretful that I pretty much have no information about the Sun Guild currently.’

Even Muyoung couldn’t easily stay calm.

He didn’t have any concrete information about the internal affairs of the Sun Guild at this time.

Since there were no requests for assassinating Alexandro Quintart, he was one of the people Muyoung didn’t kill.

Rather he was one of the few who made the most assassination requests.

In reality, it could be considered as the pinnacle of these establishments’ power.

Since the Dragon Lord was assassinated by Muyoung per Alexandro Quintart’s request, for someone like him to intervene meant that it wasn’t due to personal feelings.

‘To find the one who entered Solomon’s Hall of Fame means they are looking for me.’

There was a chance that someone besides Muyoung entered Solomon's Hall of Fame. Since there were many records besides the ones Muyoung broke at the Blue Temple.

However, there were probably not many records that had Alexandro Quintart of the Sun Guild's name on it.

At most, he would have done the Boss Battles Muyoung had done or something harder.

Although he thought that someone could find him, for the first to be the Sun Guild was quite unexpected.

Muyoung was lost in his thoughts for a long time. At that moment, Taehwan said.

"Hyungnim. How about we just make one?"

"What?"

"Something like a guild. I know that Hyungnim doesn't like taking the lead but if you are the guild master, at least the people from the same temple would trust and follow you."

Muyoung shook his head.

"I have no thoughts in joining a group."

He thought to walk alone.

As soon as he joined a group, he could no longer blindly proceed looking forward.

There were too many enemies and they were too strong.

What was more, Muyoung was a human who didn’t associate well with group activities.

Since he knew himself well, that kind of suggestion wasn’t welcoming at all.

“Then we need to separate. Won’t everyone be nervous?”

“You do it.”

“Pardon?”

“Making a guild, you do it.”

Muyoung coolly said.

If he wanted to join the Sun Guild, he wouldn’t have stopped him.

Although he hoped for his hero qualities to shine, it wasn't impossible for him to make his way up from the bottom.

However... if he wasn't going to join, it was better to walk the path of a sovereign.

Of course, it was a thorny path that no one wanted to tread.

A tall tree would catch much wind.

However, if he could endure, he could make a small wave.

The small wave would become rough then become a tidal wave.

A hero was that kind of existence.

At least, it was different from the direction Muyoung was going in.

"M...e?"

Taehwan blinked his eyes.

It looked like it had never crossed his mind.

Taehwan was oblivious to his hero qualities.

However, a stubborn spirit that wouldn't easily change wasn't something anyone could have. In Muyoung's perspective, he had an imperceptible trait that no other hero he had seen until now possessed.

"If you really want to spread your values, you must. It will be hard but if you succeed, you will be able to harvest that much fruit."

This was the most advice Muyoung could give.

The rest was up to Taehwan.

Taehwan continued to sit in his spot for a long time.

Muyoung looked at Taehwan for a moment before leaving the room.

He had no thoughts of taking the obvious bait.

If he didn't have his past memories, he may have grabbed at the Sun Guild's bait but since he knew how different Alexandro Quintart was on the inside, he was planning on not even showing any traces.

When the morning brightened the next day, Muyoung calmly walked around the Great City.

The building styles that reminded you of the Middle Ages.

There were countless individuals gathered and occasionally beginners were mixed in as well.

‘Recruiters.’

And among them, there were some who hid their traces and were observing the people around them. They were recruiters who were spread out to look for any hidden pearls that they might have missed.

Muyoung openly strutted along the path and showed everyone who spotted him that he had no ability.

“Various fried skewers that will never appear in this world again! We trade five for any magical treasure!”

“You will definitely need small cute hunting dogs.”

“I will draw you a photo-like picture. Leave one as a memory.”

The Great City was in the peak of celebrations.

The rush that would only happen once a month.

The time when tens of thousands of beginners entered the Underworld, items like talismans earned from the Blue Temple and rewards from trials would overflow.

Although the strong wouldn’t spare a glance, for those that had been here for only a few years or those who had given up on getting stronger, it was their livelihood.

The number of people that resided in the Great City was close to a million.

Not everyone could be part of a group or be strong.

And as for talismans, no matter how low ranked they were, they could be reinforced or combined so it was widely used as currency.

The beginners who didn’t know the importance of talismans had no hesitation.

In fact, they seemed to excited that the talismans they thought were useless could be used as currency.

‘There were blessings hidden within the Ancient King’s Castle.’

Muyoung ignored them and walked around the exterior of the castle.

The locations of each building were the same as his memories.

Although he walked at his quickest place, he was barely able to complete a circle by nightfall.

<You have walked around the Ancient King's Castle within the predetermined condition.>

<With the blessing of the Ancient King, your intelligence has increased by 1.>

This was the hidden function of the Ancient King's Castle.

Though there was a condition to start in the morning and end at night, there weren't many people who knew this.

Like this, there were many hidden secrets about the Ancient King's Castle.

'Next, I meditate for two hours at the clock tower.'

There was a blessing that increased your stamina by one at the clock tower.

They were laughable conditional blessings but it was most likely that the Ancient King was an eccentric person who had a great interest in art.

It could be deduced by looking at the style of the buildings and their arrangement.

He couldn’t waste time by waiting to enter the Sky Library.

Muyoung moved diligently.

A few days later, a man wearing a Sun Helmet stormed into the inn.

“Muyoung, Bae Suzy and Leelawadee, please follow me.”

He called out three people.

Muyoung instinctively knew that it was time to enter the Sky Library.

Since only 300 people could enter at once, he thought he would have to wait longer. It was unexpected that he was called second.

“Mister. Let’s go.”

Suzy who had spent the past few days worrying confidently stormed out.

It looked like she had made a big decision.

Muyoung briefly looked at her before reminding himself of his goal once again.

‘Eye of the Sky.’

The skill he must obtain at the Sky Library.

He had to obtain that skill at the Sky Library no matter what.

A universal window of knowledge that could let you know all the information in the Sky Library.

Although information was limited to the skill rank, looking at a single aspect of the library would be of great help.

The Eye of Sky was something that could supplement things that Muyoung never realized.

‘No matter what.’

He slowly moved his feet.

The Sky Library was located on the west side of the castle.

Just like its name, the library was floating in the sky. Luckily, there were stairs made up of clouds that led to it.

300 people were gathered in front of the grand entrance and were waiting for the previous group to come out.

And a person among them.

‘There’s a kid from the Sun Guild.’

A boy who looked to be about 16 was standing at the very front.

He was a likeable boy wearing a Sun Helmet.

Around half the people, including the boy, looked very confident.

Those that had applied to guilds and clans.

They had changed their equipment and they knew information about the Sky Library beforehand.

However, the Sky Library was definitely not an easy place.

‘The trial would always change.’

There was no way they would just hand out free skills.

The higher ranked skills were set up to be harder to obtain and

the trials would change each time.

The moment you let down your guard, you would lose your life.

Creeeeeak-!

Soon the door of the Sky Library opened and people popped out.

Around 220 people.

Most of them had their shoulders dangling down. The dark circles under their eyes indicated that they weren't able to get a wink of sleep.

They walked down the stair like corpses.

Everyone understood.

That those who did not exit had perished.

"You can go in now."

A man wearing a Sun Helmet was guarding the surroundings.

Once a person took the lead and put out his hand, everyone else lowered their breaths and started to entered the Sky Library.

<Only those with each stat less than 100 have a single chance to enter.>

<300 people can enter.>

<The door will open 3 days later.>

<You can only pick one skill.>

<Be careful of the shadows.>

<Low ranked room – 12 shadows.>

Creeeak!

Thud!

The door closed and a long message appeared on the Status Viewer.

‘Shadow. So it’s the spirit affiliation trial.’

The surroundings were pitch black.

A light would come on and off repeatedly every 3 seconds.

“A low ranked room. 12 shadows?”

“Why is the light constantly going off and on?”

Although people tilted their heads in doubt, they were able to see that books were lined up all around them due to the blinking lights.

An overwhelmingly large area.

An endless supply of books like lined up in long rows.

It felt like it was wider than when they saw it outside.

“First, let’s mov…”

“Wait. It looks like there’s something on the floor?”

“Gasp!”

Before they could move, a person was already in his death throes.

It was because the person beside him had suddenly attacked.

“Is this bastard crazy?”

Since he acted in front of everyone, there was no way he was going to walk on his two feet again.

At the moment they were about the strike the attacker with eyes filled with anger.

“This is an order! Beware of the spirits on the floor! And be alert of people with two shadows!”

The boy wearing a Sun Helmet yelled.

‘His situational judgement is good.’

Muyoung silently looked at his surroundings.

’11 spirits left.’

There were spirits that would stop when the lights were on and moved when the lights were off.

The spirits could possess the people they touched.

The first one had died, so there were 11 left.

Chapter 39: Asura (3)

People scanned the floor with blazing eyes.

However, no matter how good their eyes were, it wasn't easy for them to get used to the brightness and darkness when it changed every 3 seconds.

Even if they were able to adapt, it wasn't possible for them to catch all the moving shadows.

"Eaaah!!"

"Two shadows! What, what am I suppose to do? Kill it?"

Chaos erupted.

It was their first time they were facing a trial like this.

This was not a normal monster attack, a person next to someone could be possessed by a shadow and attack them.

The only way to know if a person was possessed or not was by checking if the person had one or two shadows.

However, no one fully understood how they were supposed to suppress them.

‘We got a hard trial.’

It was very rare for people to get a trial with spirits where it was hard to do anything.

They had to solve the trial by continuously using their wits and agility since physical attacks didn’t work.

Scrunch!

Suzy grabbed Muyoung’s clothes.

She seemed scared of the spirits of the dead as her body was slightly shaking.

She was used to monsters and people dying but the spirits were on a slightly different level than them.

As Muyoung’s gaze reached Suzy, she straightened her back.

“I’m not scared. But can I just stay like this for a moment?”

“Use your Sword of Dawn.”

“R, right now?”

Muyoung nodded.

Suzy used her other hand to summon the Sword of Dawn.

The Sword of Dawn was created using magical power as its foundation.

The light properties of the Valkyrie of Dawn contrasted with the dark properties of the spirits.

There was a chance that it would work.

“A shadow is approaching. When I signal you, slice him.”

“Yes, I understand.”

A shadow was recklessly storming towards them.

Muyoung’s eyes were able to penetrate into the deep darkness clearer than anyone else.

“Now.”

“Ha....!”

Slash!

The Sword of Dawn split straight into the shadow's head.

However, the shadow only staggered for a moment, it didn't stop approaching them.

Muyoung grabbed the back of Suzy's neck and lifted her up.

Like a cat that moved a kitten by biting the nape of its neck, Muyoung quickly moved away from the area the shadows were located before letting Suzy go.

'It worked but her abilities weren't enough to slice it.'

It was Muyoung's tentative decision.

It was difficult to stop the spirits with Suzy's power.

That meant he needed to find another plan.

Since the method of completing spirit trials was always different, it was wise to think of all the possibilities while moving.

"They, they must really be ghosts. My attacks don't work."

Suzy's whole body shivered.

Her actions were like that of a small squirrel.

At that moment, the boy wearing the Sun Helmet shouted amidst the chaos.

“Light! There has got to be a device to turns on the library lights! Find it!”

It was ironic but pack animals would always follow the strongest.

No matter how many times the Sun guild acted viciously, currently they could only rely on the boy with the Sun helmet.

“What are you saying? Are you saying that there is a light switch?!”

“Quickly, quickly!”

Following the boy’s shout, people moved their legs.

Muyoung quietly clicked his tongue as he looked at the scene.

‘The worst case scenario.’

There was a way for no one to die and escape from this place if they had objectively analyzed the situation.

If the 300 people stuck together and tied up the 12 who were possessed and left them alone, it could have been solved.

However, already one was possessed and the situation was in chaos.

He couldn't guarantee that everyone who had different goals would stick together and now since someone had died already, it would be difficult to get people to stick together.

Despite everything, he had hopes on the boy who had the trust of the people but out of all the choices, he chose the worst case scenario.

If they could quickly find the device that could light up the darkness, it would be fortunate but...

To do something like this, the library was too big.

'The more we scatter, the more people will die.'

People had already started to spread like a malignant tumor.

In an instant, the crowd divided and the chaoticness of the situation had increased.

"Which side do you want to join?"

“I, I don’t want to go anywhere.”

When Muyoung asked, Suzy answered right away.

She tightly held onto Muyoung’s clothes.

Suzy had a sense of survival that was greater than anyone else.

In other words, it meant that wherever she went, it would be the same result.

‘If that’s the case…’

If he could, he wanted to go the next room by himself but due to the characteristics of the Sky Library, he needed to complete the first trial to move on to the next.

When they complete the trial, the next decision was completely their own to make.

To move on to the next trial or to stop there and wait for the door to open in 3 days.

Muyoung looked at the boy wearing the Sun helmet.

A rising star sent by the Sun guild.

He probably didn’t enter here to obtain a mediocre skill.

However, his inexperience showed.

He seemed to have the unique pride only the members of a big guild had.

‘It seems better to just move alone.’

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

It was a pointless worry.

It was like it was already decided beforehand.

He quietly walked ahead.

Sticking together was the easiest way but since everything was disoriented from the start, it seemed wiser for him to look around than to just stand there.

Horus, the boy wearing the Sun helmet, ground his teeth.

He was a famous talent who was even named after the Egyptian Sky God.

From the list of candidates for the next guild master, he was

definitely one of the few who stood out and had a strong military force.

Even Horus himself was confident that he wouldn't lose to anyone in the same age group as him.

However, Horus wasn't the first in line to be the next guild master.

He was always considered to be second in line and he didn't understand why.

Why was it a guy weaker than him?

There was a large gap between the two, if they fought, he would win 99 times out of a 100.

However, the weak guy was considered to be the first in line to be the next guild master.

He couldn't accept it.

Alexandro Quintart had once said something to Horus who was like this.

Alexandro said, 'You cannot have the qualifications be a sovereign just because you are strong'.

‘Don’t be ridiculous.’

Don’t be ridiculous.

Strength was power.

The authority to have everything was only for the strong.

However, Alexandro Quintart was a first generation.

He was someone who arrived in the Underworld by passing through a gate.

On the other hand, Horus was a second generation who was born in the Underworld.

He led out his first cry in this barren land where the weak and the poor couldn’t survive.

He believed their values could only be different.

Therefore, he had volunteered to enter the Sky Library to prove to Alexandro that his belief was true, that ‘strength’ was everything.

‘I will surely earn the Lineage of Light skill.’

Of course, he had volunteered for another purpose besides this.

When he coincidentally entered a room filled with top secrets of the Sun guild, he found out that there was a skill called ‘Lineage of Light’ that existed somewhere in the Sky Library.

It stated that they only knew of its existence and didn’t know the specific location. But the surprising part was that the Lineage of Light was one of the ways to obtain the ‘Throne of the Sun’.

The Throne of the Sun.

The ultimate pinnacle the Sun guild was striving for.

Their goal was to become a Helios who would drive a Sun’s carriage.

If he could just reach the ultimate pinnacle, there would be no one who would hold Horus in disregard.

Even Alexandro would quietly give him the position of the next guild master.

However… in reality, he was at a loss from the beginning.

‘I never thought it would be a spirit that could evolve.’

The possessed spirits started to slowly gain a consciousness.

They approached in a friendly manner and stabbed their backs.

It was a talent that ordinary spirits were not capable of.

After possessing someone, they would absorb their victim's knowledge and behave like that person.

To make matters worse, the time it stayed dark increased.

The only way they were able to tell who was possessed was by looking at the number of shadows the person had but they couldn't even do that properly.

"Be careful of the people who approach you. We need to move together."

About 50 people gathered around Horus.

If he could, he wanted to kill everyone and just move on his own but this wasn't the only trial.

He needed to gather as many people he could to move forward.

"Shit, how many people have died already..."

“30 people I think?”

It was easy to see corpses were spread all around them.

However, it was too difficult to differentiate who was possessed and who wasn’t.

Eventually, it became a situation where it was hard to tell how many spirits were remaining.

“There are a shit ton of books.”

“I just wish I could leave by choosing a random skill.”

While moving between the corpses, people looked through the bookshelves.

Each book was a skill and it looked like there were thousands of books currently arranged.

While they were looking, with a thump, someone accidentally touched a corpse lying on the floor with their foot. At that moment, the corpse suddenly opened its eyes and grabbed the man’s ankle.

“Eaahhh! What, what is… Gahhh!”

The corpse he passed by, whom he thought was dead, chewed off his ankle. It then stood up, picked up a sword and slashed the man's body diagonally.

Swoosh!

Horus raised his sword and stormed in.

In an instant, he reduced the distance between the spirit and himself and sliced off the possessed person's neck.

However, without any time to be relieved, the man right beside him attacked.

Was it two?

No, it wasn't.

'From acting dead to moving between bodies.'

Right before he died, the shadow separated himself and moved to the person beside it.

It happened in an instant.

Blaze!

However, blazing wings appeared out of Horus's back and burned the man.

A smoky smell spread everywhere and the blazing wings hid their existence as if they didn't exist from the start.

'Shit.'

Horus cursed in his heart.

He heard stories about spirit trials but the one that he needed to complete seemed to be the worst one among them.

He needed to quickly turn the lights on.

There had to be a device somewhere to light up the place for a trial like this.

Tick-

It was at that moment.

As if they were being turned on, the lights around them flickered as they became brighter.

Horus frowned deeply.

‘Just who?’

He was planning to start searching for it but it seemed like someone had already found the switch.

It was faster than he thought.

It wasn’t a bad thing but for some reason, he felt uneasy about it.

<You have completed the ‘low ranked room’.>

<Now doors to the ‘mid-ranked room’ will be opened.>

Creeack-!

Thummp! Thummp!

He could hear doors opening from here and there.

However, Horus’s expression didn’t relax.

*

Muyoung moved according to the direction the spirits moved in.

The spirits were spread sparsely apart and it looked like they were connected in a single path.

Not even the spirits could catch Muyoung when he moved in the dark.

Muyoung was able to arrive at a location by following a simple rule.

‘It’s hidden in an easier spot than I thought.’

One bookshelf.

Unlike the other bookshelves, the books on this bookshelf were disarranged.

As he arranged the books on that bookshelf, the light came on in the Sky Library.

“Wow, it got brighter.”

Satisfied, Muyoung moved on.

Suzy hurriedly followed him.

Muyoung stopped for a moment and spoke.

“Are you planning on entering the next room?”

“Can’t I follow you?”

“If you’re going to pick a skill, you can stay here.”

“Umm, that is… I don’t want to be here alone.”

Suzy was the type that easily felt lonely.

It was most likely because she was young but she wasn’t a bother in this current situation.

Besides, Suzy’s ‘sense’ was quite useful.

Finding this bookshelf was partly due to Suzy.

Also, Muyoung thought that if Suzy could obtain a good skill, it could help Taehwan to establish himself as a sovereign.

Was it because he killed numerous heroes in the past?

Muyoung wanted to see even a glimpse of a person who could be considered as a true hero work his way up from the bottom.

Even if their paths were different from the path Muyoung tread.

“Don’t bother me and just follow.”

“I accept your orders.”

Suzy foolishly laughed and continued.

“In the past, my dad use to always say this to my mom.”

“Don’t speak useless words.”

“Yes…”

Suzy weakly pouted her lips and Muyoung cold-heartedly turned his body.

It was unfortunate but Muyoung was an opponent who couldn’t take jokes.

Chapter 40: Asura (4)

The people who were satisfied with the low ranked room decided to stay.

Around 50 people.

They were either people who were satisfied with the skill they obtained or thought, ‘if the low ranked room was like this, how much harder would the mid-ranked room be?’ and gave up.

However, those who had joined a group couldn’t give up now even if they wanted to.

What group would have invested in a beginner for them to only learn a skill from the low ranked room?

Since they had already accepted so much, it was impossible to turn back now.

As there was no group that would take a loss and accepted a useless person.

They would obviously try to gain more than what they have invested.

If they gave up… it would be hard to see anything good come out of it.

Anyways, the only way the people who had already joined a group could relax was when they obtained the skill they needed from the Sky Library or died.

<Be careful of the shadows and the steel dolls.>

<The steel dolls will not attack when you are alone.>

<30 shadows, 5 steel dolls.>

Those were the words that appeared as soon as they entered the mid-ranked room.

‘The difficulty has gone up.’

Muyoung nodded his head.

There was no way that the difficulty would be the same as the low ranked room but steel dolls, was it?

The original number of spirits had more than doubled and another variable was added in.

However, his eyes focused on the condition that was announced about the dolls.

‘It won’t be easy.’

Both the shadow spirits and the steel dolls were very difficult to deal with.

Especially the steel dolls who were almost impossible for beginners with every stat less than 100 to defeat were a distinct monster only the Sky Library possessed.

It was hard against one type. However, two combined together.

Of course, due to the characteristics of the shadow spirits, they were easier to deal with as a group but since the steel dolls would indiscriminately attack their target, they were in a dilemma.

To move alone or move together.

It wouldn’t be as easy to complete as the low ranked room.

‘Despite everything, it’s fortunate that there aren’t too many of them.’

There were only 5 steel dolls.

It was essential to play tag.

The most effective method was to eliminate the shadow spirits once the lights came on and then move alone.

Everyone who could level-headedly look at the situation would have made the same conclusion.

They might not have made it yet but it was only a matter of time.

“It seems a bit cold.”

Suzy blew hot air into her hands.

The lights would come on and off every 3 seconds.

Large bookcases stretched across the walls on either side and countless books were placed on the shelves.

Although, the layout wasn’t different from the low ranked room, the only difference was the temperature.

Though there was no wind, the temperature of the room itself was low.

‘Humidity.’

Due to that, the humidity of the room rose.

Even if the books were protected with preservation magic, there was no way this wasn't strange.

Being dry was a basic practice of storing books.

Muyoung immediately approached the bookshelf and stretched his hand to check the conditions of the books.

'It looks like humidity maintaining magic was cast as well.'

Unlike their surroundings, the books and bookshelves had no traces of water.

Was he wrong?

When he slowly examined the bookshelf, he found an especially dark colored book.

'It's different.'

The book was wet.

He took it out and checked the book cover.

There was only a single circular symbol drawn on the cover.

"Keep it."

“Is it okay to take them out as we please?”

“It’s okay as long as you don’t learn it.”

“Mister, I will be a great porter.”

Suzy energetically received the book Muyoung handed her.

Unlike in the low ranked room, she looked like she had adjusted slightly.

‘It looks like I have to check other places as well.’

There probably wasn’t only a single book like this.

It was a small clue, however, if he was to find them, he would be able to complete the puzzle.

Muyoung didn’t become impatient and slowly moved away.

What was the standard of being ‘alone’?

How far of a distance did he have to keep to be considered alone?

The steel dolls were big.

A large build that stood 2.5m tall. With a nose as long as Pinocchio's, they were human-shaped monsters.

However, unlike their appearance, they were very agile.

If there was more than one person, they would most certainly appear and only disappear after one was left.

If you stood still because you were stricken with fear, then you would become food for the shadow spirits.

'They aren't retaliating.'

Muyoung kept far away from Suzy and was progressively experimenting with the steel dolls.

First, he believed that the standard for being 'alone' was about 200m.

And if you attacked when you were alone, they would not retaliate.

But their defense was very high. Even Muyoung's attacks weren't able to easily damage them.

Anguish was a sword made to kill living creatures. It wasn't able to penetrate the non-living steel doll's outer layer.

‘It’s not to the point of being impossible.’

Muyoung was one as well as multiple.

The Prince and the Avengers, the Blazing Spear Soldier and the Sorceress of Lightning.

It was impossible by himself but if many attacked at once, there was a chance to win with a significant reduction in losses.

Tens of undead with overlapping buffs attacked one.

The steel doll didn’t have the ability to endure.

The only problem was, were the profits greater than the losses?

‘There is no reason for me to set myself up for losses.’

However, he shook his head.

His decision was simple.

He didn’t see a big enough advantage.

It was instead a waste of time.

‘I have to quickly get to the high ranked room.’

He only had 3 days.

Every time he went up a room, the difficulty would sharply rise.

Half a day had already passed.

On top of that… the first person to enter the high ranked room would get preferential treatment.

‘A chance to obtain one more skill.’

Although it wasn’t free, depending on one’s effort, they would be given a chance to obtain another skill.

There was no reason to waste time here.

Muyoung waited for the steel dolls to leave before approaching Suzy.

“Mister! A shadow’s behind you!”

The moment Suzy called out looking behind Muyoung, he lowered his position and locked Suzy into his armpit.

A shadow spirit had quickly followed him as soon as the steel doll had left.

There was only one way to eliminate a shadow spirit.

Only after letting it possess someone could he reduce their numbers.

Two shadow spirits were stubbornly following behind Muyoung.

They aimed for Muyoung's feet from the opposite direction the steel doll left towards.

He was soon able to discover a group.

"Don't come near us! If you do, we will atta..."

They menacingly raised their weapons as soon as they saw Muyoung but Muyoung looked like he didn't care as he passed by them.

Soon after, the two shadow spirits chasing Muyoung changed their targets.

"It's a shadow!"

"Gahhh!"

He put the screams behind him and continued onwards, another steel doll approached them from a different direction.

It was difficult to separate themselves suddenly when they had already been registered as two.

Muyoung increased his speed.

Then Suzy let out a sigh as if she had given up.

“They said that you’re not supposed to carelessly touch a lady.”

*

<After gathering five ‘O’s, you are able to move to the next room.>

As soon as Horus entered, he immediately ran towards the top ranked room entrance and checked the condition.

Because of that, the number of people had been reduced by 10 but he didn’t care.

‘I should have done this from the beginning.’

It was possible to check the necessary conditions to move to the next room this way.

It seemed like if they progressed with the premise of sacrificing people, they were able to quickly and more easily enter the next room.

‘I guess I can easily get the first admission bonus.’

A bonus that would let someone obtain another skill.

Any large guild would most likely know this information.

It was the reason why the Sun Guild only allowed Horus to enter.

It was a certain agreement to let everyone get the bonus without overlapping.

‘Anyways, what are Os?’

Although he had confirmed the condition, he didn’t know what the condition was referring to.

Horus randomly looked around at his surroundings and soon found a book with an ‘O’ on a bookshelf.

“Look for wet books on the bookshelves.”

After Horus sent out an order, people started to move.

The strongest person was Horus and he even had the Sun guild’s support.

However, each of their thoughts were different.

To move to the high ranked room, they needed 5 books.

No one believed Horus would take care of everyone.

On the contrary, didn’t he sacrifice people?

Although they decided that it would be safer than moving alone and they couldn’t leave because they didn’t want to step into the unknown, everyone was busy looking out for their own profit.

If they found a book with an ‘O’, they would conceal it and if they found the skill they wanted, they would secretly return to the low ranked room.

Horus greatly punished those people whenever he spotted them.

“Bastards who hide the books after finding them will die. Bastards that run will die.”

He swung his sword.

Roll...

Without a moment of hesitation, a head flew off.

Submission to power!

People were scared.

It was when they had gathered 4 books.

“It’s heavy. My shoulders hurt.”

“Endure it.”

Horus discovered a party of two.

A young girl and a man were running around together.

The most surprising thing was that the young girl groaned while carrying what looked to be about 10 books.

‘What the hell are those two?’

Horus couldn’t help but doubt his eyes.

The steel dolls and shadow spirits were monsters that made even Horus nervous.

There was no way that avoiding monsters while finding books would be an easy task.

But they already had 10 books?

And with only two people?

‘They were probably lucky.’

It didn’t make sense.

Horus was always the best. Although he wasn’t the number 1 candidate for the next guild master, his pure abilities were better than anyone else.

A person like him leading a large number of people could only gather 4 books, so it was impossible for two people to have already gathered 10.

Thud. Thud.

As soon as people gathered, steel dolls appeared.

Horus indicated two people near him.

“You, you. Go.”

“Pardon…?”

“Grab the steel doll’s attention.”

“I, I don’t want to.”

“If you don’t go, you will die by my hands.”

Swoosh!

Horus raised his sword.

Horus had not lied until now. He had already killed 5 people that actually refused his orders.

Eventually, in front of the tyrant’s acts of violence, the two chosen people grudgingly moved.

However, there wasn’t only a single steel doll.

‘Four…!’

Suddenly, 3 stood in their way.

‘Just where?’

He could understand one but the other three came from the same direction.

They were moving together as if it was already prearranged.

It was the first time three moved together.

A desperately dangerous situation.

“It looks like those dolls followed us. But why are they attacking those people?”

A man and a girl briefly watched Horus without care and passed by as if nothing happened.

Horus who had heard the girl’s words couldn’t help but distort his face.

‘That bastard and bitch are the ones who dragged the steel dolls here!’

No wonder, it was weird for three of them to move together.

Now that he looked at it, it seemed that they followed the two here.

Then they spotted Horus's large group and prepared for combat.

"W, what do we do now?"

"You guys think about that yourselves!"

Horus couldn't help but be nervous.

The path was blocked and it seemed like the only way to live was to become the last one standing.

Because if he was the only one remaining, the steel dolls would no longer attack.

The only way was to endure until the rest had all died.

It was pitiful but it was the best decision he could make.

'I will definitely kill those two!'

Horus ground his teeth as he gazed at the direction the man and the girl had disappeared to.

*

The bonus was only given to one person.

Muyoung completed the condition and was the first to step into the room.

At the same time, another phrase appeared.

<You are the first to enter the ‘top ranked room’.>

<You have obtained the chance to learn one more skill.>

<Survive 24 hours under the attacks of the ‘harpy flock’.>

Screech!

Screeeeech!

They were only the size of a small child but they were monsters that possessed sharp claws and wings.

Thousands of harpies were roaming around in the air.

The bookshelves were in disarray so there were many places to

hide but it was impossible to hide for 24 hours.

However, Muyoung revealed a small smile.

‘It’s a good chance to make flying undead.’

To Muyoung, danger was the same as a chance.

Chapter 41: Asura (5)

The flying type monsters only existed in specific areas and they didn't exist around the Great City.

However, if he made a flying undead in advance, there could be many places where it could be useful.

Of course, harpies had too many flaws to be considered strong monsters. Not only were they small, they lacked individual fighting power.

However, they lived in flocks and possessed a decent paralyzing poison.

The poison resided in their feathers and by throwing their feathers like darts, they were able to paralyze their prey.

The harpies were the type of monsters that would swarm in with overwhelming numbers to fight for meat and would not leave a single trace of it on their victim's bones.

'A good five thousand harpies.'

He estimated with a glance but it seemed pretty close.

Muyoung hid his body in a shady area under a bookshelf.

Suzy followed right behind him with her hands covering her mouth.

Since her figure was already small, she wasn't the type to stand out even without the use of stealth abilities.

Like this, normal people would move from a bookshelf to another to avoid harpies' eyes and protect their lives.

'Normally, trials like this were probably made on the premise that people would hide…'

Muyoung lowered his body and took out a dagger as he moved slowly.

When it said that the library's structure had been changed, it meant that there was a space provided somewhere for the harpies.

Muyoung's primary goal was to raid that location and make harpies into undead.

Fighting many mediocre opponents was a golden opportunity for Necromancer-type classes to shine.

However, Necromancer was a secret class.

For example, Muyoung possessed a Lord Class.

That meant that an incredibly limited number could act the way Muyoung did and even that was impossible without strong determination.

Either way, the Sky Library was a place people couldn't enter if one of their stats were over 100.

None of the challengers could move freely facing thousands of harpies.

'As expected.'

There was a pond in a corner of the room.

About a dozen harpies were in a line, drinking water.

'Stay here.'

Muyoung mouthed and gestured to Suzy.

As if she was nervous, she nodded her head.

A single mistake could produce a fatal result. There was no way Suzy didn't know this with her keen sense of survival that was better than anyone else.

Muyoung picked up a small rock nearby and threw it as far as he

could.

Plop!

Cawww!

Cawwwwwww!

Like a crow, they gave out a loud cry and flew towards the sound.

They only sounded similar, harpies had a lower level of intelligence than the crows. Before he knew, only 5 harpies were left paddling in the pond.

Taking advantage of the timing, he took out 5 small daggers from his side.

It was one of the items he bought in the Great City to prepare for assassinations.

He held a dagger after placing four down.

By adjusting the speed and the timing of his throw, he needed to make sure that all 5 would collapse almost at the same time.

It was a highly advanced problem for Muyoung in his current state.

If it was him in the past, he would have been able to shoot out the daggers like flowing water and could have ended it before any of the five could react.

However, Muyoung objectively accepted the fact that his current body was different from the body he had in the past.

‘First, slowly.’

Swoosh.

The dagger was well sharpened. Once it made contact with the harpy’s skin, it would easily rip into it.

The dagger was thrown upwards as it flew in an arc.

‘The second one, gently.’

He instantly picked up another dagger and stretched out his hand.

He crouched even lower as he shot out the dagger.

And so, that was how five daggers all flew at different speeds and angles towards their targets.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Almost at the same time.

The five harpies all died in an instant as their necks and heads were pierced.

“Wow…”

Behind him, Suzy’s small admiration flowed out.

It was like watching the circus on a television or a movie.

However, the quality of his actions was different from that of a Pierrot’s. It was like watching a true master of daggers that exceeded those in the Chinese Opera.

Although she knew that she had to be quiet, the young Suzy couldn’t stop herself from making a remark.

After recognizing her mistake, she quickly covered her mouth. Fortunately, it didn’t seem like the harpies on the ceilings noticed her.

Afterwards, Muyoung stretched out his hand and used the Art of Death skill.

A dark aura flowed out from his hands and headed towards the five dead harpies.

Swish.

The dead harpy awkwardly lifted its body.

Soon after, all five harpies came back to life in an awkward posture.

Maybe it was because he used his skill from a far but the harpies didn’t heal at all. However, they were still useful in creating a confusion.

‘Go.’

Harpies were the type of monsters who lived in groups.

They probably never had been attacked by their group members, especially those who were turned into undead.

Cawww! Cawwwww!

As expected, the harpy flock became confused when the five harpies attacked. Tens of them tangled together and the paralyzing poison permeated into their scars.

Their weapons which they had to protect themselves became a weapon that would take their own lives.

One after another, the number of harpies that dropped onto the floor increased.

Like a shadow, Muyoung secretly approached the paralyzed harpies, stopped their breathing and diligently moved his hands to use the Art of Death skill.

‘I don’t think I can make too much.’

Muyoung lightly clicked his tongue.

The Art of Death skill was currently a C rank skill.

In the beginning, when it was an F rank, he barely had the strength to use it a few times.

Now, after increasing the rank a few times, he was able to use the skill more freely than in the beginning but 50 was the limit.

Muyoung just focused on ‘making undead’. If he did that, he was able to use the Art of Death skill double the times he normally could.

<100 roughly made harpy undead!>

<For the first time, you have made a 100 undead from creatures who live in a flock.>

<Art score: 70.>

<Name: Harpy Flock

Level: 34

Type: Undead

Strength 35

Agility 42

Stamina 28

Intelligence 5

Wisdom 5>

At last, once he created a 100 undead, the above message appeared.

The 100 harpies were recognized as if they were a single undead.

‘I can make it into a talisman.’

Muyoung stuffed in all the created undead into one talisman.

He thought that just having a few would be useful but this outcome was better than he had expected.

And the newly created harpy undead were definitely worth the price.

It was because the already dead harpies were no longer affected by paralyzing poison. It might be effective if it was a type of paralysis which affected the muscles, but the harpies’ poison was a type that affected the brain and nerves.

They only had a chance if they used their sharp claws to rip apart their opponent but because of the great confusion that rose from their own peers attacking them, they weren’t able to properly fight back.

Muyoung made the most of the commotion by taking out a couple of talismans.

The Prince and the Avengers, Blazing Spear Soldier and Sorceress of Lighting!

Soon, all the undead Muyoung possessed were summoned.

And as he turned his head, he saw Suzy who was looking towards him with a blank expression.

“I, I won’t tell anyone.”

As if she regarded it as secret, she quietly repeated her words.

There were rumors behind the scenes that Muyoung worked with the dead but this was the first time she had personally seen this.

Especially Fire Dragon Woo and Code, didn’t they slay people when they were ‘Judges’?

Their appearance and their mood were slightly different but she didn’t know why they suddenly appeared here.

Suzy couldn’t think any further.

Even if Suzy was smart, she couldn’t do anything about the limitations of her age.

Only, they gave her goosebumps.

‘I just need to earn the Eye of the Sky.’

Muyoung didn’t care.

If he achieved his goal in the Sky Library, it didn’t matter if his identity was exposed.

Either way, he was planning on leaving the Great City.

It was necessary to leave the Great City to continuously earn things like secret classes and to improve.

“What, should I do?”

The Blazing Spear Soldier.

A conversation was possible with the Fire Dragon Woo who was turned into an undead when he was still alive.

“Hunt down every last living bird.”

“I will follow, your order.”

Grawl!

Blaze!

Fire and lightning raged together.

It could be said that Muyoung cleverly avoided the limits of the Sky Library.

Since all the undead Muyoung had were extremely strong.

The strength of many following a single order was amazing.

It wasn't like there weren't people with summoner classes but the majority earned these things known as classes as they lived their lives in the Underworld.

It was a special case for Muyoung to earn a class so early. More so, because it was a Lord class.

As they finally killed all the harpies in the flock, something unexpected happened.

<200% fulfillment of the trial!>

<You have satisfied the hidden requirement.>

<Currently searching for the related reward.>

<You will now be sent to the ‘Room of 8 Ghosts’.>

Muyoung’s body gradually became transparent.

“Mister?”

As Suzy noticed the change, she tilted her head slightly as she called for him, but Muyoung had already disappeared.

Muyoung realized that this forced send-off was for a reward.

However, he was secretly quite surprised.

The reason why the Long-distance Teleportation Magical Item was an amazing item was because it allowed the user to move to a place they remembered but also because teleportation was a movement through space.

Skills that allowed the user to move through space were rare and there were barely any items that could do this.

However, it teleported Muyoung for his reward.

Soon, the surrounding background slowly changed.

Muyoung was on top of a place similar to a temple.

The temple itself was totally murky and the whole area was only lit up a bit by a small fire hanging on top of the ceiling.

And Muyoung was able to find 8 huge statues surrounding the place.

A man holding a dragon and a spear, a man in the form of a beast, a bird with golden wings and hair… even a goblin with 3 heads and many long arms!

‘Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.’

Muyoung was certain that the 8 statues had something to do with the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

Even the name of the room itself was the ‘Room of 8 Ghosts’.

Zinnnnnng!

The Infinity Pouch emitted a light.

As he placed his hand inside, his hand naturally took out a talisman.

‘Talisman of Asura.’

The talisman he received after clearing the first boss in the Blue Temple.

It was given to him when he left a phenomenal record.

Muyoung was planning on using the Talisman of Asura later on when he obtained the S ranked weapon ‘Diablos’ as it allowed him to strengthen an equipment or a skill.

However, right now, the Talisman of Asura shined as it flew out of his hand and was absorbed into the goblin with 6 hands.

It was actually a statue modeled after Asura.

Thump! Thummp!

Soon, Asura moved.

Slowly, he stretched out his large hand and grabbed Muyoung.

Afterwards, Muyoung locked eyes with one of the three heads.

Muyoung felt like his soul was being sucked in as he looked into his eyes,

As the hand moved, he was able to see the rest of the eyes.

He felt like he entered a place deep inside an abyss.

Lightning raged inside Muyoung's head as he looked at all 6 eyes the 3 heads had.

He couldn't think about anything.

Muyoung was able to peek inside the world of horrifying demons and spirits in Asura's 6 eyes.

The screams and anguish of ten billion, hundred billion, ringed in Muyoung's ears.

A place where death was evident.

A place that was death itself...

Even Muyoung who killed thousands of people couldn't understand everything in this world.

No, it was impossible for a human to understand all six places.

He just scooped up a very small part, a grain of something.

And like a monk who had been enlightened, a light emitted from Muyoung's body as he started to float freely.

<The 6 worlds the Devils live in.>

<You have become aware of the ‘Six Paths’.>

Chapter 42: Asura (6)

Muyoung opened his eyes.

Since he already had his eyes opened, it was misleading but he had awakened to observe the six worlds of the Devils.

<Would you like to learn?>

A message appeared one step behind.

However, Muyoung already knew. No, he realized.

If he learned this skill, one of his chances of learning a skill from the Sky Library and the Talisman of Asura would be lost but even if the cost was multiple times that, it would be insignificant in front of the ‘Six Paths’!

He was captivated by Six Path’s unlimited potential.

If he could just fully manipulate the six worlds, he could reign as the true king of the Devils.

He didn’t know this when he earned the Death Lord class.

While using the skill, he thought of its usefulness and his

thoughts had become more positive towards it.

However… the Six Paths was different.

He couldn’t waste this enlightenment.

Like dust floating in the air, he was unsure when he would be enlightened or if it had come and left.

However, Muyoung was confident right now.

He didn’t know what this enlightenment really was but he knew it was very beneficial and that he must grab hold of it.

It was close to an instinctive desire for strength.

‘I will learn it.’

Muyoung looked straight into Asura’s eyes.

Asura.

He was a figure who was recognized as the bad or the good god depending on the origin.

There was a story that once a person collected the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism, Buddha will descend.

It was a classified information that only the Five Great Clans knew about and they believed that that the descent of Buddha will be the only way to get rid of all the 72 Demon Gods and save the world.

<The ‘Asura’ doesn’t give enlightenment to just anyone.>

‘Was it joking with me?’

Muyoung’s eyebrows slightly went up.

‘What do you want, Asura.’

Muyoung tried to understand Asura’s motives with his deep gaze.

He didn’t just give it to anyone.

He meant that he would provide enlightenment if one fulfilled a specific condition.

Asura’s six eyes started to shine all at once.

— Kill ‘Sakra’s Vassal’!

> — Then I will prove how I’m superior.

A voice ringed inside his ears.

His massive existence also sounded out.

Muyoung smiled.

Sakra was a god who protected the Buddha’s teachings and also called the god of dance, ‘Indra’.

Muyoung didn’t study a lot about Buddhism but he knew that the word ‘Asurajang’ originated from the fight with Asura and Sakra.

Asurajang – means chaos, mess, madhouse, turmoil in Korea. I’m not sure if it is true but I think the author mentions it because it sounds like Asura.

However, from what Muyoung remembered, Asura had never won against Sakra.

Did he want to win by even using a substitute to fight for him?

Sakra was the owner of the Deva, the first character of Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

The first character of Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism (天龍八部) is 天 which means Deva or heavenly.

Also, they were both converted into gods under Buddha.

‘Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism…’

There was a high chance that the vassal would have something similar to the ‘Talisman of Deva’, as he was the first of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

He thought it was going to be simple but it wasn’t a simple reward.

It was one of the stories that were essential to the creation of this world.

He could say that he was following the right path.

“Is there a way to know who Sakra’s Vassal is?”

Muyoung spoke with a voice filled with curiosity.

It seemed like Asura himself had descended onto his statue.

And if he could figure out who Sakra’s Vassal was, it would allow him to be a step closer in collecting all Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

He was able to get closer to the reason why the Five Great Clans were so secretive about it.

> — You will naturally know when you meet him.
>
> — When you become my vassal it is your destiny to bump into each other!
>
> — I will prove that I'm most superior among the eight Deva.

He couldn't tell who the vassal was.

But, from how Asura spoke, it seemed like the vassal was already in the Underworld.

The owner of the heavens.

If it was someone Sakra had personally selected, that person wouldn't be ordinary.

It had to be someone who was in or close to the top 10 humans, or... one of the strong who wasn't known yet.

Since the Underworld was large that there was a still a possibility that there was someone strong who wasn't well-known.

As of now, Muyoung couldn't do anything.

Muyoung's fighting strength was completely different than that of a beginner's but there was still a large gap compared to the people who have established themselves in the Underworld for 50 years.

At most, 10 years of fighting experience.

It was an extraordinary development because it had only been less than 2 months since he had returned but this was only when he gave it his all including all his undead.

He did massacre the 5,000 harpies but that was only because harpies weren't powerful monsters.

And there was a significant amount that died in the confusion as they cut through each other's wings to kill each other.

In short, they destroyed themselves.

Either way, even if it was like this, Muyoung alone fell short by 10 years.

From the start, if a person survived 10 years of the Underworld, it meant that the person had that much skill.

Even if a person could live safely around the city, the variables of

the Underworld could not be ignored.

Even if Muyoung said ‘at most’ they were not opponents to be taken lightly of.

They could only adapt to all sorts of circumstances, unlike the rising stars who grew up protected.

Since Muyoung’s irregular attacks didn’t really work on them, it was hard to say anything above that.

But, it was still okay.

Asura never gave him a deadline.

It meant that he just needed to complete the condition someday.

Muyoung slowly opened his mouth.

“I will kill Sakra’s Vassal for you.’

That was enough.

He wanted to ask him in detail but Asura’s eyes slowly lost their light.

He felt like he needed to reply before the light disappeared.

He wasn’t too sad.

It was enough that he grabbed hold of a hint on collecting all the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

Whoosh!

Right after Muyoung replied, a strong gust of wind blew.

Asura’s hand was holding Muyoung’s body tightly.

Heeeeeeeya-

Saaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh.

All kinds of malice and screams stirred up his soul.

Muyoung’s vision was blocked and his eyes turned black.

<You have learned one of the six worlds of the Devil, the ‘Path of Asura’.>

<You have earned the title ‘Asura’s Vassal’.>

An image intense as lightning.

Inside that image, there was a world.

Only crazy Devils existed on Asura's path!

The moment he glanced it, Muyoung lost conscious.

*

"...ister, Mister!"

Slap!

Someone was violently slapping Muyoung's cheeks.

Muyoung opened his eyes.

He saw a lot of clocks and Suzy's relieved face.

"Whew, I thought you were dead."

Muyoung lifted his body.

"Where are we?"

It was different from what he saw after he completed the high ranked room and was about to enter the Room of 8 Ghosts.

This was a different place as no dead harpies were lying on the floor.

As Muyoung asked, Suzy thought for a moment and spoke.

“Umm… It said this was the top ranked room. All of a sudden the room changed and it became like this.”

The room itself had changed?

It seemed like the high ranked room had moved to the top room right away.

However, no trial was given.

The surroundings were silent and Suzy was already holding a book.

‘Lineage of Light’.

Muyoung thought he heard it before.

He couldn’t remember the exact details but he thought he caught

a glimpse of that name among the top ranked skills.

And before Muyoung knew, a book was placed on top of his body.

‘...Eye of the Sky!’

He didn’t even choose it yet but how was it already found?

He didn’t even tell Suzy.

If Suzy even found this with her senses, her senses weren’t only good but she was born with mind-reading abilities.

It was impossible unless she peeked in his heart.

“Did you bring it?”

Suzy shook her head as Muyoung looked at her with doubtful eyes.

“It just appeared when we entered. And there is no way to move around in here. It kept saying how you can leave when you learn the skill.”

It meant that Suzy just didn’t learn her skill yet because she didn’t want to leave this place without Muyoung.

‘Maybe this was why information about the top ranked room was limited.’

Information about the top ranked room was one of the top secrets of every group.

As Muyoung only learned information through other people’s Status Viewers, he didn’t have exact information.

The histories only offered ‘what they learned from the top ranked room’ and no details about ‘what was there and what devices were there’ were given.

It seemed like it gave away what the person wanted the most or what it believed was best suited for the person.

In fact, there were no books or bookshelves near them.

All it had were all different kinds of clocks.

This was why information about the top ranked room was limited even if people wanted to know more about it.

It was worth handling it as top-secret.

Muyoung held the book. Afterwards, as he slowly opened it, he felt like the book was being sucked into his body.

<You have learned the ‘Eye of the Sky’.>

With this, he learned two skills from the Sky Library.

He turned his Status Viewer to check information about them.

Skill Title – Six Paths (The first path.)

Description: The enlightenment of the six worlds the spirits and the Devils live in have been placed inside. When you overcome the first path, the world of awareness will increase and you will be able to step inside another world if you overcome the first path. When you capture spirits and devils into the world of awareness, the characteristics and power will change depending on their type. The descriptions of the six paths are written below.

Asura Path – The world of crazy Asuras where they always fight.

Hell Path – ???

Preta Path – ???

Animal Path – ???

Human Path – ???

Deva Path – ???

Skill Title – Eye of the Sky (F)

Description: An all-inclusive skill about the information inside the Sky Library. As you increase your rank, the amount you can see increases.

The Six Paths and the Eye of the Sky.

He was still unable to picture what kind of skill the Six Paths was at all.

It seemed like he needed to reinforce the skills with '???' to know.

On the other hand, Muyoung knew a lot about the skill, Eye of the Sky.

'You can read the skill or the equipment your opponent is using.'

The man with 108 eyes, Golem.

He was the one with the most observation type skills.

And out of the skills, Eye of the Sky was the most special skill.

And as it had a broad spectrum of uses, he used it extensively.

Muyoung found out about this skill through the assassination of Golem but when he thought about the situation back then, he smirked.

The process took a good 6 months.

It because Golem avoided all the traps and stakeouts to protect himself.

Muyoung remembered that he wasn't very powerful but he was very particular.

Muyoung had to use his pure abilities to oppress him as he dodged most of the skills.

'An achievement effect has also been added.'

If his eyes weren't wrong, there was really another effect added.

He checked it right away.

Achievement Effect –>

Gremory's Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Soulmate (B+, From now on, if you commune with an undead, the undead's stats will slightly increase permanently.)

Asura's Vassal (A, The strength to deal with spirit's and Devil's power, Spirit Ability increased by '10'.)

Class Effect ->

Death Lord (Lord Class, Ruler of Death)

Class Effect –> None

Strength 80 (54 + 26)

Agility 71 (53 + 18)

Stamina 77 (49 + 28)

Intelligence 48 (30 + 18)

Wisdom 48 (30 + 18)

Fighting Aura 50 (32 + 18)

Magic Resistance 30 (12 + 18)

Spirit Ability 38 (10 + 28)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened.

Equipped and Invoked Equipment: Anguish (Strength +5), Herculean Strength Leather Armor (Strength +3), Lunatic Sovereign's Set (All Stats +15, Stamina +10)

Spirit Ability!

A distinct stat had been found.

Looking at how it was classified as an A rank, the Spirit Ability seemed to be the main stat for the 'Six Paths' skill.

Meanwhile, his stats had greatly improved and as he gained what he wanted, he could say he was progressing smoothly.

"Mister... b, but your head... I think something has changed."

Then, Suzy moved a step back.

Muyoung frowned.

What did she mean by changed?

If there was a change, then it could only be because of one reason.

Six Paths!

It could only the result of the enlightenment of the crazy worlds Devils lived in.

However, Muyoung couldn’t tell what had changed.

Since she specified it was his head, that meant that most of the changes happened on some part of his head.

As he lifted up his hand to touch his head, he could feel something.

As Muyoung completely wrinkled his face, he looked at himself using the back of his Status Viewer.

‘This…’

Even Muyoung couldn’t help but be a little surprised.

His hair turned completely white...

A horn was created.

Chapter 43: Asura (End)

As if it was letting its presence known, it stood up right in the middle of his head.

Although the size wasn't big, it seemed like it changed along with his hair color.

'Goblin King.'

As Muyoung looked at himself from the Status Viewer, a sudden thought came to him.

Only the Goblin King could have this type of horn and white hair.

For a moment, Muyoung was lost in his thoughts.

Was it because he became Asura's Vassal which could be said as the peak of all devils?

His current appearance was too eye catching.

If he went out like this, it would attract attention.

A few groups would try to figure out what skills he learned in the Sky Library and there was a highly likely chance that a problem would occur in the process.

But, no matter how hard he pressed on his horn, it wouldn't go in.

'I might figure something out if I use Asura Path.'

The Six Paths was the reason for this change.

As of now, Muyoung could only use 'Asura Path'.

He could only move to the world of crazy spirits and devils.

However, it didn't seem like it was possible to use it now.

'I need a catalyst.'

He instinctively knew.

That a spirit. Or a devil was needed.

And Muyoung knew a place which had one of the two.

The low ranked room and the mid-ranked room!

The shadows in that place were considered as spirits.

“Mister… It is you, right?”

Before he knew it, Suzy cautiously asked after learning ‘Lineage of Light’.

Looking at Suzy’s cautiousness, Muyoung coldly answered.

“From now, go out alone.”

“Me, alone?”

Muyoung gazed into Suzy’s eyes.

First, he was planning to do whatever he could in the 3-day time frame he was given.

So, it wasn’t good for Suzy to be with him.

As the skill was out of the ordinary, Muyoung was unsure if he would be able to control its destructive nature like the Avengers and would destroy everything around him.

And most importantly…

Muyoung had already achieved all his goals in the Great City.

Instead of going out and making people suspicious, it might be

better to have them think he was dead and use the Long-distance Teleportation Magical Item.

Since the investigation about Fire Dragon Woo was going to end soon, there was a high chance that it would waste his time.

There was a chance he would get chased by large groups one after another if he didn't straighten things out including his appearance.

"Mister. You're not going anywhere, right?"

Suzy couldn't hide the anxiety in her voice as she spoke but Muyoung pointed his finger towards a place.

"If you go towards the middle of the clock tower, you will be summoned out of the Sky Library. Wait for me outside."

A perfect clock tower stood surrounded by other clocks.

That was the exit. The door that was only set up in the top-ranked room.

"Must I really go?"

"Go."

Suzy's eyes were filled with tears as Muyoung heartlessly cast her away.

"I'm sorry I was surprised earlier. I won't bother you and just have my mouth shut. I will walk stealthily like a cat too."

Muyoung frowned.

It seemed like Suzy realized that Muyoung was planning on leaving her.

However, Suzy's reaction was a bit unexpected.

The time they had spent together was only a bit more than a month.

And it wasn't like Muyoung was good to her.

Muyoung only gave back what he received.

Like compensating for the amount of work.

He didn't show any favoritism or affection. He didn't even know how to give those.

He never expected that what he gave would give him trust and affection in return.

At least for Muyoung, those two words were very unfamiliar to him.

“From now on, I won’t cry and work harder. I will work harder so…”

Suzy bit her lips.

She thought that with Muyoung’s personality, he wouldn’t like to see her cry.

And this was a reasonable reaction in her position.

The only person who accepted her father and herself.

He was the first person to acknowledge her when everyone else avoided them thinking they would only be a bother.

Muyoung was the one who appeared like a hero in most perilous situations.

Muyoung was an existence greater than a savior, a rock, an idol and hero to Suzy.

There was a time when she thought he might have been a god.

He knew everything. He had the answers to everything. And all those things saved Suzy's life. He was close a guardian.

She was unable to suppress her feelings of sadness when she felt like her guardian was leaving her.

Muyoung gave her a talisman.

"Take this."

"This..."

"It's the talisman of Emperor of the Shrewmice."

The Emperor of the Shrewmice, Kking Kking.

It did help in its own way but after learning the skills here, there wasn't much use for it anymore.

He could do most things that Kking Kking could with an undead. It was a thing that he didn't want even though it wasn't as useful.

Suzy wiped her tears and looked at Muyoung

"You must return this to me. Since I treasure this a lot."

"..."

“Wait for me outside.”

After receiving the talisman, Suzy looked back and forth at Muyoung and the talisman before she firmly nodded as if she had resolved herself.

Eventually, she started to move her legs and walk towards the clock tower.

While she walked, she didn’t forget to constantly turn around to look back at Muyoung.

“If you don’t come, I will throw it away.”

She firmly spoke before she passed through the door.

The surrounding instantly became completely quiet.

‘Consideration.’

Muyoung chuckled as he thought of that word.

Although he believed that all his emotions had died off after living as a puppet for 40 years, it seemed like that wasn’t so.

As if parts of his nature that were sealed for 40 years were

starting to pop out little by little…

Maybe he was a person with a bit of consideration for others before he was kidnapped by the Forest of Death.

What he did for a living and with what kind of mindset he had lived his day to day life.

He was curious but that was all.

No matter how hard he tried, nothing came to his mind.

It was like a wind he could never grasp.

Muyoung then shook his head.

‘Potential to become a hero.’

Like Taehwan, Suzy also had the potential to become a hero.

However, as she was still too young he didn’t have high hopes for her.

It was easy for someone so young to change.

Her consciousness wouldn’t have been fully developed yet.

Therefore, it was hard to figure her out with just one or two months.

There was a high chance that she could turn out to be a completely different person as she gotten older.

It was because unlike Taehwan who could think and walk his own path as an adult, Suzy was at an age where she was weak to surrounding temptations.

‘Anyone will be tempted.’

A top-ranked skill and a secret class!

Especially, the Valkyrie of Dawn melted the surrounding people’s hearts.

No matter how hard they tried, they couldn’t stop it.

It was like an awl in his pocket.

If he wasn’t going to stay beside her and protect her forever, it was right to just leave her.

Since he was busy to move on his own, he didn’t have time to take care of her.

But, for that slight chance that it could happen, he decided to invest.

It really wasn’t much of an investment but…

‘We all need to walk our own path.’

Even if she would walk a different path than Muyoung, he could only hope that she wouldn’t walk the path the established people in the Underworld did.

If they steadily walk their own path, they would meet someday.

He shook his head and cleared his thoughts.

‘Let’s go.’

It was time to make his last inspection.

The shadow spirits in the mid-ranked room quickly approached Muyoung as they discovered him.

As he looked at the shadow spirits, his eyes turned white and they unexpectedly became ghastly.

‘Come.’

Muyoung already knew how to handle spirits and devils.

He didn't avoid the spirit that was approaching him and grabbed hold of it with his hand.

Surprisingly, the shadow spirit trembled when it was grabbed by Muyoung.

Slurp!

As he placed it inside his mouth, the spirit got sucked in.

Gahhhhhhhhhh!

The spirit inside his body started to go berserk.

Muyoung's body was connected to one of the six worlds, 'Asura Path'.

It was a world that would make a weak spirit instantly go crazy.

'Asura Path didn't completely become mine. I need to increase the number of spirits and devils little by little to rule over them.'

As the spirit went crazy, Muyoung could slowly confirm the specifics of Asura Path.

There were already a lot of spirits and devils in Asura Path but they did not listen to his command.

He felt their wills were not willing to listen to a weak Asura's words.

The only way to rule over them was to increase Muyoung's own formless monsters and prove his power.

And other paths would be available once he conquered the Asura Path.

Muyoung continued to absorb all the spirits until he met a steel doll.

'I can see it.'

He could clearly see the spirit controlling the steel doll.

It was a spirit a class higher than the shadow spirits.

However, the steel dolls didn't attack an enemy that was alone.

That condition was a chance for Muyoung.

It was similar to finding gold while walking down the street.

Muyoung didn’t hesitate and stretched out his hand to absorb even the spirit of the steel doll.

Crack! Craaack!

At the same time, the steel doll cracked and broke apart as it collapsed.

‘Find them.’

Following Muyoung’s order, the spirits that he had already eaten until now popped out.

They didn’t have any siblings.

Instantly, they spread out to search for the rest of the spirits.

The Death Lord allowed him to handle dead bodies. He wasn’t able to handle monsters that were spirit types.

And so, Muyoung was able to make all the spirits in the mid-ranked room his in less than 2 hours.

<You have defeated the 5 steel dolls.>

<You have completed the secret condition of the mid ranked room.>

<You have earned the ‘Shadow Armor’.>

All he did was absorb all the spirits but it was acknowledged as his win.

Then, a black armor made from an unknown material appeared.

It felt more like a leather clothing than an armor but to know what it really was, Muyoung’s eyes focused onto his Status Viewer.

Name: Shadow Armor

Rank: B+

Classification: Equippable Type

Durability: 12,358

Effect: It allows you to teleport to a shadow within your vision 3 times a day.

The armor Muyoung was wearing right now was the ‘Herculean Strength Leather Armor’.

He was using it because it increased his strength by 3 and had decent durability but it was low rank.

When he wasn’t able to find something to replace it… a much better equipment appeared.

Shadow Teleportation!

He basically gained three chances a day to sneak up on an opponent and cut their necks off.

‘This is good.’

It was an equipment every assassin dreamed of.

Not only that but it seemed like he could use it well in dangerous situations.

The slightly low durability was a flaw but it wasn’t bad at all.

Without any delay, Muyoung took off his Herculean Strength Leather Armor and put on the Shadow Armor.

Afterwards, as he was about to move to the low ranked room, he

was able to detect people moving from a far.

In the middle was Horus.

As his path was once blocked by the steel dolls, he seemed to have gathered more people from the low ranked room.

Horus stood in his spot for a while as he looked at Muyoung.

“You…”

Then a smile appeared slowly on Horus’s lips.

“Ha! I wasn’t able to recognize you for a while as your appearance had changed. It seems like you have learned a high ranked skill.”

Horus was certain that the change in Muyoung’s appearance was due to a skill he learned in the high ranked room.

It was because he felt a certain ghastliness emitting from Muyoung.

Just thinking about how good a top-ranked skill would make him feel good.

However, Horus didn’t know.

That Muyoung had already gone to the top ranked room and was on his way down. And the fact that Suzy already took the ‘Lineage of Light’ skill.

Horus’s lips wiggled unpleasantly.

“Good that we ran into you. You dare to steer all the steel dolls and try to kill me?”

Horus’s eyes flared up.

He made a resolution that he will kill Muyoung when he saw him again and that chance came quickly.

Blaze!

Blazing wings appeared from Horus’s back.

He took out a sword made of light. He was truly a soldier of the Sun.

In reality, Horus had the most outstanding abilities among the numerous rising stars of the Sun guild.

He was young but it wasn’t weird to call him a soldier.

Confident he was surely going to win.

That smirk that looked down on Muyoung.

Horus continued to mock him.

“Never ever will you die in peace. You bastard.”

Horus started to move.

No, when Muyoung noticed Horus had moved, he was already right in front of him.

‘Got you!’

Even if the user had learned a high ranked skill, the user was unable to use it properly if he lacked the ability.

It would be boring to finish him with one swift strike but it couldn’t be helped by the overwhelming difference in skills.

And when Horus was certain of his win.

Sahhhhhhh!

Horus’s blade slightly changed its course accompanied by an unrecognizable sound.

Muyoung just stood still but the sword only brushed past him.

“Huh…?”

He couldn’t hit a target right in front of him?

That wasn’t possible.

A sound escaped his mouth as he was taken back.

As he turned his doubtful eyes, a small smile appeared on Muyoung’s lips.

‘It looks like I can use it this way as well.’

Demon God's Territory Arc

Chapter 44: Demon God's Territory (1)

A mental attack using spirits!

Shadow spirits could control their victims.

Like that, it was possible to use the spirits to limit the movements of his opponents.

However, mental attacks wouldn't have much of an effect on those with high intelligence.

Since intelligence was related to one's immunity to these attacks, it showed that Horus's intelligence wasn't very high.

But he wasn't able to completely control him. Changing the course of his sword was the best he could do.

'The helmets the members of the Sun guild wear have a mental defense attribute.'

Muyoung attempted to control Horus's body.

If Horus wasn't wearing the Sun helmet and Muyoung was better at controlling spirits, he would have been successful.

He didn't need to control him for long either.

Muyoung could kill his opponent in a second.

“I don’t know what skill you’re using but it’s nothing more than a party trick!”

As Horus ground his teeth, his Sun helmet started to emit a light.

<You have read your opponent’s skill with ‘Eye of the Sky’>

<Sun’s Blessing – For 5 minutes, the user will increase their immunity to attacks.>

Two phrases appeared in front of Muyoung’s eyes.

The Eye of the Sky automatically activated to reveal the changes going on in Horus.

‘5 minutes of increased immunity.’

It meant that mental attacks using the spirits would no longer be effective.

Not every Sun helmet had the same effect. If he was completely immune for 5 minutes, that helmet would be top ranked among them.

Soon after, Horus manipulated space as he rushed towards Muyoung.

‘So he knows how to use the Blink skill.’

Clash!

He raised Anguish and narrowly block Horus’s sword.

Blink was a skill that could be used to teleport short distances.

The maximum distance was 2m and it used a lot of magical power so not many people stubbornly increased its rank.

However, Horus was able to use Blink freely.

He had an immense amount of magical power and a high degree of skill.

Swish! Dash!

Horus’s attacks were abnormally quick.

A second’s hesitation would mean his death. Even Muyoung couldn’t help but be completely tense.

Horus could increase the length of his Sword of Light and could even throw it.

However, this also would consume an incredible amount of magical power.

For a kid that only looked to be 15 or 16 to have that much magical power and skill.

‘They aren’t called rising stars for nothing.’

Did the Sun guild have a rising star like that?

He seemed to be two levels above of Fire Dragon Woo and Code both whom he had faced before.

For someone to be this much above his peers, it meant that he had the talent, effort and support to back it up.

It was unexpected for his intelligence to be low compared to that but he couldn’t say that he didn’t have great skill.

However, even though he was clearly winning, Horus felt something was strange and knit his brows.

Horus’s continuous attacks stopped.

“You… aren’t you a beginner? How can a beginner be my match?”

Horus was a 2nd generation. He only knew that beginners would spend a month in the temple before coming to the Underworld.

But it was impossible for them to increase their strength to the point of being able to defeat him in that short period of time.

Muyoung didn’t reply.

Instead, he became more alert.

‘At most, 2m.’

The range Horus could blink to.

Muyoung was currently within it.

His neck could fly off at any moment.

Horus unconcernedly spoke in a composed voice.

“Looks like you were strong on that place called Earth. Good. The skilled deserve to be treated as such. I will now fight you as a warrior.”

He raised his sword and pierced the floor.

“My name is Horus! The son of the Great Warrior Almighty and the incarnation of the Sun God.”

He was named after the Sun God from Ancient Egypt.

For the Sun guild to allow that name meant he came from a noble descent.

The Great Warrior Almighty!

He was the second most important figure in the Sun Guild.

He placed among the top 10 humans in the past and was pushed out due to his age.

But he wasn’t an opponent you could disregard because of that. There was no one with more experience than him.

‘So he’s Almighty’s child.’

He had heard of Horus’s name.

He had even seen him before but Horus was too different from his current self that he couldn’t recognize him.

In the past, Horus was a degenerate.

A degenerate without an arm who was addicted to alcohol, drugs and women.

He did remember hearing that he used to be incredibly strong even among the rising stars when he was young.

‘I heard he became like that after failing to become the guild master.’

Alexandro Quintart’s prolonged rule. A monarchy was established because of that.

The Sun guild was Alexandro Quintart’s castle.

He heard that Horus was unable to wait any longer and had lost his arm after challenging Alexandro Quintart.

If he wasn’t Almighty’s son, he would have died that day.

Afterwards, he became a degenerate.

But he wasn’t a degenerate right now. Horus who was currently normal stared at Muyoung as if urging him.

“Muyoung.”

“Muyoung? What an unusual name. Then… let’s start.”

Horus was a true warrior.

Even though he looked at Muyoung with a death stare, he felt excited after acknowledging Muyoung’s strength.

It meant that a fight between the strong brought him that much pleasure.

‘I guess this is much is enough for a teaser.’

However, Muyoung never thought of having a pure one-on-one fight.

Objectively, he was no match against him in a one-on-one fight.

Horus’s abilities weren’t something Muyoung could currently deal with.

Horus was strong enough to place first or second amongst the rising stars.

Stubbornly fighting one-on-one was suicide.

Slaaaash!

Horus's sword sliced through the air once again.

However, Horus was able to find Muyoung's presence as he turned his body.

'Shadow teleportation.'

The effect of the Shadow Armor.

Although it could only be used 3 times a day, it was enough to distract Horus for a moment.

Muyoung was holding talismans in his hands before anyone realized.

'The Blazing Spear Soldier, Sorceress of Lightning and the Prince and the Avengers.'

He brought them all out.

In an instant, more than 30 undead were spread around Muyoung.

"You... you were a corpse sorcerer?"

Looking at the scene, Horus deeply frowned.

His eye reflected feelings of hatred.

He believed that true warriors shouldn’t manipulate dead people.

However, Muyoung didn’t care.

The undead were a part of his strength.

“C, could that...!”

A total of 60 people were spectating Muyoung and Horus’s fight.

They were originally people Horus had dragged here to complete the mid-ranked room.

But one of them let out a shock after seeing Muyoung’s summoned undead.

“The slayer of the to, tower! H, how?”

Flop!

A man collapsed.

His body was trembling nonstop and due to the extreme fear, he

pissed himself.

It seemed he was one of the few who had killed 5 and escaped.

Although there wasn't anyone who had seen Muyoung personally, there were a few that had seen the zombies and the Skeleton of Fire and Ice.

And the Prince and the Avengers were ghoul type undead. Their size was different but they looked similar.

The man's eyes were locked onto the Prince and the Avengers as he trembled.

There were tens of people who feared death and had killed their comrades to escape the tower.

For a person from then to be here.

"The slayer of the tower? Him?"

"That rumor was true?"

A small commotion. People chattered.

If they exited the Sky Library, information about Muyoung would spread.

‘I never intended to spare you in the first place. Kill them.’

It was one of the reasons why he made Suzy leave first.

Blaze!

The Blazing Spear Soldier was the first to move.

The long spear was engulfed in flames as he blocked his surroundings.

Crackle!

As people hesitated, the Sorceress of Lightning shot lightning bolts down from above.

“S, save me!”

“Please! Please… Ah!”

The Avengers cleared out the rest.

It was a massacre.

Muyoung reanimated the corpses and embedded spirits in them.

Among them, exactly 5 went through a change.

‘The spirits who controlled the Steel Dolls.’

As soon as the 5 spirits attached themselves on the newly created zombies, their skin turned into steel. It became a living armor.

They truly became steel zombies. Their stats had greatly increased and they had destructive power similar to the Avengers.

‘I guess I can connect them together.’

He had gained another method for using spirits.

In a few minutes, roughly 60 people had all died.

They became undead and stood as Muyoung’s soldiers.

Horus who was silently observing the scene said in shock.

“I have never seen a corpse sorcerer like you. Just who are you?”

Necromancer was a secret class.

As it had never appeared yet, it was obvious that Horus didn’t

know.

Corpse sorcerer was a title given to those that controlled corpses like Jiangshi[1].

But the amount they could control were small and the process was complicated.

They were unable to reanimate corpses with a skill like Muyoung.

“On top of that... those two seem familiar. I think it was called the Next Index? I think I saw them there. Don’t tell me you killed them as well?”

The Next Index were a group of young big shots.

He thought he saw them when he attended their group.

Muyoung stretched his hand out.

Soon, around a 100 undead charged at Horus.

“Are you not going to answer? Fine. I will ask again when you are half dead.”

Horus was confident.

A confidence that showed that he would not lose to an unknown man and some corpses.

Although he did have the power, Muyoung's undead all possessed a strength that exceeded what they had when they were alive.

The Sorceress of Lightning implanted the 'Lightning Rune' on the surrounding zombies and steel zombies to strengthen them.

'Explode.'

Booom!

The bodies of the strengthened zombies inflated. They drooled and their eyes turned red.

It was a skill where the body would explode into powder along with the destruction of the enemy.

Horus who looked down on the dead instantly became stunned.

Clang!

Even the Blazing Spear Soldier was unable to receive Horus's sword.

Although Horus was very strong in one-on-one fights, he wasn't used to fighting many at once.

The exploding zombies blocked every direction and the Blazing Spear Soldier wielded his spear in front of him.

If he was careless, an Avenger would ride the explosion of the zombie and aim for his neck from above.

The Sun helmet shined as if it was about to explode.

However, his sword was slowly losing its light.

No matter how much magical power you had, there was a limit.

Swish!

Muyoung unsheathed Anguish.

And he slowly approached him.

"This, doesn't make sense. For these dead corpses to! This isn't a fight between warriors!"

"That's right. It's a fight of life or death."

"Urgh...!"

Muyoung wielded his sword as he appeared behind Horus using Shadow Teleportation.

Horus was barely able to block it but he continued to be stunned.

Muyoung slightly smiled.

A fight between warriors?

He had never done that before.

Muyoung always stood on the borders of life or death.

To Muyoung, living and killing your opponent first was the meaning of a fight.

“Coward! Fight me fair and square!”

Horus’s sword trembled.

He was even panting roughly.

Muyoung used his last Shadow Teleportation to once again appear behind Horus.

Fair and square.

You couldn’t live long if you thought of those things.

To fight a monster, you had to become more monstrous.

Clink-clang!

The Sword of Light shattered.

The wings on Horus’s back disappeared.

Muyoung expressionlessly gazed at Horus who fell to the floor.

Then he took off Horus’s Status Viewer from his wrist and read his history.

‘Horus was a typical warrior.’

The top among undead warriors was the Death Knight.

Horus was outstanding compared to the materials he had until now but it was too lacking to create a Death Knight.

However, he could probably become a ‘Death Warrior’ that was ranked just below it.

‘Art of Death.’

He imagined the shape it would take and cast the skill.

Soon, a black aura flowed out and covered Horus’s body.

<A warrior’s soul laments.>

<A marvelous combination of the Light of the Sun and the Darkness of Death!>

<The material is very good.>

<Art score is 83!>

<Name: Black Sun Warrior

Level: 100

Type: Death Warrior

Strength 130 (117+13)

Agility 105 (92+13)

Stamina 113 (100+13)

Intelligence 58 (45+13)

Wisdom 67 (54+13)

Magical Power (120 (107+13)

Magic Resistance 50 (37+13)>

+Excellent equipped status (All Stats +13)

+Can neutralize mental attacks

+Blink, Sword of the Black Sun, The Wail of the Warrior, Wings of Solar Prominence are usable

+Strong resistance against Dark and Light

+High defence

A calm smile appeared on Muyoung's lips.

Horus was wearing a full black body armor and his eyes exuded the composure of the strong.

He was stronger than any undead he had made until now.

There was nothing he could ask for since he also had Magic Resistance.

What was more, the art score of 83 was the highest he had gotten until now.

There weren't even glaring flaws.

He nodded his head in satisfaction and turned him into a talisman before putting him in.

Afterwards, he took out another talisman.

'Long-distance Teleportation Magical Item.'

A magical item that would teleport him to a place he remembered!

'I will capture Hedley's Kow from the Demon God's territory.'

He was going to capture Hedley's Kow when it transforms into a phoenix.

It was time to carry out his plan.

He had obtained everything he needed here.

He even unintentionally obtained a treasure like the Black Sun Warrior.

Riip!

Muyoung ripped up the magical item without reserve.

Whoooosh!

Then Muyoung's figure disappeared along with a gust of wind.

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[1] Jiangshi is a Chinese "hopping" vampire, ghost or zombie.

Chapter 45: Demon God's Territory (2)

Thuuud!

With a loud sound, the doors of the Sky Library opened.

However, no one came out.

No, technically there was a girl who came out after 2 days.

Bae Suzy.

A small girl who seemed to be only about 10 years old.

And if she came out of the Sky Library before the designated 3 days had ended, that only meant one thing.

She earned a top-ranked skill!

The top ranked skills from the Sky Library were all extraordinary.

As long as you got one, it allowed you to be above average.

Also, she appeared to have broken the record for the youngest contestant so far.

The news spread like a wildfire.

In a blink of an eye, people started to crowd the entrance of the Sky Library.

If it was an average record, it wouldn’t have been such a big impact.

But, it wasn’t an average record.

It was a situation where people believed Suzy’s class was also at least above a rare rank.

‘Jackpot!’

The giants who learned of this all thought the same.

It had been a very long time since they had a big shot beginner like her.

Due to this, she was stuck in front of the Sky Library against her will.

“How did you earn a top-ranked skill?”

“Won’t you tell me what kind of skill you learned from there?”

“Did you get easier trials? What kind of trials did you face?”

Questions flooded in.

The large groups were unable to act recklessly as she was getting too much attention.

They could have used force if only Suzy was older or wasn’t a big deal.

From the start, not many kids passed through the gate.

If there was any, less than five in a year.

The people who settled in the Underworld were bound to be a bit sympathetic towards kids who passed through the gate.

Since they were kids who came from Earth and not a 2nd generation.

Therefore, it would ruin the reputations of large groups if they used force to keep a kid under their control and used her infinite potential for their own.

The reason why giant guilds were able to keep their place for tens of years might have been due to their influence but more so because of their honor and their cause.

It was most important for members of large groups to have a sense of pride in their group.

Therefore, they used dirty organizations like the Forest of Death to do their dirty work and for it to be completed without any rumors.

It was a lot more complicated for them to touch her.

And Muyoung only told Suzy to leave as he was certain that Suzy's life would be safe as the established groups were cowards who had a lot to keep.

Anyhow...

If anyone was to take Suzy in, they would become a hot topic for a while.

It was highly likely that she would be able to energize the lifeless city as well as develop into a 'strong' character.

The strength of a group relied on how many strong individuals they had.

It was better to have 1 strong person than 100 nobodies.

Especially, the fighting strength of those who were known as 'Transcendent Beings' were beyond one's imagination.

Normally, a person would be considered a Transcendent Being if all the person's important stats were above 500. However, it was impossible for a normal person to achieve this as there would be a wall at every interval of 100.

A Transcendent Being could do the work of 10 strong individuals.

If they searched everyone in the Underworld, there may be about 50 Transcendent Beings in total?

'She has the foundation to become a Transcendent Being.'

Suzy had the potential to become a Transcendent Being.

As the number of Transcendent Beings increased, they would gain a strength that no one could disregard, so the large groups couldn't help but covet her.

However, it was too late to do anything as she was already the center of attention.

They might have been able to do something if Suzy only had a top ranked skill or a class ranked higher than a unique class but she had both.

It was a problem because she had both.

More so, many people believed that 1st generations developed faster than 2nd generations.

Who would give up a person who had the potential to become a Transcendent Being?

“First, let’s wait and see if anyone else will come out of the Sky Library.”

The representatives of each group made an agreement.

However, no matter how long they waited, no one came out.

“Did they all die?”

“It looks like everyone’s dead since no one has come out after all this time.”

An unprecedented situation. There had never been a case like this in the past 10 years.

“What exactly happen inside?”

“…I don’t know.”

Suzy just shook her head.

Her face turned pale as if she really didn’t know anything.

It was because Suzy heard people chat about how everyone might have died.

‘That can’t be true.’

A guardian angel couldn’t die. If he did, that meant he wasn’t an angel.

She secretly thought he would always stay nearby, watch out for her and protect her.

‘Mister…’

Suzy touched the one talisman she received.

A tear drop fell to the floor.

“Suzy!”

“She’s my child. Please move aside!”

Suzy’s father and Taehwan who received the news late came to see her but were unable to get close.

There were a lot of people and it wasn’t a situation where a

beginner could push their way through.

In the center of where people were gathered, the giant groups were having a heated discussion about Suzy.

“The head of Imperial clan really wants to meet that child.”

“You think only your head will want to?”

“That girl needs to be in our Heavenly Maid clan. Can the other places even raise her properly?”

“With what capability would Heavenly Maid clan have if they aren’t even part of the Five Great Clans? Know your place before cutting in.”

Their voices became louder.

Although none of the leaders appeared, the people with high standing in each group were present.

No one was willing to yield.

Then, the tall man wearing a Sun helmet opened his mouth.

“Honestly, I don’t think it’s a matter we can decide on our own. It’s a waste of time to continue to this pointless discussion.

Instead, why don’t we let the girl choose?”

“Hmm… Certainly, that seems to be the best solution.”

“I will give you wealth and fame.”

“They don’t know a woman’s delicacy.”

“With your skills, you will definitely be the next candidate for the guild master. Depending on how much you try, you can live better than any king.”

Another competition had started.

Suzy was confused. She couldn’t understand what was going on.

They tried to persuade her with different kinds of words but no place spoke of what she really wanted the most.

‘Where are you, mister?’

Suzy flopped down onto the floor.

She closed her eyes and ears.

At that moment, someone roared.

“What are you guys doing against one girl!”

Roar!

Space shook.

Only then were they able to see the muscular mysterious man who screamed.

The eyes of the people who knew of this mysterious man widened.

“Y, you…!”

“Fighting King Lucien!”

“How are you here?”

Fighting King Lucien.

The closest man to the top 10 individuals of humanity.

Only looking at fighting strength, he didn’t lose out to any for the current top 10.

He chuckled.

“I’m the king. Who dares stop the path of a king?”

That was right. He wasn’t called the Fighting King simply because he was good at fighting.

Like a king, his words contained power.

Even if he was banned from all the cities, because he was a king he was able to go wherever he wanted.

“I’ve spent days and sleepless nights because I thought someone interesting had shown up… But you guys still running around and doing such shameless things?”

“Tsk, tsk.” Lucien clicked his tongue.

Someone from the temple had broken his record.

He had come because he was curious what the person looked like but there was only a commotion.

Then, the man with a Sun helmet approached him and slightly bowed his head.

“Fighting King, this is the Great City. Even if the strength of the

Fighting King has reached the sky, you cannot start a commotion here.”

“Commotion?”

Lucien laughed as he found it ridiculous.

And spoke.

“If you really don’t want me to start a commotion, fuck off.”

“Gnash…!”

The man with a Sun helmet ground his teeth.

It was a king’s power that the Fighting King had.

The thing people called ‘the words of a king’ and ‘the words of an emperor’.

After, a surprising event occurred.

The man started to move away from Lucien.

“I feel like getting rid of all of you but since it gets annoying when people with big asses show up, I’m going to stop here. I won’t do such things to a child no matter how crazy I am.”

In other words, he meant that they were crazier than him.

Then, Lucien approached Suzy.

And just held her wrist.

‘Indeed, you really are worth coveting.’

Lucien nodded as if he seemed interested after learning about her physique in an instant.

As he was an initiate who learned traditional ancient martial arts, he had the ability to know a person’s potential just by feeling the person’s pulse.

The skill Suzy had was top class.

It wasn’t just the skill or class; her physique was outstanding.

“Child, can you stand up?”

“…Who are you, grandpa?”

Suzy opened her eyes and looked at Lucien and she asked after noticing the unexpected change.

“I am a person known by others as the Fighting King. Anyways, weren’t you scared?”

“I wasn’t scared at all. Mister will scold them all.”

“Mister? Who’s that?”

“That’s…”

Suzy tightly clenched her lips.

And shook her head.

Lucien was surprised by this.

‘She defied my words?’

His words always contained power. Even if it wasn’t intentional, it would naturally be expressed.

But, young Suzy defied him.

Lucien stretched his hand and placed it on top of Suzy’s forehand for a moment.

“I have no intentions of hurting you. But, I’m a bit curious. Could you tell me who this Mister is your referring to?”

“N… no.”

It was almost a reflexive reaction.

Lucien knew of the reason for this type of reaction.

‘Someone has implanted a safeguard.’

And the only people who could implant this kind of subconscious safeguard was himself and one other person.

‘The King of Shadows!’

Lucien trembled for a moment in excitement.

‘Finally, I found a clue!’

Lucien had been looking for a certain man regarding something for quite some time.

No one knew of his existence, only Lucien knew.

The bastard who ran the huge assassin organization called the ‘Forest of Death’ and deceived others in the shadows.

He’s been following him for more than 40 years and still wasn’t able to find a single clue.

But… a clue had appeared in an unusual place.

Of course, the defense mechanism was a bit lacking compared to him but it seemed certain that this ‘mister’ was related to him in some way.

He couldn’t let this opportunity pass by.

‘This place isn’t good.’

He needed time to break through the defense mechanism to find out the truth.

Lucien made his decision before he spoke.

“I will take you to a safe place. How does that sound? If it’s necessary, I will even teach you the skills necessary to survive. At least, it would be better than this place.”

“My dad, we need to take my dad.”

Suzy’s instinct was crying out loud that she had to follow him to live.

But, Lucien shook his head.

“Just you. I can’t be certain if we will survive if it’s more than two people. If those old monsters got off their asses, one of the two will definitely die.”

“Then, I don’t want to go.”

“You don’t want to go? You can’t. Going with me is safer than this place.”

Lucien persisted.

It was unlike for the Fighting King to act this way but Lucien wasn’t normal in the first place.

He really wanted the clue and even he couldn’t help but covet over Suzy’s potential.

People who were watching his actions started to raise their weapons.

“Fighting King! Are you really planning on becoming our enemy?”

“Don’t think you can just walk away after starting a commotion like this!”

The Fighting King frowned.

“Move aside, weaklings.”

Crack!

The ground beneath him cracked every step he took.

The ground shook and even the air pressure had changed.

The people who weren’t prepared fell to their knees.

“Child, don’t worry. If he is alive, I will make sure you meet him again. I never go back on my word.”

Lucien had always done things his way.

It wasn’t different this time.

As he gently pressed his hand on Suzy’s forehand, Suzy fainted and closed her eyes.

After placing Suzy on his shoulder, he stomped on the ground.

He started to quickly leave the Great City after he jumped high in the air.

“S, Suzy….!”

Suzy’s father who was looking at the whole situation from a far lifted his head but the two had already disappeared.

It was a daylight kidnapping.

*

The Hellhorse got mad.

Muyoung didn’t seem like he would ever use a favor.

But, it never expected Muyoung to vanish like that.

It would be its greatest disgrace if Muyoung died in a random place.

Even if he didn’t like Muyoung, it had to finish its contract.

Neighhhh!

He cried out loud.

Bang! Claaash!!

Numerous lightning bolts fell down all around the Hellhorse.

He was still able to know the location of Muyoung as they were connected through a contract.

Though it was a place very far from here…

The Hellhorse resolved itself to fly as fast as it could through the air to reach Muyoung before he got into trouble.

Muyoung opened his eyes.

As he looked around, it really was the place he remembered.

Black sky, black clouds, black Sun and a dead wasteland.

Huge black mountains were erected all around him.

‘The Demon God’s Territory…’

A location barely touched by a human.

The location where people would only find and start exploring in about 5 years.

Muyoung quietly nodded.

‘I have arrived faster than I’ve expected.’

Chapter 46: Demon God's Territory (End)

He looked around.

In this wasteland, there was a material he had to take before anyone else.

'Hedley's Kow.'

A unique fairy that could transform into any shape and could possess all the stats its target had.

When Hedley's Kow's life was at risk, it would transform into a phoenix and escape.

The phoenix was a mirage rank monster.

It was extremely rare and just as strong.

However, the phoenix Hedley's Kow transforms into was something Muyoung could definitely catch.

It would be the best material if only he could get it...

'First, I need to figure out where exactly it is.'

He was certain that Hedley's Kow would be here in 5 years but

was unsure if it was here now.

So he had to first survey his surroundings and figure out who the ruler of this area was.

As it was a Demon God's territory, if he accidentally met a strong monster, he could lose his life.

Currently, Muyoung's strength was only considered average.

Caww! Caaawwww!

Crows the size of a man's chest were flying around the mountains.

'Blood.'

He also smelled a thick scent of blood.

Muyoung slowly moved towards the place reeking of blood.

Grrrrawrrr!

An incomparably large black dinosaur-like monster let out a cry.

In front of it were giants covered in flames which grabbed the dinosaur's neck and were toying with it as they burned its whole

body.

The black dinosaur was a high ranked monster known as the Aquitora.

It had a fierce and aggressive temper and a tendency to hunt for fun so it was the culprit in destroying the surrounding ecosystem.

The Aquitora was a creature at the top of the food chain but it was currently the one being hunted.

It couldn’t even fight back.

It had no choice.

The giants covered in flames were the bane of living creatures.

Fire Tar.

A giant of flames.

With a height of 10m, they were the top among the high ranked monsters!

Although there weren’t many, they were a warrior tribe that lived in harsh conditions with a lifespan of a thousand years.

The five Fire Tars who were toying with the Aquitora broke its neck and made their hands sharp as knives to skin the beast.

They then roasted the meat and ate it.

The flames of the Fire Tar would only burn their enemies.

‘Is this the territory of the Fire Tars?’

Muyoung who gazed at this scene from a far couldn’t help but become nervous.

If this was the Fire Tars’ territory, then it would become a huge restriction on his movements.

First, unlike their size, the Fire Tar were agile and sensitive.

It was difficult for Muyoung to escape at his current level. Even with the help of the Hellhorse, there was a limit.

‘What to do.’

He couldn’t beat the Fire Tars right now.

Even with the help of all his undead.

From the start, the undead were weak against fire.

“Hmm…? An ant’s hiding here.”

Thuuuud.

One of the five Fire Tars moved.

Muyoung’s face distorted.

He tried his best to hide but was unable to fool the Fire Tars’ senses.

Different from humans, they were able to use the surrounding temperature to detect living creatures.

If this wasn’t the Fire Tars’ territory, he would have been able to walk away leisurely without getting caught.

‘If I use the undead to buy some time, I can leave.’

Muyoung became tense as he took the lead.

Just when Muyoung held talismans and was about to use them, the Fire Tar who had seen Muyoung tilted his head.

“A goblin? What, did you lose your pack?”

Goblin?

Ahah.

Muyoung nodded his head.

‘Six Paths.’

That was right.

Didn’t Muyoung’s appearance change to that of a goblin king after being enlightened by the Six Paths?

It wasn’t weird for the Fire Tar to make a mistake.

When Muyoung didn’t reply, the Fire Tar pointed towards a direction and spoke.

“Your pack moved towards the west. To hold a ceremony for the ‘Advent of Oom’ or something. If you go now, you should be able to catch up.”

He didn’t sense any ill will from the Fire Tar.

It felt like he was giving directions not to an enemy or a friend but to a passing civilian.

It seemed like the relationship between the Fire Tars and the goblins weren't bad.

'The Advent of Oom?'

He had never heard of that name before.

Of course, there wasn't a lot of information about the life of goblins but it did seem likely that they would have a few strange ceremonies.

Anyways, he knew the Fire Tars weren't hostile.

'I have to use this chance.'

Muyoung calmed his heartbeat as much as he could.

Since the Fire Tar might find something weird if his body temperature rose due to anxiety.

'Three belts made from tree trunks wrapped around his waist.'

There were ranks among the Fire Tar and a unique trait was that their ranks would be indicated by the amount of tree trunk belts around their waists.

And if one had three belts, it meant he had the second highest

rank.

“Vice-chieftain of the Fire Tars! Do you know of Hedley’s Kow?”

The language was automatically interpreted by the Status Viewer.

The accent was different but the Fire Tar replied without being suspicious.

It was because the Fire Tar believed that he could only be a goblin since he had recognized that he was the vice-chieftain.

“Hedley’s Kow? I haven’t heard of it. Have you guys heard of it?”

The other four Fire Tars shook their heads.

He had only asked just in case but it was like he thought.

“They say they haven’t either.”

“Then… could I receive some meat from you?”

The Fire Tar vice-chieftain thought over the sudden request and nodded his head.

“It’s not like the amount a small goblin eats would leave a mark

so do what you want.”

Aquitora, the dinosaur shaped monster, was huge.

Even then, it was only enough to fill the five Fire Tar’s bellies.

Muyoung walked in an honorable manner and sliced off a hunk of Aquitora meat.

Then he ate as gluttonously as he could.

‘The Fire Tar’s territory is vast. If I can’t leave it, then I have to blend in.’

There was no guarantee that there was only one Fire Tar tribe.

There could be others that were more hostile to others, so it difficult to expect the rest to treat a goblin with good will.

And eating together gave a sense of attachment to a group.

In this moment, Muyoung was acting as if he belonged to the same group as the five Fire Tars.

The vice-chieftain looked at his figure with interest.

“A goblin would usually be shocked and scared at the sight of us,

you're quite an interesting one."

It was like he watching a small animal's cute tricks.

Muyoung wiped the grease off his lips and said.

"I came from a very far place. Don't group me with other goblins."

"All goblins are the same, what could be different."

Muyoung's expression distorted.

"I am different. But this land is too harsh to me. I want to get stronger by catching prey that are my level. If you tell me a method, I will compensate you the best I can."

The Fire Tars had been here the longest.

They would know exactly what lived where.

There was a limit to exploring by himself.

Since he might meet an opponent too difficult to handle like now.

He was lucky this time. However, he couldn't always be lucky.

“Hmm, this land is too barren for a lone goblin to live by himself…”

The vice-chieftain rubbed his chin as he continued.

“There are bugs that gnaw on the trunk of the ‘Poom tree’. They dig holes in the ground so it’s hard for us to hunt them. If you can deal with them, I’ll tell you a way,”

He offered a deal.

‘Not bad.’

It wasn’t bad to cooperate with the rulers of this territory.

If he was to gain their trust, he would be able to find Hedley’s Kow.

It was foolish to move without any information but it wasn’t good to stay still either.

Muyoung had to get stronger.

Multiple times what he was now.

“Okay. I’ll handle that for you.”

They made a deal.

The vice-chieftain said it without any expectations.

The Poom tree was one of the trees the Fire Tars took care of and although it couldn't compare to the world's largest, it was an enormous tree.

It was the size of a small mountain so there were a large number of bugs gnawing on its trunk.

There wasn't ten or twenty thousand but a number easily exceeding a hundred thousand.

And it was impossible for a single goblin to 'handle' them all.

Although it was a joke, the Fire Tars only thought to pull a prank on this oblivious goblin.

'No way a goblin could handle this troublesome problem that even we Fire Tars couldn't handle.'

The Poom tree played a crucial role in the lives of the Fire Tars.

The Fire Tars were unstable lifeforms.

Unless they calmed the flames with the roots of the Poom tree, they would one day be consumed by their own flames and die.

And obviously, once the Poom tree disappeared, the Fire Tars would move their territory.

‘3 years from now…’

The vice-chieftain shook his head.

In 3 years, the Poom tree would be eaten by the bugs and die. And the Fire Tars had no way to stop it.

There was no way they could burn the Poom tree to kill bugs that lived deep in its roots.

It was a problem they just tossed to a unique goblin that had appeared.

They never expected that a small and weak goblin could handle this problem.

Crush!

He stomped on the bug that was crawling out.

The bug instantly exploded and green liquids sprayed out

everywhere.

‘There’s no end to this.’

There was a countless amount of small fist-sized bugs.

There looked to be hundreds of bugs crawling out around the mountain-sized tree.

Even if he caught them all, it would be difficult to get all the bugs that were below.

‘They look similar to treebeard bugs.’

Although they looked similar to the treebeard bugs that gnawed on trees, their sizes were significantly larger.

Was it because they gnawed on the Poom tree?

What was more, it was hard to find a place where they had reproduced to such levels.

“Please give, me your orders.”

Muyoung summoned all his undead.

Then the Blazing Spear Soldier kneeled and asked while the rest

quietly looked at Muyoung.

‘The Black Sun Warrior.’

He turned his head to looked at the warrior wearing full black armor.

He was the strongest out of all the undead he had made until now.

If he was created when Horus was alive, it would have been hard for him to have become a ‘Death Warrior’.

Points were added because he was a warrior of death.

Muyoung ordered all his undead.

“Get rid of all the surrounding bugs. Provided, you don’t burn the tree.”

The Poom tree was of utmost importance to the Fire Tars.

It almost to the point of deification. It would be a problem if he burned it.

And since the Fire Tars’ village was close, they would rush here the moment the tree started to burn.

“I will, follow, your orders.”

Knock. Knock.

All the undead moved quickly and started to kill the bugs.

They killed tens of bugs a second.

Just like that, they killed bugs until night but there was no end in sight.

‘Let’s change the method.’

It seemed that recklessly killing bugs wasn’t the answer.

With this much, it seemed likely that they reproduced extremely quickly.

Muyoung understood his mistake and looked at it from a different angle.

‘Treebeard bugs dig a tunnel and lay eggs in one place.’

As soon as he came to that thought, Muyoung quickly opened his mouth.

“Look for their tunnel. If you search around the tree, there should be a large area dug out. Go in and get rid of all the eggs.”

There would be no end by simply killing the bugs.

He had to get rid of the eggs to stop them from reproducing.

However, it didn’t take long for him to realize that this method was wrong as well.

Exactly three days later.

Muyoung gave up.

There were too many eggs.

It was the same with the tunnels.

‘Just where did this reproducing ability come from?’

Muyoung looked around.

Perhaps it was because the Fire Tars’ village wasn’t far from here but no monsters came to this place.

The only things here were the Poom tree and the bugs.

However, the thing that was becoming the bug's food was the tree's roots.

Their numbers infinitely increased by eating the roots.

'I have to handle this. If I can curry favor with the Fire Tars, it will be easier for me in the future.'

The Fire Tars were the top among the high ranked monsters.

It was a chance to earn their protection.

Although they were monsters, he didn't care.

Since there were humans who were less than monsters.

Above all, they were flaming warriors and he was very interested in their spoils of war.

If he was lucky, he might even be able to obtain useful equipment.

'There are only bugs.'

Muyoung thought carefully.

He pondered while even reducing his sleep.

A reproduction ability that exceeded common sense. To get rid of the bugs, he had to handle the root cause.

After two days, a thought suddenly pierced his mind.

There were only bugs.

Then…

‘There weren’t any natural predators.’

Burning Heart Arc

Chapter 47: Burning Heart (1)

One of the important variables that made up an ecosystem was the relationship of natural predators.

If there weren't any natural predators, unlimited reproduction would destroy the ecosystem and in the end destroy itself.

The bugs in front of him were like that.

If they ate up all the roots, the bugs would most certainly die.

However, the Fire Tar wanted him to just remove the bugs.

'The Art of Death skill can't be a solution all the time.'

He could make the bugs into an undead.

At most, he could create 100 of them a day.

But most importantly, he couldn't make them multiply like he did with the zombies.

'Undead is a curse normally cast on humans and other humanoid races.'

Bugs weren't a humanoid race. Of course, they weren't included.

‘I need natural predators.’

It seemed necessary for him to make ‘natural predators’ protect the Poom tree.

A natural predator of a bug everyone knew was a bird.

However, it wouldn’t be able to consume a fist-sized bug unless it was a quite a large bird.

It was hard to get flocks of huge birds immediately.

‘Overpopulated aphids.’

Muyoung picked up a bug and looked at it carefully.

As he pressed on the bug’s bulging belly, he was able to feel that it was full of water.

They had already sucked out the Poom tree’s sap.

Bugs like aphids tended to extend their lives like this.

‘The natural predator of aphids are beetles.’

He had learned about bugs when he was training to become an assassin.

He became proficient at the skills of assassination by using everything including poison, animals, bugs and etc.

There were some bugs that were useful depending on the situation.

For example, there were bugs of solitude that died when their partner died, some that reacted to a specific sound and some that followed a specific scent. It was a world of infinite possibilities.

'The Plutoniannian Beetle...'

Soon after, Muyoung remembered its name.

The Plutonian Beetle was a beetle type monster that lived in the Underworld and grew up to 1 meter.

It dug up the ground and used its long mouth to eat the aphid-like bugs living underneath the ground.

Normally, they were scattered all over the Underworld and although he wasn't sure if these monsters would eat these bugs, he felt it was worth a try.

Muyoung took out a talisman.

Soon, a flock of 100 harpies flew around Muyoung.

“Search as far as you can and find bugs that look like these. Bring them back alive.”

Muyoung drew a picture on the ground.

He described its characteristics and ordered the harpies to paralyze the bugs and to bring them to him alive.

Harpies possessed a paralyzing poison in their wings.

It should definitely be possible for the harpies to fulfill this task as the Plutonian Beetle were very strong.

After a day, 30 harpies returned.

“...Hmm.”

Muyoung knitted his brows after looking at the different types of bugs the harpies brought him.

Maybe it was because they were undead or perhaps it was because they were birdbrain but there were no Plutonian Beetles.

As time passed, more than 20 appeared but the situation was the

same.

‘Did the others that didn’t return die?’

Muyoung was able to see the last few moments when a ghoul or a zombie died.

However, he was unable to confirm if the others died possibly because harpies had small brain capacities.

‘More than half came back alive.’

But, it was still a relief that this much had come back alive as they recklessly ventured all over the Demon God’s Territory.

He expected only about half to survive but 70 percent did.

‘But, there is still a chance.’

Muyoung still held on to this slight chance. Among these, there could be a bug that might react to the giant aphids.

He dug a hole and made a tunnel and placed the aphid and the bugs that the harpies brought together.

However, it didn’t result in any great effect as he hoped.

‘The bugs can’t use their strength.’

It was strange.

Did something go wrong when the harpies brought in the bugs?

Besides the aphids, all the rest of the bugs didn’t move properly.

Their movements seemed stiff as if they were shivering in fear.

Every day, Muyoung continuously let the harpies out to investigate the cause.

And using all the undead, he was restricting the territory of the bugs.

It was to protect its roots even a little longer.

And after 7 days, Muyoung was finally able to get the one he wanted.

‘The Plutonian Beetle!’

Finally, he was able to obtain a Plutonian Beetle.

Only 10 harpies were left.

It was by sheer luck.

On top of that, the Plutonian Beetle was bearing eggs.

Only about 1% of the 1000 eggs it bore became larvae but if Muyoung could arrange an environment he could increase it to 10%.

However... like the other bugs, the Plutonian Beetle's body was stiff. It was scared.

"What do you think is the problem?"

"I, don't know."

Muyoung questioned the Blazing Spear Soldier as he sat on a rock.

Although the Blazing Spear Soldier had the knowledge of Fire Dragon Woo, it seemed like this problem exceeded his ability.

It seemed like it would become a problem if he didn't find the reason why the bugs were scared, even if he did find a natural predator.

If he used the 'Eye of the Sky' skill, he would be able to use the knowledge in the Sky Library but what would he search for if he

didn’t even know the cause.

‘I have analyzed situations more complex than this.’

Although it was when he was brainwashed, Muyoung was able to succeed in everything from analyzing and infiltrating to assassinating.

It wasn’t like he couldn’t do it anymore.

Muyoung climbed up the tree.

The Fire Tars would have scolded him if they found out.

However, he needed to be daring. Nothing would change if he just stood there.

Then Muyoung closed his eyes as he assimilated with his surrounding, his body swaying with the wind.

The sky was quiet.

Even the ground was quiet.

This place was especially quiet.

Muyoung shut off his emotions. Even his spirit was shut off.

He attempted to become a weak living organism.

It was his last resort to find out why the bugs were afraid of this place.

However, it wasn't enough. His primal human nature refused.

Although Muyoung had become the wind and the ground as he concealed himself, he never had become a weak living thing like a small animal or a bug.

'This is also a challenge for me.'

He challenged unknown fields that he never attempted before.

He tried to become weak. To shut off his instincts.

It wasn't easy. That was why this was a challenge.

Soon, Muyoung's senses widened and even a distance quite a distance away came into his sight.

Bugs that didn't approach him started to climb on top of his body.

Muyoung just stood there like a scarecrow.

<Your Intelligence increased by 1.>

<Your Intelligence increased by 1.>

As time passed, Muyoung fell into a deeper state of mind.

Brrr.. Brrr..

Muyoung's body shivered in fear.

No bird could approach him. The bugs weren't able to move.

He seemed to understand why only the giant aphids were fine.

'The Poom tree suppresses fire attributes.'

That was right. The giant aphids sucked out all the sap of the tree and neutralized the attributes of the fire. That was how they were able to grow so big.

The bugs who were instinctively afraid of fire couldn't move.

Then, where was the fire?

Muyoung's eyes turned towards the far away location where a huge town was situated.

'The problem is the town of Fire Tar.'

The Fire Tars respected the Poom tree. It was natural for them to gather around here.

That was the biggest problem.

The fire attributes of the Fire Tar were too strong. It didn't subside.

Other weak monsters and bugs would follow their instincts and wouldn't approach this location as they feared it.

Only the giant aphids were able to be active as the tree neutralized the fire attribute.

Muyoung climbed down from the tree.

He quickly walked towards the Fire Tar's town.

"You really want to get killed, don't you Goblin?!"

Late in the evening.

The gatekeeper of the Fire Tar's town greeted Muyoung at the entrance.

It wasn't that welcoming but Muyoung didn't even budge.

"Call out the vice-chieftain. I have an appointment with him."

"There is no reason for our vice-chieftain to make an appointment with a goblin! Go away or I will show you why the Fire Tars are known as the most ferocious, ill-tempered race."

He tried to scare him.

However, Muyoung was far off from getting scared from that sort of threat.

"I have solved the secret to why the bugs are eating the roots of the Poom tree. If you don't call out the vice-chieftain, I will just leave."

"What..?"

Muyoung didn't explain twice.

He just looked up the giant covered in flames.

The gatekeeper could only ponder if this information was true or not.

If the goblin was lying, the goblin would die horrifically but he would also get reprimanded for believing in a goblin.

On the other hand, it would become a bigger situation if the goblin was telling the truth.

The thing the whole clan wanted the most.

For that to become a waste because of him?

It wouldn't be able to repay it all with even his life.

The gatekeeper decided that it was better to be reprimanded alone than risk the whole town and nodded.

"If you are lying, I will make you taste all the sufferings offered in this world. I will go to your clan leader and burn him and make sure he never breathes another breath."

"Call him."

A short answer.

Muyoung was calm even when the Fire Tar was spitting fire.

Instead, the flames the Hellhorse breathed out were scarier. Fire Tar was a monster few ranks below the Hellhorse.

The gatekeeper left huffing and puffing. After 10 minutes, he brought the vice-chieftain.

The vice-chieftain tilted his head to the side as if he never expected Muyoung to show up.

“You really found a way to exterminate the bugs?”

He had said it to play a trick on him.

Never in his dreams did he expect Muyoung to find a solution.

Muyoung spoke clearly.

“There are two ways.”

“There are even two?”

The vice-chieftain glared at him as if he couldn’t believe what Muyoung was saying.

Although the Fire Tars weren’t the smartest bunch, they were

unable to come up with an answer even after they put their heads together.

They tried lots of different ways but it was still the same.

It didn't make sense that Muyoung solved this in 10 days.

What was more, he found two methods.

If it was true, it seemed like the pride of the Fire Tars were going to collapse.

"First way is to move the Poom tree. In a rocky place, bugs can't lay their eggs. It won't be able to bring in enough nutrients and it will dry up quickly but it will still live 5 more years."

"That can't ever happen!"

As he expected.

The Fire Tars believed the tree was sacred.

But to pull its roots and to move it?

It would be a blasphemy.

The vice-chieftain's eyes were filled with disbelief as if he

couldn’t believe the goblin had said this as a solution.

“What’s the second method? If the second method is also worthless, I will save your life as I was the one who requested this but you will face some harsh punishments.”

The vice-chieftain Fire Tar threatened him.

Muyoung chuckled out loud.

It seemed like their personalities were all similar.

They were all ferocious and ill-tempered.

Even their threatening routines were the same.

Of course, Muyoung also didn’t think they would choose the first method.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders and spoke.

“Leave this town.”

“Leave… this town?”

The vice-chieftain’s body trembled.

He believed that Muyoung was mocking him.

Before he exploded, Muyoung continued to talk.

“All Fire Tars must distance themselves from the Poom tree. You also need to reduce the number of times you visit the Poom tree.”

Just in case he didn’t understand, Muyoung explained.

“You guys are a hindrance to the Poom tree.”

Chapter 48: Burning Heart (end)

“I can’t listen to this any longer!”

The Fire Tar vice-chieftain burst into flames. His large body shook as the surroundings burned.

All Fire Tars respected the Poom tree. For them, the Poom tree was an existence they could never live without.

The Fire Tars could only live by neutralizing their fire with the branches of the Poom tree.

However, Muyoung said that it was the opposite for the Poom tree.

Of course, they were mad.

“It has already been more than 50 years since we lived here. If we move after listening to a goblin, we’ll become the laughing stock of all Fire Tars.”

Thump!

Vice-chieftain stepped forward.

As if he was going to kill Muyoung if he said another word.

Fire Tars were warriors who had a very high sense of pride.

If they were ever looked down upon, they would have to leave their territory.

Clap!

Muyoung clapped his hands once.

Then, the Blazing Spear Soldier brought tens of different types of bugs in a box.

“If you can’t believe me, I will prove it to you.”

Muyoung spoke as if he was doing them a favor.

Would anyone refuse when someone said they were going to provide them with proof?

Vice-chieftain calmed his flames for a moment and spoke.

“If this is your last excuse, then let’s see.”

Even if he was mad, he never acted out.

He tried hard his best to listen to what Muyoung had to say.

The title of vice-chieftain wasn't just for show.

'This should be worth doing.'

At least he was willing to listen.

That meant that he was more open-minded compared to the other Fire Tars and that it would be likely that he would be willing to acknowledge Muyoung if he understood his explanation.

If vice-chieftain was stubborn, the process of making him understand would have been filled with obstacles.

"First, I need to explain to you the relationship of natural predators."

"Relationship of natural predators?"

As Fire Tars had no natural predators, it might have been hard for them to fully understand this.

It seemed like Muyoung's thoughts were right.

He continued.

“It’s the relationship where one eats another. You guys might not have experienced this before but it is present in all mammals, bugs and living things that make up the ecosystem. Because of the fire attribute you let out, weak creatures aren’t able to get close.”

“Us, Fire Tars, don’t hunt the weak.”

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

“Technically, the natural predators of the Fire Tars are those large weak aphids. Those huge aphids are the only ones that can move around in the presence of the Fire Tars’ fire attribute. You can see that, unlike those aphids, these bugs can’t even move.”

“Just a mere bug…”

“These mere bugs were killing the Poom tree. And you guys weren’t able to dispose of these bugs.”

Vice-chieftain closed his mouth.

It was extremely insulting but he was still interested in why.

If it really was nothing, he could later kill him painfully.

Muyoung continued to talk.

“The huge aphids suck the sap of the tree. The roots especially seem effective in neutralizing the fire attributes. The aphids that suck on the sap weren’t affected by the fire attribute. On the other hand.”

Muyoung touched the bugs that didn’t move as if they were frozen.

“The other bugs are stricken with fear and can’t move. Normally, these would eat the huge aphids and keep a balance in the ecosystem.”

“These small bugs?”

As if the vice-chieftain couldn’t believe what Muyoung had to say, he bent over to take a look at the bugs.

Muyoung said these could eat up the aphids that they couldn’t get rid of.

However, it was only natural that the vice-chieftain didn’t know anything about this.

There were no Fire Tars who had any interest in the ecosystem.

They believe that strength was the best and didn’t bother to exchange any knowledge with others.

If they had deepened relationships with other races, things might have been a bit different but Fire Tars were predators who had no natural predators themselves.

Who would dare try to deepen their relationship with them?

Of course, even if they were to visit them, it would be rare to find someone who would analyze the situation like Muyoung.

Afterwards, Muyoung took his time to help them understand as he slowly unveiled the secret.

On the other hand, the vice-chieftain didn't seem enthusiastic.

He thought that there was a chance that Muyoung might be sweet-talking him with believable words to trick him.

However, he had definite evidence.

"If you won't believe me, I will show you."

As if it wasn't hard, Muyoung took out a small bottle from his sides.

"It is the sap I have gathered from the Poom tree. If I pour this in the wooden box."

Splash!

Muyoung poured the entire bottle full of sap into the wooden box filled with the bugs.

Then, the scared bugs that were unable to move started moving.

Afterwards, to fill up their starving bellies, they attacked the huge aphids.

“Now that they aren’t as heavily affected by the fire attributes, they see the aphids as food and start to move. The problem is, once the sap dries, the effect disappears. That’s why you Fire Tars need to move your village.”

“You mean our existence…. harmed the Poom tree?”

“That is so.”

Muyoung was completely cool-headed.

As if he was stabbing a knife into their hearts, he continued to talk.

“You Fire Tars move to another territory every few decades. I assume it’s because of the Poom tree. Am I right?”

The Fire Tars didn’t live in this area 5 years later when Hedley’s Kow was found.

If monsters like Fire Tars were spotted, the information would have already been spread.

Muyoung believed they moved their territory once the Poom tree dried up.

As he expected, the vice-chieftain nodded.

“You are right.”

“Same problem continuously occurs when we move to another region near a Poom tree. We concentrate on killing the aphids but we never thought about using the natural predators to naturally restore them.”

“That is also true.”

“You will be able to see fast results when you move your village. Afterwards, you need to make sure that no other Fire Tars stay near the tree.”

The Plutonian Beetle which was bearing eggs was waiting in a safe place.

He was planning to release it once the Fire Tars moved away.

However, he didn’t hear an answer he wanted.

“Both are impossible. Even if your answers were correct, no Fire Tar is going to listen to a normal goblin.”

“I proposed a method to solve your problem as promised. To act upon it or not, is entirely up to you guys.”

Muyoung really did what he could.

The vice-chieftain bit his lips as he looked at Muyoung’s confident attitude.

‘It doesn’t seem like he is a normal goblin.’

All the goblins he knew were scaredy cats.

However, Muyoung was filled with confidence that all other goblins he had seen so far lacked.

Of course, there were few who bragged and called themselves goblin kings but no goblin could confidently stand in front of Fire Tars and express his opinion.

Honestly, he didn’t understand half of what Muyoung had said.

However, he understood Muyoung's sincerity.

And saw proof.

A new method using the natural predators to solve a problem.

Existing Fire Tars couldn't accept it. If it wasn't for him, they would have already cast him away.

However, he saw hope in this new method.

"...Tomorrow, at this time, come to this place. I will tell you the results of a meeting with the tribe."

The vice-chieftain made his decision.

Only he could deliver these matter to the chieftain and open a meeting.

Since he was the one who made the promise, didn't he need to take responsibility for it?

Muyoung turned away after he coolly nodded.

'A war will start.'

The vice-chieftain who was gazing at Muyoung's back inwardly

felt confused.

"You're telling us to move our village because a mere goblin said so?"

"Do you, the vice-chieftain, truly believe this nonsense?!"

The resistance was strong.

It was a meeting which was commenced with difficulty.

The 6 elders flatly disagreed with his suggestion.

"He isn't a normal goblin."

However, the vice-chieftain firmly shook his head.

"He's still a goblin! He's an existence ranked way below us, Fire Tars."

"However, if that goblin can defeat one of our warriors, we will have to acknowledge that he isn't a mere goblin."

A goblin to win against a Fire Tar?

It wasn't possible.

It would be the same if a goblin king showed up.

The Fire Tars were the peak existence among the creatures living here.

There was no one who could fight against them unless they were mirage rank monsters which were rare.

“In other words, elders believe that the goblin isn’t ‘qualified’?”

As the vice-chieftain gathered others’ opinions, the chieftains agreed.

“You’re right. The goblin isn’t the same rank as us.”

“Who would believe in the words of a goblin who didn’t prove his qualifications?”

Qualifications. Qualifications, they say.

It was impossible for a goblin to win against a Fire Tar.

However, if they wanted qualifications, it wasn’t like there wasn’t a way.

“Then, will you change your minds if he takes and passes the

‘Warrior’s Trial’ and prove himself?”

“A goblin is going to partake in the Warrior’s Trial?”

“Hmm… it’s something that has never happened before.”

It was a negative response.

The Warrior’s Trial was one of the processes a Fire Tar had to pass to be acknowledged as a true warrior.

There was no precedent of a goblin taking it in the past.

Just when the vice-chieftain was feeling frustrated.

Thud.

Everyone’s gazes all turned towards a certain part of the table.

The possessor of the fiercest flames. The grand-chieftain spoke as he looked around.

“Let’s let him partake in the trial. We will try to listen to what he has to say when he passes the trial.”

The chieftains were all quiet.

The grand-chieftain's words were absolute.

At least, in this tribe.

"We need to respect those that have passed the trial. On the other hand, if he doesn't pass, he will not gain any power even if he is right. If what the vice-chieftain saw is true then that goblin will pass but if he is wrong, he will die inside."

The grand-chieftain was testing the vice-chieftain's judgment.

The vice-chieftain clenched his fists.

"However, if you just send him as he is, it's the same as just telling him to die. Let's lower the standard a bit and allow him to use the 'storage room' once like the other users."

"I will allow that much."

The storage room was a place where the tribe had stacked up all the equipment they have earned from hunting and battles over the years.

It was custom for the one taking the trial to choose an equipment from the place to use for the Warrior's Trial.

Although there was only a slight chance for a mere goblin to pass

the trial, he would still take that chance.

The meeting concluded as the vice-chieftain heavily nodded.

And… the next day had arrived.

As soon as the day brightened, Muyoung returned to the entrance of the village.

At the same time, he was guided to a huge underground storage room.

‘It’s enormous.’

Muyoung’s eyes shined as he entered the storage room.

A countless number of equipment and accessories were lined up along the endless walls in the storage room.

“Choose one.”

While the vice-chieftain was watching him, Muyoung looked around the equipment inside the storage room.

There wasn’t a single one that wasn’t a masterpiece.

There were big weapons for Fire Tars to use but there were quite

a lot that could be used by Muyoung.

‘An equipment to use when I attempt the Warrior’s Trial. Not bad.’

On top of that, it would become much easier for him to roam around the Demon God’s territory after this.

As of right now, it would have been impossible for him to fight against a Fire Tar but since this was much easier than that, Muyoung felt it was worth a try.

‘That is?’

Muyoung noticed a black aura coming from a direction after walking for a good while.

It was similar to the aura that appeared when he used the Art of Death skill.

As he walked closer, he found a belt made of bones lying on the floor.

Name: Wicked Belt

Rank: A

Classification: Equipable Type

Durability: 6,818

Restrictions: Only the user with a ‘Necromancer’ type classes will be able to check the effects.

Effects: The belt which a wicked lich used.

*Intelligence +4

*Wisdom +4

*All undead are strengthened by 5%.

After rechecking it a few times, Muyoung was astonished.

‘This is quite good.’

Only ‘Necromancer’ type classes were able to see the effects.

Equipment with restrictions like this were normally more effective than other equipment of the same rank.

‘Undead strengthened by 5%.’

It was definitely not a small percentage. Even more, there was no limit on the number.

After roaming around the storage room once, he grabbed the Wicked Belt as he realized it was most suited for him.

“I will choose this.”

“Are you sure you will be okay with that? It doesn’t seem so great.”

Vice-chieftain looked at him with disbelief.

There were much more sparkling treasures in the storage room. He couldn’t understand why Muyoung chose a shabby belt made out of bones among all of these great treasures.

“This is enough.”

“Don’t regret it.”

The vice-chieftain clicked his tongue as he headed out the storage room.

But on the other hand, Muyoung was very pleased.

‘I never thought that I would get a real treasure.’

For Muyoung, this belt was more valuable than any other treasure in the storage room.

Next, Muyoung headed towards a house right in the middle of the village.

When he entered, he saw a large marble.

Vice-chieftain spoke.

“This is the Marble of the Trial. When you smear your blood and touch it, the trial will begin. Only the ones who pass will return.”

“What happens when I don’t pass?”

“You will die or return insane.”

It was truly simple.

Muyoung took out a small knife and cut his finger.

Soon, blood drooled down.

“Do you have any advice?”

“No more, no less, just block it 10 times. A Fire Tar that just became an adult have to do it 20 times, but you don’t need to do more than that.”

His words were ambiguous.

Muyoung didn’t think long.

He nodded and stretched out his hand to touch the marble.

Soon, Muyoung’s body was sucked into the marble.

*

<You are the first of mankind to be invited to the ‘Endless Battlefield’.>

<All records made in this place will be recorded on Solomon’s Hall of Fame.>

<Block the enemies. You can return at any time after you have blocked at least 5 waves.>

<First wave – 100 goblins.>

Muyoung looked around.

A large arena stood in front of him.

And from afar, 100 goblins all armed with weapons were charging towards him.

It was a sudden situation.

However, Muyoung wasn't taken back.

Instead, the words that instantly appeared were more of an eyesore.

'The Endless Battlefield!'

This was also a place he learned about once humans started to explore this area.

However, the Endless Battlefield was a place that would be discovered at least 10 years later.

From what he remembered, many people challenged this place because they would be rewarded following the Laws of Solomon depending on their results.

Especially, since the specific rewards were limited, the huge groups who knew about this basically monopolized it.

He never thought that the marble was a way to get to the Endless Battlefield...

‘Let’s try it.’

Swoosh!

Anguish let out a small cry.

Endless Battlefield Arc

Chapter 49: Endless Battlefield (1)

Screeeeech!

A group of goblins screamed out loud from afar.

Goblins were the lowest ranked monsters that lingered in the very bottom and were nothing but a prey to others.

Muyoung would be sufficient in handling 100 of them alone.

However, Muyoung tried his best even when killing the goblins.

He instantly killed the goblins approaching him with all his undead.

“Try to keep as many corpses intact.”

Like the name, Endless Battlefield, implied, this was a place where an infinite number of monsters appeared.

The more he blocked, the more difficult it became and if he didn’t end it at the right time, he could die in vain.

It meant that he had to be good at hit-and-run but Muyoung was curious as to how far he could go.

‘I have the Six Paths and Art of Death skills.’

From the Six Paths, the Asura Path was a skill that allowed him to handle the crazy spirits.

Even though he didn’t have many under his control, using it with the Art of Death skill will allow him to display a much greater strength.

Muyoung was planning to make undead out of the monsters that appeared to prepare for the next wave.

From just this, anyone could tell that the Endless Battlefield was a place meant for Muyoung.

“I accept, your orders.”

Swish!

All the undead including the Blazing Spear Soldier massacred the goblins.

“Leave one alive.”

A mere 100 goblins. It was like a light exercise after a meal.

Although it took a bit longer as he ordered them to try and kill

them with their bodies intact, most of the goblins were lying on the floor in less than 20 minutes.

Screech! Screeeech!

Muyoung cut off the arms and legs of the last surviving goblin.

After, he applied medicine to quickly stop the bleeding before he tossed it on the floor.

He wasn't the type to enjoy torture but it was necessary.

'A trick.'

The next wave would start when either all the monsters were killed or when a day had passed.

When he partook the Endless Battlefield, one of his tactics was to keep the last monster alive.

What was more, Muyoung couldn't make many undead in a single day.

Even if he used the C rank Art of Death skill to the max, he could only use it a 100 times.

Afterwards, he needed to rest for at least a day.

Muyoung sat down for a moment after making the 99 monsters into undead.

‘The monsters will strengthen greatly every 10 waves.’

Technically, Muyoung never entered the Endless Battlefield.

But, Muyoung knew that one had to enter the Endless Battlefield a different way each time as that person would not be able to enter the same way again.

‘I need to beat the 10th wave at least to get a good reward.’

In 5 years, the Great Calamity would be prophesized and the giant group would then finally get off their asses.

Full-scale exploration of the unknown territories would start and even then the Endless Battlefield would only be found after a good while later.

After the discovery, the giant groups completely concealed the information and monopolized the rewards.

Normal people found out about this much later when the groups had already swept up all the ‘limited rewards’.

That was why information was important.

Knowing was a strength and not knowing was a sin.

‘I was lucky.’

He chuckled.

It wasn’t on purpose.

He just thought he could get their favor by helping the Fire Tars.

He never expected to enter the Endless Battlefield.

However, he was only given one chance.

He couldn’t enter the Endless Battlefield again by using the marble.

He needed to make the most out of this opportunity.

“We need to make traps by digging up the ground. Drag rocks to make a place for the Avengers to hide.”

As he ordered them, the undead worked in an orderly fashion.

Then, Muyoung sat down and tried to calm his body down.

He was about to faint after using the Art of Death skill to the max.

‘Slowly. Let’s go as far as I can.’

It was an extremely advantageous battle for Muyoung.

It was foolish to purposely push himself too far.

Muyoung looked far past the 10 waves.

The fifth wave were ‘orcs’ with gray skin.

Orcs were low ranked but were very powerful. They were violent and fierce and even lived in groups.

They were quite difficult to fight against unless the person lived in the Underworld for at least a year.

Grrawwl! Grraaaawwwl!

However, the orcs couldn’t help but be confused as soon as they appeared.

A number of undead several times their size were gathered around them as they greeted them.

“Attack.”

Muyoung dominated them with his numbers.

He finished the orcs off before they were lined up for battle by waiting for them at the starting point of the waves.

The initial number of more than 300 undead finally increased to a number over 400.

‘The numbers are starting to drop.’

After massacring the orcs, Muyoung counted the number of undead that were left.

Overall, the number increased but it didn’t increase exponentially like it did so far.

It was because he had lost a significant number of undead when fighting the orcs.

‘But the effects of this Wicked Belt’s good.’

Muyoung tapped the belt made of bones.

One of the effects of the Wicked Belt was ‘strengthening undead

by 5%'.

Someone might think 'only 5%' but equipment that raised something by a percentage were extremely rare.

A strengthening of 5% was considered quite a high level.

It was like 100 monsters having the strength of 105 monsters.

It was simple calculations but as of now when he had over 400 undead, it was like having 20 freebies.

As the numbers increased, the effect of 5% would shine further.

Besides, it wasn't like this wasn't the only equipment of its kind.

If he could just obtain a Bone Dragon, Death Knight or Over Lich level top-ranked undead...

Muyoung nodded as he thought that far.

'There's a long way to go.'

He could never say that the Muyoung right now was strong.

He needed to become strong. His thirst for power hasn't been quenched.

Muyoung had to face monsters.

To kill a monster, they say that you had to become one.

That was why Muyoung tried to become one.

“Let’s clean up the corpses and reorganize.”

The ninth wave were gargoyles.

Gargoyles were flying type monsters.

The damage was considerable and the over 600 undead all of a sudden dropped to about 450.

‘The 10th wave is the boss.’

The monsters that were known as bosses were always strong.

Truthfully, if Muyoung was alone, he would have surrendered at the 7th or 8th wave.

However, he was confident that he could fight the boss battle as he had hundreds of undead.

“Gather the bones.”

Muyoung gathered up all the bones of monsters he had killed so far.

Muyoung gestured as he looked at the mountain made up of bones.

Soon, dark aura surrounded the bones as he used the Art of Death skill.

‘Let’s make a golem.’

When the rank of Art of Death skill was low, he needed to sculpt them himself.

However, now he could shape them just by drawing a mental image of it.

Soon, the bones assembled on their own to form a shape.

<The high-class of Bone Golem!>

<Using bones of different monster types, >

<Art score is 66.>

<Name: Bone Golem

Level: 76

Type: Bone Golem

Strength 88 Agility 45 Stamina 90

Intelligence 15 Wisdom 15>

A truly idiotic golem had been created.

Muyoung was quite pleased.

It was created into a figure he had in mind.

He wished for it to pass an art score of 70 but as expected, it was a score that couldn't be easily broken with the materials and his imagination.

'Normally, bosses are prearranged unless if it was a special case. There is a high possibility that an Orc Warchief or a Troll Watch would appear.'

To fight against an Orc Warchief or a Troll Watch, a golem-like this was necessary.

Even if it was simply used to compete by strength and to buy some time.

‘I will dominate the boss with the Black Sun Warrior.’

Muyoung turned his head and looked at the Death Warrior in full armor.

The Black Sun Warrior was clearly managing the workload of many by himself.

He was currently Muyoung’s strongest card.

He was currently strengthened with the Sorceress of Lightning’s rune buff and the Wicked Belt and was much more powerful.

Any decent mid-ranked monster wouldn’t be able to do anything in front of him.

<10th wave.>

<Something unusual happened.>

<The ‘Dark Red Orc Warchief’ appeared with 100 dark red orcs.>

After a day passed, another wave had started.

Orc Warchief!

Its entire body was dark red and was 1.5 times bigger than a normal orc.

It was holding a massive greatsword and covered its face with bear hide.

‘Dark Red Orc Warchief?’

It wasn’t a typical orc.

Dark red. They seemed to be a level stronger than a typical orc group.

He didn’t know why it was unusual but it was very different from what he expected.

Muyoung frowned as he gave out an order.

“Bone Golem, go. The rest suppress the surrounding orcs.”

However, he couldn’t just wait and see.

Muyoung took out Anguish and fought against the Dark Red Orc Warchief with his 450 undead.

The Bone Golem shattered.

The Black Sun Warrior was dangerously fighting against the Orc Warchief.

The resistance was stronger than he thought.

‘Not to the point of losing.’

However, Muyoung made objective judgements about the situation.

Although the impact was bigger than he expected, it wasn’t enough for him to be defeated.

It was definitely enough to be handled.

“Sorceress of Lighting, use your Rune Explosion.”

Then, tens of undead bloated up and exploded.

And on top of that, Muyoung placed ‘spirits’.

Asura Path. The crazy spirits and the explosion was an amazing combination.

It was enough to make a low-rank undead suddenly change into a mid-rank.

Of course, the drawbacks were that he could only use it once and that his body wouldn’t be able to handle it if he used it on an important undead but for now, it was enough to raise his military strength.

Slash!

After losing about half of his undead, Muyoung was finally able to pierce Anguish into the head of the Dark Red Orc Warchief.

Soon after, the Black Sun Warrior stabbed its side.

Thump!

A black light appeared as the Orc Warchief fell on the ground.

‘This is?’

Muyoung grabbed hold of the light as he stretched his hand out.

<The spirit of the ‘Dark Red Orc Warchief’ will greatly help in ruling the Asura Path.>

<Conquest rate: 0.7%>

Indeed, there really was a spirit of dark light.

Like this, it seemed like he could add spirits if he killed special monsters.

The conquest rate was terrible but it was more important that the rate was constantly increasing.

“Who are you?”

At that moment, Muyoung stepped back as he heard a voice next to him.

‘A fairy.’

A small figure with two sets of dragonfly wings.

The cute appearance was definitely a fairy.

“It’s not yet the time for a human to step in here. Please, stop here.”

“Who are you?”

“I’m the fairy who’s in charge of the Endless Battlefield. In here I’m unbeatable so it wouldn’t be wise to be hostile towards me. And.”

The fairy cleared her throat.

“The tuning of the Endless Battlefield isn’t completed. We are testing with monsters but how did you enter here?”

And then she tilted her head.

Well, it did seem a bit odd that Fire Tars had a marble that led to the Endless Battlefield.

Even if they did call it the ‘Warrior’s Trial’, they seemed like they didn’t exactly know about the marble themselves.

It seemed like they were tuning the level of difficulty with monsters like the Fire Tars.

This was the reason why humanity could enter the Endless Battlefield about 10 years later.

However, Muyoung never heard that there was a fairy in charge of the Endless Battlefield.

The fairy placed her hands on her hips and continued.

“If you get out now, I will give you a nice necklace. Let’s see…”

She looked into her pouch and repeatedly took out different items and put them back in.

Different items continuously came out as if it was an Infinity Pouch.

Among them, there were some that were special and others that were normal.

Fairies tended to be a bit dense. The fairy in front of him was the same.

“This!”

“I don’t need it.”

Muyoung shook his head right away as the fairy took out a necklace.

The fairy pouted her lips.

“Ah, why. This is really good. It’s a B++ rank and a set item... I never knew you would be able to beat the Dark Red Orc Warchief. That’s why I was specially giving it to you, so take it. After all, this will be your limit as a human.”

“How many waves do I need to stop before I can earn a Little Wish?”

The fairy was startled and her eyes widened.

However, Muyoung caught a glimpse of the item when the fairy was looking through her pouch.

The item that was shaped like a cloud!

Little Wish.

It allowed 3 small wishes to be made.

Chapter 50: Endless Battlefield (2)

Of course, he couldn't ask for a huge wish that could disrupt the system.

However, it was useful in various of different ways from finding something, to tell the difference between a truth and a lie and even increasing his stamina in the case of an emergency.

'Of course, it falls short of a Wish but depending on how I use it, it could definitely be worth having.'

Wish was one of the highest powers while Little Wish was a degraded version of it.

The past during the final territorial war, so 30 years before Muyoung was first summoned, one of the women revered as a Saint used her own life as a medium to make a wish.

It could literally be called a God's blessing as it displayed a strength so powerful that it stuck two Demon Gods to death.

The highest power that took out tens of thousands of demon soldiers and brought small victory to humans.

Afterwards, the Saint's name carried power.

The next Saint hadn't appeared yet but in 5 years, 'Snow' would

appear and prophesize the Great Calamity. With that, she would rally up the humans but she died with the appearance of a legion of the Demon God of the 64th seat, Haures.

Muyoung saw that scene right in front of his eyes.

‘If the legion didn’t kill the Saint, I would have.’

That was Muyoung’s assignment.

To kill the Saint!

However, Saint Snow wasn’t able to use the highest power like the past Saint.

If she did use a wish, at least one of the Demon Kings’ legions would have been demolished.

He didn’t know why.

There were rumors floating that it was because Snow wasn’t human.

Snow was a mutant who had skin white as snow and wings of both the angel and the devil.

Where she was born and where she came from… no one knew.

Even Muyoung didn’t know.

‘If it’s Little Wish, I might be able to figure out who Snow is.’

Even if it was the degraded version of Wish, Little Wish was still an amazing tool in its own way.

For five years, tens of thousands of clerics practiced together to just barely make one.

From what he knew of, they stopped making them when they had about 3 made as it wasn’t worth the amount of effort that was needed.

He never thought he would find one of the few in a place like this.

It might be possible to reveal Snow’s identity which no one had ever found out about.

The fairy calmed her expression and scratched her cheeks as she spoke.

“Ehem, this is a special reward.”

“Special reward?”

“I can’t tell you the condition. Because I’m not allowed to just tell people. Then, I’ll get punished. What I can give you was just that necklace, that’s the best I could do.”

“Then, you don’t have to just tell me. Is there anything you want?”

There were a lot of uses for Little Wish.

He could find the location of the Hedley’s Kow and the specific whereabouts of where the other two rings that would release the S rank weapon, Diabolos, were.

Like with Hedley’s Kow, he wasn’t sure of the exact whereabouts of the other two rings, Oris’s Throne Ring and Hamel’s Rune Ring, even though he had the Lunatic Sovereign’s Ring.

So it was more important than any other reward.

As Muyoung asked, the Fairy laughed playfully.

“Wooheehee, I might let you know if you guess my name correctly.”

Muyoung frowned.

Fairies were normally very playful species.

They were also the species which no one knew anything about.

However, he could understand that the answer was quite simple just by talking with her for a bit.

‘I need to keep talking with her.’

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

Although it didn’t seem like she would say her name right away, she might let it slip as they continued their conversation.

“What’s the reason for having you, a fairy, manage the Endless Battlefield?”

“Shucks, is this your first time entering a trial like this? There should be quite a few places made by fairies.”

“I don’t really remember entering those places.”

It was true.

After Muyoung had finished his assassination training, he had been continuously running around assassinating people until he died.

He never had time to enter a trial and clear it.

The fairy became boastful.

“Well, you do look like a very weak human. Then, I will specially explain it for you. When I make a successful trial and manage it, I can get a home!”

“A home? That’s it?”

“What do you mean that’s it? We fairies all don’t have a home. We’re all poor. But, if fairies get a lot of homes, they can even make a castle and bridges to create a world. However, we fairies don’t have anything right now.”

It seemed like she was trying to say that she had no home to go to.

Her shoulders dropped and she pouted her lips.

“A new fairy king was born but since we’re all poor, so he doesn’t have a home. We fairies need to work hard to get a home soon. Solomon promised that he will give us a home if we fairies make good trials and run them well. We can be free from being poor.”

Although he couldn’t really understand what she was saying, he could see that she was desperate.

Muyoung thought that he probably had never heard of stories regarding fairies as they created and managed trials properly and earned their homes.

They were adjusting the balance of the Endless Battlefield by using monsters to test them.

‘Then, most of the trial were probably made by fairies.’

No wonder. He thought that although the trials were meant to develop humans, they were too difficult.

If these playful fairies made them, then he totally understood.

“Solomon is dead. Wouldn’t you only earn a home when he is alive?”

“Doesn’t matter. He already stamped and signed it. Even after his death, if we fairies just keep our promise, then we get it. We fairies are poor and have nothing to lose so we will act even more aggressively to get it.”

“Amazing.”

“Wooheehee.”

She seemed like she was weak to compliments.

Muyoung looked around the Endless Battlefield and spoke.

“This is well-made. You should be able to earn a home soon.”

“Of course. I will certainly earn a home and be free from being a poor.”

He could felt her overflowing will.

“What are you going to call your home?”

She made a wide smile as if she was imagining it in her head for a moment.

“Woohee… Ehem, I don’t fall for those leading questions.”

However, she instantly placed a serious look on her face.

Muyoung clicked his tongue in disappointment.

‘I can only try to lead her while talking to her like this.’

But, at least she didn’t plan on leaving.

Even if she puffed out her cheeks like she was tricked, it seemed like even the fairy had something she was curious about.

“But, are you really going to try and block the next wave too? The trial isn’t balanced completely so you might die.”

“I will do it.”

The Fire Tar told him that he just needed to block the 10th wave.

However, Muyoung was planning to stop at least the 15th wave.

The rewards change after the 15th wave. He was planning to find out about the special reward was in the meantime.

“There will be waves that won’t work even if you have a lot of undead… hmmm, good luck. It’s quite fun to watch a foolish human die.”

“You have bad taste.”

“Wooheehee.”

*

<13th wave – 120 werewolves.>

<Five arc goblins will also appear mixed within the crowd. >

<The waiting time has decreased by half.>

Muyoung frowned.

Only 12 hours had passed but the next wave had started all of a sudden.

‘She said they didn’t finish the balancing the trial.’

The Endless Battlefield wasn’t smooth yet. It could definitely be different from what he remembered.

The monsters that appeared as soon as the wave started were strong.

Werewolves were quick and fast. A normal undead wouldn’t be able to catch up to them.

On top of that, the arc goblins were mutants born under the ‘holy blessing’.

“Get up.”

Crunch.

Growl.

Muyoung woke all his undead up.

In total, 312.

It was heartbreaking to have lost about a half of his undead during the 10th wave.

However, it wasn't only a bad thing.

'Dark Red Orc Warchief.'

Muyoung looked at the Dark Red Orc Warchief that was swinging its greatsword at a werewolf in the front.

The art score the Orc Warchief received was 68.

Maybe because its score was low or maybe because it didn't have a great story compared to the Dark Sun Warrior but it did have a drive greater than anyone else.

"Blazing Spear Soldier, you will kill the arc goblins with me."

"I, understand."

The arc goblins with the holy blessing were the natural enemies

of undead.

Muyoung that that the Spear Soldier, who was still alive, and himself would be able to fight more freely than the rest.

There were 5 completely white, albino goblins mixed into the werewolves.

Muyoung took a deep breath and wore the Lunatic Sovereign's Set and swung Anguish.

Slash!

He was able to complete the 13th wave, the 14th wave and finally, the 15th wave.

However, the situation wasn't great even though he was on a roll.

Now, he only had about 200 undead.

If he continued, the important undead that Muyoung made could all disappear.

The reason was clear.

'Arc goblins.'

The Art of Death skill didn't work on the arc goblins that received the holy blessing.

Since they couldn't be turned into undead, they didn't help increase his military strength.

It could only be exhausting as they were contrasting attributes.

However, as the difficulty increased, the numbers increased as well.

"Wow! Did you block the 15th wave? You really are amazing. Even if you used your undead, it would have been very difficult."

The fairy continuously watched Muyoung fight as she strolled around him.

'If I didn't fight against the arc goblins, this would have been over already.'

Muyoung knew exactly what he needed to do.

That it was most efficient for him to take care of the arc goblins.

"Is there be a chance that the wait time between the waves will get shorter?"

“Wooheehee, I can’t tell you information about the Endless Battlefield. If you’re scared, you can stop now.”

“I think I can go a bit further.”

“Do you really want to die? Well, it’s good for me as I have more to see.”

Muyoung chuckled.

He could not feel any ill will from the fairy. It was in their nature.

‘Name… A name, huh.’

Then, Muyoung decided to deduce what the Fairy’s name could be.

The past few days, he thought of a few candidates for what her name could be.

There was no way that she would suddenly ask him to guess what her name might be.

She probably thought that he could guess her name correctly through their conversation.

There was always an answer to a trial.

And if a fairy made it, the answer had to be within their conversations up until now.

‘Could it be…?’

However, the candidates he had narrowed down so far were all guesses.

But, there was nothing else to learn from the conversation. He had to make a decision.

“Woohee. Isn’t it?”

“What, what is?”

“Your name.”

The fairy’s eyes widened.

“H, how did you know?”

It seemed like he was correct.

Muyoung shook his head as if he was at a loss for words.

“I didn’t think a fairy’s name would be hard to guess. Fairies are known to not tell their names to anyone but their actions are very flawed. I thought that there was no need to let someone know about it when they kept saying their names out loud.”

“You’re right. My name is Woohee. Because I laughed ‘Woohee!’ when I was born, I became Woohee.”

The Fairy, Woohee’s shoulders sank low.

It truly was the simplest way to recognize her name.

Muyoung calmly asked.

“What’s the condition for the special reward?”

It was time to hear about the conditions in earning Little Wish.

Woohee twirled her hair with her finger as she spoke.

“You wouldn’t be able to even if I told you.”

“Stop talking nonsense and speak.”

“Hing, you need to stop 3 waves continuously in a condition

where you're barely alive."

Indeed, he understood why she said he couldn't do it if he knew.

Maybe if it was in the beginning, but as of right now when he was on his 15th wave, it probably was impossible to fulfill that condition.

However... Muyoung nodded.

Muyoung could get even stronger when he is in a state where he was barely alive.

'Lunatic Warrior.'

Stir up the battlefield after becoming a crazed warrior.

He didn't know if it was possible but he had to make it possible even if wasn't.

Chapter 51: Endless Battlefield (End)

Stop at least 3 waves while you're barely alive.

Then it would start the moment he was on the brink of death.

He had to get into that state before the next wave to be able to properly stop 3 waves in a row.

As it was a special reward, he couldn't leave an ambiguous record.

'Self-injury.'

The first method he thought of was self-injury.

If it was regarding body parts, Muyoung was an expert.

It wasn't hard to leave someone barely alive.

When he trained in the Forest of Death, a forceful command to commit suicide once his identity was revealed was implanted in his mind.

Countless assassins died following the command Wung Chunglin implanted in them.

‘My body’s resisting.’

Was it because of this?

Muyoung placed Anguish close to his wrist before shaking his head slightly.

He wasn’t willing to.

Perhaps it was due to him deciding to walk the path against Wung Chunglin that his body cried out as it instinctively wanted to do everything opposite of what Wung Chunglin did.

What was more, this was a battlefield. It was a place created for battles.

To self-inflict wounds wasn’t self-injury but closer to suicide.

“Black Sun Warrior.”

So Muyoung decided on another solution.

Since he was going to be on the brink of death anyways, he chose a slightly more honest method.

The Black Sun Warrior who wore a full black armor gazed at Muyoung.

He was the strongest undead Muyoung had and was the best rising star of the Sun Guild when he was alive.

Wasn't he named after the Sun God Horus?

If Muyoung didn't kill him, he would have rapidly become stronger.

However, currently, he was an undead that followed Muyoung.

Muyoung held Anguish up towards the Black Sun Warrior and said.

"Attack me like you want to kill me."

Slash!

There wasn't a moment of hesitation.

The Black Sun Warrior cast the 'Sword of the Black Sun' skill from his hands.

He shot towards Muyoung while emitting an aura that wanted to slash everything in the world.

Although he was stronger than when he fought Horus, the Black

Sun Warrior had also been strengthened.

Crash!

Muyoung who clashed with the sword was pushed away.

He immediately held Anguish in reverse and lowered his stance. Then he bounced off the ground and aimed for the Black Sun Warrior's belly.

Thump!

The wings of the Black Sun Warrior blocked Muyoung's attack.

However, Muyoung anticipated that.

The Black Sun Warrior's sword shot out between his wings of light.

Muyoung rolled on the ground and quickly threw two daggers in a row.

But it only looked like he threw one dagger. It was only possible because the paths the two daggers were flying in were identical.

Cling!

Clang!

The first dagger broke in two but the second one was blocked by the armor.

If it wasn't for the armor, it would have been a critical blow.

His 'high defense' wasn't just for show.

In reality, he barely received any damage when facing the Dark Red Orc Warchief.

'Not bad.'

He had never fought against one of his undead.

He never really felt the need to and he thought that it would be much better to hunt other prey than wounding his undead.

A completely new experience.

Muyoung became absorbed into the fight.

It had been quite a while since he had fought 1-on-1.

Because Muyoung's profession specialized in 1-on-1 fights, it felt like he had only just put on the right set of clothes.

‘Let’s see how long you can block.’

The Black Sun Warrior had high defense.

He wouldn’t leave a scratch with most of his attacks.

Didn’t even the Dark Red Orc Warchief fail to leave a decent mark?

Muyoung used all his techniques.

Bam! Clash!

The intense fight continued for hours.

The fairy Woohee was stunned as she watched the Black Sun Warrior and Muyoung fight.

“Ehem, was the condition so hard he went crazy?”

She touched her lips with her finger and tilted her head.

She could only see it as him going crazy.

In a situation where it wasn’t enough that they were saving all

their strength, they were fighting each other.

A bloody battle with no compromises. It wouldn't be weird if one of them died.

However, something strange occurred.

The more they fought, the faster their movements became.

It was only a slight difference but Woohee who had seen countless monsters could tell.

That they were growing every time their swords clashed.

'But can the undead get stronger too?'

Then Woohee who had realized something strange blinked her eyes.

Even if she could accept Muyoung's growth as humans had rapid growth potential, the undead were monsters created from corpses.

A dead creature wouldn't get stronger.

Like that, the undead would stop growing from when they died.

But... when that undead wearing black armor clashed with

Muyoung, he was getting stronger at a slightly slower pace than him.

It wasn't that he became more skilled but his absolute stats were rising.

"Wooheeheehee. Fight, fight! The winning side is Woohee's side!"

But afterwards, her worries melted away like snow.

Woohee cheered while flailing her arms and legs around.

Woohee wasn't the type to worry for long.

The two fought to kill.

She was satisfied as long as she could see this entertaining scene.

How long did they fight for?

When Muyoung's body was becoming a rag, a new change appeared.

<'Black Sun Warrior' has increased his strength by 1.>

<’Black Sun Warrior’ has increased his agility by 1.>

Messages that made even Muyoung, who was absorbed in the fight, stop for a bit.

“Stop.”

Muyoung raised his hand and restrained him.

Immediately, the Black Sun Warrior stood in his place.

Muyoung frowned.

‘He grew stronger?’

It didn’t make sense.

Although it wasn’t like there weren’t any undead who could get stronger, it was extremely rare.

There were monsters like vampires who grew stronger by sucking blood or monsters like specters who increased their spirit power by extorting their enemies’ lives.

In other words, monsters who had an ‘appetite’.

However, the Black Sun Warrior was different. He was getting stronger simply by fighting against Muyoung.

Why?

‘This never happened when he fought others.’

That was right. If there was a cause, it was fighting with Muyoung.

‘Did I affect him?’

To make sure of this, he changed his target.

“Blazing Spear Soldier, Sorceress of Lighting. Attack me.”

“I will, follow your orders.”

The two had become his enemies.

Although his body was already exhausted, Muyoung was like a fish in water as he fought without rest.

However, as his vision became hazy, Muyoung couldn’t help but find it odd.

‘Only the Black Sun Warrior grew stronger.’

No matter how long he fought with the Blazing Spear Soldier or the Sorceress of Lightning, their stats didn’t increase.

As he wondered why, Muyoung came to a conclusion.

‘Art score.’

Only the Black Sun Warrior had an art score greater than 80.

Then did it mean that only those who had an art score above 80 could get stronger like him?

This was a very important discovery.

If his hypothesis was correct, then Muyoung would be able to create a much stronger undead army.

In the very least, he would try harder to create an undead with an art score of 80 or higher.

If they grew stronger by fighting with Muyoung, it was definitely one of the hidden abilities of the Death Lord.

‘So I was thinking inside the box.’

Then he smiled bitterly.

If he didn't have a prejudice that the undead couldn't grow, he might have figured it out already.

"Are you really going to face the next wave in that state? No matter how I look at it, it seems stupid."

"I'm going to."

Muyoung immediately replied to Woohee's question.

However, his whole body was bleeding.

He was suffering from blood loss and his mind was fuzzy.

He was really on the brink of death.

However, he barely held his sword and found the strength to move.

Woohee clicked her tongue.

"Recklessness is the shortcut to death. Though your growth rate is outstanding considering you're a human. It seems like you have become sharper in a few hours... It is interesting."

“40 years.”

“Huh?”

“It took me 40 years to get to where I am.”

You became stronger in a short time. You are abnormal. These words were directed at Muyoung. But, Muyoung wanted to disagree.

The past 40 years of experience and information created the current Muyoung.

If an artist who drew for 40 years was to draw an incredible picture in 5 minutes, people would normally react with ‘You completed in 5 minutes. You’re amazing,’ but the artist had spent 40 years to produce that picture in 5 minutes.

It was the same for Muyoung.

It was only obvious that he would grow quickly because he had already experienced power once.

In the very least, he would be able to catch up to his previous self without rest.

“You are a weird human. Anyways, try your best.”

Woohee circled around in the air with her arms crossed.

Not long after, the next wave began.

‘I will make the impossible possible.’

Muyoung’s eyes settled down.

*

The fairy Woohee couldn’t believe it.

‘Is that really a human?’

What in the world. With a body that seemed like it would fall with a touch, he really beat the 16th wave.

Though the undead did help a lot, Muyoung’s performance was the same if not better than before.

‘Still, this must be his end.’

Woohee shook her head.

It seemed like a special skill was activated when he was in a

critical condition but even that would end here.

The next monsters would be trolls. They had a terrifying regenerative power.

And like expected, the fight was long.

The undead were stomped on and Muyoung's arm was twisted as it hung on one side.

It was amazing that he even endured it.

But... another reversal happened.

'Impossible!'

He annihilated the trolls.

And Muyoung challenged the next wave right away.

Since he knew that there wouldn't be a good end if he stayed in a critical condition for a long time, he quickly challenged one wave after the other unlike before.

However, no matter how times you thought about it, it was impossible.

His body was at its limit. Woohee could tell. That even breathing was painful.

He pushed his body with only raw determination.

‘He has surpassed the limits of a warrior. It’s like he’s someone who had died a few times.’

Those who were known as warriors had a tendency to become stronger when they were on the brink of death.

Muyoung had already passed that.

Unless he was someone who moved within the boundaries of death, it was impossible to move like that.

Woohee slowly changed from watching Muyoung’s fight for fun to watching it with a nervous heart.

With sweaty fists and bulging eyes, she didn’t miss a single moment of the fight.

It was the first time she felt this way while watching someone fight.

‘You can do it! Human. You can do it!’

Unconsciously.

Her eyes were drawn to fight as she cheered for him.

Whenever Muyoung's body stretched, Woohee's body felt sore.

To make spectators become completely immersed in it...

It was one of the qualities only those known as heroes possessed.

Splash!

The fight ended as the last arc goblin's neck was cut off.

Thump!

Muyoung fell to his knees.

He stabbed Anguish into the ground and was barely able to stop himself from fainting.

In that state, he forced himself up and approached Woohee.

"Give... it to me."

"He, here."

Woohee took out a cloud shaped tool with a foolish expression.

‘Little Wish.’

He had finally reached his goal.

A treasure that would grant 3 small wishes!

Afterwards, Muyoung examined the condition of his body.

‘Any more would be tough.’

Although he could use Little Wish to recover his body, he didn’t think he could beat the 20th wave with his current abilities.

Less than a hundred undead remained.

Perhaps it was because the trolls’ vitality was strong but it wasn’t easy to make them into undead.

At most, he could cast the Art of Death skill 15 times.

With that, he would still be lacking.

Woohee asked.

“You’re going to end here, right?”

“Looks like it.”

“Come back next time. You can get an incredibly special reward when you beat the 30th wave.”

The 30th wave she said.

It was currently too far away.

But, he didn’t remember hearing about anyone stopping the 30th wave and getting an incredibly special reward.

When he glanced at Woohee, her face reddened as she wriggled her body.

“Wooheehee. You can have me.”

“Give me something else.”

“Damn it, I bet you don’t know how popular I am with other fairies.”

Muyoung only grinned.

However, he couldn’t promise when he would return to the Endless Battlefield.

He couldn’t return the same way he came in this time.

If he wanted to return to the Endless Battlefield, he had to find something else besides the marble the Fire Tars had.

Woohee continued.

“… Make sure you come again. I will be waiting for you.”

As if she suddenly became lonely, Woohee nodded weakly.

Chu!

Then Woohee suddenly pressed her lips against Muyoung’s cheek.

Immediately after, a bright light wrapped around Muyoung.

<You have been granted the ‘Fairy’s blessing’.>

<You have stopped the 18th wave.>

<‘Endless Battlefield – 18th stage’ has been added to your history.>

<You are the first to leave your name in Solomon’s Hall of Fame. You have refused to reveal your name.>

1. No-name – 18th stage

2. None

3. None

<You who has completed the trial by surpassing your limit! The Masters of Darkness are very pleased with your performance.>

<The Shadow Lord has gifted you ‘Hermes’s Boots’.>

<A limited reward, ‘a random A ranked talisman’, has been given to you.>

The Outlaw Arc

Chapter 52: The Outlaw (1)

He bounced out of the marble.

At the same time, he stumbled as a wave of dizziness came over him.

He had a critical injury that made one wonder how he didn’t die on the spot.

If he didn’t quickly heal himself, it couldn’t be reversed.

“The goblin returned!”

The Fire Tar who stood beside the marble yelled out loud.

Soon, the vice-chieftain came to see Muyoung. He raised his shoulders and murmured to himself.

“18th wave…!”

The number ‘18’ was written on Muyoung’s left shoulder.

A number like this was written on everyone who entered the Endless Battlefield and completed the waves.

The vice-chieftain looked at the number with doubtful eyes.

He never thought a mere goblin would have exceeded beyond the 10th wave.

Even a goblin king would reach his limit on the 15th wave.

But, Muyoung was here and had advanced way past the criteria he provided him.

The mood changed.

Other Fire Tars were no longer able to disregard Muyoung.

“Start the treatment for the goblin, no the warrior!”

They couldn’t allow someone who was recognized as a warrior to die in vain.

Warriors had the right to be properly respected.

The Fire Tars held an emergency meeting.

“The goblin had completed the 18th wave of the warrior’s ceremony?”

“Huh, how unbelievable.”

“He didn’t even faint when he was getting treated.”

“In that condition?”

“Instead, didn’t he threaten the vice-chieftain as he glared at him?”

“I saw it too. He said to keep his promise if vice-chieftain was a Fire Tar of honor. Then, he kept his eyes on the Fire Tars. He seemed like he didn’t trust anyone.”

“Impudent. Did he think one of our Fire Tars was going to hurt him?!”

“Since he has passed the warrior’s ceremony to that extent, he needs to be treated as a warrior.”

“Ugh…”

A goblin being treated as a warrior?

There was no precedent for it in the past.

And because of what they have already said, they couldn’t take it back now.

They never expected a goblin like him among the goblins they

have looked down on and disregarded.

‘The wind has changed.’

The vice-chieftain was pleased as he looked at the scene.

The goblin did well.

He really did stir up the stubborn elders.

“Let’s hear about his suggestion. Since he has proven himself as a warrior, it mustn’t be just a lie that he could fix the problem with the Poom tree.”

“Do you vice-chieftain really believe he can solve this?”

“That it’s right for us to move our village?”

Of course, there were still those who opposed.

There was no way them to easily accept the idea of them moving their village.

However, they weren’t furious like how they were when it was first brought up.

It was a tremendous development.

“As the vice-chieftain, my thoughts are we need to listen to what the warrior has to say. To be honest, it’s not like we can just be laid back about it. At most 10 years from now. After that time, we need to wander around until we find another Poom tree!”

The vice-chieftain stroked the long roots around his waist.

It was the roots of the Poom tree. Without this root, the Fire Tar would not be able to overcome their own flames and in the end, would self-destruct.

They had to periodically replace it but if they couldn’t find the next Poom tree in time, the whole tribe would be wiped out.

It would be a disgrace for the monster of all monsters, the Fire Tars, to die this way.

However, Poom trees were rapidly dying out in the Underworld.

Only God knew when they might be able to find another.

“What if he is wrong? We will be humiliated by the other tribes.”

The vice-chieftain crumbled his expression in frustration.

“On the other hand, if we succeed, the Fire Tars of other tribes will look at us differently. We might be a bit humiliated if we fail,

but there is a lot more to gain than lose. On top of that.”

These frustrating people!

The vice-chieftain truly did think that.

They were warriors who thought their honor was more important than their life.

Although he understood them, this problem took priority over their honor.

“The Poom tree. The mother of this land! What conditions are needed to treat our mother?”

“That’s enough.”

The chieftain who quietly watched the whole scene suddenly spoke.

Everyone, including the vice-chieftain, became quiet.

Then, the chieftain nodded.

“I will listen to what the goblin has to say. If he is telling the truth, we will treat him as a warrior and our savior but if he is lying... I will personally punish him.”

Gulp!

There was tension in everyone's expressions.

When the chieftain said that he would personally punish someone, it meant that he would end them with a duel.

It had been ages since he last dueled anyone. However, everyone knew of the chieftain's power.

The absolute Fire Tar who couldn't be beaten even against 10 regular Fire Tars.

If he was to come forward, there was no hope for even a great goblin.

The only way for the goblin to live was to prove that he was right.

After the treatment was complete, Muyoung got up from his spot right away.

He was given a bit of free time but he wasn't really tense.

Instead, he was organizing the things he earned from the Endless Battlefield with his mind at ease.

‘Little Wish, Fairy’s blessing, Hermes’s Boots and the Talisman of Ogre’s Strength.’

Four in total.

From the random A ranked talismans, he received the talisman of ‘Ogre’s Strength’.

It was quite a rare talisman that allowed you to strengthen an equipment.

‘Hermes’s Boots.’

Little Wish and the talisman were things he was somewhat familiar with but the other two were things even Muyoung hadn’t seen before.

Hermes’s Boots were jet-black.

As he looked carefully at the boots to confirm it, information regarding the boots popped up.

Name: Hermes’s Boots

Rank: A+

Classification: Equipable type

Durability: 24,000

Effect: Shadow Lord's present. It was one of the shoes Hermes wore.

*Agility +15

* Able to use 'acceleration' for 3 seconds.

The information shown was simple.

A+ rank.

It was the highest ranked equipment Muyoung currently possessed.

On top of that, Muyoung became slightly more surprised reading the last message.

'Acceleration!'

Muyoung knew about acceleration more than anyone else.

It was because it was an ability that allowed you to move your body twice as fast.

In the past, Muyoung had used an equipment with acceleration to assassinate the Dragon Lord.

Wung Chunglin had lent it to Muyoung and its effects were amazing.

It was only 3 seconds but 3 seconds were enough to turn the tables around.

‘+15 in Agility can’t be ignored either.’

Like the word itself, it was the number that showed the body’s agility but if you thought one step further, it placed high importance in increasing the scope of a person’s senses.

Most would call it the five senses.

The senses that allow you to detect danger and notice an enemy approaching from behind.

Agility was an important stat, especially for Muyoung.

He wore the Hermes’s Boots right away.

‘I should check out what Fairy’s Blessing is.’

It was the blessing that appeared as Woohee kissed his cheek.

It was the first time he had seen it, so he was more curious.

He turned the Status Viewer and opened it right away.

Achievement Effect –>

Gremory’s Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Soulmate (B+, From now on, if you commune with an undead, the undead’s stats will slightly increase permanently.)

Asura’s Vassal (A, The strength to deal with spirit’s and devil’s power, Spirit Ability increased by ’10’.)

Fairy’s Blessing (B, Allows fairies to feel familiar with the user.)

Class Effect ->

Death Lord (Lord Class, Ruler of Death)

Stats ->

Strength 90 (67 + 23) Agility 104 (71 + 33)

Stamina 96 (68 + 28) Intelligence 56 (34 + 22)

Wisdom 60 (38 + 22) Fighting Aura 60 (42 + 18)

Magic Resistance 30 (12 + 18) Spirit Ability 38 (10 + 28)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened.

Equipped and Invoked Equipment: Anguish (Strength +5), Lunatic Sovereign's Set (All Stats +15, Stamina +10), Shadow Armor (It allows you to teleport to a shadow within your vision 3 times a day), Wicked Belt (Intelligence&Wisdom +4, all undead are strengthened by 5%) and Hermes's Boots (Agility +15, 3 seconds of acceleration)

Allows fairies to feel familiar with the user...

'I need to meet one to know what kind of blessing it is.'

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

He felt like he could only know its effects only when he met one.

And, his agility stats passed 100 as he wore the Hermes's Boots.

It was the same as him passing through 1 out of 5 walls.

Of course, his pure stats were far away but if you just simply looked at it, it did pass 100.

Also, if his main stats all passed 500, they say that he could become a 'Transcendent Being'.

Even in his past, Muyoung wasn't able to enter the area of Transcendent Beings.

To say it correctly, he was half of a Transcendent Being. Since his agility did pass 500.

Thanks to this, he succeeded in assassinating the Dragon Lord.

Although, it took him few years to find that one chance.

"Goblin, the time is up."

Vice-chieftain came into the room Muyoung was in.

Muyoung nodded and raised his body.

"But goblin, what's your name?"

“Muyoung.”

“Muyoung, I’m Ogar.”

The vice-chieftain, Ogar, lightly introduced himself.

It was a simple exchange but the meaning wasn’t as simple.

At least, it meant that Ogar was considering Muyoung as a true warrior.

“If you solve the problem of the Poom Tree, we will consider you as our savior.”

Muyoung chuckled after listening to his words.

The savior of a monster!

‘It’s interesting.’

But, even that didn’t seem bad at all.

Muyoung restated what he had told Ogar.

He brought the bugs and provided evidence in a blunt manner.

Silver-tongue?

There was no way Muyoung would have such a thing.

He just spoke the truth.

However, that truth and the small evidence created an unexpected change.

With a fierce look in his eyes, the Fire Tar Chieftain declared that he would ‘move the village’.

And after exactly 10 days, visible improvements had appeared.

The Plutonian Beetle hatched its eggs and hundreds of its babies were eating up the aphids.

Not only that but birds started to fly in to eat up the giant aphids which grew without any natural predators.

Of course, they would need more time but in just 10 days the Poom Tree became more lustrous.

The dying leaves gave out a green color and the surrounding ground became more fertile.

Looking at the amazing result, the Fire Tars were happy on one side but couldn't help but taste bitter emotions on the other.

As it was proof that their existence was killing the Poom Tree.

They never expected Muyoung to use natural predators to solve the problem.

No, it was never thought of.

From the beginning, the Fire Tars never had any natural predators. There was no way that they would think about using that relationship.

A goblin who came out of nowhere suddenly became their savior.

"Do you have anything you want?"

Now, all the Fire Tars couldn't help but acknowledge him.

As the noises settled down, the chieftain personally came to Muyoung.

"This land has been very unkind to me. I want to hunt a prey that's suited for me and become stronger."

Muyoung restated what he had said in the past.

‘First, I need to hunt a bit.’This was the territory of the Demon God. There was no way for Fire Tars to keep an eye on him all the time.

He needed to get stronger by himself to survive in this dangerous land.

However, the levels of all the monsters in the Demon God’s territory were high.

It wasn’t an unexplored region for nothing.

Humans had pushed exploring this area aside because they would have to endure a considerable amount of losses if they were to enter it.

Therefore, he had to search for prey that was suited for him.

To become even a bit stronger.

It was the first problem Muyoung had to solve.

Chapter 53: The Outlaw (2)

The next day.

As the day brightened, the Fire Tars started their mass migration.

Their ability to carry out actions was outstanding.

However, Ogar remained.

“You are our tribe’s savior. I can’t send you away like this.”

A monster of huge flames.

He spoke as he smiled mischievously.

“There has always been someone to mentor a young Fire Tar. But, I never mentored anyone before. You should be honored to have this chance.”

“Coach? I don’t need one. You just need to tell me the location where I can find some prey.”

Muyoung was cold towards him.

If someone with a large presence like Ogar followed him around,

even prey that would usually approach him would run away.

However, Ogar explained how useful he was as if Muyoung misunderstood.

“Are you sure? We Fire Tars control fire. Fire is a basic element and is essential to living creatures. With me there, you will improve twice as fast.”

“Are you saying that there is a Fire Tar’s method of training?”

“You could say it like that.”

They had their own method of training?

There really wasn’t much known about the Fire Tars.

Even though the Fire Tars were high ranked monsters, even the top ranked monsters would try to avoid them as they had the tendency to move in groups.

There weren’t any groups that would recklessly attack a group of Fire Tars.

Even when humans moved in large groups, they would avoid and go around Fire Tar’s territory as Fire Tars wouldn’t attack first as long as they didn’t bother them or enter their territory.

‘It’s getting interesting.’

Ogar was full of confidence.

He really didn’t seem like he was lying.

“Okay. I allow you to.”

“A, allow me…?”

Ogar stuttered as he was dumbfounded.

He couldn’t be blamed.

Would he, the vice-chieftain, the second in command, have ever been treated this way?

Even the elders couldn’t act like this to him.

However, the goblin in from of him was his tribe’s, the Fire Tars’ savior.

The Fire Tars would be free from their chronic problem if the method of using ‘natural predators’ spread.

There would be no need for useless wars to steal or to take away a Poom tree.

This one goblin saved tens of thousands of Fire Tars.

Therefore, the goblin in front of him had the right to speak bluntly like that.

‘Damn goblin.’

If it was some other Fire Tar or another goblin, the vice-chieftain wouldn’t have left him alive.

He would have ripped his mouth and stepped on him like a bug.

However, Ogar suppressed his anger.

His honor as a Fire Tar would weep if he went back on his words.

“Ehem, follow me. There is an opponent right for you.”

No wild beast approached them as Muyoung walked with Ogar.

Even in the territory of the Darkness, the Fire Tar’s existence was one of a kind.

“Over there, on top of the hill, there is a nest of a ‘blue horned lizard’. Catch it and bring me its heart.”

Ogar stretched his arm to point to a high cliff.

In the middle of the cliff, there was a huge nest.

Ogar crossed his arms.

As if he wasn't going to help him any further.

Muyoung nodded as moved forward.

'It's a bit tough but I can handle it.'

Shaaaah.

At that moment the huge lizard lifted its body from its nest and looked towards Muyoung's direction.

It ferociously glared at Muyoung as if it was going to consider him as an enemy if he approached any further.

<The 'Eye of the Sky' skill has been activated.>

<Information about the adult 'blue horned lizard' is being brought.>

* A blue skinned lizard with two horns stuck deep inside its skull.

* It has frost breath.

Strength 80~120 Agility 95~135 Stamina 80~100

Intelligence 50~70 Wisdom 50~70

*There could be a margin of error depending on the individual.

It was the normal stats for an adult blue horned lizard.

Of course, there were some that exceed it that but normally their stats were within that range.

If he compared his current stats to it, it was worth a try.

It would have been a bit easier if he used his undead but he wasn't planning to.

After all, this hunt was made himself get stronger.

Swish!

Muyoung took out Anguish and entered the territory of the lizard.

Shaaaaaah!!

Immediately, the blue lizard left its nest and quickly charged towards Muyoung as if it was sliding.

Cold air spewed out from its open mouth.

“Haaaap!”

Muyoung held his breath as his body disappeared in a blink of an eye.

At the same time, he appeared behind the lizard.

‘Shadow Teleportation.’

The usable effect of the Shadow Armor.

The effects that allowed the user to teleport to a shadow within their vision 3 times a day was activated.

However, the lizard had great senses.

Instantly, it turned its body and swung its horns at Muyoung.

Clash!

Muyoung barely blocked its attack but his hands were trembling fiercely.

Muyoung clenched his teeth as he rushed in again.

‘Its left side is its weak point.’

The lizard was slightly limping its left leg.

If you didn’t look carefully, you would have missed it but Muyoung was able to notice it.

He constantly turned towards its left and continued to look for an opening.

Like this, he struggled for three hours playing cat and mouse.

Stab!

Anguish sliced into the lizard’s body.

Afterwards, he took out the heart and returned to Ogar.

Ogar looked at Muyoung as if it was very unexpected.

“It seemed like you struggled quite a bit for a goblin who passed the 18th wave.”

Muyoung didn’t bother replying.

Considering the nature of warriors, the vice-chieftain might be disappointed if he knew that Muyoung controlled dead corpses.

It wasn’t something Muyoung needed to try and explain if it wasn’t necessary.

“Either way, eat that heart. And turn around and sit down.”

“You want me to just eat this?”

“Yes. You need to chew it and eat it raw.”

The blue horned lizard’s heart was big.

It was the size of Muyoung’s head.

To eat this…

Even if it was the Underworld, if he was a normal human, he would have freaked out.

However, Muyoung took a bite out of the heart as if there was nothing unusual about it.

Crunch!

Blood spread inside his mouth.

‘It’s cold.’

Perhaps it was because it was a lizard that used frost or maybe it was because it was a monster with low body temperature but its blood was really cold.

As he slowly chewed it, Ogar was surprised.

“You eat well even though it doesn’t look or taste good. It’s a food even Fire Tar warriors won’t eat.”

“This is nothing.”

The lizard’s heart tasted horrible.

However, Muyoung could eat and gulp down anything that was edible, whatever it was.

He didn’t put much importance on how the food tasted. Since he didn’t know the delight of eating.

Chomp. Chomp.

After eating all of it, including the last sinew, Muyoung turned around and sat down.

Ogar placed his hand on Muyoung’s back with a disgusted expression.

“Close your eyes and calmly accept the flame. Slowly, it will balance out your unbalanced body. It’s going to be painful but you mustn’t open your mouth.”

Balance.

Although Muyoung didn’t know what the vice-chieftain was going to do, he just closed his eyes like he was told.

Blaze!

Soon, a small flame started to spread from Muyoung’s back.

The flames entered the back of his body and helped the heart of the lizard find its place inside his body.

‘Emmm....!’

A different kind of energy stirred up inside his body.

Ogar’s flames removed the impurities in his body.

However, the pain was so great that it even made Muyoung flinch.

He didn’t spit out a word as he tightly clenched his teeth as if they were going to crumble apart.

How many hours passed...

“It’s done.”

Ogar got up as he wiped his brows.

“Amazing. Even 9 out of 10 warriors normally groan.”

“Didn’t you say that I can’t?”

“You’re right. If you breathe out, the good energy will leave your body. Balancing a body can only be done once or twice in a lifetime. If you groan out loud, the balance will be slightly off.”

“Say that first.”

Muyoung spoke with a pale face.

He never thought that the vice-chieftain would tell him the most important information after everything had ended.

“It’s more valuable when you attain it yourself.”

Ogar rotated his shoulders as if it was nothing.

And then opened his mouth to speak.

“Rest for today and tomorrow we will work on the next part.”

“Is there still more to do?”

“There is about 2 more things to do. After you finish these, you will notice how much you have changed yourself.”

Muyoung flopped down onto the ground.

With a completely exhausted face, his whole body felt weak.

The next day.

Muyoung hunted the ‘typhoon stingrays’ that flew in the sky.

As he tried to eat the heart he finally managed to get, Ogar stopped him.

“You can’t just eat the heart of a typhoon stingray. You need other ingredients.”

“What are the ingredients that I need?”

“Sinful poisonous mushroom, five ptomaine stringy snakes and one frog of despair…”

Muyoung wrinkled his expression as he heard the ingredients.

“Are you trying to assassinate someone?”

There were all extremely poisonous.

They were living creatures that were so poisonous that they could instantly kill an elephant if it ate one.

If he ate a mixture of them, his body would become all mushy and melt away.

Ogar pondered as he understood Muyoung thoughts.

“We Fire Tars do it like this. However, if it’s a goblin, you could die I guess. If you want, I can reduce the amount of ingredients.”

“No… it’s okay. Let’s just do it.”

Muyoung shook his head.

Of course, there was a physical difference between Muyoung and Fire Tars, but he could control some of poison to certain degree himself.

‘I recently figured out that the spirits of the Six Paths like poison.’

To be exact, they liked objects of yin energy like poison but it was possible to cover the spirits with poison and launch an attack as long as he had enough of it.

Like how the Fire Tars would burn poison, the spirits Muyoung had could take some of the poison away.

He thought it was well worth a try.

“Umm, don’t regret it.”

Muyoung slightly laughed as he gathered the ingredients.

After mixing all the ingredients together, there was only one step left.

“Lastly, we Fire Tars include the essence of the Fire Tar tribe. There are different ranks of essences as well but since you’re our savior I will use the high-rank essence for you.”

He took out a small bottle as if he was being generous.

Then, he poured in the unidentified essence into the bin which contained the other ingredients.

“You need to brace yourself. Since you will die if you lose consciousness.”

This was something Muyoung would do with his life on the line.

Muyoung nodded as he sat on the hot desert ground.

Gulp! Gulp!

Then he gulped down all the ingredients.

“…!”

At the same time, Muyoung whole body became pale and emitted a purple light.

The most poisonous out of the most poisonous.

They were very rare poisons that could only be gathered in a Demon God's territory.

It would have taken Muyoung years to even collect these if he didn't have the help of Ogar who knew the locations of every poison.

However, they were too strong.

Ogar was adjusting with his flames but it wasn't enough.

It was a relief that his mushy body didn't instantly meltdown.

'Six Paths.'

A bit of time was enough.

Afterwards, the spirits started to roam around Muyoung's body.

Almost as if they were devouring a delicious meal, they sucked massive amounts of poison.

<The spirits have gotten stronger.>

<Your ability to rule over Asura Paths has increased.>

<Conquest rate: 1.1%>

<The 33 spirits have evolved into ‘poison shade’.>

Poison shade?

A shade was a physical form of a normal spirit.

It seemed like it threw away its original shape as it sucked in an enormous amount of dangerous poison.

However, he couldn’t continue his thoughts any longer.

That wasn’t the end.

Muyoung’s body continued to bloat up and sink down repeatedly.

‘Ugh…!’

It was too painful to endure.

Something strange was happening inside his body.

The impurities that couldn’t be burned up were being eaten by the poison.

Afterwards, his body started to reconstruct itself at a cellular level.

<The all the impurities inside your body had been removed.>

<Yin and yang have been balanced, your body has been purified and was newly changed to a condition like a new-born infant.>

<The metamorphosis is in progress.>

Metamorphosis!

The phenomenon where bones and structures changed completely.

They say that you would normally go through this when you overcame your limits.

Muyoung was in the process of metamorphosing without overcoming his limits.

He tried his best to not lose consciousness.

Then... after his body had been emptied out, a new wave filled Muyoung's body up.

<1st stage of metamorphosis has been completed.>

<Your growth potential has greatly increased.>

Soon, a peony-shaped light bundle shining brilliantly in various colors appeared on Muyoung's forehead.

Ogar who saw this widened his eyes.

'The Flower of Glory!'

The flower that only bloomed in only one in a thousand Fire Tars was on the goblin's forehead.

How could he not be surprised?!

The light bundle fully bloomed then penetrated inside Muyoung's body.

<Magic resistance increased by 30.>

Thump!

Everything was progressing and Muyoung lost his consciousness.

Ogar looked at Muyoung with a complex expression.

“Ha, this bastard. Wasn’t a goblin.”

And as if he had received a blow, he laughed vigorously.

Chapter 54: The Outlaw (3)

Sizzle, sizzle!

He heard something boiling.

Muyoung slowly opened his eyes.

His face scrunched up as soon as he found out where he was.

He didn’t know how long it had been but he was lying naked in a tub.

Different varieties of medicinal herbs were floating on the water.

What was more, it seemed like they were out of the ordinary as there were even some herbs Muyoung had never seen before.

“You’ve opened your eyes. Just stay still. This is the only way to provide warmth to your newly born body.”

Blip, blop.

Late in the evening, Ogar sat next to the tub as he put in small amounts of green powder into the water.

“You should know you’re blessed. I don’t even take care of

mighty warriors like this. Do you know how rare this unicorn horn powder is?”

“You’re using it to warm my body up?”

Muyoung couldn’t help but be a bit surprised.

Unicorn horns were first-class materials.

It was a treasure that permanently increased the grade of whatever it was used on by a level or higher.

Ogar had made it into a powder and was pouring it into the tub.

He spoke as if it was nothing.

“You just need to know that. We Fire Tars definitely pay back our debts. The chieftain has allowed me to use this powder so you shouldn’t experience any side effects.”

“Side effects?”

“We forcefully balanced your body. The body is an amazing thing as it always tries to go back to its previous form no matter how bad it was. Normally, to maintain the balance that’s been set in place, you need to live at least half of a year in distress.”

“I guess you’re saying I’m fine now.”

“The unicorn horn powder produce the highest healing ability. As it has the power to correct the dislocation.”

Ogar explained in a very calm tone.

Muyoung ruminated his words for a moment before he lifted his hand up.

He nodded as he looked around his body.

‘It feels light.’

His whole body felt lighter.

It was the first time he experienced this kind of feeling.

He thought he could understand what it meant for someone to be born again.

‘My whole body is completely changed. This is incomparable to the past.’

Muyoung became more surprised as he checked his own body.

It was as if a rock had turned into a sponge.

Of course, he had to move to be sure but he expected his growth potential to be completely different.

He instinctively felt this way.

That he could become stronger faster.

He could reach higher peaks!

‘It said the 1st stage of metamorphosis was complete.’

It wasn’t like he didn’t experience something like this in the past.

However, the timing was very early and the content was completely different.

Traditionally, it was told that you needed to finish 5th stage of metamorphosis to become a Transcendent Being.

In the past, Muyoung had finished 4 stages of metamorphosis.

However, the transformation that he finished didn’t seem like a normal metamorphosis.

‘Magic resistance has increased by 30. There is a strong feeling that I have changed from before.’

In a normal transformation, the stats didn't increase.

Only the growth potential increased.

However, magic resistance had increased by 30. His mind felt much clearer as well.

"But, which part of you is true?"

A voice cleared his thoughts.

Before he noticed, Ogar was looking straight at Muyoung's face.

Perhaps?

Muyoung lowered his head and looked at his own reflection.

However, nothing really changed in his appearance. His white hair and goblin horn were still there.

"What's your meaning in asking?"

"Hmmm... if you're trying to hide it, I won't ask any further. You really are a rare breed. Even the fact that you neutralized a far greater dose of poison than you could handle."

Ogar looked at Muyoung as if he was looking at a rare animal in a zoo.

Muyoung moved the poison using spirits but Ogar didn't seem like he noticed it.

"Unlike the other Fire Tars, I am quite lenient. But, if you're going to hide it, you must do it well. Because you cannot guarantee that others are going to be as lenient as me."

Ogar got up as he stretched his back after he told Muyoung a riddling advice.

"In the morning, you will naturally be able to get up. This location is close to where we moved our tribe so there shouldn't be any monsters attacking."

Gibberish.

However, Muyoung's expression hardened.

He wasn't certain but he had a notion of what Ogar was talking about.

'There's a possibility that he found out that I am a human.'

He couldn't say that there was no possibility at all.

Muyoung's appearance might have been revealed during the process of metamorphosis.

Ogar smiled as he turned around.

As Muyoung saw him, he spoke.

"Are you leaving?"

"I have done everything I need. Ah, also."

As if he suddenly thought of something, Ogar turned his head and spoke.

"I have recently heard from goblins that a group of humans was roaming around here. It doesn't seem bad for you to look into it."

He tossed Muyoung information as if he was being generous.

'He figured out.'

By now, Muyoung was certain.

That Ogar knew Muyoung was a human.

It seemed like he was telling him to return to the group of humans.

As this was a Demon God's territory where humans weren't allowed to enter.

But, Muyoung could see how generous Ogar was being by letting him go.

It was the most kindness Ogar could offer Muyoung.

It wouldn't have been weird if a Fire Tar became furious for tricking him.

Muyoung could only acknowledge that this monster was better than humans in certain ways.

"Let's meet again."

"Bwahaha. It might be better to not see each other again. But, if we ever do meet again, that time make sure you know what you are."

Ogar left after he laughed refreshingly.

For a while, Muyoung looked at his reflection in the water.

He regained his vitality as morning arrived.

Muyoung got out of the tub and changed his clothes.

Afterwards, he thought over what Ogar had said to him yesterday.

‘Humans are in the Demon God’s territory. Are they wanderers?”

There were occasionally people who walked the path of a wanderer after they escaped the Great City.

People who could no longer stand the cruelty of humans or some who had to live in hiding because they committed a sin.

It was most likely they were the latter but Muyoung was still curious about the wanderers in the Demon God’s territory.

‘Even the people who run away don’t run away to a Demon God’s territory. Unless they committed a capital offense. It could be a guild who entered to gain something from here.’

He quietly rubbed his chin.

Muyoung even considered the fact that they might have information that Muyoung wasn’t aware of.

Or they were after the same thing as Muyoung...

Whatever the reason was, Muyoung was interested.

However, he didn't know their specific location.

The goblins did testify but they could be lying or the humans might have left already.

'If they are nearby, I will meet them one day.'

First, he needed to hunt.

He thought of a few places he had seen when he was wandering around with Ogar.

There was a 'perfect hunting place' for Muyoung.

Muyoung slowly walked sweeping the ground.

Fossa!

A predator of the rugged wilderness.

It was a cat-like monster with such a high agility that it was very difficult to detect with your eyes.

However, if you could just detect it, it wasn't a hard opponent to fight against.

Muyoung’s eyes were easily able to locate them.

With his incredible eyesight and his ability to predict its movements, Muyoung was able to easily capture a fossa.

Grrrl.

Kyaaaaahh!

However, the fossa was with four others.

‘Poison shade.’

33 shadows popped out of Muyoung’s body.

Shadows would attach onto the bodies of the fossae and release a poison. The fossae started to die as their bodies were turning into green lights.

The fossae noticed the change in their bodies attacked more violently.

It was because they realized that if they didn’t kill Muyoung that they would die.

However, Muyoung’s eyes which looked at the charging fossae

were the same as a hunter.

Swoosh.

He unsheathed Anguish.

Slaaaash!

The massacre had started.

Muyoung wiped his brows and drank water.

‘Some are still following me.’

It was already 15th day since he parted with Ogar.

He continued to have bloody battles in the Demon God’s territory.

During the process, he faced a pack of fossae and they have been chasing him for the past three days.

Although he killed more than 20 of them, he still had more than 100 left.

Muyoung was slipping past their tight blockade as he reduced their numbers.

The fossae would probably be incredibly pissed right now.

‘My stats are continuously improving as I hunt.’

Muyoung looked at his Status Viewer as he rested his tiresome body.

Within just 15 days, his stats rose steeply.

It was an amount that would have taken him at least one or two months.

If he continued on like this, it seemed like he would be able to accomplish his goals in achieving a 100 on all his basic stats.

The problem was…

‘I need to get rid of the fossae that are following me.’

Fossae were very fast.

They specialized in group hunts.

They were even good at quickly running away.

Even though Muyoung was alert even while he slept, he wasn't used to being publicly chased like this.

It took him about an hour to kill 4 fossae.

He was able to win as he created lots of wounds and used the poison shades to spread poison through their wounds.

Muyoung would have been out of options if he loosened his guard and was surrounded by over a 100 fossae.

He tried erasing his markings but the fossae were able to find Muyoung's location like a ghost.

'I kill them or get killed by them.'

It was a chase that would have only ended when one of the two was satisfied.

It was fortunate that he wasn't giving them any openings. The fossae wouldn't be able to carelessly attack him as they also had their guard up against him.

If this delicate barrier was to break, a full-scale bloody battle would begin.

"He, help me!"

The guard that he had continuously placed on for the last 3 days was broken due to the intrusion of a person.

An almost naked woman was being chased by about 10 very excited fossae.

The woman only had a piece of cloth over her body.

She seemed young but was very lean and had scars all over her body.

‘The fossae lost their guard. I have no choice but to fight.’

The barrier between the pack of fossae and Muyoung was being maintained very risky.

The fossae didn’t easily attack him because they knew how great Muyoung’s skills were.

If they attacked him with their lives, the fight would have been over already.

Fossae were monsters that were that cautious.

However, they were excited when the woman barged in. To the point, they were willing to just enter the area Muyoung was in.

If this was true, then he couldn't just send them away.

If those 10 fossae lived, instantly more than 100 fossae would approach.

It would be your end if you ever took a monster in this world lightly.

It would have been reckless for Muyoung to handle 10 fossae alone.

Muyoung could only summon his undead. For now, it was the best way.

The Blazing Spear Soldier, the Sorceress of Lightning and the Black Sun Warrior were summoned.

It might not be a good thing to summon a lot of undead to deal with the fossae.

"Kill the wild cats."

Muyoung made a simple command.

And together they went to fight them.

A woman who was approaching him on the other side widened

her eyes in shock.

She thought he was a human but found that he had a horn was on his forehead.

“Ahhh…”

Like a marionette with its strings cut off, she fell to her knees as she found out he was also a monster.

How stupid of her to ask a monster for help.

Her last bit of hope disappeared as monsters approached from both sides.

The woman closed her eyes.

Kyaaaahh!

Clang! Clash!

Huge explosive sounds erupted around her.

However, her body was fine.

She felt weird so she opened her eyes only to see the fossae and the goblin fight each other.

‘I will get eaten after the fight.’

It was a splendor even those who were vigilant couldn’t follow.

But it was certain that the goblin was winning against the fossae.

She thought of running away while they were busy but soon realized it was useless.

She was destined to die as she entered the territory of the fossae and the goblin.

She just blankly watched the fight with a resigned look on her face.

‘He isn’t a normal goblin.’

He was much stronger than most goblins.

The woman’s expression became gloomier.

The fight ended after 30 minutes.

It resulted in the goblin’s victory.

The goblin who was scratched by the claws of the fossae approached the woman and spoke with impatience.

“Who are you?”

Chapter 55: The Outlaw (4)

The woman tightly bit her lips.

Goblins liked to tease their prey.

They would never simply kill their prey.

Instead, it might be better to bite her tongue and die now.

But, she didn’t have the courage.

“Pl, please don’t come closer.”

Those words were all she could mutter.

The scrawny woman took out a marble from her bosom.

The marble was cut in half. It was emitting a purple light and a hidden power could be felt.

Muyoung who saw that half opened his eyes as if it was unexpected.

‘Marble of Territory?’

He finally seemed to understand how she came all the way here after going past the pack of fossae.

Honestly, he was half-doubtful.

The fossae were currently surrounding from afar and were slowly closing their distance. But, unless someone was quite strong, it was impossible for someone to slip through their blockade and approach Muyoung.

So he thought it was ‘fishing’ that wanderers would do but the story changed if she possessed the Marble of Territory.

‘It’s a tool only pioneers use.’

The Marble of Territory was an essential item that would be used to create a village or set up a city.

Those that were known as pioneers would use this item when setting up an area inside an unexplored territory.

It prevented low ranked monsters from approaching and created a land that humans could live on.

The foundation for erecting all cities began by using this marble.

Because she had an item like that, he understood why the fossae didn’t easily approach her.

Muyoung stretched his hand.

And he grabbed the Marble of Territory.

“How could a goblin…!”

The woman was shocked.

It wasn’t possible for a monster to personally touch the Marble of Territory.

It might have been possible if the monster was a high rank or a top rank but wasn’t he a goblin?

Of course, Muyoung wasn’t a goblin.

So there was nothing wrong with grabbing the Marble of Territory but for the lady who didn’t know that, she couldn’t help but misunderstand.

“Is there a village near here?”

“Village… there is something similar.”

She gulped down her saliva and replied.

It meant there was a gathering of people.

Muyoung grinned before saying.

“So you successfully entered the Demon God’s territory.”

“Wh, who are you? Are you really a goblin?”

The woman asked as if she was grasping at straws.

Although the goblin in front of her looked vicious, she didn’t feel any hostility from him.

And there was nothing she could do besides believe.

Muyoung briefly looked at the woman’s eyes.

The woman’s body curled up.

He slowly stretched his hand and touched the naked woman’s body.

Her body would flinch at his touch but she was already as weak as she could be so she was unable to resist.

‘Traces of abuse.’

However, Muyoung didn’t care about the woman’s feelings.

And he was quite a distance away from feeling sexual desire.

Only, he was slightly interested in the wounds on her body.

“So you escaped from your village.”

He said with certainty.

These injuries could only be created from abuse.

Although he didn’t know who that person was, he knew that whoever he was, he was very viscous.

So she eventually couldn’t take it any longer and escaped and stole the Marble of Territory along with her.

As if he had hit the mark, the woman sat down hugging her knees.

“Where is the village?”

“Ov, over there.”

She pointed her finger eastwards.

It was the direction Muyoung was moving towards while avoiding the pack of fossae.

‘I have to change my direction.’

It was actually better.

If he didn’t meet the woman, things would have gotten more difficult.

He was already in a situation where he was having difficulties just dealing with the fossae.

He wanted to worry about other problems after getting rid of the tenacious fossae.

Kyaaaah!

The fossae cried from afar.

They had discovered the deaths of their companions.

Muyoung thought over the woman’s circumstances before coming to a conclusion.

‘There’s a lot I want to ask.’

First, he would take her with him.

“Get on.”

When he showed her his back, the woman only looked at him with a stiff body.

“I won’t stop you if you want to die.”

“N, no. My bo, body is stiff. One second…”

The woman quickly became serious and threw her body over his back.

‘Art of Death.’

Muyoung reanimated the dead fossae.

Because he was in a rush, the scores were low but it was enough if they could just gain a bit of time.

“Block them.”

A single command.

The fossae that have turned undead stood in a line.

Muyoung started to move his feet quickly.

He moved for half a day.

Only then could he escape from the fossae's blockade.

Still, it was for at most 4 hours.

They would be followed afterwards but it was important that he gained some time to rest.

'After the Fire Tars moved their village, the territories of other monsters became a mess.'

Muyoung sat near a well and clicked his tongue.

The reason why the fossae could be this active was because the Fire Tars had moved their village.

As a mess was created by monsters invading other territories while avoiding the Fire Tars, the area of activity of the fossae increased.

'Fossae are monsters that have an incredible thirst for revenge.

They won’t let me go.’

Muyoung started to hunt after Ogar left.

And he was briefly fascinated by his quick growth.

His mistake was killing the fossa cubs he came across coincidentally.

Afterwards, he was hunted by the fossae.

This continued for over three days.

‘I can’t keep going south. I have to reduce their numbers somehow.’

He didn’t have detailed information about this area.

It was suicidal to go down recklessly.

Tap. Tap.

Muyoung tapped his knees with his fingers.

Then he grabbed a branch and drew a line on the ground.

The fossae's blockade, he drew the path and the location of the approaching pack.

"What are you drawing?"

Muyoung slightly lifted his head.

The naked woman approached after washing herself in the water.

A bold appearance unlike her first impression.

It meant she was certain that Muyoung wouldn't kill her.

"A way."

"Ahh, so… we are being chased by the fossae?"

"That's right."

There wasn't really a reason to hide it.

The woman gently smiled.

"Then let's combine our strength. I am also being chased."

He already expected that.

The hunting party would have probably been formed by now.

However, Muyoung was cold.

“You have to be helpful for us to even combine our strengths.”

“I know the paths in this area. So help me leave the Demon God’s territory. And we will naturally be able to get rid of the fossae as well.”

“Impossible.”

It didn’t matter if she knew the paths, it was impossible to leave the Demon God’s territory.

It would be difficult unless they had multiple lives.

As if she anticipated Muyoung’s reply, she gave him the next best plan.

“Then ensure my safety. We can’t survive on our own anyways.”

A change in attitude.

She was completely different from when she was filled with fear.

She tried to reveal her worth as she attempted to negotiate.

‘We can’t survive on our own, huh.’

Muyoung was secretly speechless.

He had experienced situations that were multiple times more severe than this.

The current actions of the woman were like holding a candle to the sun.

After carrying her and keeping her alive, it seemed that she believed that it would continue.

She simply regarded herself too highly.

Muyoung got up from his place.

Then he slowly approached the woman and grabbed her neck and lifted her up.

“I think you’re mistaken. We are not equals.”

The woman would die without Muyoung but Muyoung wouldn’t die without her.

So how could they be equal?

Clench!

As he strengthened his grip, the woman's face became pale.

"Cough, cough...!"

"You need to cough up everything you know. So your life can extend by even a second."

The woman must have thought that Muyoung wouldn't kill her but she must have realized by now that that was a delusion.

Although it would become a bit more difficult, it was a situation that he could definitely handle by himself.

It was good to be bold but that was still something they had to show depending on the situation.

"If you understand, nod your head."

"I, I under... please...!"

Thud.

As soon as he loosened his grip, the woman collapsed on the ground and breathed heavily.

Muyoung unconcernedly asked her questions.

“You definitely said there was a village. How many people are there, who are in charge and how is the village run?”

“Cough! A hun... hundred. The one known as Heidegger kidnapped people and created a territory. He treats everyone like slaves.”

Her strong will disappeared.

She had become a rabbit stricken with fear.

She had understood her position.

Muyoung meditated on her reply.

A hundred people. It was more than he expected.

What was more, Muyoung knew the name that came out of the woman’s mouth.

“The Outlaw Heidegger?”

“Tha, that’s right. How did you know?”

The woman was frightened.

Her expression asked how a goblin could possibly know that name.

Muyoung frowned.

The Outlaw Heidegger.

He never imagined he would hear his name here.

He was definitely evil and was not bound to human standards.

Because of his cruel and wicked personality, there was even a time when he was chased by all the guilds and clans.

The word great villain really suited him.

Anyways, how was he currently within the Demon God’s territory?

‘I never heard that they found any signs of humans here.’

That meant, Heidegger’s new plan failed.

Or he moved after succeeding.

However, he couldn't understand just why he would set up an area in a place crawling with monsters.

'Heidegger became notorious after the Great Calamity started.'

There wasn't much information about him before then.

But, Heidegger liked to complete weird trials.

There was a high chance that his actions had something to do with a trial.

'There's something here. He's not the type of bastard who moves without certainty.'

A trial that required him to kidnap more than 100 people and even enter a Demon God's territory!

His mouth watered.

There were many things still unknown about Heidegger after becoming notorious.

As he had suddenly appeared and disappeared.

There were rumors that he was killed by a Demon God or died in a trial but that was it.

They were all only rumors.

However, Heidegger was a figure that was chased down by all the large groups.

He had that much power.

And the origin of his power could be from this place.

Muyoung organized his thoughts and said.

“Do you know what Heidegger is trying to do?”

“There are words that it has something to do with ancient ruins. Besides that, I don’t know.”

Even if she said ruins, there were many types.

Anyways, it was definitely something to covet.

This time, he changed his question.

“How many hunters do you think will chase you?”

“Hunte…rs?”

“I’m talking about Heidegger’s companions that are going to chase you.”

She thought for a moment before opening her mouth.

“Thirteen. If they don’t have the Marble of Territory, they aren’t able to declare their territory. Everyone should be coming after me.”

She was definitely more obedient.

Although she was still somewhat stricken with fear, it was better than taking the lead and getting dragged down.

‘Thirteen people and Heidegger. It’s enough.’

Muyoung nodded his head.

“We need to lure them in and make them fight with the fossae.”

“Sorry…? That, that’s dangerous.”

“I did not ask you for your opinion.”

It was an announcement.

And this was the optimal method to survival.

The woman who only thought to run trembled her body.

It was easy to say that he would lure them in and make them fight but it was like walking a dangerous tightrope.

However, Muyoung was stubborn.

“If you want to live, draw a line. The best location for them to fight each other.”

He handed her the branch.

The Outlaw Heidegger.

He was a highly notorious villain among villains.

But Muyoung was the same as him in terms viciousness.

They would know who the real outlaw was once they fought.

Chapter 56: The Outlaw (5)

Muyoung took out Anguish and a talisman.

‘Ogre’s Strength.’

It was one of the rewards he received from stopping the 18th wave in the Endless Battlefield!

He placed it aside as he didn’t need it at the time but going forwards, it would be an all-out war.

The pack of fossae and the Outlaw Heidegger were both opponents he couldn’t take lightly.

He now had no choice but the use the talisman for an immediate increase in military force.

‘I need to be careful when I strengthen an equipment.’

Not everything was good when strengthened.

Strengthening via a talisman could lead to a loss if he didn’t use it properly.

There was definitely a possibility that a bad characteristic could be upgraded or the durability could be decreased.

Muyoung carefully looked at his talisman.

Soon, information about it popped.

Name: Ogre's Strength

Rank: A

Classification: Single Use

Effect: A talisman with ogre's strength.

*Equipment strengthening

*Strength 5~10 increase

*A characteristic of an ogre is randomly revealed

There was a chance it would receive a random characteristic.

There was also another problem.

Which equipment to use it on.

There were equipment that had better compatibility with a strengthening talisman.

And there was a good chance the equipment would influence the characteristic.

‘Anguish.’

And Muyoung chose Anguish.

He thought the only equipment optimal for the Ogre’s Strength talisman was Anguish even though a lot of the durability was used up and it was unrepairable.

From the start, Anguish was the only one that increased his strength.

It showed how much it leaned towards strength.

It was the same thing with the Ogre’s Strength talisman.

Also, no other equipment was more destructive than a weapon.

Muyoung placed the Ogre’s Strength talisman on Anguish.

As he battered the talisman against Anguish, it was absorbed into

Anguish.

<Strengthening of ‘Anguish’ has started.>

<Its compatibility with ‘Ogre’s strength’ is very good.>

Anguish was lifted from his hand.

The color of Anguish slowly changed.

No, you could say it became a shade darker.

It was to the point where he didn’t believe it could get any darker.

Muyoung clenched his fists.

There was no way for him to be always right.

Although it did say the compatibility was great, it might have strengthened something unexpected.

With a slight tension, shortly after the transformation of Anguish was complete.

<The strengthening has been successfully completed.>

A short message.

He immediately grabbed Anguish that was dropping to the ground.

Name: Anguish

Rank: A+

Classification: Equipable Type

Durability: 16,344(Unrepairable)

Effect: Star of David, A sword given to a person who had completed the trial of Gremory.

*Strength +5

*Ability to steal blood from the opponent and recover the stamina of the user.

*Strength +9

* Ogre's Cruelty (As you kill more enemies, the strength increases slightly. Active for 30 minutes.)

Clench.

He clenched his fists.

The results were better than what he imagined.

Strength +9!

It was at most 10 but there barely was a time 10 was achieved.

It wasn't just a problem of chance.

If you strengthen it a 100 times, maybe it will result in a single maximum increase.

You could say it was an amazing result to get 9 and above all, its rank increased.

Although only a plus sign was added, this showed the class of the equipment.

It was divided into three different types, + meant rare, ++ meant

unique and +++ meant epic, even if only one was added, it was an excellent improvement.

What was more, these kinds of improvements were almost non-existent A rank and above.

Even the characteristic wasn't bad.

'Like the word states, it's very ogre-like.'

The more he killed the better. He understood why it was very compatible with Anguish.

As Anguish had the basic ability to steal blood from its victim to recover the stamina of its user, both improved each other's effectiveness.

Muyoung held Anguish.

It felt much smoother in the hand than before.

'Let's begin.'

He walked slowly.

His footsteps felt a little lighter than before.

He entered the fossae's blockade.

Some could ask if he was going in to die but Muyoung had a plan of his own.

"Black Sun Warrior, go to the other side and find the people who move in a group. Attack them and lure them to the designated location."

The Death Warrior in full armor started to move right away.

If it was the Black Sun Warrior, he wouldn't be damaged by most attacks.

As he was not only strong but also swift, there was no better bait than him.

Face-to-face combat was forbidden as Muyoung didn't know how strong the current Heidegger was.

Muyoung turned his head after the Black Sun Warrior left.

He took out a talisman.

'The Spirit of the Fossa.'

Like how he enchanted talismans from killing the shrewmice, the

same thing was possible with the fossae.

However, it was rare for the talismans to appear unlike the time with the shrewmice.

They were monsters on a different level.

Hundreds of shrewmice wouldn't be able to do anything against a fossa.

This was the one talisman he was able to get until now.

'It's impossible to trick all the fossae with this one talisman but I should be able to do it.'

Muyoung had already experienced becoming part of the ground, the wind and a weak living creature.

Imitating them should be simple if he could just detect them and use the Spirit of the Fossa.

Ripp!

Muyoung ripped the talisman.

At the same time, his senses were enhanced as they became more alert.

He erased his scent by rubbing the blood of a dead fossa over his body and matched his heartbeat to that of a fossa after recalling their movements.

He closed his eyes and slowly remembered each detail.

He needed to believe that he wasn’t a human to trick the fossae.

Kyahh.

Kyaaaaaaaaaahhh.

The fossae that formed the blockade ran towards him.

The few fossae that came very close to him smelled him with their noses.

They raised their ears to listen then played around as they tapped him.

However, Muyoung didn’t move.

Kyyahhh?

In time, the fossae could only be confused.

There was definitely a prey here but it disappeared into thin air.

They recognized Muyoung as part of their ‘pack’.

‘I can’t maintain this for long.’

Muyoung placed his hands on the floor. He moved on all fours and hung around with the fossae for a while.

However, the duration wasn’t long. At most, an hour.

He didn’t really use it until now as it was impossible to completely lose the fossae within that time.

An hour. He needed to accomplish what he wanted within that time.

Muyoung quickly scanned the pack.

‘There they are.’

His eyes flashed as soon as he saw the fossa cubs.

*

Heidegger.

A bushy beard and a wide-brimmed hat.

His figure as he walked on the wasteland resembled a typical outlaw from the West.

About a dozen subordinates were following behind him.

“Chief, didn’t we come in too deep?”

A nearby subordinate asked.

However, Heidegger grated his teeth and scrunched up his face.

“I don’t know why but the territories of the monsters have been rearranged. It’s fine right now. Rather... Alex! Where did you say that bitch was?”

A man named Alex answered while he held half of the Marble of Territory.

“If we go this way, it’s the direction of the crater.”

“Crater? Is she trying to fall down and kill herself?”

“Isn’t it possible that she is trying to get rid of the marble by going there?”

Slap.

Heidegger slapped his forehead.

‘Unless that bitch is crazy!’

When he went out for a bit, a crazy woman took half of the marble and ran.

It happened as one of his subordinates fell asleep while guarding the marble.

He killed that subordinate out of anger but he didn’t regret it.

Just, it became troublesome to find the Marble of Territory.

Either way, he was nervous.

His rule was perfect.

He allowed them to fully experience the terror of a superhuman with military strength.

Unless they were crazy, how could they possibly decide to run away?

He kidnapped 100 weaklings from a city and took them to a Demon God's territory.

He killed all those who resisted along the way.

As no one would really care about the deaths of a few weaklings.

That was how Heidegger built his own castle.

The surviving slaves faithfully carried out his orders.

'I was almost there...!'

Heidegger clenched his fist tightly.

Soon, he could have proclaimed this territory as his.

He needed a special symbol that suited him if he wanted to proclaim a territory as his with the Marble of Territory.

In other words, like the Sky Library in the Great City, he needed something that would be the 'center' of his city.

As there was no way something like that would exist in a Demon God's territory, he had to make one himself. And it was almost complete.

He never thought a crazy woman would appear and take it away when he was about to complete it.

‘If you lost the marble, I won’t let you die easily. I will make you regret being alive.’

Heidegger grated his teeth.

How much time had passed since they started to walk.

Stomp.

Heidegger stopped.

Behind him, the rest of his subordinates became quiet.

“Something’s approaching.”

“Is it a monster?”

“It’s not a living creature. This feeling… it’s an undead.”

Heidegger was certain.

He could feel the strong aura of death. In this situation, it could only be an undead.

“What? An undead?”

“Did a lich appear from somewhere?”

Everyone was making a fuss.

Liches were monsters that were as strong as the fire tars but harder to fight against.

The ones they deemed as an enemy were annihilated using few hundred, few thousands of undead.

A story about a lich being an equal match against a decent sized army didn’t exist for no reason.

If they got caught?

Of course, they wouldn’t survive.

Even if Heidegger was there, it would have been the same.

“Not a lich. Much weaker than a lich.”

However, Heidegger shook his head.

He was able to instinctively classify things that were stronger or weaker than him.

That was how he was able to survive for such a long time while committing all sorts of crimes.

And from what he could sense, the undead was strong for an undead but still weaker than him.

However, he needed to be careful. He felt this was fishy from some odd reason.

If it passed by, maybe... but it was approaching them as if it was aiming for Heidegger from the start.

“Raise your weapons. It’s coming this way.”

From afar, an undead wearing black armor appeared.

‘A death warrior?’

The undead charged at Heidegger the moment he came to sight.

He had black wings on his back and was holding a black sword.

He had never seen a death warrior that looked like that.

However, they would inevitably clash.

Clash!

Heidegger held a sword in both hands.

Muyoung lured and kidnapped a fossa cub.

And changed his direction towards the crater.

“You, you came.”

The woman shivered as she held the Marble of Territory as she waited on the top of the crater.

It wasn’t that big of a crater but it was still active with lava boiling inside.

Above it, were monsters the size of humans flying around.

“Pyroxes aren’t combative monsters. You don’t need to be afraid.”

“S, still…”

The woman looked towards the crater.

Lizards with wings of a bat. These were pyroxes.

One of the few peaceful monsters.

There wasn't a lot of information about them as they were quite mystic creatures that lived inside craters.

From the start, there weren't many either since they were rare.

However, as the woman didn't know this, she could only wait for Muyoung as if her life was on the edge.

"But... what is that cloth?"

The woman asked as her gaze turned towards it.

Muyoung was holding something wrapped with a cloth.

As if it wasn't anything unusual he casually replied.

"It's fossa's cub."

"What? W, what would you do if fossae came because of it?"

The woman was terrified.

The fossae cherished their cubs. The whole pack will attack if you touched one of them.

“I brought it because of that reason.”

Muyoung also knew that very well.

Wasn’t he unintentionally engaged in a chase because of it?

However, this time, he was planning to use the fossae’s revengefulness.

‘They are coming.’

He was able to sense the Black Sun Warrior approaching. Although it was quite a large distance away, it was like something similar to the authority of the Death Lord.

Muyoung opened up the cloth.

Kyah.

A newborn cub the size of his wrist cried out loud.

Muyoung took out Anguish.

“Wait...!”

As the woman screamed, Anguish quickly moved.

Slash!

Chapter 57: The Outlaw (End)

He sliced off the fossa cub’s neck.

It all happened in a blink of an eye.

Muyoung was unwavering.

His movements were natural as if doing this was obvious.

The relationship between Muyoung and the fossae was already past the point of reconciliation.

He couldn’t leave any seedlings if he wanted this war to end.

Muyoung placed the head and body into a sack.

The woman blankly looked at the scene like an outsider.

Brrrr!

‘He’s crazy!’

She shuddered.

The fossae moved in packs while everyone took care of the

young. It was like they were all parents.

What was more, if a cub was within tens of kilometers, they would be able to find it.

As the thick scent of blood had spread, the pack of fossae should be on their way to the crater.

He acted this way even though he knew the consequences.

Actions without a hint of hesitation.

Did he have multiple lives?

As if he didn't care, Muyoung summoned the Sorceress of Lightning.

"Sorceress of Lightning, protect the sack and the woman."

Nod!

The Sorceress of Lightning who had the appearance of a girl nodded.

She had incredible defending abilities.

It wouldn't be easy for anyone to pass through an oncoming

lightning storm.

She could definitely buy enough time.

“How can a goblin use an undead?”

The woman who silently looked at the scene asked.

Goblins were races who used natural forces.

They specialized in controlling fires and water.

On the other hand, the undead were monsters that went against the natural forces. The living dead. It was definitely quite a distance away from the powers a goblin could handle.

However, the goblin in front of her…

‘I don’t understand.’

The woman inwardly shook her head.

Although they were on the same boat, she had never heard of a goblin like him existing.

Even if she would occasionally hear rumors about an exceptional goblin king, it was unimaginable for a goblin to control the

undead.

“Keep holding the marble. So that all who come can see it.”

Muyoung didn’t reply to the woman’s question.

He didn’t care about what others thought of him.

The woman’s eyebrows twitched when she heard those words.

“Are you telling me to die?”

To keep hold of the Marble of Territory.

It would definitely provoke Heidegger.

He would definitely kill her first.

As expected, Muyoung didn’t reply. Instead, he turned his back.

“They are coming.”

They.

They were Heidegger and his companions.

The woman scratched her neck. Due to her intense nervousness, she wasn't even able to gulp down her saliva.

Her thoughts were complicated.

There wasn't a single thing that was normal.

It was simply a mess!

However, she understood one thing.

'He's out of his mind.'

The goblin in front of her had to be crazy.

If he wasn't, he wouldn't be taking such risks.

Most monsters would try to avoid a fossae pack.

And Heidegger was a veteran who had already lived in the Underworld for more than five years.

Although the people he kidnapped weren't particularly strong, his ability to cross over to a Demon God's territory without anyone's knowledge was frightening.

No matter how strong the goblin was, it didn't seem like he would be able to handle them both.

'I'll probably die the moment I try to escape.'

But the goblin was heartless.

It seemed like he had no emotions.

He didn't seem like a goblin who would just watch her escape.

Like how he killed the fossa cub, he would kill her without blinking an eye.

The woman gathered her courage and asked another question.

"Goblin... sir, it's strange to keep calling you that so please tell me your name. My name is Atasha."

A human and a goblin exchanging names. It would be a funny scene but the woman was desperate.

If she could relieve a bit of the tension, she wanted to know even the insignificant details of the goblin. To not know anything and to wait was too frightening.

At the same time, the woman was finally able to hear a reply.

“You don’t need to know.”

Heidegger’s hair blew in the wind.

The death warrior’s sword barely touched the lines of his throat.

‘Whew!’

It was close.

However, no matter how strong he was, he was a death warrior. He couldn’t be considered very strong.

Heidegger was able to handle it himself.

‘His defense is incredible.’

The problem was his armor.

There wasn’t even a dent even after he stabbed and slashed at him.

It didn’t seem like he would be able to smash the armor with normal weapons.

‘He wasn’t created by a lich. There is no way a lich would put this much effort to make a death warrior.’

He kept his distance as he examined the warrior.

The rank of his equipment could widen anyone’s eyes.

Someone gave that level of equipment to a death warrior?

Liches were the lords of the undead. Although there were different levels of liches, they were existences who could create countless numbers of death warriors.

On the other hand, creating a top ranked undead like a death knight was complicated.

It was to the point where it was rare for liches to have more than one death knight.

Anyways, it was normal to give that level of skills and equipment to at least a high ranked undead.

Unless they were rich.

‘Quite funny.’

He smiled slightly before wielding his twin swords.

Blaze!

Light shot out of the death warrior's back.

And for some reason, he started to back away.

"Are you running away?"

Tsk!

He lightly clicked his tongue.

However, his eyes were filled with interest as he looked at the death warrior.

As long as a lich wasn't supporting him, it wouldn't matter if he smashed him into bits.

With all his strength.

The moment he decided that, Heidegger stabbed his heart with his twin swords.

Pant!

“Creaak…!”

Heidegger dropped his head.

And soon after, red tentacles started to crawl out of the wound.

To be exact, the things popped out of his heart and wrapped Heidegger’s entire body.

Hundreds, thousands of tentacles formed to create a strong armor.

Heidegger lifted his head.

“Ru, run away.”

“Why did he transform without telling us…!”

Pang-!

He smashed the head of the man who spoke.

His head exploded like a watermelon and blood splattered everywhere.

However, Heidegger who had killed one of his companions acted like nothing happened and just frowned.

“I always think the same thing when I transform but it really feels disgusting.”

Crack! Craaack!

He warmed up.

Then he said to his terrified companions.

“You guys go get the Marble of Territory from that woman. Leave the undead to me.”

“Ye, yes.”

More than ten men left as if they were running away.

Heidegger turned his attention towards the death warrior at a distance.

With a disgusting smile plastered on his face.

Slam!

It took a moment for Heidegger to approach the death warrior and slam him with his fist.

The death warrior flew up high before being nailed to the ground.

However, the death warrior stood up again like a roly-poly toy.

“Do you think that armor will be able to block the current me?”

His smile became even more disgusting.

In the Underworld, there were no laws.

A place for the strong. The world where the strong would survive while the weak would die out.

And in this world, Heidegger was known as an outlaw.

That just showed how evil the person named Heidegger was.

Kidnapping more than a hundred people was nothing.

Companions? The word companion was comical.

They were nothing but expendable items needed only to watch over the slaves.

Slam! Slam! Smash!

A one-sided beating began.

All the death warrior could do was to block.

“Blackie, look at me now. Am I not beautiful?”

Self-obsession. Heidegger had something like that.

He was very happy with his current self who had taken off the clothes of a human.

A feeling as if he didn’t conform to the standards and rules of humanity.

A mixture of liberation and excitement which was impossible to explain.

“Hideous.”

“…?”

But, at that moment.

Somewhere behind him, an unknown man appeared denouncing his current self.

A mystery man wearing a red helmet and cape.

“Who are you? Did you start following my style?”

Heidegger’s body was completely covered in red tentacles.

He made a joke because the man showed up covered in red equipment.

However, the voice of the other had a flatness to it.

“Get up.”

Swoosh.

All kinds of undead appeared around them.

Even Heidegger’s companion who had his head blown up got up.

Heidegger’s expression stiffened.

An impossible performance for corpse sorcerers.

There was only one monster who could do this.

“...Lich?”

Muyoung stared at Heidegger.

The Black Sun Warrior was not an opponent for Heidegger.

Although Muyoung rapidly became stronger over the 15 days, he was still around the same level as the Black Sun Warrior.

If all the undead combined strength with Muyoung, they would have about a 30% chance to win.

‘I am definitely weaker than I was in the past.’

Heidegger started to gain notoriety after the Great Calamity had started.

The power he showed then, while it might not be the top 10, it was definitely top 100 among humans.

If he still had the power he had before, the Black Sun Warrior would have already been smashed into bits. Because that wasn’t the case, he had a 30% chance of winning.

Plenty of things could change within 10 years in the Underworld.

It was obvious he would be incomparably weaker than his past self.

‘This bastard is careful. And knows a lot. That’s why he’ll mistake me.’

His thoughts were correct.

Heidegger took Muyoung for a lich.

Liches were the leaders of the undead who controlled top-ranked monsters and armies.

The people who could fight against a lich by themselves were almost nonexistent.

There were even stats that claimed it would normally take 50 Knights of Justice buffed with a high ranked sacred blessing to fight against one lich.

On top of that, Muyoung knew a little bit about Heidegger’s personality.

Heidegger never took risks.

So he wouldn’t recklessly rush into this.

“Why is a lich here? The undead don’t roam this place?”

Heidegger cautiously said as he kept his guard up against the more than hundred undead.

‘If he’s under a delusion then I need to use it.’

If he fought straight on against him, his probability of winning would go down further.

Instead of risking it, he believed using this misunderstanding to his advantage was best.

“Everything near the crater is my land. You attacked one of my undead here.”

“What? I’m telling you, that bastard attacked me first!”

Heidegger became frustrated.

It was like he was apologizing after getting slapped in the face.

Although he was a bit special compared to normal liches, since he could create and control undead, he couldn’t find any other conclusions.

And because Muyoung was completely hiding his spirit, Heidegger was unable to tell if he was weak or strong.

Honestly, the undead around him weren't very high ranked.

So it was confusing. However, one mistake could be the difference between life or death.

'I guess it hasn't been long since he founded his own area?'

The crater was originally a territory that belonged to the pyroxes. No, it better to call it a hands-off area.

It seemed like it hadn't been long since the lich took over the crater as it was his first time hearing about there being an owner here.

He could understand the low ranked undead if that was the case.

Of course, he couldn't attack. Liches were strong even by themselves.

It was becoming more and more of a headache the more he thought about it.

Muyoung said something a step later because he knew this.

"Pay with your death."

"Whoa, whoa! Calm down. I don't have any desire to fight you. If

you act like you didn't see anything, I will quietly leave, how's that?"

Heidegger lifted both his hands as if he had no intentions of fighting.

His expression showed hurriedness.

Heidegger was self-obsessed. So obviously he considered his life more important than anything else.

His creed was not to fight fights that he might lose.

His viciousness would always be biased towards weaklings.

Muyoung pondered for a moment before raising a single finger.

"Good. But I will only let one of you survive."

"Only one?"

"The cats entered my territory. They are going towards the crater. It's an insignificant and annoying task to get rid of each one."

So you get rid of them.

He talked like he was acting out of kindness.

“Crater? Ah…!”

Heidegger recalled what his companion told him before.

That the person thought the woman went in the direction of the crater.

‘Damn it!’

An alarm rang out in Heidegger’s head.

Murloc King, Murdudun Arc

Chapter 58: Murloc King, Murdudun (1)

Fossae were the only cat-type monsters here.

He didn't know why the fossae were running towards the crater but it probably wasn't for a good reason.

If the woman died and he lost the marble?

Heidegger's mind raced.

If they were going to fight, it was best to get permission from the owners of the territory before they started.

If the lich was okay with them, he was able to easily get rid of the cats.

"Let's kill the cats. Still, the territory will become a bit noisy."

"I don't have a lot of patience."

Muyoung's emotionless eyes looked towards Heidegger.

As if things would become more difficult as time went on.

Heidegger coolly nodded his head as if things were moving smoothly.

“That’s not a problem. A few tens of fossae are no match for me. Instead, I want you to swear the Oath of Death.”

The Oath of Death.

It was the only promise a living being could use to restrain a person who opposed death.

It was to prepare for the unlikely possibility.

It showed he didn’t trust anyone.

The Oath of Death was normally used by corpse sorcerers but to do this, an item was required.

Heidegger naturally took out two skull rings from his chest.

And he quietly added some words just in case they disturbed the lich’s mood.

“If you just make the oath for me, then I will get rid of all those cats.”

Muyoung laughed inwardly.

Being prepared was good.

You could say that Heidegger was truly a veteran.

As back-stabbing happened quite often in the Underworld.

However, the Oath of Death Ring had no effect.

It was because Muyoung wasn’t a dead person from the start.

Would Heidegger know that extreme precaution could also lead to more danger?

Muyoung wore the skull ring and spoke appropriately.

“If you get rid of all the fossae in my territory, I will spare your life.”

“I will make sure I don’t trespass this area after today.”

Heidegger had no further suspicions and completely believed that this oath was completed.

If Heidegger was really a corpse sorcerer, he would have prepared a few more rings to double check but he either didn’t have the time to do so or he lacked the knowledge.

This was his best and the limit to his capabilities.

Swoosh!

He immediately changed his stance and kicked the ground.

Muyoung was able to feel his urgentness.

Heidegger instantly darted pass Muyoung.

The tip of Muyoung's lips slightly lifted up as he looked back at Heidegger.

'Things are going smoothly.'

He was planning to slightly urge him as they fought but he didn't even need to do that.

He never thought Heidegger would take out the Oath of Death Ring that Corpse Sorcerers used but, either way, Muyoung wasn't a dead man.

And that mistake and off guardedness would later strangle him.

'You let your guard down the most when you believe it has ended and you have won.'

When would be the best moment to assassinate your opponent?

When they were starving to death?

When they lay on the ground after using all of their strength?

None of the above.

It is when your opponent believed he had achieved his goal.

Heidegger might believe that there were only tens of fossae but their numbers were over a hundred.

It wouldn’t be an easy fight even for Heidegger.

And when he believed everything was over…

“Block the pathways to the crater. Make sure no one leaves alive.”

The undead spread out.

Muyoung moved by himself.

Flutter!

Muyoung became part of the wind as his cape fluttered.

Kyaaahhh!

Fossae were enraged as they saw their dead cub.

They showed their teeth and in an instant, they occupied the surroundings.

Splaatt!!

Zap! Zaaapp!

The fossae didn’t even care about the shield of lighting created by Sorceress of Lightning.

They kept running straight while they burned their skin and fur.

Their sole determination for revenge.

The rage they felt because of their cub awakened their fighting instincts.

10 corpses were already lying on the ground.

The comrades of Heidegger who arrived slightly before them were slashed to death.

“You wild cats! Piss off!”

At that amazing timing, Heidegger appeared.

Fossae changed their attention to him.

Humans were enemies.

It was the same for Heidegger who just appeared.

However, Heidegger’s eyes were focused on something else than the fossae.

“You bitch…!”

His gaze only focused on to the Marble of Territory the woman was holding.

The woman closed her eyes and lifted the marble up high.

Heidegger suddenly became hasty.

Kyyaaaaaooooooo!

A fossa scratched Heidegger’s body with its sharp claws.

Few tentacles were torn but they quickly regenerated and filled the empty space.

Whoosh-!

Heidegger who had his knees bent punched the fossa's side as it gnawed on him.

With the sound of air exploding, a hole was made through fossa's side.

"Wait for me."

That was when fossae's target changed.

They realized that Heidegger was the strongest human here.

Clash! Thummp! Clench!

A fossa dropped dead with a single punch.

However, fossae weren't afraid of death.

This was the reason most monsters avoided them.

You could only be astonished as fossae continued to attack until they all died when they were enraged.

On the other hand, Heidegger was alone.

He couldn’t stop all the fossae that were attacking from every direction.

“Gaaaaaaaah! You annoying bastards!”

Heidegger never thought he would lose.

Just, the amount of damage was greater than he could regenerate.

As the tentacles around him started to get cut off, Heidegger’s strength also was greatly reduced.

There were some that stuck on him and were biting his neck.

However, the final winner was Heidegger.

He stood there alone after a whole hour of struggling.

The fossae that numbered over a hundred were massacred but Heidegger wasn’t in perfect shape either.

“Pant… pant…”

The tentacles no longer regenerated. He lost sight in one of his eyes.

However, the most important thing was that he won.

And what he searched for was more important than one of his eyes.

“You fucking bitch. You dare to take what’s mine?”

“Pl, please, save me.”

The woman, Atasha, dropped to her knees as she was frightened.

The Sorceress of Lightning who was protecting Atasha disappeared all of a sudden.

However, Heidegger who had lost his rationality didn’t care about her disappearance.

Heidegger placed his hand on top of her head.

“I will bark if you tell me to, I will crawl if you tell me to. Please! Please spare my life…”

“A bitch who stole once can do it again.”

He slowly placed more strength in his hand.

The woman twisted her body but Heidegger didn't loosen his grip.

Blood rush towards her head.

Pop!

It exploded.

After Heidegger shook off the brain parts from his hand, he picked up the Marble of Territory as it rolled onto the ground.

He completed the marble after taking the other half from his dead comrade.

'It's good enough that I found it.'

Heidegger laughed out loud as he looked at the completed marble.

Even if he lost all his companions and lost sight in one of his eyes, compared to them, this marble was priceless.

'I'm gonna be king.'

An ancient trial he found by coincidence.

Heidegger was planning to build a castle here and become the king.

This marble was going to be a very important item in building the foundation.

‘Strength of a king. If I could make just make it mine…’

He felt thrilled just by thinking about it.

Not just an outlaw but to reign as the king of the outlaws!

As he had finished his work, all that was left for him was to return.

It was when he loosened up his shoulders.

Stab!

A sudden blow.

He sensed something.

However, it was already too late when he did.

He barely avoided a critical injury but he was able to feel his body being pierced through.

“Yo, you?”

Heidegger could only be very surprised as he quickly turned around to find out who the opponent was.

“Lich!”

“I’m not a lich.”

Muyoung told him the truth.

“What...!”

Heidegger was at a loss for words but Muyoung didn’t even give him a chance to get himself together.

‘Shadow Teleportation.’

The ability that allowed you to teleport to a shadow three times a day.

“This, shitty bastard!”

Clang!

Heidegger smacked away the dagger Muyoung threw.

Heidegger reacted right away as the dagger was thrown high in the air but Muyoung was a bit faster.

‘Acceleration.’

Muyoung was able to double his speed for 3 seconds as he used Hermes’s Boots.

Heidegger wouldn’t be able to block Muyoung’s attacks as he was already exhausted to the full and even his defensive ability was greatly reduced.

Swoosh!

At the same time, when Heidegger turned around to aim for Muyoung, Muyoung used the Shadow Teleportation once again.

At that moment... Muyoung teleported to the shadow of the dagger Heidegger smacked away.

The shadow of the dagger appeared on Heidegger’s head.

Muyoung was able to teleport to any shadow within his vision.

Stab!

Anguish accurately stabbed his head.

The tentacles blocked it but Muyoung was able to pierce through all walls of protection as Anguish was already strengthened for quite a lot.

Thump!

Heidegger's body dropped to the floor with eyes that couldn't still grasp what exactly happened.

Muyoung took off his helmet.

After identifying Muyoung's face, Heidegger's eyes completely widened.

"You... weren't a lich..."

Slowly.

Muyoung held Heidegger's head as it was drooping down.

"Do you want to live?"

Completely emotionless eyes.

A swamp. Heidegger was being swallowed by a swamp.

Heidegger used his last bit of strength to slowly nod his head.

No matter how many people he had killed, he valued his own life.

“Like I promised, I will let you live.”

At the same time, a slight bit of hope appeared in Heidegger’s eyes.

Ahhh!

That was right. What if he isn’t a lich?

Heidegger still had the Oath of Death Ring.

The two definitely made an oath on the ring.

That Muyoung would let him live if he got rid of all the cats, the fossae!

It still wasn’t too late!

If Muyoung would just let him survive, Heidegger could live with his fast regenerative abilities.

Heidegger hoped and wished for it to happen.

There was hope and Muyoung was the only one who could give it to him.

Unfortunately, the Oath of Death Ring didn’t work on Muyoung as he wasn’t dead in the first place.

Muyoung took off the ring.

He threw it on the floor and stepped on it.

And quietly whispered.

“As an undead.”

Not really dead or alive, but in the form of an undead.

Could you call it alive?

But, Heidegger couldn’t even refute.

Heidegger lost consciousness as he felt his soul being sucked in.

<The one who didn't want to be human. The one who wasn't tied down by laws.>

<'Heidegger' will be regenerated as an undead.>

<Art score is 81.>

<Name: Heidegger

Level: 137

Type: Abomination

Strength 140 (131+9) Agility 121 (112+9)

Stamina 155 (146+9) Intelligence 109 (100+9)

Wisdom 111 (102+9) Magic Resistance 97 (88+9)>

+High level of regeneration

+Addition stats following heart (Werewolf's Heart, all stats +9)

+Dance of Tentacles, a skill to strengthen the muscles is usable

He was much stronger than the Black Sun Warrior which was his best undead he had made so far.

It was an obvious result when you think about how Heidegger overpowered the Black Sun Warrior.

‘There must be a limit as my skill rank is low.’

However, it was much less of a limit then he had expected.

As his Art of Death skill was only a C rank, it seemed like Heidegger’s strong powers weren’t applied properly.

But, this was enough.

Even if the Art of Death skill was close to a universal skill, it could be considered as a god’s authority if he could just reproduce a strong person to an undead as exactly as he was when he was alive.

He didn’t know what would happen if he raised his rank further but he knew he wasn’t at that level yet.

However, it had to mean something as the Black Sun Warrior was the last undead to receive a score over 80.

Above all...

“Where were you planning on using the Marble of Territory?”

Heidegger opened his one eye after he healed his injuries.

“King, Murdudun’s relics. It’s buried.”

Heidegger spoke with a voice that kept cutting off.

Muyoung clenched his fist tightly.

As he expected, Heidegger was completing an important trial.

The relics of King Murdudun!

‘Hah.’

It was unexpected.

Murdudun was an ancient Murloc King.

Even though the Murlocs were weak low ranked monsters,

Murdudun was a very remarkable monster among them.

As he was mentioned in some of the ancient literature that were rare to find in the Underworld.

Even the top ranked monsters avoided King Murdudun.

It was told that when Murdudun was the king of murlocs, the murlocs were much stronger and revealed different kinds of miracles.

Of course, not everything written was true.

However, even if half of what was written were true, then even that was amazing.

He couldn’t find out about any further details but it wouldn’t have been just a normal item if it was the relics Murdudun left behind.

Muyoung could understand why Heidegger decided to enter a Demon God’s territory even if it was dangerous.

To Heidegger, the Marble of Territory was something he had to find.

He probably wanted to call this territory his and stabilize it before he searched for the relics.

It was possible that the relics played a crucial role in Heidegger gaining so much strength 10 years later.

His heartbeat quickly rose.

‘It’s perfect.’

Muyoung switched his gaze.

On Heidegger’s right wrist, the Status Viewer was still working.

It was proof that his achievements still valid as he wasn’t completely dead when he was turned into an undead.

It was a chance to succeed in the trial and gain the relics of King Murdudun.

Make Heidegger into a living undead and earn relics on top of that?

This was truly killing two birds with one stone.

“Lead me. I will continue to find the relics of King Murdudun.

A crisis turned into an opportunity.

And Muyoung wouldn’t let go of this chance.

Chapter 59: Murloc King, Murdudun (2)

A remote desert area.

A structure was being built in a location right behind a cliff.

‘Pyramid?’

It was definitely a pyramid around 10m tall.

Tens of people were cutting, moving and stacking huge rocks.

‘So this is the symbolic icon he was going to use to declare his territory.’

To use the Marble of Territory, you needed a symbolic icon to define it.

The symbolic icon would become some kind of totem and change the surrounding area around it.

It was a type of arrangement made for humans to live in this world.

And that pyramid…

‘A king’s tomb.’

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

He understood why Heidegger used a pyramid as a symbolic icon.

Heidegger made it for the trial in finding the relics of King Murdudun.

The pyramid was in its finishing stages as the people of skin and bones worked hard in moving the rocks.

“You, you came.”

As Muyoung and Heidegger entered the small village, an old man came up to them and dropped to his knees.

He greeted them very devotedly as he placed his forehead onto the ground.

Muyoung could feel he was extremely terrified.

Muyoung could understand how Heidegger ran this place by looking at all the injuries of the people working here.

As there wasn’t anything that resembled a house, it seemed like they were overworked with not enough rest or food.

There was only a large tent.

It was probably the place arranged for Heidegger.

Muyoung moved his gaze.

Slap! Slaaap!

And about 5 people were whipping people urgently.

“Gaaah.”

Foam came out of a young man’s mouth as he collapsed.

He was whipped immediately but as the man showed no signs of getting up, he was tossed to the ground.

Like throwing away garbage.

However, no one seemed to care.

“I’ll wipe it for you.”

The old man went on his knees, took out a cloth and started to rub Heidegger’s shoes.

While he was doing it, he looked at Muyoung with doubtful eyes.

It seemed like he didn’t know how to act towards Muyoung.

If it was a guest Heidegger brought he needed to serve him well but if he wasn’t, he would be smacked with a club.

However, Muyoung wasn’t interested in that kind of treatment.

Muyoung entered the tent after looking around for a bit.

Heidegger was more than a king here.

Everything was accomplished by his words.

If he told them to die, they really needed to die.

And what ruled them was complete fear. The fear paralyzed their rationality and made them into puppets.

“How long til it’s finished?”

“It should be finished in, two, weeks.”

Heidegger replied as Muyoung asked him inside the tent.

There were only two of them inside the tent. It seemed like a place only Heidegger could enter.

As people were shaken the moment Muyoung entered that place.

Nevertheless, they seemed to recognized Muyoung as an ‘important guest’ as Heidegger never gave them any orders.

Anyways, two weeks.

‘That’s enough time.’

Muyoung sat on a chair and rested his chin on his hand and planned his schedule for a moment.

If he obtained the relics of King Murdudun, he would basically gain the most effective way to move in the Demon God’s territory.

Afterwards, he could use the Little Wish to find out where Hedley’s Kow is.

Even if it was the Little Wish, it would not be able to continuously tell him of its location.

Therefore, it was best to use it right before he started to search for it.

Muyoung got up and took Heidegger's Status Viewer.

And looked through his 'history'.

He was able to find out what trials Heidegger had completed and which ones he was in the progress of completing in the history of his Status Viewer.

It was possible to read the trials and steal from them in the progress.

<'Relics of King Murdudun (3)'>

– In the past, murlocs controlled water and were rulers of the lakes and the oceans. They performed all kinds of miracles using spears and staves made out of pearls. There was even a countless number of 'Sages of the Ocean'. But, after the death of King Murdudun, they quickly degraded and became smaller in size and decreased in intelligence. Can the murlocs revive when someone finds the relics of King Murdudun? 'Extract from the time of murlocs'

-The place known as the 'Heart of Murloc'. You have found the map where the location of relics of King Murdudun is revealed.

-You have reached the location on the map. You can become a 'descendant of murloc' if you proclaim a territory and build a

tomb to celebrate King Murdudun.

Quests regarding the relics of King Murdudun were written in order. However, there wasn't anything that was specifically written.

It was difficult to confirm specific details just by simply reading his history.

However, Muyoung now knew that he needed to proclaim a territory to become a 'descendant of murloc'.

"How can I find the relics?"

"Pyramid, automatically becomes, a dungeon. They are inside."

Indeed.

It meant that it wasn't a simply a symbolic icon.

It meant that the pyramid itself became a dungeon for a trial.

It was quite an interesting story.

'New dungeon. There must be a lot of rewards that can be earned.'

It was a dungeon. They normally didn't call a dungeon if it was a place you could clear in a day or two.

It was standard procedure to slowly attack towards the final level.

Of course, there would be an overflowing amount of things to be gained during the process.

He would have to routinely come back out to organize everything and to do this, he needed to make some changes here.

'It's not bad to make a territory here inside the Demon God's territory.'

He was declaring a territory for the first time.

It seemed a bit of a waste to just get the relics and leave this place alone as the Marble of Territory was very rare to get.

As people were already here and depending on Muyoung's thoughts, it didn't seem impossible to develop this place into a 'territory'.

Even though he would only use it for a place to stay momentarily, if he became the lord of this territory and maintained the dungeon, he could earn additional profit.

Like specific talismans or rare medicinal herbs!

In reality, there were few cities that were built near a dungeon.

It might be difficult if monsters flooded out from the dungeon but there were still much more to gain from it.

‘The monsters around this place are all low rank. It’s not bad when I think about the future.’

Demon God’s Territory.

If you made a city near the Great City, everyone would keep others in check and try to steal it but if he was to proclaim the territory here, who would interfere?

It would be better to give up if there were strong monsters near this place but that wasn’t the case.

It seemed possible to organize the location by releasing a few undead.

Although there were less than 100 people, he didn’t think it was bad if he looked far ahead.

Either way, he wouldn’t lose anything from trying.

“Protect this place. I will come back after roaming around.”

“I understand.”

Heidegger stiffly nodded.

Muyoung went outside the tent.

He felt everyone’s gazes but no one stopped Muyoung from walking his path.

Muyoung left the village and came back when it was night.

However, countless undead were moving the corpses of giant scorpions and fire foxes behind him.

He stacked them up in the middle of where people were gathered.

As people looked at the small hill in wonder, Muyoung spoke.

“Eat the contents and with the rest make clothes and houses.”

That was all.

Muyoung entered the tent once again.

However, people were unable to move easily.

In this place, you needed permission to even talk.

However, Heidegger didn’t show any response.

It was only natural as they were a group who were basically rejected of their free will.

However, even the next day, and the day after, Muyoung continued to transport the corpses of monsters.

After the 4th day, a person moved for the first time.

A young man who could no longer bear the hunger greedily devoured the corpse of the fire fox.

And then, waited for his punishment as his eyes became a bit clearer.

No one survived after they acted like this. Everyone was horrendously killed by Heidegger or his comrades.

However… there was no punishment.

Then, all the people who studied each other’s faces started to

move.

They ate the meat of the monsters and made clothes with its fur.

They built a place to stay using the huge carcass of scorpions.

That didn’t mean they weren’t building the pyramid.

Instead, they worked harder.

‘I don’t need puppets in my territory.’

He thought as he looked at the scene in front of him.

Undead were enough as puppets.

Even if Muyoung was going to declare this land as his territory, he wasn’t going to do much to develop this place.

He needed the rest of the people to develop it on their own.

To do this, he needed to revive the people’s free will.

The results weren’t bad.

As people started to loosen up, they now started to think.

Who was that man?

The man who ordered Heidegger around and pinned him down.

The man who hunted monsters, ordered undead and brought darkness wherever he went!

“Who are you?”

They could only ask after a week had passed.

Everyone nervously waited in front of the tent Muyoung stayed in.

That day, Muyoung took off his helmet for the first time.

Everyone noticed his white hair, deep dark eyes and a horn on his head.

Everyone was mesmerized.

Muyoung replied shortly.

“Think however you want.”

Everyone had doubtful looks on their eyes.

They thought a new owner had appeared to replace Heidegger had shown up but even he said to think however they wanted.

It could be considered as irresponsible, but Muyoung didn't care at all.

"I know how Heidegger treated you guys. However, I will guarantee your freedom unlike before as long as you don't raise your sword against me."

Muyoung wasn't the type to speak eloquently.

He just wanted to state the truth.

"If you want to live, get up. Build up this place and develop the surroundings. After all, you guys won't be able to leave the Demon God's Territory. If you just stay still, you will only become food for the monsters that might raid in."

He mercilessly hammered a nail in their chests.

Every single word he said was true.

If Muyoung didn't appear, they would have been abandoned by Heidegger and would have faced a tragic end.

However, things were now different. They could change.

This chance was given by Muyoung.

However, it was completely their decision on whether they were going to accept this chance or not.

“I don’t care what you guys think of me as. Choose whatever you want and move accordingly.”

Muyoung wasn’t self-conscious about other people’s thoughts of him.

Either way, these people could not leave this place and to live, they needed to struggle.

He didn’t need to hold onto the title as lord because all he wanted was to reap rewards from this process.

If he acted like a lord, he would have to continue to act as one and that would only waste his time.

That wasn’t the best decision when he was in a situation where it wouldn’t be enough if he ran everywhere.

Muyoung turned his back and once again went out the village.

*

The pyramid was completed in 11 days.

It was 3 days faster than the expected date.

Immediately, Muyoung climbed the very top of the pyramid.

And then placed the Marble of Territory on an altar that was already prepared.

“I, Muyoung, declare this territory as mine.”

There was no need for a grand ceremony just because he declared it.

These words were enough.

Blaze!

The marble emitted a purple light that spread out in all directions.

At the same time.

<You have finished ‘declaring a territory’.>

<The owner of this territory has been set up as ‘Muyoung’.>

<‘Lord(F)’ skill has been created.>

<Lords can exert influence on the land and the people he rules over.>

<This territory is where the relics of King Murdudun are located.>

<After 24 hours, the symbolic icon will forcefully change into a dungeon. You might not be able to return to reality if you stay inside the pyramid as you will be caught in the process.>

<You have become a ‘descendant of murloc’.>

The pyramid shook as it slowly changed.

He needed to leave before the changes really started to occur.

Or else, he might never be able to leave this place.

As Muyoung was planning to move.

<You have proved the first proof to become ‘The Demon King of the 27th Legion’ under the Demon God Gremory.>

<A Demon King needs his own territory. Develop your territory and produce soldiers.>

<Next quest will start when you develop your territory beyond a duchy.>

<A new effect has been added to the skill ‘The Demon King of the 27th Legion’.>

<‘The Demon King of the 27th Legion (2)’ has been recorded in your history.>

‘…!’

Muyoung’s eyes widened as read the continuously appearing messages.

Chapter 60: Murloc King, Murdudun (3)

‘…!’

Muyoung’s eyes widened as he read the continuously appearing messages.

He expected to find the dungeon where the relics of King Murdudun were buried and for him to become a descendant of murlocs but he never expected that he would find the continuation of the Demon King of the 27th legion quest here.

Muyoung had found the location of the shrine of Gremory, the Demon God of the 56th seat, when he had returned to the past and was at the Blue Temple.

He earned the qualification to become the Demon King of the 27th Legion by passing the most difficult trial at a place with a hexagram, the Star of David.

Afterwards, he didn’t gain any more clues and had forgotten about it for a bit.

‘Gremory has 26 legions.’

Gremory the Demon God who held the 56th seat!

It was told that she was the only female Demon God and under

her, were 26 loyal Demon Kings.

Normally, there wasn't a 27th Demon King.

And in the past, when Demon Gods were destroying humanity, Gremory never appeared.

She was one of the few Demon Gods who weren't against humanity.

Becoming a Demon King of Gremory and gaining strength was definitely one of the choices Muyoung could choose.

'A thorn in their mouths.'

That was it.

A thorn in their mouths.

He was planning on being a pain that would pierce through their tongues and their heads.

So that he couldn't be swallowed.

He would possess a strong poison that if the Demon Gods attempted to swallow him, they would die one after another.

He never thought that he would get a clue in this place and for this territory to be the starting point.

It might have been different if he never found it in the first place but it was currently in his reach.

Now, it was his decision to grab hold of this opportunity or to leave it alone as if he never saw it in the first place.

‘Grab it.’

He made a quick decision.

To go with the flow.

There was definitely a risk to it but there was a lot more to be gained in return.

It was worth the gamble.

However, to do this he needed to develop this territory.

Even though his first initial plans of not caring about being a Lord didn’t work out, he didn’t care.

Plans were always meant to be flexible.

He needed to at least account for that much flexibility.

‘It said that the skill had changed.’

Right away, Muyoung opened his skills window to check what had been changed and what had been added.

Skill Title: The Demon King of the 27th Legion (A+)

Description – The qualifications to become the Demon King of the 27th Legion. Gremory originally had 26 Legions. Only Demon Kings were able to command the 26 Legions and every one of them possessed tremendous power.

*First step. All basic stats are increased by 5.

Skill Title: Lord (F)

Description – A skill only given to those who control a territory. The rank will increase the larger your territory becomes and the more your influence rises. Special structures are included as well. Methods for increasing your territory are using the Marble of Territory or gambling your territory in a fight with other territory owners among others.

*Able to assign Territory Guardian (Only one per territory

and depending on the territory, additional stats and skill are earned. Only effective inside the territory.)

'Not bad.'

The newly added part in the 'The Demon King of the 27th Legion' skill was an increase in stats.

It was very good if all his stats were increased by 5.

And looking at how it said it was the first one, it looked like there was room for more.

The 'Lord' skill was obvious.

But, he was a bit interested in the Territory Guardian.

These guardians that existed in each city were very strong.

Not just humans, there were cases where tamed monsters or summoned creatures would become the Territory Guardian.

This was because the humans chosen to be guardians would frequently betray it and the territory would collapse.

Anyways, it was best to choose someone who you could trust and

in that part, Muyoung had no worries.

As there was no way an undead would betray him.

‘Status.’

He decided to check the changes in his stats as well.

As soon as he turned the Status Viewer, his status appeared.

Achievement Effect –>

Gremory’s Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Asura’s Vassal (A, The strength to deal with spirit’s and devil’s power, Spirit Ability increased by ’10’.)

Soulmate (B+, From now on, if you commune with an undead, the undead’s stats will slightly increase permanently.)

Descendant of Murlocs (B+, Increased growth of murlocs.)

Fairy’s Blessing (B, Allows fairies to feel familiar with the user.)

Class Effect ->

Death Lord (Lord Class, Ruler of Death)

Stats ->

Strength 112 (80 + 32) Agility 124 (91 + 33)

Stamina 109 (84 + 25) Intelligence 77 (55 + 22)

Wisdom 73 (51 + 22) Fighting Aura 73 (55 + 18)

Magic Resistance 65 (47 + 18) Spirit Ability 43 (15 + 28)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened. Completed the 1st metamorphosis.

Equipped and Invoked Equipment: Anguish (Strength +14, Ogre's Cruelty), Lunatic Sovereign's Set (All Stats +15, Stamina +10), Shadow Armor (It allows you to teleport to a shadow within your vision 3 times a day), Wicked Belt (Intelligence & Wisdom +4, all undead are strengthened by 5%) and Hermes's Boots (Agility +15, 3 seconds of acceleration)

Although his supporting effects were quite significant, his physical stats were all over 100.

And since his other core stats were almost all above 70, you could

say his growth was outstanding.

Also, it was surprising that his basic stats had increased by 5 when he received the additional effect of the Demon King of the 27th Legion skill.

Because of that, he was approaching the limit known as the 1st awakening.

'I've already experienced metamorphosis. I wonder if another change will occur when my important basic stats are above 100.'

Of course, since everyone was different, there was no need to have every stat above 100, if they were close, they would experience an awakening.

However, Muyoung had already forcefully experienced the 1st metamorphosis through Vice-chieftain Ogar.

But, he was curious if he would undergo another physical change once he breaks through the approaching 'wall'.

At this rate, he would know in the near future.

It was something that he would know after only after his body had experienced it.

It was the same for the Descendant of Murlocs achievement

effect. He was currently unsure what it entailed.

Crash! Thud!

‘I have to get out of here.’

He had wasted too much time checking the changes.

Muyoung quickly moved away.

A purple light submerged the territory.

The dead land changed and revitalized.

Grass grew and a small pond formed.

A phenomenon that occurred only because Muyoung became the owner of the territory.

Land humans could live on was completed.

And Muyoung who had exited the pyramid couldn’t help but frown.

“Please accept us.”

An old man and around 90 people behind him bowed.

They folded their legs and kneeled.

A typical posture of submission.

‘I did tell them to do whatever they wanted but only a few days have passed.’

“Accept you?”

When Muyoung asked, the old man raised his head.

“We sincerely ask you to become our new owner.”

It was all so sudden.

The old man who continued to look at him said.

“We are all weak. We could only hold our breaths under Heidegger’s tyranny. However, you said to do whatever we want. We put our heads together and thought. In the end, we realized the only way to live was this one.”

“So you’re telling me, you will live leaning on me.”

A last-ditch effort for survival.

Since he decided to grow his territory, it wasn't bad but it didn't mean he would accept them as they were now.

The old man nodded his head at Muyoung's sarcastic remark.

"Yes, we want to live. We know you are different from us but we want to believe your words that you won't make us live in constant fear like Heidegger. We will grow and develop. We all agreed to be citizens of your territory, so our lives will be in your hands."

He said that he would give Muyoung the authority to decide their life and death to survive.

Though it was contradictory, because it was, Muyoung liked it.

Since it was more honest than speaking in circles with flowery language.

It could be the strength of the experienced.

He was able to understand Muyoung's motives and speak without constraint.

It still wasn't bad.

Not everyone could quickly realize reality. It was easy to say but his decisiveness was praiseworthy.

The experiences he possessed were definitely valuable.

It seemed like it would be useful in the development of the territory.

<94 people hope to become citizens. Do you accept?>

<The number of citizens is the strength of a territory. If a lord is respected and if he appropriately rewards them, they will try their best in developing the territory.>

Muyoung gazed at each of the 94 people's eyes. A light of hope shone in their dying eyes.

At the very least, they didn't look like puppets.

He wanted everyone to be citizens with free will.

Muyoung nodded his head.

"Okay. I accept."

<You have accepted 94 people as your citizens. Now, you are able to message or forcefully summon any of them. The citizens

are affiliated with Lord ‘Muyoung’ and fight for you.>

<The rank of the ‘Lord’ skill has increased. F -> E>

Perhaps it was because the rank was so low but it increased just by accepting citizens.

And becoming a lord was similar to founding a guild.

But, what was different was that he would be able to force them.

Those who refuse Muyoung’s summons would be penalized.

They would be cursed and there were even cases where they lost the power of their talismans.

Solomon arranged this in hopes of uniting humanity. Although there were cases where this was abused…

Also, as long as Muyoung didn’t die or no one stole the territory, they would forever live affiliated to the name ‘Muyoung’.

The word citizen carried that much weight to it.

“I will not take those who stop and fall behind. If you want to follow me, you have to advance yourselves.”

Even then, Muyoung clearly drew a line.

He had no time to wait for those who fell behind.

“We greet our Lord!”

The old man shouted loudly with a serious face.

“We greet our Lord!”

And the rest opened their mouths in unison.

Muyoung slowly returned to the tent once again.

Everyone turned their bodies towards the tent and kneeled. This ceremony continued until the sun set and the moon rose.

24 hours had passed.

At the same time, a short message appeared.

<The ‘Pyramid’ had finished its transition into ‘King Murdudun’s dungeon’.>

Muyoung immediately headed for the dungeon.

But there were a few people who arrived before him.

One young man and woman as well as the old man.

The old man spoke when he spotted Muyoung.

“Lord, they are young and quick children. They will be helpful to you.”

The two definitely looked more fit than the others. They were also the only good-looking man and woman.

They wore pelts that barely covered their important parts and had a dagger made from the carcass of the desert crayfish.

They thought of themselves as porters as they were even holding bags.

The two deeply bowed towards Muyoung.

“I am called Baltan.”

“Lord, I am Irene.”

Muyoung momentarily looked at the old man.

He could read the obvious motives for bringing the two.

He was trying to develop promising children.

It wasn’t possible for everyone to become strong at once so he was trying to send out the ones with potential.

Muyoung pondered for a moment and said.

“Follow me.”

It wasn’t bad for his citizens to get stronger.

Since it would allow him to claim the surrounding territories more quickly.

He didn’t see any other motives besides that.

Baltan and Irene nodded with serious expressions.

Muyoung entered the dungeon with quiet footsteps.

Chapter 61: Murloc King, Murdudun (End)

<You have entered ‘King Murdudun’s dungeon’.>

The inside was completely restructured. The hallway became much wider and the ceiling was higher.

The fishy stench emanating out from everywhere was enough to make anyone’s nose crinkle.

‘No need to waste time.’

First, he had to find the path.

He immediately summoned all his undead.

Prince and the Avengers, Blazing Spear Soldier, Sorceress of Lightning, Black Sun Warrior and even Heidegger!

“Walk around and find the path.”

Looking at the undead and Muyoung, Baltan and Irene’s eyes widened.

Heidegger was an undead?

Although Heidegger wasn't known as being incredibly strong among humans, his special regenerative powers made fighting him very difficult.

But if he was an undead, it meant he had already died.

It was the first time they saw him get summoned like this.

These two couldn't help but wake up at the skills only a top ranked monster, the lich, would have.

A single lich could decimate a moderately sized city.

Fifty to a hundred of the strongest paladins with the strongest light blessings were needed to suppress one.

However, the only city that had that many was the Holy City 'Mulalan'.

An appearance of a lich was enough to make all large organizations tense.

'He doesn't look like a lich....?'

This man who suddenly appeared one day.

He was a goblin. He had white hair and a horn that was the symbol of a goblin king.

They had never heard of a goblin who turned into a lich.

It was even weirder for a lich to save humans and become their lord.

“Follow me properly.”

Muyoung turned his head and said to the two who were still stuck in their thoughts.

They never thought to follow along absentmindedly.

Although the two had followed him here to gain experience and to get stronger, a larger reason was to figure out what kind of person their lord was.

Since they didn’t know anything.

But, did he wait for them?

His eyes that flashed dangerously, warning them not to bother him, was the same as before.

They thought that he would coldheartedly work alone so it was

unexpected for him to say something and wait for them.

“Sorry.”

“We will catch up right away.”

Baltan and Irene woke up from their thoughts and quickened their pace.

Only then did Muyoung start to move.

There wasn’t much on the first floor.

There were only frog-like murlocs and trap monsters like mimics.

They went up to the second floor in a day.

Although the dungeon was wide, they were able to find the path because the undead split up to find the way.

“We rest here today.”

The second floor.

This was the territory of murloc crawlers.

Murloc crawlers were large 3m frogs that spit out poisonous fog from their mouths.

Only, the poison was meant to paralyze its victims so it had no effect on the undead.

It wasn't very difficult but Muyoung went out of his way to find a place to rest.

"Hoo, hoo... You have incredible stamina."

Baltan quietly followed along.

Only Irene would try to start a conversation with Muyoung.

She was especially interested in Muyoung.

She would attach a meaning to each of his actions and didn't try to hide her amazement.

Her actions were probably in hopes of getting a little bit closer but unfortunately, the man she was looking at wasn't the type to accept everything.

Muyoung sat down and took out a talisman.

“Drink it.”

Thud.

Irene caught the Water producing Magical Item he threw.

“Ke-uh! Refreshing! The drink of the gods was here all along.”

Then she took out a rag from her bag and wiped her sweat.

She tried her best to look enchanting while doing so but Muyoung didn’t pay much attention.

On the other hand, Baltan stared at Irene. Irene gave him a ‘what are you looking at’ warning with her clenched fist.

Baltan quickly coughed and turned away.

“Anyways, I’ve never heard of a symbol turning into a dungeon. It’s really an amazing place.”

“There should be some.”

“Ye, yes…?”

Muyoung who was quiet this whole time answered.

And Irene who heard that was surprised.

She had only asked. She never expected to hear an answer.

“The Floating City, the Territory at Cliff’s End, the Village of Dawn. Their symbols changed into dungeons and are self-sufficient off of it.”

“So there are places like that?”

Her reaction was like it was the first time she had heard of them.

The tips of Muyoung’s eyes slightly twitched.

“How long has it been since you’ve arrived in the Underworld?”

“8 months.”

“Heidegger probably didn’t kidnap you in a great city. Did you get kidnapped since you left to a different city in those 8 months?”

Heidegger would most likely kidnap people in remote cities.

They were probably kidnapped in a place without any strong people.

Irene looked weak.

He thought that they would have spent at least 2 years in the Underworld before moving to a different city but they didn't.

"I have quite an adventurous spirit. Though, I ended up like this."

Irene's shoulders drooped.

If it was only 8 months, it was possible she didn't know of the cities Muyoung mentioned.

As they weren't commonly discussed places.

It was similar to villages where only the people who knew knew.

"Umm, lord. How do you know all those places?"

Irene was excited like a child.

It was like he was human.

So she asked him but Muyoung was silent.

He had returned to his previous state.

But Irene’s eyes became more lively.

He had replied once. It meant that he was interested in them.

It was the same today.

If they didn’t rest, they would have been able to go to the third floor.

She was positive he had specifically found a resting place for Baltan and herself.

Since they really were about to collapse from dehydration.

‘Is he just bad at showing it? Or are his real intentions something else?’

Although Irene thought that his cold eyes and attitude were unmatched, she believed that he wasn’t really a bad person.

“Gasp…!”

Fourth floor.

The strong poison spurted out of the cloud-eyed murloc’s mouth landed on Baltan’s foot.

The strength of the poison was second to none as it would make one’s skin and organs rot with a single touch.

Black lines started to spread as the poison dissolved his flesh and entered his blood stream.

“Are, are you okay?”

Irene dropped down to extract the poison.

That moment.

“Stop.”

Muyoung who had finished off the cloud-eyed murloc at some point raised Anguish.

Slice!

And he relentlessly cut Baltan’s leg.

“Grrrk!”

Baltan screamed in pain.

Irene who saw this frowned and stared at Muyoung.

“Wa, wait! We could have just extracted the poison! Why did you…!”

“Looks like you have a lot of time.”

Muyoung turned around.

And slowly walked away.

Ahh!

He was right. They didn’t have a lot of time.

Irene quickly took out some rags and tightly wrapped them around Baltan’s thigh.

Baltan and Irene only got this far by helping each other out.

Although they weren’t a couple, they were closer than anyone. She couldn’t lose her friend in a place like this.

“Irene….”

“Wh, what do I do? You’re bleeding too much.”

“Go, follow the lord.”

“Shut up. Before I shut it myself!”

As there wasn’t enough fabric, Irene took off her clothes and wrapped them around his leg.

And she actually crammed the leftover fabric to shut Baltan’s mouth.

“Urk!”

“We’ll be able to leave soon. Just endure for a bit.”

Irene put Baltan on her back.

But Muyoung’s walking pace didn’t slow.

‘What a coldhearted person!’

At first, she thought he was just bad at expressing himself.

But that wasn’t the case.

He was completely heartless.

Looking at how he didn’t give her the time to take out the poison and sliced his leg without any hesitation, he wasn’t different from anyone else living in the Underworld.

Irene knew that the one who called themselves strong were all unequally cruel.

They only looked at efficiency.

Those that were a hindrance? They would toss them aside.

She didn’t want to be that kind of person. So, she wasn’t going to leave Baltan behind.

However, it was impossible to leave by herself. Either way, Muyoung held the answer.

Irene clenched her teeth and followed behind Muyoung.

Baltan’s heartbeat was slowing down every moment.

His cold body drooped. Irene instinctively knew he wouldn’t last long like this.

If he was a normal person, he would already be dead.

He was only able to endure this far because he was transported to the Underworld and had strengthened his body.

“Huff, huff, huff.”

If she couldn’t follow him, that was the end. So Irene became more desperate.

Her body was burnt out and her muscle screamed but she didn’t stop moving.

Muyoung quickly cleared the mob of murlocs.

He cleared them without rest. It was like he had become a typhoon.

Without realizing it, they were already on the seventh floor.

They moved without rest since the fourth floor.

Normally they would have returned to the village and took some time to organize themselves.

However, he thought that there was no need if he could clear it in one go.

‘This is the final floor.’

The final form of the murloc, murloc eater, was here.

As there were no sightings of murlocs stronger than this, he thought the next floor was the last.

In the first place, murlocs weren't very strong monsters.

They were to the point where it would be a waste to use the Art of Death skill on them.

They were only difficult because they used poison but even that wasn't a problem for Muyoung.

Most poisons would be immediately absorbed by the spirits in Asura's path.

And Muyoung himself had high resistance to poisons.

All the materials Ogar used to forcefully make him undergo metamorphosis were extremely poisonous.

To the murlocs, Muyoung was their natural enemy.

If one could avoid their poisons, they were only slightly large frogs.

And once he entered the next floor, a small message appeared.

> <The murloc chief has appeared.>

A single sentence.

However, the monster that appeared had an incredible presence.

Crash!

A 10m tall stone statue of a frog broke and the murloc chief stepped out.

It was definitely stronger than all the murlocs he had killed up until now.

However, its actions were awkward.

There were places that were still petrified.

‘It looks like I arrived before it was released from its petrification.’

Muyoung grinned.

It looked like it didn’t expect a challenger to arrive so quickly.

For Muyoung, this wasn’t bad.

It meant that he could finish this that much quicker.

Soon, a thick poisonous fog spread around him. The movements of the undead became sluggish.

‘Poison shadow.’

Muyoung released all 33 spirits.

The crazy spirits of Asura’s path!

Hyaahhhhh!

As soon as the spirits started to go crazy, Muyoung’s eyes became red as well.

The spirits whispered.

To slice its flesh and devour its blood!

To rip apart the enemy!

“Kill.”

Muyoung charged forward saying one word.

Stomp. Stomp.

Slamm!

Muyoung pierced through the poisonous fog and moved with the undead.

Blitzkrieg.

He dashed forward with only offense in mind.

Though it was an awe-inspiring scene, everyone including Muyoung was engulfed in their desire for destruction.

*

Crash!

The murloc chief collapsed.

Its whole body was sliced apart and it met a pitiful end.

But, even Muyoung wasn’t completely fine.

Crack, craaack!

He forcefully pushed his dislocated joint back into position. He cut off his bruises and extracted his blood.

“…”

Irene was speechless as she motionlessly looked at Muyoung.

She would never forget the fight she had seen just now.

He charged forward with only attacking in mind.

It was something only those who didn’t care for their lives could do and it was beyond intense.

Although she had seen a few of the strong show their strength before, she had never seen anyone bring forth as much destructive power as Muyoung.

Whoosh.

Soon, the poisonous fog dissipated and the Marble of Territory rose from the center of the floor.

Muyoung slowly approached the Marble of Territory.

And the moment he placed his hand on it.

<You have found ‘King Murdudun’s relic storage.>

Ziiing!

Behind the Marble of Territory, a large door appeared.

Hedley's Kow Arc

Chapter 62: Hedley's Kow (1)

The place where the relic storage of murloc king, Murdudun, was sealed.

He had quite the expectation as Murdudun held the title of a king.

And a small door was created beside it.

His prediction was correct.

These types of dungeons had a gate that led to the entrance when they cleared the final floor.

Muyoung looked back.

"You can get out if you pass through the small door."

A short speech.

"On the other hand, you can earn a great reward if you enter the large door."

He gave them a choice.

The reason why Muyoung led the two was simple.

It was highly likely for the citizens to be reorganized with those two in the center.

The old man saw high potential in the two and sent them to go with Muyoung.

The dungeon didn’t disappear just because you cleared it.

He was planning to have them finish exploring the final floor and understand the structure to have them lead others in clearing this dungeon.

Exploring the dungeon was a lot more effective in getting stronger than running around the Demon God’s Territory.

There was a less chance for any random variables and a chance to earn additional profits.

This was the cheapest way to make his citizens stronger.

‘What choice will you make?’

At the same time… he was curious.

Was it because it had only been a year since they entered the Underworld?

Irene seemed to be full of justice.

She was clueless but it was amazing to see someone with that much upright character in a place where people had already lost their conscience.

Also, she maintained her bright personality even when she was used as a slave under Heidegger. That meant it was in her nature.

This characteristic was different from a hero's but Muyoung knew that heroes were made from the gatherings of these types of people.

Then, he could only inwardly laugh.

'She's different.'

He would have killed Baltan right away when he was poisoned if it was like when he just returned to the past.

Muyoung saved him and was now giving Irene a chance to choose.

It meant that he had changed slightly from how heartless he was in the past.

He wouldn't hesitate to kill with a reason but these two were his

citizens.

It meant that he could flexible for things he considered ‘his’.

Murloc’s dungeon.

It would also hurt his pride if he was to remove them in a place like this just because his baggage increased.

Of course, it would be the end if Irene entered the large door to earn a reward.

It would reveal that Muyoung was simply mistaken.

It was one of human’s natural instincts to expect a reward after experiencing hardship.

He had no plans to scold her.

“Lord, I will go through the small door.”

Without even the slightest hesitation, Irene moved towards the door.

Muyoung seemed quite content.

He proved that the image she had shown until now wasn’t a lie.

Soon, it became quiet on the top floor.

‘Then…’

One made a choice and Muyoung was the only one left.

And Muyoung approached the large door.

As they passed through the small door, the entrance of the dungeon came into her sight.

‘We really did return!’

Even though she was out of her mind due to complete exhaustion, she squeezed out the last bit of strength in her to move.

Right away, she went looked for the old man to ask him to treat Baltan.

The only one who had knowledge of medicine was him.

However, there was definitely a limit in treatment in a place where they lacked medicinal herbs and facilities.

The old man’s expression hardened and Irene had reached the

peak of her impatience.

At that moment, Baltan opened his eyes.

“Baltan!”

“Irene...”

“You’re awake? Wait a moment. You are being treated right now.”

Baltan smiled weakly. Baltan knew well of his current body condition.

“Irene.”

“Save your words. You’re bleeding too much.”

“Lord... don’t blame him. He, to save me... did his best.”

“What do you mean?”

“I didn’t lose conscience inside the dungeon. I kept watching.”

For some reason, he gained a bit more strength.

It was like when people suddenly gained energy when they were just about to die.

Using this time, Baltan continued to talk.

“My skin rotted right away when the poison touched me. If he didn’t cut it off right away, my skin and organs would have rotted and I would have died a painful death. It was the same meaning when he stopped you from using your lips. If the poison touched you, in an instant, it would have rotted your body.”

“You’re saying that he cut it off to save you…?”

Irene looked at him as if she couldn’t believe in what he was saying.

However, things shouldn’t be left misunderstood.

Baltan wanted to at least resolve her misunderstanding.

“After I was hurt, we headed for the final floor without a single rest. He knew that a door that led to the entrance would appear when he finished the boss. If it wasn’t the case, there was no reason for him to risk getting in danger and rush recklessly.”

He continued to talk as he swallowed down his saliva.

“Even if that wasn’t the case, we need to believe in him. If it

wasn't for him, we would have all died. You should know yourself as you have also faced Heidegger's tyranny. So... you shouldn't think ill of him. Since we didn't actually provide him with any help."

"I, I understand. I understand so just calm down. Your wound opened."

"Promise in front of me. That you won't blame him. That you will trust and follow him."

"I never blamed him from the start! I just thought he was a heartless man. However, I won't even think of him that way. From now on, our Lord is my sky. The Sun and the ocean! Okay? Baltan, please..."

"I wanted to hear those words."

Baltan smiled as he lied back down.

There were a lot of people who were saved by Irene's personality. Baltan was also one of those people.

However, he couldn't let her make the worst decision.

He was on the edge of his life but he needed to make things right even if it meant pushing himself.

‘Please, look after us.’

Baltan prayed.

<You have entered the ‘relic storage of murloc king’.>

<For being the first to enter, you can choose two.>

As he entered the storage room, these words appeared.

First to enter. Whatever it was, the first normally received the most rewards.

Right away, Muyoung looked around.

A smoky scent. Different types of items were squeezed in different places without being organized.

‘It’s very different from the storage room of the fire tars.’

At least, that place was well organized. However, this place... it resembled a garbage dump.

Muyoung slowly looked around and held each and every item.

‘They’re all too old.’

There wasn’t anything that wasn’t rusted.

They had this appearance as it had been thousands of years since the storage was created.

And because no one had taken care of them.

However, not everything was like that.

There were a few items that kept its original shape after a long time.

‘This was here.’

Among the equipment, less than 10 that were in good condition, and one caught his attention.

Muyoung held a skull-shaped necklace in his hand.

Name: Skull Accessory

Rank: A

Classification: Equipable Type

Durability: 1,988

Effect: It was an accessory used by the Lunatic Lich. As of now, there is only one skull but you can increase the number of skulls to at most five. To increase the number, you can extract the head of your opponent and use this necklace to automatically minimize it into a skull that will be added to the necklace.

*Your stats increase by the number of heads you extort.

*Currently, one head is equipped.

*Head of Jukchiho (Strength, Agility +4)

적치호 Currently unsure what this means. It could be words shortened into one or using Chinese characters (but the author didn't provide any)

Since it had been so old, its durability was shit but the effects were good.

That meant that he could make a skull-shaped accessory using the heads of the people he killed.

Depending on the characteristics of the added head, stats and other things would increase.

‘The reason why Heidegger in the past was chased by every large group.’

So that was it.

This skull necklace was one of the equipment the past Heidegger wore.

When the Great Calamity started and when Heidegger started to become more active, he searched for ‘heads’ to add to his necklace.

And he collected the heads of the strong members of the Nine Guilds and the Five Great Clans.

Due to the grotesque stories, he was even named ‘Head Hunter’.

‘He got it here.’

He calmly acknowledged it and placed the necklace around his neck.

The durability was shit but it wasn’t like there wasn’t a way to repair it.

‘Either way, I need to find the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance after I catch Hedley’s Kow.’

It would be time to create an equipment with all the materials he had after he obtained Hedley's Kow, in the shape of a phoenix.

To do this, he thought of the 'Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance'.

The Alliance created by the dwarves!

As dwarves were beings often used by others here and there, they lived in hiding in a very deep place.

Muyoung already knew of a way to get to that place.

There was no one who could catch up to a dwarf when it came to creating things like weapons and armors.

With a phoenix, he could create an equipment that was at least an A++ rank.

Even broken equipment could be repaired then.

Muyoung continued to move and search for the next reward.

And stopped in front of a small pot.

'It seems to be in good condition.'

It didn’t make sense for most items to be rusted while this pot was in good condition.

He could have just passed it but as it didn’t have even the slightest chip, it grabbed his attention.

And on top of that…

‘The spirits are reacting.’

The spirits of Asura path were reacting to the pot.

To be exact, they were reacting to the thing that was inside the pot.

Muyoung placed his hand inside.

And took out an ink-black marble.

‘This is?’

No descriptions popped up. Not even when he used the ‘Eye of the Sky’ skill.

So Muyoung released the spirits.

And all the spirits started to attack the marble.

Crack! Cra-crack!

Finally, the marble cracked and a blue light shined out from within.

“Murdudun?”

Muyoung frowned.

A familiar illusion formed inside the blue light.

It was none other than the murloc king, Murdudun, who existed in ancient literature.

Muyoung raised his right hand. The spirits stopped their attack.

-Ohoh, do you know me?

“Murloc king, why were you trapped inside a pot?”

-Was I trapped in there? I don’t know. I was talking with Dantalian ...

“ Dantalian? Are you talking about the 71st seat?”

-Yeah, that fellow. He said he would tell me the origin of my birth so I decided listen out of curiosity. To me, the king of the ocean, time is such a dull thing.

How long was he talking about?

Muyoung couldn't help but be doubtful.

Didn't the Underworld open 100 years ago?

-Huh? Where did my body go?

"You died. A long time ago."

-What? No-now that I think about it, I don't seem to have any physical senses.

Murdudun was shocked after examining his body.

-You're not joking, right?

"If you can't believe me, I'll show you."

Muyoung went out of the storage.

He then showed Murdudun the murlocs as he descended the dungeon.

Perhaps it was due to the spirit of Murdudun but the murlocs did not attack Muyoung.

And after checking the condition of all the murlocs, Murdudun slammed the ground in regret.

-Those things aren't murlocs! Why have they all become dimwits!

"As expected, they are different from the past. The murlocs degraded after you died."

-Kahhhhh! Dantalian, you bastard! You tricked me!

Murdudun, who realized this fact all too late, trembled in anger.

-Ahhhhhh! I will grind your body and feed it to the fishes!

He died without knowing he died.

Although it was partly due to the simplemindedness of Murdudun, Demon God Dantalian's abilities were incredible as well.

'You can't listen to his secrets.'

If you listened to Dantalian's secrets, your physical body would be restrained.

It seemed like Murdudun didn't know that.

"What are you going to do? If you decide to go back now, I won't stop you. However, if you follow me, I will help you get revenge on Dantalian."

-It doesn't seem right to call it following. However, Damn. I have no choice!

He was furious at the fact that Dantalian tricked him.

After thinking for a long time, Murdudun spoke.

-Okay. If I can kill Dantalian, I can do anything!

Soon after, Murdudun subdued the murlocs around him and went inside Muyoung's body.

<The Spirit of Murdudun, the murloc king, has entered Asura Path.>

<Conquest Rate 5.5%>

<The large existences of Asura Path have started to become cautious.>

<You have conquered ‘King Murdudun’s dungeon’.>

<’Descendant of the Murlocs’ activated. The murlocs slowly start to grow.>

The growth of murlocs.

‘They will be good rivals.’

The citizens and the murlocs would compete with each other to survive.

It seemed like it wouldn’t be bad if they both grew and gained a form of rivalry.

Soon after, Murdudun came out of Muyoung’s body.

Unlike the other spirits, Murdudun was quite free.

-Asura Path? What is this place? It’s filled with crazy fellows. If my instincts are correct, it seems like you should conquer this place first... However, the number of spirits I can handle is too small!

“I’ll increase that number soon.”

-It looks like something will happen when you conquer it. It will definitely strengthen my spirit and become a great help for you as well. Kuhaha! It’s been a long time since I’ve stepped on this kind of battlefield!

Murdudun was excited.

It seemed like he was slightly affected by the madness of Asura Path.

Murdudun reentered his body and Muyoung exited the dungeon.

*

After he left the dungeon, Muyoung stayed a few days in his territory.

Baltan was still in critical condition but Irene’s gaze or actions towards Muyoung had changed.

He didn’t really pay attention to it but you could call it a change.

However, he couldn’t stay here for too long.

Even if this was his territory, he had things to do.

‘Little Wish.’

Muyoung took out the cloud-shaped object.

The item that allowed three small wishes.

It was time for him to find the Hedley’s Kow.

Chapter 63: Hedley's Kow (2)

He took off a corner of the cloud.

To be exact, 1/3 of it.

Gulp!

He swallowed it without hesitation.

Muyoung shivered his whole body for a moment.

Afterwards, both his eyes were bloodshot and he was bleeding from every pore on his body.

Little Wish.

Whatever it was, if something you wished for came true it wasn't far from calling it a 'miracle'.

That kind of miracle, there was no way it would come true just because you used it.

The one who conducted miracles.

There was a need for the person who asks for a wish to pay a reasonable price for the wish.

The Little Wish put a burden on the user's body to realize the wish.

Similar to the thoughts that would flash through one's mind when they were about to die, the Little Wish could be said to use one's soul to the fullest.

Then, a greeting passed in front of Muyoung.

"What do wish for?"

A beautiful woman sat on the grass.

She was naked and fluttered her pure-white wings while she looked at Muyoung.

Every inch of her resembled an angel but this was simply an illusion.

She wasn't real and it was just set up to appear this way.

She was a fake angel, an image, which few tens of thousands of priests from the holy city, Mulalan, had made.

The Underworld was a place where only monsters and demons existed.

How could these people who called themselves priests picture a true angel when all they've seen were countless demons and never an angel?

Therefore, they were people who believed in things they couldn't see and acted only on their beliefs.

Muyoung was one who thought that the ones who gave them strength weren't angels but a different entity altogether.

"I'm looking for Hedley's Kow."

"Your wish will come true."

Soon as Muyoung asked, the greeting quickly died off.

He didn't understand why it had to progress the wish this way but he thought they made it like this to make the process of making a wish seem holy.

'West.'

After the greeting died off, a red line which only appeared in Muyoung's eyes stretched westward.

At the same time, Muyoung's sight widened and 'a scene' passed by.

‘Goblins are migrating towards the west.’

It was a mass migration.

Their numbers seemed to be well above a hundred thousand.

They were walking towards some place.

Among them, there were quite a few kings with horns. They were all leading their respective tribes towards a single location.

Muyoung remembered the words Ogar had said when they first met.

‘Advent of Oom!’

He didn’t know what kind of ceremony it was.

However, Ogar had once told Muyoung, who he assumed as a goblin, that group of goblins were moving west.

‘It seems like Hedley’s Kow is hiding among them.’

Why would it be among the goblins out of all the locations?

However, he was certain of one thing.

All he could see were goblins. No other species were apparent.

Therefore, it was most likely that Hedley's Kow was currently in the shape of a goblin.

'The reason why Hedley's Kow is in the shape of a goblin…'

If you broadened the term, Hedley's Kow was a fairy.

It could be doing this simply for fun or it could have something to do with the Advent of Oom.

To check, he needed to go.

However, he needed to rest for a bit.

His whole body felt hot like it was on fire and he felt dizzy and nauseous.

Muyoung leaned against a wall and closed his eyes for a moment.

He knew that there would be a side effect but never thought it would affect him so much.

'I think I'll feel better after a nap.'

Muyoung knew his current condition better than anyone else.

Since he knew where Hedley's Kow was and where it was moving towards, he felt it was okay to move after he recovered his body.

He heard the cry of a soul that was struggling to keep its life even though it was filled with death.

Night.

In the shadows of the dark night sky, Muyoung followed the traces and searched through a desert.

'Baltan.'

It was him.

He was dying.

The fact that he wasn't treated immediately put him in a critical situation.

He was holding on with pure willpower.

But, Muyoung was able to instinctively find this place after he woke up from his sleep due to the Little Wish's side effect.

He had already seen countless deaths so how was it that only this place felt different.

“Lord...?”

“You’re barely alive.”

“I’m sorry about my unsightly appearance.”

His voice was hoarse.

A haggard face that could be a corpse’s.

Baltan awkwardly laughed as he spoke.

“But it’s amazing. I thought the God of Death would appear but you showed up.”

“There is no hope. What’s your reason for holding on?”

Baltan painfully opened his mouth.

“Because of this child.”

And he stroked Irene’s head who fell asleep beside him.

Considering how she didn’t wake even after this commotion, it seemed like she wasn’t able to sleep for the past few days.

“Either way, it would be hard for me to endure past today. At most, half a day… I’m sorry I couldn’t be of help.”

“I never had any expectations from the start.”

“I know. To be honest, I was grasping at straws. We are weak and we will never be able to survive the Demon God’s territory like this.:

Cough! Cough!

Baltan painfully coughed out loud.

Then, he got to the point.

“I was originally planning to leave quietly but, a favor. Can I ask you for a favor? It’s really a simple one.”

Baltan’s eyes were full of desperation.

Then, Muyoung was able to understand the reason why he came to this place.

The ruler of Death.

It was definitely due to his influence.

He was able to naturally understand what he needed to do.

“To ask me for a favor, I need your life.”

Baltan probably understood what Muyoung meant by these words.

It was because he continuously saw Muyoung controlling undead.

Even so, Baltan nodded his head.

“I’m gonna die. I’m not afraid of death. Instead, I feel my mind gets clearer as death approaches.”

That moment.

<Authority of the Death Lord, the ‘Contract of Death’ has been activated.>

<the ‘Contract of death’ is a contract with their life as collateral. It activates when the subject is desperate enough to

put their lives on the line. After the contract has been executed, depending on the content, a score will be added. When the subject dies and the user makes an undead out of the subject, a more powerful strength will be displayed.>

Yes. It was this.

After Suzy's father, the authority activated for Baltan.

He instinctively felt the traces of death and his body automatically moved because he knew it was a golden opportunity to use this authority.

"Speak. What is it."

Would he ask to be saved?

Or ask to protect Irene?

Baltan forcefully raised his injured body up and kneeled.

"Use me as Lord's knight. So that I can protect this place even after I die."

It was unexpected.

He was aware of his approaching dead and volunteered to become an undead.

‘A knight.’

Muyoung inwardly mocked him.

To be honest, Baltan’s physical stats were lousy. He was too lacking to become a sword that could protect Muyoung and he probably already knew this.

To become a knight was just an excuse and what he truly wanted was to be allowed to protect this territory.

Baltan wanted to protect the people left behind even like this.

“A useless sacrifice.”

“I thought that myself. That the Underworld was a malicious place where only the selfish survive and the good die. Even now, my thoughts haven’t changed. But.”

Baltan clenched his teeth.

“We can’t just sit here and accept it. I understood that it had to start with myself when I came to this place. To be exact, it was Irene who showed me this.”

“Do you believe your death will change this place?”

“Yes.”

He didn’t have a slightest hesitation.

It was arrogance.

But it was worth complimenting the fact he wanted to stand up for himself without hiding behind others.

In the very least, he couldn’t mock that.

Muyoung turned his body.

“When the Sun rises, you will be born again.”

Like a prophecy, he spoke those words before he left.

And the next day.

Baltan, the Guardian of a Territory, was born.

*

<His will transcended even death.>

<A noble death! He walked towards death himself and finally became the Guardian of a Territory.>

<The authority of Death Lord, ‘Contract of Death’ has been completed. Due to the power of authority, his stats have greatly increased.>

<Art score is 84.>

<The protector. Guardian knight has been created!>

<Name: Baltan

Level: 101

Type: Guardian Knight

Strength 112 (92 + 20) Agility 115 (95 + 20) Stamina 160 (140 + 20)

Intelligence 94 (74 + 20) Wisdom 92 (72 + 20) Indomitable 80 (60 + 20) >

+ Guardian of the Territory (Within the designated territory, all stats +20)

+ Cry of the Guardian (Within the territory, toughness of ‘allies’ increases slightly)

+ Strengthening Potential (You will become stronger when you fight to protect.)

+ High Conservation Rate (High autonomous will)

Muyoung newly reanimated the dead Baltan and placed the restraints of the Guardian of the Territory on him.

He was able to receive an art score of 84 as his story was good and because of the power of authority.

Even though he was strengthened, his stats were only at this level because he wasn’t good material but even this was amazing.

There was also no way for undead Baltan to betray him.

He thought that Baltan would do well in protecting this place as his memories were still intact.

‘Strengthening Potential and High autonomous will.’

And even though he was now an undead, he had the two things that were both hard to obtain.

This was the power of authority.

Normally, even if he was strengthened, since he was weaker than Heidegger, it would be a waste to make him the Guardian of the Territory as there could only be one per territory.

However, the story would change if he could think on his own and grow.

Not only that but he was able to recover his whole body, even his foot had regenerated. He had no problem moving.

“Baltan will replace me as a substitute Lord for a while.”

Muyoung announced quietly.

Everyone here trusted Baltan.

And just in case, he also set the Prince and the Avengers here.

It would be helpful if few tens of undead were there.

“Baltan has been born again as my knight. While I’m gone, follow Baltan and develop the dungeon and the surroundings.”

“I will follow your order.”

The very first to respond was Baltan.

Amazingly he didn’t speak awkwardly.

Even his eyes shined as if he was still alive.

“Lord, may I ask where you are going?”

The old man couldn’t hide his nervousness and asked.

Muyoung looked towards the red line in the air and gave a short reply.

“I’m going to the Soul Mountains.”

The Soul Mountains. It was the place where the goblins were conducting their ceremony.

And Hedley’s Kow was well-hidden in that place…

Muyoung was planning to join in as the hunter.

*

The red line pointed towards the west.

However, as time passed, it became fainter.

‘Did I arrive there already?’

Over a hundred thousand were in a line.

It seemed like everyone had already arrived at the destination.

In fact, it had been quite a while since he had first heard about the goblin’s movements from Ogar.

‘There is a need for the Hellhorse.’

Muyoung knitted his brows.

It was a bit expected but he wasn’t able to sense the Hellhorse at all.

It seemed like the Hellhorse stayed at the location when he used the Long-distance Teleportation Magical Item.

However, the Hellhorse’s mobility might be needed to catch the Hedley’s Kow.

As a Hellhorse, it would definitely be able to pressure Hedley's Kow who turned into a phoenix.

'I guess I need to try it out first.'

He had no choice.

He needed to try on his own even without the Hellhorse's help.

Muyoung diligently moved towards the west.

The huge Soul Mountains.

Over a hundred thousand goblins were gathered.

"A-oom! A-hoom! A-oom! A-hoom!"

"A-oom! A-hoom! A-oom! A-hoom!"

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

They sang while they stomped the ground.

It was so loud that it sounded out all over the mountains.

Few thousands of tribes were gathered and different types of

goblins were here.

“If you have white hair and a horn, aren’t you an ice goblin king? Why are you here on the fire goblin’s side? Get lost. I’m letting you off easy since we’re in the middle of the Advent of Oom.”

Someone grabbed Muyoung’s shoulder.

It was a goblin king with his blazing red hair.

An enormous figure.

The ice goblins and the fire goblins were on bad terms.

“Where are the ice goblins gathered?”

“Ha, so there are even kings as foolish as you running around. It’s that way.”

“Thank you.”

“Wha, what?”

He was confused as if he didn’t expect to hear thanks.

But Muyoung didn’t care and diligently headed towards the location the fire goblin pointed.

‘Among these goblins, there is Hedley’s Kow.’

Muyoung was certain.

He didn’t know what the ceremony of Advent of Oom for but it seemed to be out of the ordinary.

The land and magic were shaking.

Just by being nearby, he felt like his soul could be sucked in.

It was the reason why only goblins were here in this wide mountain range.

And it didn’t seem like Hedley’s Kow would have joined this kind of ceremony for fun.

There must be something it wanted to accomplish through the Advent of Oom.

‘Wait for me.’

Who, among the over 100, 000 goblins, could be Hedley’s Kow?

Muyoung’s eyes became serious.

Chapter 64: Hedley's Kow (End)

Dokkaebis were monsters ranked somewhere in between low and mid rank.

Although they weren't generally strong, there were certain tribes that definitely stood out among them.

This was especially true for dokkaebis with horns who were known as 'kings'.

And depending on their characteristic, their appearance differed.

You could differentiate them simply by looking at their hair color, for example, ice dokkaebis had white hair like Muyoung.

Muyoung found the area where the ice dokkaebis were gathered.

'The numbers are small.'

At most, maybe 5,000 dokkaebis?

They only had half the numbers of others.

"A-oom! A-hoom! A-oom! A-hoom!"

As if they had already practiced the chant, all the dokkaebis were

shouting in unison.

When Muyoung approached them, unlike before, no one stopped him.

Except, there were some groups that looked at him in wonder.

“Why did he come alone?”

“Is he a wandering king?”

Usually, dokkaebi kings had few tens to few hundreds of dokkaebis in their group.

Muyoung couldn’t help but stand out as he was alone.

However, there were no enemies. If anything, it was the opposite.

Since the number of ice dokkaebis was small in number, they would be glad to increase their number even by one.

Muyoung pondered for a moment.

‘Advent of Oom. Advent meant that he would return. There was a high possibility that Oom was a dokkaebi with an important status.’

First, he needed to understand this ceremony.

That way it would be possible to search for Hedley's Kow at this place without raising any suspicions.

"Have you seen Oom before?"

The horned dokkaebi right next to him gave him a questioning look and spoke.

"Oom's position was vacant for 1,000 years."

Ahh.

Muyoung inwardly nodded his head.

Oom didn't mean a figure but a position.

But for 1,000 years.

It seemed like they were planning to decide their true leader at this place.

He dug a bit deeper.

“Then… who do you think will take this Oom’s position from this ceremony?”

“Well, of course, it’s going to be ‘Seohan’. He’s the true ruler who rules over 3,000 ice dokkaebis. Did you come here after living near the border?”

Seohan.

Muyoung slightly turned his gaze.

There was a dokkaebi who stood out more than the rest.

A dokkaebi whose skin was completely blue was receiving many gazes of confidence from others.

‘He looks more like a yaksa than a dokkaebi.’

Yaksa. They were species known as duaxini which were, in reality, evolved dokkaebis.

Muyoung only heard of them before, this was his first time seeing one.

And there were at least 5 more duaxini present.

Muyoung retracted his gaze and answered coolly.

“You’re right. That’s why I don’t know much about this ceremony.”

The dokkaebi clicked his tongue.

Fortunately, he wasn’t suspicious any longer and continued to speak.

“A black star ‘Hoom’ will fall from the sky and a trial will start and every dokkaebi will be able to challenge the position of ‘Oom’. However, this time, things are going to be difficult as there is Seohan.”

A completely boastful expression.

That meant that he had that much confidence in Seohan.

‘A black star was going to fall from the sky?’

He couldn’t imagine it very well.

However, it seemed like they were being non-aggressive until the black star fell.

He was now able to understand why the fire dokkaebi was completely furious.

“Thank you for your explanation. My name is Muyoung.”

“I’m Gaon. Gaon, the one that leads the ‘Freezing Land’ tribe. It seems like you’re just a wandering king, don’t do anything pointless and it would best for you to help Seohan.”

The two held hands.

However, Muyoung didn’t really pay attention to Gaon’s words.

‘If it’s a duaxini, he would have already led many tribes for a long time. So, Hedley’s Kow wouldn’t have turned into a duaxini. It must be one of the dokkaebis who had just joined.’

First, he removed Seohan and other duaxini from his radar.

However, he couldn’t easily ask this part.

If he was unlucky, Hedley’s Kow might become aware that someone was searching for it. The worst conclusion.

‘A dokkaebi who joined recently. A duaxini would know.’

Muyoung’s eyes clouded.

Although duaxinis were now removed from his list of suspicions,

on the other hand, duaxinis would know.

Which dokkaebis recently joined and followed them.

The most certain way was to ask them.

However, he couldn’t do that now.

He stood out too much and if he made the wrong move, he could seem suspicious.

After the trial starts.

It seemed better to approach them at a better timing.

The ceremony continued for few days.

The energy within the Soul Mountains became thicker each day and during this time, everyone focused on singing the ‘A-oom! A-oom!’ song.

Exactly after seven days since Muyoung joined them.

Thump-!

From the sky, the ‘Hoom’ fell.

Hoom. The black star which brought the trial. A device to find out who the true Oom was!

However, there wasn't just one Hoom.

There were two black stars that fell from the sky.

"It's strange. It said in the prophecy that only one would fall."

Gaon tilted his head.

"A prophecy can't always be completely correct."

Muyoung was certain.

There were many times when these things called prophecies were very vague.

No, there were more times when they were wrong.

This was because prophecies were received through 'Descent of God'.

It literally meant that God came down upon a living being and it was impossible for that living being to listen properly.

There was a high chance that through this process, information became distorted or bloated up.

“Either way… It has now started.”

Gaon led his 50 tribe members and joined them.

Of course, Seohan the duaxini stood in the very front.

It was the same for other types of dokkaebis.

Two stars that fell in the middle of the mountains.

However, it was more precise to call it a meteor than a star.

Although it was interesting that there was no real impact from the meteors, the two meteors were gathered at the top of a mountain.

And there was a large gap between the two meteors.

“Muyoung, what are you going to do? To be honest, wandering kings are free. We can’t force you.”

Since he had no group to lead, he also had no responsibilities.

However, Muyoung looked a bit confident.

“Let’s follow.”

“Good, Muyoung. Then, follow me. You are a guest of our Freezing Land tribe.”

Even though he said to follow him, it was the same as following Seohan.

At the very front, leaders including Seohan discussed.

And depending on their choice, they entered through the gap of the ‘Hooms’.

It was the same for Muyoung and messages appeared right as he entered.

<You have entered the ‘Endless Battlefield’.>

<The 35,469 have entered.>

<You cannot leave until there are 350 left.>

‘Endless Battlefield?’

Muyoung’s eyebrows twitched.

There weren’t many entrances to the Endless Battlefield. It hadn’t been long but it was the second time he had entered.

First, it was through the huge marble the fire tars had.

And now it was through the black stars the dokkaebis called ‘Hooms’.

‘Ha.’

He looked at his left shoulder.

The number 18 was written on it.

It meant that he had cleared the 18th wave before and the number would change when he produced a new record.

‘So the trial of Hoom meant the Endless Battlefield.’

He couldn’t be certain.

Two Hooms had fallen onto the ground.

The other one could be an entirely different trial.

‘But was it possible for this many people to enter the Endless Battlefield?’

Muyoung looked around.

A number a bit over 30,000.

It was the final number of dokkaebis who decided to enter here.

It was small compared to the total number but a number that couldn’t be considered small were gathered here.

However, from Muyoung’s understanding, normal Endless Battlefields could only be entered by one person at a time.

‘Even though it’s different, the content is the same.’

He never heard of an Endless Battlefield where a great number could enter at once.

It seemed to be a special version of the Endless Battlefield.

However, the very context of the Endless Battlefield didn’t change.

“Though I have heard that this was a place where you fight until

you die. Just what is this place?”

As Gaon mumbled to himself in confusion, Muyoung replied in a passing tone.

“Soon, they will come out.”

“...? Muyoung, do you know something?”

“They’re out.”

<First wave has started.>

<2,500 goblins.>

A vast plain.

From a distance, 2,500 goblins were approaching.

And Seohan was the first to run towards the 2,500 goblins.

Clash!

He jumped up high and charged towards the middle of the group of goblins.

Afterwards, the ground started to shake as he struck the ground.

Duaxini. It was the strength only an evolved dokkaebi would have.

“For the Trial of Hoom to be merely killing goblins.”

Gaon spoke as if he was greatly disappointed.

It seemed like he had some kind of fantasy about the black star, Hoom.

But, as he wasn’t a human with a Status Viewer, he wasn’t able to read the messages.

All the dokkaebis were unable to see the information about the trial that Muyoung had seen.

Therefore, Muyoung gave them advice.

“This is not the end.”

Since he had already entered, he needed to see it to the end.

If it was 30,000 dokkaebis, he should be able to pass the 18th wave.

To do this, he couldn’t let his guard down.

“Hmph, even if you say so, they are mere goblins. Even if more appeared, they are no match for us. Either way, let’s move Muyoung. We can’t let Seohan clear them all.”

In number and strength, dokkaebis completely overpowered them.

2,500 goblins died in less than 20 minutes.

At the same time, the next wave started.

<The second wave has started.>

<2.000 war ants.>

“This isn’t the end?”

Gaon who was intoxicated with a feeling of victory blinked his eyes.

Not just Gaon.

Even if it was lousy, a battlefield was still a battlefield.

Most of the dokkaebis were intoxicated with the feeling of victory.

Then, they were dumbfounded as they noticed other monsters approaching.

“It didn’t end.”

“What?”

“This battlefield doesn’t end.”

How many waves they clear, that wasn’t important.

Muyoung remembered the words that appeared when he first entered this place.

‘Only 350 can leave here alive.’

It was about 1% of the total number of dokkaebis who entered.

That meant, they had to continue to battle until there were only 350 left.

Muyoung looked towards the front.

They entered with the fire dokkaebis and they numbered around 10,000.

Like Seohan, the one leading them was also a duaxini.

Unless they were simply clearing the battlefield…

‘They will have to bump into each other.’

When they realized the nature of this battlefield, they would inevitably bump into each other.

The ice dokkaebis and the fire dokkaebis were on bad terms.

Even more, since they were greater in numbers, it was obvious who was going to attack first.

‘I need to prepare.’

Muyoung had strong suspicions that Hedley’s Kow would be with the fire dokkaebis.

Even the one who took the position as Oom a 1,000 years ago was also a fire dokkaebi.

The first time was hard, but the second time would be easier.

They would have more information than others.

In reality, unlike the other dokkaebis, the fire dokkaebis weren't greatly swayed.

It meant that they were expecting this to a certain degree.

If it was aiming for something, it would obviously side with the fire dokkaebis.

That was why… Muyoung decided to silently prepare.

Either way, this battlefield wouldn't end in just a few days.

There was enough time to slowly set traps.

Muyoung quietly walked towards a dead dokkaebi.

'All goblins start off as spirits.'

Dokkaebis were normally monsters who started off as spirits.

This could be seen by how they normally followed the Five Elements and used powers of the land.

And the relationship with spirits and specters were quiet close. Since there were times you called corrupted spirits, specters.

Then he could definitely turn them into specters and use them.

‘Get up.’

Six Paths.

Among them, he opened Asura path and extracted the spirit.

Spirits started to float above the corpses of the dead dokkaebis and were sucked in Asura Path, one after the other.

And when Muyoung saw this, the tips of his lips started to wiggle.

Second Class Arc

Chapter 65: Second Class (1)

The number of specters quickly increased.

Which meant that many dokkaebis were dying.

The dokkaebis were already facing the 8th wave.

However, Muyoung still didn't partake in the battle.

'The spirit will completely separate from the bodies of the dead dokkaebis after some time passes.'

He couldn't make the spirits into specters after the spirits have completely left the body.

It took 2 days to reach the 8th wave and Muyoung already had 1,000 specters.

This place was simply a gold mine for Muyoung.

Swaaaaahh!

The spirits came out of the bodies of dead dokkaebis and instantly went into Muyoung's body.

<Conquest rate of Asura Path, 14.7%>

Asura Path.

The conquest rate of crazy specters was continuously increasing in the process.

The conquest rate steeply increased as the number of specters increased.

— Still not enough. I need more specters!

Murloc King Murdudun was excited to go into battle leading specters. In a state completely filled with excitement, he kept pestering Muyoung.

If he continued like this, the conquest of Asura Path didn’t seem far away.

‘Not even one of the six worlds is easy.’

Asura Path, Hell Path, Preta Path, Animal Path, Human Path and Deva Path!

Muyoung had seen a glimpse of each one.

They were filled with all sorts of horrors and he felt like whoever conquered those places would become a God.

At least, that was how Muyoung felt when he looked at Asura Path.

‘These burning glares.’

Just, there were a few who glared at Muyoung for not participating in the fight and wandering around dead dokkaebis.

Not a lot but it was important to note that he was getting their attention.

‘I need to change my method.’

If he was to openly make undead on top of this, it would be enough for him to become an enemy of all.

All the dokkaebis would instantly acknowledge Muyoung as their ‘enemy’ and attack him.

No matter how great Muyoung was, he wasn’t able to avoid the over 30,000 dokkaebis in this limited area.

There was too big of a risk and therefore he needed to ‘secretly’ made them into undead.

Clap!

Left with no choice, Muyoung changed his method.

He placed his hands together as if he was in praying.

It sort of seemed like he was praying for the dead.

‘Stay still.’

He picked out the still-intact corpses out of the spiritless bunch and reanimated them into undead.

But, he didn’t allow them to move. Since, in a battlefield that continues endlessly, he had no time to waste in organizing them.

Fight and die, then you will become an undead.

When he turned 200 dokkaebis into undeads, a change occurred.

<‘A group of various dokkaebis’ has been completed.>

<Art score of 67.>

<Name: A group of various dokkaebis (200)

Level: 60

Type: Ghoul

Strength 66 Agility 55

Stamina 66 Intelligence 66

Wisdom 65>

Like the Prince and the Avengers, it seemed like they were recognized as one.

Muyoung quickly made a talisman.

As he summoned the dokkaebis into a talisman, the corpses turned undead magically disappeared. They were all transported into the talisman.

“Did I see it wrong? I think the corpses disappeared.”

“Didn’t you see how the corpses of monsters that spawned in this trial disappear? It’s probably a characteristic of this place.”

Muyoung nodded after he hearing their conversation.

The dokkaebis who weren't familiar with talismans found the disappearing corpses strange but only thought of it as a characteristic of the 'Endless Battlefield'.

It was better this way. Muyoung was only able to make 50 to 100 undead in a day but through their misunderstanding, he was able to speed things up.

"But, what is that dokkaebi doing?"

"Is he trying to cleanse their spirits?"

"He's probably just scared. This is why ice dokkaebis..."

Of course, there were some dokkaebis who didn't think well of Muyoung.

They clicked their tongues and looked at Muyoung with disdain.

Since he never participated in the battle, everyone branded him as a coward.

However, he didn't care.

He didn't fall for their shabby provocations.

It was enough to participate in combat near the end of the battle. For now, he needed to concentrate on making undead and specters.

‘I am moving too fast.’

Muyoung didn’t forget to observe the situation of the battlefield continuously.

Already the 10th wave.

A boss level monster appeared.

About 2,000 dokkaebis died by the time they faced the 10th wave.

It was because they didn’t know any tricks and were competing against each other.

If they continued like this, they would easily clear the 20th wave but anything beyond that seemed unlikely.

“Muyoung, you’re like a chief priest.”

At that moment, the king of ‘Freezing Land’ tribe approached Muyoung.

He had injured his arm.

“Chief priest?”

“Even the one who prophesied the Advent of Oom was the chief priest. He works with souls and has the right to enter the world of the universe. Like what you’re doing now, his role was also to pray for the dead. However.”

Gaon let out a deep breath and continued to speak.

“Right now, we don’t need a chief priest. It’s time to fight on the frontlines. Although you are a wandering king, if you, a king, just stand by, we, the ice dokkaebis, will completely lose face.”

It seemed like he couldn’t take Muyoung’s strange behavior anymore and had come to give him a word of advice.

As they were in a place with the fire dokkaebis, they took care in how they looked to others.

However, Muyoung silently continued to do what he was doing.

Time was too precious to care about what other dokkaebis’ thought.

“Not all kings are strong. Muyoung, I understand if you’re chief priest class of dokkaebi and isn’t used to fighting. At least just act

like you're fighting. I, the king of the 'Freezing Land', Gaon, will be responsible for your safety."

"You don't have to be responsible for my safety."

Muyoung tapped his waist one time.

He shook Anguish that was attached to his waist and showed off.

Then, Gaon shook his head from side to side.

"Seohan is currently fighting alone and there are too many casualties. If even our prestige dies off, then everything will go to the fire dokkaebis."

"Just leave one alone."

"…?"

"If you kill all the enemy, the next wave starts. On the other hand, if you leave even one alive than you could gain time to rest."

If they gained time to rest than they could reduce the number of casualties.

There was a need to walk the safest path as the ice dokkaebis were lacking in number.

Gaon widened his eyes and asked again.

“Is that true?”

“What do I earn from lying to you?”

Muyoung gave off an uncaring attitude.

Just an advice.

To accept it or not was their choice.

“Hmm… that’s true. I will try telling Seohan.”

Once again, Gaon quickly joined the battle.

And Muyoung also started to pray again.

“He really is an odd one.”

“What’s the point in paying attention to that sort of coward dokkaebi? But, the enemies who appeared this time don’t seem easy. I think we need to quickly go and join up with the others.”

The attention Muyoung received quickly died off as well.

Clap!

The number of spirits rose and a stack of undead was made.

Muyoung’s advice wasn’t accepted in the end.

It couldn’t be helped.

If there were only ice dokkaebis, it might have been different, but they were with the long-time rivals, the fire dokkaebis.

If they tried to leave one monster alive, they wouldn’t allow it.

Instead, they would speed up the battle to push them to their limits.

It was the same as unknowingly walking on the path to self-destruction by only immersing yourself in the little things.

<19th wave has started.>

<200 minotaurus.>

Moooo-!

The gigantic monsters cried.

To the dokkaebis, these monsters with two feet and a bull's head were like their natural predators.

They had naturally high resistance to magic and their tough hide made most attacks ineffective.

The only ones that could face the minotaurs were the dokkaebi kings and duaxini.

Thump! Thump! Thuuuump!

The Duaxini, the ruler of the ice dokkaebis, Seohan showed destructive power.

Whatever his fists touched would freeze and shatter. His strength was also remarkable and even the minotaurs were taken back.

However, Seohan was slowly getting exhausted.

The other dokkaebis couldn't notice but his insides were slowly breaking down.

'Arlo.'

Seohan moved his gaze.

Arlo, the ruler of fire dokkaebis!

Seohan couldn’t act weak while that guy was still alive.

Like Seohan, he evolved into a duaxini from a dokkaebi.

The two were on bad terms for a long time.

They fought countless times but not once was there a clear outcome.

Did it make sense to have 100 fights with 100 draws?

However, it couldn’t be helped.

They were equally powerful.

As it was obvious that if one died the other would be in a near death state, their fights always ended up as a draw.

‘I will beat you this time.’

However, this time, it would be different.

To win, Seohan was overexerting himself.

If he was overexerting himself, it meant that Arlo was also overexerting himself.

Although Arlo might appear to be fine, he thought that he was having a hard time.

However, after continuously fighting the minotaurs, he found that that wasn't the case.

'He isn't getting tired.'

On the other hand, Seohan was exhausted.

How was this possible?

'Are the fire dokkaebis this strong?'

By then, Seohan realized something strange.

The fire dokkaebis were strengthening each other.

To be exact, they were 'sharing' each other's stamina.

Of course, Arlo wasn't exhausted. Since if he was, he could just take the stamina of another dokkaebi.

It was a skill they didn’t normally have.

He didn’t know where they learned that kind of skill but... it couldn’t be said that Arlo wasn’t a wicked ruler.

<20th wave has started.>

<Something unique occurred.>

<Sword Ghost, 1 orc lord and 50 orc warchiefs.>

Seohan frowned after seeing the enemies who have just appeared.

Orc lord and orc warchiefs!

They weren’t easy opponents. Especially the orc lord who was similar to duaxinis in that they exceeded the strength of regular orcs.

The fire dokkaebis were the first to act triumphantly.

Seohan ground his teeth. If he lost the lead, it was like he was giving up the position as ‘Oom’.

Oom was someone only those who stacked meritorious deeds acknowledged by everyone could become.

‘I can’t just stay here like this.’

Seohan moved.

Blaze!

Clash!

The orc lord sliced the flames the ruler of the fire dokkaebi, Arlo, shot.

It swung its huge greatsword indiscriminately as it pushed forward.

Even if it was Arlo, against an orc lord, 1 vs 1 was difficult.

A few hundred fire dokkaebis quickly gathered around and shot flames but with a single swing of its sword, a gust of wind blew out the flames.

All the fire dokkaebis were thrown into disarray. Arlo wasn’t any different.

Claaash!

Thump!

Then, a huge ice mass created in the sky smashed onto the orc lord.

It was a great shot made by Seohan.

Swack!

However, orc lord was even able to split that ice block in half.

He thought it would definitely hit.

However, the opponent who appeared before them wasn’t any ordinary orc lord.

Sword Ghost!

It had a title of the ghost of the sword.

It meant that it was well versed in swordsmanship.

Without any time for the dokkaebis to reorganize, the orc lord and the orc warchiefs pushed towards them. Their force overwhelmed the few tens of thousands of dokkaebis.

“He can’t see.”

Then some ice dokkaebi king approached and stood beside Seohan.

Seohan tilted his head and looked at the dokkaebi who approached him.

“If you’re going to aim, aim both sides at the same time. If we work together with the duaxini who leads the fire dokkaebis, we could win.”

All ice dokkaebis showed deep respect towards Seohan.

However, the dokkaebi in front of him didn’t appear to show any signs of it.

He was like emotionlessness itself.

Then, Seohan could only be surprised for a moment.

‘When did he come next me?’

He wasn’t able to notice his existence until he came right next to him.

Even if he was preoccupied, it wasn't something that was possible.

'Who is this guy?'

Chapter 66: Second Class (2)

Seohan momentarily was lost for words but that was all.

The orc lord continued to move. If he wasted more time, it would only lead to more destruction.

That was why he had to make a decision.

If he was going to trust in the words of the dokkaebi in front of him and change his method of fighting.

His ego would take a hit but if they were to ask the ruler of the fire dokkaebis Arlo for cooperation, he might agree to it. However, to do this, he needed to be certain.

Was the orc lord really blind?

From his reaction, that certainly didn't seem to be the case.

However... for some odd reason, he couldn't just ignore this dokkaebi's words.

There weren't many dokkaebis who had such a large presence.

Duaxinis, who were evolved dokkaebis, were able to see the nature of a being.

They were able to differentiate between a truth and a lie to a certain degree.

‘I can’t see anything nor feel anything. Is he truly even a dokkaebi?’

However, he had never experienced someone like him before.

This guy’s nature was emptiness itself.

He was like a speck of dust that would come and disappear like the wind.

However, his presence couldn’t be compared to a speck of dust.

All the words he said seemed to be truths.

It was contradictory.

However, that was the truth.

“What’s your name?”

“Muyoung.”

As expected, it was a name of a dokkaebi king he had never heard of.

Seohan started to move again.

He breathed heavily as his whole body moved up and down.

If that dokkaebi was telling the truth, he would be greatly recognized for his actions, while if he wasn't, he would suffer hell for deceiving him.

"That name, I'll remember it."

"You don't have to remember it."

"…?"

Seohan's eyes stiffened.

For him to remember an ice dokkaebi's name was like infinite honor.

He was the ruler of ice dokkaebis and was a warchief currently competing for the 'Oom' position.

However, Muyoung spoke indifferently as if didn't care about such things.

“From now on, I will let you know through Gaon.”

Then, without any hesitation, he turned his back.

‘What kind of dokkaebi is he…’

He was simply being disrespectful.

From what he could remember, he was never treated this way even from the fire dokkaebis he wasn’t on good terms with.

What was more, he never thought he could experience this kind of feeling from the same type of dokkaebi.

He could feel that the dokkaebi didn’t want to be exposed.

Seohan was a bit taken back by his attitude but he clicked his tongue and shook his head.

There wasn’t enough time.

Swaaaaaaaahh.

A long spear made of ice formed above Seohan’s right hand.

‘Side. The side you say.’

Thump!

Seohan stomped on the ground and quickly attacked the side of orc lord.

From afar, Muyoung watched the head of the orc lord soar.

The ruler of ice dokkaebis, Seohan.

Fortunately, the one to finish it off was him. He had at least saved face.

“Seohan! Seohan! Seohan!”

“A-oom! A-hoom! A-oom! A-hoom!”

The ice dokkaebis were celebrating.

The process didn’t matter, only the outcome was everything in this world.

Orc lord’s neck was slain by Seohan and it was safe to say that most of the credit belonged to Seohan.

‘It’s not the time yet to step out onto the frontlines.’

From a step back, Muyoung observed them.

As they passed the 20th wave, there shouldn't be any major obstacles for at least a few more waves.

And Muyoung still had more things to do.

When he decides to join the frontlines, he needed to give up this gold mine.

Even more, there was a chance for Hedley's Kow to become suspicious of Muyoung.

Even the advice he gave Seohan was done with a bit of risk.

Currently, he didn't give any room for doubts but if this happened continuously, it could become harmful.

'5 candidates.'

Of course, Muyoung wasn't just making undead and specters.

He searched for Hedley's Kow with his keen eyes.

And from the fire dokkaebis, he found five who were the most suspicious.

One of the candidates was a dokkaebi king who recently joined and didn't have a tribe like Muyoung and acted differently from normal dokkaebis.

To be exact, he figured this out by carefully observing the ruler of the fire dokkaebis, Arlo but if Hedley's Kow was here, it had to be one of those dokkaebis. Muyoung thought so himself.

"Muyoung! Listen. Seohan said that he appreciates my service. It's probably because I fought so well on the frontlines."

Gaon approached Muyoung as the excitement slowly died off.

It was to boast.

"Congrats."

Muyoung mindlessly congratulated him.

It wasn't bad to converse with him as he would be the one who would pass on the messages to Seohan.

As Muyoung replied, Gaon nodded his head and held his nose in the air.

"Muyoung, if you fight on the frontlines, you can also earn this kind of honor."

“I don’t have any greed in that sort of thing.”

“Tsk tsk. You can only say that because you came from the remote region and don’t know the greatness of Seohan. If you continue to watch Seohan, you will naturally gain respect for him.”

He was Seohan’s fan through and through.

It seemed like Seohan realized how Muyoung didn’t want to be noticed and took measures like this.

It was good that he was quick-witted.

Muyoung stopped paying attention to Gaon.

‘2,000 specters were made.’

It was a steep pace. He had already made over 500 undead.

Normally, he didn’t really enjoy increasing his numbers like this.

A truly strong person could do the work of a few thousand and even a few ten thousand. It meant that it was much more effective to concentrate on just one.

However, Muyoung had the ‘Wicked Belt’ that strengthened every undead and this Endless Battlefield was a place where he could only fight with the numbers he had.

If he was to use the dead once more, then his military strength would double.

Of course, it wouldn’t be simple as his calculations but either way, he believed it wasn’t bad to focus on quantity as these situations were very rare.

‘I could probably dominate over half of Asura Path.’

Murloc king Murdudun was leading 2,000 specters and was trying to conquer Asura Path.

Conquest rate 22%!

And every time the conquest rate increased, something changed inside Muyoung.

He couldn’t be certain what that was but he felt like he would know when it reached a certain point.

“Honestly, think about it. It would be too late to regret it when Seohan gets the Oom’s position, Muyoung.”

As Muyoung didn’t show much interest, Gaon gave him a small

advice before he leaving.

It was because the next wave had started.

‘It’s not too late to move after I become certain who the Hedley’s Kow is.’

The moment he joined the frontlines, his opportunity to look around would disappear.

Muyoung quietly watched the 5 candidates as he moved.

The situation changed.

To be exact, you could say Seohan accepted Muyoung’s advice.

After cutting off the orc lord’s head, Seohan’s influence became stronger and due to this, he was able to leave a monster alive to delay the start of the next wave.

The fire dokkaebis ground their teeth.

However, the difference between them shortened as time passed.

Seohan was getting exhausted and on the other hand, Arlo wasn’t.

‘The rate of contribution.’

Both duaxinis only cared about the rate of contribution.

The one with the higher rate of contribution would be able to take the position of Oom.

With that in mind, Muyoung’s current rate of contribution was very close to 0%.

‘The rate of contribution is meaningless in the lower waves.’

However, Muyoung didn’t care.

There were cases where one large contribution in a higher level was better than contributions for 10 low levels.

Therefore, it was time to grow his strength and wait for an opportunity for now.

And when they were faced with the 25th wave, a small change occurred for Muyoung.

<The number of total specters passed 5,000.>

<Murdudun’s conquest rate accelerated.>

<Conquest rate 48%>

As he got closer to 50%, the shape of his pupils changed as they became redder.

At first, he didn't know.

However, he happened to look at his reflection through a sword of one of the corpses and saw this change.

That he was changing.

And that Asura Path was in the center of that change.

Then, Murdudun's soul popped out from inside Muyoung's body.

Unlike before, he was wearing a long golden armor and a helmet.

-Even though I'm almighty, there is a limit in conquering with these lousy specters. To win against the one with two horns, there is no answer by just increasing the numbers!

"Who is the one with two horns?"

-He's the one who reigns Asura Path. He has a similar appearance

to you but slightly different. He is stronger than you and darker. For some reason, he is currently sealed but he's been reacting as I've continued to conquer.

Muyoung knitted his brows.

The one that reigned over Asura Path had the same appearance as him.

The fact that he had two horns was different but he was sealed.

"Then you can't conquer any further?"

However, he was about to hit 50%.

Muyoung's instincts cried out. That if he was to fill the rest of the 2%, a real change will occur.

Murdudun pondered for a moment before he shook his head.

-I think a bit more is possible. However, you shouldn't be greedy. There is a chance you will lose even the parts I've conquered when that guy awakens. Now, we need stronger specters than to increase in numbers.

Murdudun was clear on what he wanted to say.

That even if he was to increase the number of dokkaebi specters, they had reached their limit.

Muyoung was convinced.

And...

<Murdudun's army is recognized within the rest of Asura Path.>

<Conquest rate 50%>

<The specter creating ability has greatly increased.>

<The control over the dead has greatly increased.>

<You have awakened the 'Eye of Asura'.>

The world flipped around.

The position of the dead and the living had changed.

The living didn't care but the dead were all looking at Muyoung.

The ones who were here from the past.

Not just dokkaebis but he could even see the preexisting dead souls.

There were also duaxinis like Seohan and Arlo.

Ancestors. The ones who died here without being able to become the Oom.

‘So it was like this.’

The Eye of Asura looked at the world of the dead.

It allowed him to stand on the boundary.

However, the strong existences above duaxinis ignored Muyoung.

‘It seems like it’s because my specter creating ability is low.’

If he could collect the preexisting souls, he no longer had a reason to collect the dokkaebis.

However, to take control of all these existences, he needed a stronger specter creating ability.

If he could control strong spirits, he could add them to Asura

Path and use them for many things as well.

For instance… Muyoung held a minotaur's soul in one hand.

<Minotaurus's soul momentarily becomes possessed.>

<For 30 minutes, strength increases by 20.>

Like this.

'Only one is possible right now.'

He couldn't overlap multiple spirits. However, there was definite room for improvement.

Muyoung smiled in satisfaction.

As expected, this place was a gold mine for Muyoung.

*

<29th wave has started.>

<30 Ogre.>

Thump! Thump!

The dokkaebis could only be petrified by the appearance of the green giants.

Coming this far, about half of the dokkaebis had died. But, the mood wasn’t bad.

However, the tension doubled when the ogres appeared.

Ogres were high-rank monsters.

They were a bit below the fire tars but when simply looking at their destructiveness, they were above the fire tars.

They were the worst enemies for the dokkaebis.

It was the same for duaxinis.

Seohan was completely exhausted and Arlo was at his limit fighting just one or two ogres.

Even if they were to push with their numbers, they couldn’t hold back all 30 ogres.

“Kwaaah!”

“Aaaaaack!”

Thump! Crash!

Few tens of dokkabis’ lives died every time the ogres moved.

They showed that much overwhelming power.

All the dokkaebis clenched their teeth.

It was the same for Seohan.

Seohan’s entire body was covered in blood. He was barely able to hold back an ogre but he didn’t know how long he would last.

‘If it’s like this…’

Seohan made a hopeless expression as he pushed his disjointed shoulder back into the socket.

If he died now, contributions and everything became meaningless.

Just like that, the ruler of the fire dokkaebis, Arlo would win.

“Move.”

It was when Seohan was getting ready to fight back.

Before he realized, Muyoung stood beside him.

However, Seohan couldn’t treat Muyoung as he did in the past.

‘What the?’

Seohan’s eyes widened.

Behind Muyoung, few thousands of black specters showed their faces.

It was like a dark storm.

Chapter 67: Second Class (3)

As he stepped forward, the specters scattered and ate up an ogre. He was able to physically and spiritually restrain them with specters.

Kwaaaaaaaah!

The ogre screamed loudly.

Swish!

Muyoung took out Anguish and shot straight towards it.

However, the ogre was able to remove the restraints shortly after.

Clash!

As if he knew it would happen, Muyoung kicked the floor.

Instantly, he climbed up the ogre's arm and immediately slashed at its shoulder.

However, the wound wasn't deep.

The specters moved again. Few thousand specters held the ogre's

ankles.

However, ogres were monsters with very high resistance.

In an instant, it broke free from the specters.

‘It’s not like there was no way to hold back an ogre but…’

It was amazing for the low-rank specters to hold back an ogre even for a moment.

Even more, the ogres were high-rank monsters.

Muyoung couldn’t do it alone but if he summoned all his undead, he might be able to handle one.

But, besides the original undead, there were about a thousand dokkaebis in waiting but he couldn’t just carelessly summon them.

‘The undead are my last resort.’

The undead were going to play an important role in catching Hedley’s Kow.

Muyoung was successful in reducing the candidates for Hedley’s Kow to two.

There were five recently joined dokkaebi kings who received the trust of Arlo the duaxini and initiated some changes.

While he was observing them, he awakened the Eye of Asura. Muyoung was now able to contact the world of the dead.

However, the dead weren't easily able to approach two of the five suspects.

Muyoung already knew that strong fairies could restrict the movements of spiritual beings.

That meant that one of the two dokkaebis was most likely Hedley's Kow.

'Two is enough.'

If there were only two candidates, he could keep an eye on them and would even have the time to capture them in the case of an emergency.

And now Muyoung was working to reduce the candidates down to one.

What Hedley's Kow wanted was to be victorious in the Endless Battlefield.

He didn't know why but for some reason it was helping the fire

dokkaebis and providing them with support.

However, if it was faced with danger, it would have no choice but to show its true form.

To do this, it was best to first make the fire dokkaebis experience danger and to balance the power, it was best for him to help Seohan.

Ogres were thorough hunters. They would attack the weakest first.

And he clearly saw through their intentions as they targeted the lesser-numbered ice dokkaebis first.

However, the situation would reverse once Muyoung added his strength.

Using Shadow Teleportation, Muyoung instantly moved to Seohan's side again.

"Are you just going to stand there and watch?"

Kwaaaaaaaaaah!

Muyoung spoke as he watched the enraged ogre roar.

They were truly high-rank monsters.

It was hard for him alone. However, if Seohan, the ruler of the ice dokkaebis, helped him, he would be able to reduce the number of ogres more easily.

“It’s not a power of an ice dokkaebi.”

“It’s not like there aren’t any dokkaebis without exceptional power. Aren’t those fire dokkaebis using a strange power as well?”

There was no law that stated ice dokkaebis could only use ice-type skills.

Although it could make him a bit suspicious, using one would be fine.

It would be a problem if he summoned the undead here as well but using the specters’ strength to momentarily restrain one’s movements wouldn’t be all that strange.

What was more, the stamina of fire dokkaebis were interconnected to prevent Arlo from becoming exhausted.

However, Seohan who looked at Muyoung gulped.

‘It’s the power of the spirits of the dead. Although they are vulgar, the strength itself…’

There were lots of dokkaebis who could control spirits of the dead.

However, there were only a handful of dokkaebis who could freely control numerous spirits of the dead.

And Seohan knew that at the end of that path was ‘Asura’.

The ‘Oom’ and ‘Hoom’ the dokkaebis worshiped both meant Asura.

There were only a handful of dokkaebis who knew the past name, Asura. Seohan was one of them.

They said that you could obtain the position of Oom once you cleared the Trial of Hoom but it was all part of a ceremony.

You couldn’t become the real Oom.

And although it was only for a second, Muyoung’s appearance seemed to be that of the real Oom, it was like seeing Asura’s loyal vassal.

‘No, that’s not possible.’

It was an exaggeration. Seohan quickly shook his head.

He must have been delusional since his mind was completely exhausted.

Muyoung was simply controlling the specters.

“Okay. First, let’s work together to stop the ogres.”

Seohan made a decision.

Muyoung was much stronger than other dokkaebis.

Seohan felt he could win against one or two ogres if they worked together.

Of course, Muyoung was weaker than himself but the fact that he was an ice dokkaebi was important.

With a careless look, Muyoung started to talk.

“I will hold back the ogre. You slit its throat.”

Though, even if he was an ice dokkaebi, he didn’t seem to have an ounce of respect towards him…

Seohan inwardly clicked his tongue.

It wasn’t time to quibble over such things now.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Enraged ogres were approaching.

*

Swaaaash.

A gap appeared in the air and a small fairy popped out.

The fairy looked around before smiling brightly once she found someone high up in the sky and quickly moved towards her.

“Unni!”

“Oh my, Woohee, you came?”

The fairy who suddenly appeared was Woohee.

“Wooheehee. I came to ask for a bit help in creating a trial.”

“You didn’t finish it yet?”

“Well. It’s hard to find the right balance… huh?”

Woohee, who was having a private conversation, looked down for a moment and was surprised.

“They are dokkaebis?”

“It was a trial requested by Asura in the first place. The time had come.”

“Uh uh, there he is! Wooheehee.”

Woohee flew around chaotically and smiled slightly as she found a dokkaebi.

“Is it because you found a dokkaebi you know?”

“Unni, I think I found my mate.”

“You’re not saying that a dokkaebi is your mate, right?”

The fairy, who Woohee called unni, wiggled her brow.

Out of all beings, for a dokkaebi to be a fairy’s mate.

It was something that just couldn’t happen but Woohee didn’t seem to care and replied.

“It’s true.”

“Woohee, there are a lot of fairies who are interested in you.”

“They are all just boring. They need to drink some more goat milk. And mom told me. To meet a strong guy who draws my attention.”

“Mom? Ah, the Fairy Queen…”

Woohee was probably the only one who could call the Fairy Queen her mom.

Originally, fairies didn’t have parents.

They were born from nature and were beings who lived for hundred thousands of years.

However, the Fairy Queen gave Woohee that kind of advice?

When she thought of the Fairy Queen’s personality, it was something that could happen but even still, it was amazing.

But, Woohee didn’t care and just smiled.

“Wooheehee. He must have come to take Woohee, I’m certain of it. Just watch him. Since that guy is really strong.”

Woohee concentrated and watched the dokkaebi.

However, the unni fairy couldn’t accept it.

Wasn’t it the dokkaebi who just wandered around corpses all this time.

She never saw him fight.

‘Woohee must be mistaken.’

She thought that even if that dokkaebi fought, he wouldn’t be all that strong.

However, after the ogres appeared and she saw the black specters, she couldn’t help but change her thoughts.

“Husband! Win! Win!”

It wasn’t odd to see Woohee leap up to cheer for him.

The fight was that intense.

There was something about him that made the palms of those who watched sweat.

Boom!

The ogre’s body exploded.

‘Even something like this was possible.’

Muyoung nodded his head as he discovered something new about the specters.

There would be an explosion when he gathered the specters together and made them crash into each other.

He was able to physically damage them from afar.

“Gaaaah.”

Seohan kneeled onto one knee after hunting about half the ogres.

His body became worn out after fighting on the frontlines.

It was admirable for him to last this long.

Tap!

Muyoung kicked Seohan in the back.

“Get up.”

“You bastard…”

“If you stop, the rest of the ice dokkaebis will die.”

The over 30,000 dokkaebis were reduced to half before they knew it.

The strength of the military would crumble when the general fell.

Muyoung hoped Seohan wouldn’t die easily.

It was because he concluded it was best for him to live and keep the balance between the fire dokkaebis and the ice dokkaebis than to die and be turned into an undead.

“Gah.”

At Muyoung’s threat, Seohan was barely able to stand back up.

For the ice dokkaebis, Seohan wasn’t simply their leader but also their pillar of support.

If Seohan fell, the ice dokkaebis would instantly be annihilated.

That was why Muyoung urged and pushed Seohan further.

Thanks to this, they were able to safely finish hunting the ogres.

<30th wave has started.>

<10 dragon skeleton soldiers.>

Muyoung could only frown at the wave that appeared a while later.

Dragon skeleton soldiers.

They were literally soldiers made from dragon bones.

To be exact, they were a type of undead but even among the undead, they were especially tricky to create.

The dragon skeleton soldiers were so unbelievably strong that they were even stories about how they were created to guard the rare highly intelligent dragons' dens.

It was more so because they were able to nullify most physical and magical attacks.

Screek. Screeeek.

There were only 10 of them but it was enough to overwhelm the more than ten thousand dokkaebis.

There was a good chance that the side whom the dragon skeleton soldiers decide to attack first would be destroyed.

Everyone instinctively knew this but the very first to move was none other than Muyoung.

‘We’re at the crossroad.’

Here, the winner will be decided.

The moment he thought that, his body instinctively moved.

Swaaaah!

Specters flew around Muyoung. Muyoung grabbed one of them.

<Orge’s soul has been momentarily possessed.>

<For 10 minutes, strength increases by 30.>

10 minutes was enough.

Muyoung didn't believe he could deal with 10 dragon skeleton soldiers by himself like an idiot.

It was beyond reckless, it was foolish.

But, he didn't take the lead without a plan.

Muyoung was planning on blocking the dragon skeleton soldiers and slightly adjusting their direction.

"Eek! You a piece of bone!"

Towards the fire dokkaebis.

Muyoung's movements were so natural that no one felt his actions were deliberate.

With everyone scared out of their wits due to the appearance of dragon skeleton soldiers, Arlo, the leader of the fire dokkaebis, who didn't think that Muyoung's actions were intentional started to move.

However, even Arlo couldn't fight against the dragon skeleton soldiers one-on-one. He was just holding on with his infinite stamina.

‘How long can he last?’

Muyoung watched the dragon skeleton soldier massacre the fire dokkaebis as he focused on the two who were most likely Hedley’s Kow.

If one of the two was Hedley’s Kow, it wouldn’t just quietly watch the current situation.

If the situation continued, it was obvious that it would end with the destruction of the fire dokkaebis.

That didn’t mean that other dokkaebis were in good situations themselves but he meant that the ones who were most affected were the fire dokkaebis.

It would be hard for the Hedley’s Kow to just sit back and watch.

Hedley’s Kow’s goal was to defeat the Trial of Hoom. Muyoung was at least certain of that.

He was certain that it hid among the fire dokkaebis as they were most likely to win.

It would show some sort of reaction.

And… Muyoung’s prediction wasn’t off.

Swaaang!

Of the two, one’s movements changed.

It stopped moving and the density of its muscles started to change.

Eventually, it changed its shape and changed into something like a duaxini.

Other dokkaebis might see this and think he could have evolved while fighting but Muyoung was certain.

It wasn’t like an evolution. It was very different from something as refined as that.

‘I found it.’

Muyoung’s puckered his lips.

It turned into a duaxini to overcome danger but that became the deciding factor.

That one.

The fairy who could freely change its shape.

Hedley’s Kow!

He finally found it.

Chapter 68: Second Class (4)

‘What is it after?’

However, it didn’t seem to be after something right now.

And it also didn’t seem like Hedley’s Kow was suspicious of Muyoung.

That was why Muyoung wanted to know what Hedley’s Kow was truly after.

An opportunity would come the moment it obtained its goal.

Anyone would let their guard down when they achieved their goal.

He was satisfied that he had determined which one was Hedley’s Kow.

“A duaxini…!”

“Oom and Hoom are protecting us, the fire dokkaebis!”

On the other hand, it was like a once in a lifetime event for all the dokkaebis.

Evolution, it was incredibly difficult to overcome one’s limits.

It was only possible when they overcame the impossible.

And because one of the fire dokkaebis evolved, he could understand why they were making a big commotion.

On the other hand, Arlo, who used to be the only fire duaxini, stiffened.

Perhaps it was because he thought that his domain would be invaded?

The fighting spirit of the ice dokkaebis died off while the fighting spirit of the fire dokkaebis instantly peaked.

They started to counterattack as they were finally free from being indiscriminately massacred by the dragon skeleton soldiers.

‘Dragon bones.’

However, Muyoung, who now knew which dokkaebi was Hedley’s Kow, turned his gaze towards the dragon skeleton soldiers.

Materials needed to create dragon skeleton soldiers.

Dragon bones.

Though dragon skeleton soldiers who were completely created from dragon bones were considered special, these dragon skeleton soldiers didn't seem all that strong.

Still, about 50% of their makeup should be dragon bones.

Dragon bones were one of the few materials that were considerably hard to find.

'They will become the foundation when creating my equipment.'

From winning the free-for-all battle, Muyoung had earned a Piece of the Earth Dragon's Skin.

And if he added things like dragon bones and a heart of a phoenix, he would be able to produce an equipment stronger than he originally thought.

Muyoung's eyes lit up.

If he built equipment with dragon bones as their foundation…

Since the dragon skeleton soldiers were in a similar state as undead, the Art of Death skill wouldn't work.

On the other hand, that meant that he could just collect the dragon skeleton soldiers.

While the fire dokkaebi evolved and the dokkaebis focused on hunting the dragon skeleton soldiers, Muyoung acted as if he was helping them as he collected the corpse of dead dragon skeleton soldiers.

*

<32nd wave has started.>

<12 cursed yetis.>

People normally called giants who lived in snowy regions, yetis.

However, cursed yetis were much stronger than normal yetis.

They were almost completely immune to all kinds of curses and holy spells.

In fact, there were no monsters he could cast the Art of Death skill on after the 30th wave.

“Muyoung, we can’t just lose our spirit to the fire dokkaebis.”

Seohan approached Muyoung with a serious expression on his face.

Although Muyoung was collaborating with them as a ‘group’, Seohan knew that Muyoung wasn’t showing his true intentions.

That was why Seohan asked him for help for the first time.

“I think the table has already turned.”

“That’s why we need to try harder. And the newly appeared duaxini… I feel uneasy for some reason.”

Muyoung was secretly surprised.

He thought that all the dokkaebis were cheering for the new duaxini but it seemed like Seohan found something odd about him.

If this was truly an evolution, it would have been a miracle for it to occur in a battlefield but that wasn’t the case.

Hedley’s Kow just changed its appearance to simply hide its real intentions.

Muyoung spoke as he nodded his head.

“To try harder. I will try that.”

As they would earn a better reward the more waves they cleared.

There wasn't anything to lose by advancing to higher levels.

He had already saved up enough strength by making a few thousand specters and a number close to a thousand undead.

Right then, someone approached him from behind.

When he turned around, he saw Gaon standing awkwardly.

"I'm sorry. For not knowing my place..."

It was Gaon.

The king of the Freezing Land tribe.

He tried his best to express how truly sorry he was.

He could only act this way.

Because it was Gaon who pestered Muyoung to fight or to at least pretend to fight even if he was a weak chief priest.

However... after the appearance of ogres, this perception was

completely shattered.

For Muyoung to be able to stand alongside Seohan and fight!

The shock rushed in like a storm. It wasn't simply Gaon who felt this way.

It was same for the dokkaebis who laughed at Muyoung for being a coward.

They weren't able to recognize the strong and was busy looking down on him.

Their faces reddened from embarrassment.

From the fire dokkaebis' side, a new duaxini appeared.

And from the ice dokkaebis' side, Muyoung was the only one who was able to do anything.

Anyone could see that Seohan was at his limit.

The coward had suddenly become their best rising star.

"I don't care."

If anything, Muyoung was actually glad that he was ignored.

Thanks to that, he was able to easily collect the specters and the undead.

Muyoung took out a talisman.

As he shook the talisman, a red helmet and cape appeared.

The Lunatic Sovereign's set!

He didn't wear it until now to pretend to be a dokkaebi.

However, since it wasn't like the dokkaebis didn't have equipment as they weren't especially suspicious of his use of specters, he thought that it wouldn't matter if he wore his equipment or not.

From now on, it seemed okay to draw a moderate amount of attention.

On the other hand, Seohan frowned.

"You look like a fire dokkaebi."

"Don't worry. I won't be siding with them."

He wasn't planning on even stepping a single foot on the fire

dokkaebis' side until Hedley's Kow showed its true motive.

Muyoung spoke to Seohan as he stepped forward.

"Let's go."

He fought sincerely. He kept the balance and pressured Hedley's Kow to overwork itself.

"He's like a red demon."

"Who is it?"

"You know that guy. The one who didn't fight and prayed."

"Hah! Did he deliberately save his strength?"

Few gazes were focused on Muyoung. Muyoung's fight was that overwhelming.

He moved faster than anyone else and was more specialized in 'fighting' more than anyone else.

It was true. If they only considered the number of battlefields one stepped on, there would be no one who exceeded Muyoung in the entire Underworld.

He was solely making up for his lacking stats with his experience.

‘It’s the effect of increasing the conquest rate of Asura Path.’

Muyoung sensed a madness growing inside him. Even Muyoung who was had incredible self-discipline was affected by it.

If it was someone else, they would have already been consumed by the madness.

<33rd wave has started.>

<Something unique has happened.>

<One shadow criminal.>

As they finished off the last cured yeti, the above message appeared.

Jingle. Jingle.

A shadow monster with a huge iron ball tied to its feet appeared from the ground below.

The dokkaebis who saw this couldn’t help but make a gloomy

expression.

“For even a subterranean monster to appear…”

“The trial of Hoom is too cruel.”

Although more than 30,000 dokkaebis entered, less than 5,000 were left.

And everyone realized that this was the final wave.

The fire dokkaebis still had the upper hand but if they were annihilated here, everyone would be defeated.

Claaash!

The iron ball tied to its feet became larger and swept its surroundings.

The iron ball destroyed everything it touched.

Neither the dokkaebis or the duaxinis could gather the courage to go near it.

It was best to move using the corpses as their shield.

Instantly, about a thousand dokkaebis ‘vanished’.

‘What are you gonna do.’

Meanwhile, Muyoung was watching Hedley’s Kow.

Shadow monsters were near the top of the high ranked monsters and they were even comparable to most top ranked monsters.

Even if they all attacked at once, they wouldn’t do much.

It would be the same if Muyoung used all of his undead.

That meant this was their limit.

As if Hedley’s Kow felt the same way, it showed a change in its attitude.

After discussing with Arlo, the duaxini, it looked at the ice dokkaebis including Seohan.

“Muyoung, prepare yourself. A battle is going to commence. The fire dokkaebis changed their mind.”

And Seohan who saw this ground his teeth.

In the end, it was a battle. They made a promise to have a fair fight but Arlo had broken it.

As they believed they were unable to win against the shadow criminal, they decided to use the ice dokkaebis as their sacrifice.

However, Seohan wasn't the type to just stand there and suffer for them.

"Ice dokkaebis! Raise your weapons!"

A battle commenced.

Both sides were desperate.

They fought a fight for their survival in which they couldn't withdraw.

And Muyoung slowly took out a talisman he hid.

'Get up.'

About a thousand undead suddenly surged forth.

Swoosh. Swoooosh.

Dokkaebis, orc lords and even ogres.

It was a small army of undead.

Since he made them quickly, their total stats were greatly decreased but it was enough to pressure them.

“The, the corpses got up!”

“Now what!”

While the dokkaebis were confused, Muyoung only looked at Hedley’s Kow.

‘Go after him.’

Currently, the number of fire dokkaebis who were protecting Hedley’s Kow was greatly reduced.

Now, when they weren’t able to escape the Endless Battlefield, was the best chance to catch it.

And Hedley’s Kow clenched its teeth after realizing that every undead was after it.

Soon after, Hedley’s Kow changed its appearance.

‘Wyvern?’

Muyoung chuckled out loud.

Wyverns were known as the kings of the sky.

It was trying to stall as much time as it could in air.

It wasn’t a bad decision but Muyoung had few thousands of specters.

Few thousands of specters popped out of Muyoung’s body.

— Do I need to just kill that wyvern?

Of course, the murloc king, Murdudun was included.

Muyoung shook his head.

“Tie him up. So that it can’t fly.”

— I understand.

As Murdudun ordered the specters, they moved in an orderly fashion and held both wings of the wyvern.

The wyvern could only crawl on the ground as the poison shadows poisoned it and the rest of the specters held it down.

It then changed into an ogre to resist them but it still didn’t work against them.

Riiiiiip.

And the moment Muyoung had waited for came.

The ogre’s body ripped apart and a huge fiery bird appeared from inside it.

Screeech!

“Phoenix...!”

“What in the world is going on right now!”

It instantly burned everything around it as it came out.

Even the specters couldn’t withstand the flames of a phoenix easily.

However, they didn’t drop immediately. They were stopping it from flying.

Using this time, Muyoung ordered all the undead to grab hold of the phoenix.

‘I’m almost there.’

The phoenix was a top ranked monster.

Among them, it was a unique monster that they called ‘mirage’.

You could never catch a phoenix by fighting with it normally.

However, the phoenix was the last resort for Hedley’s Kow.

After fighting all this time, it was exhausted and was only focused on running away.

A little more. It seemed like he could achieve his goal after a bit more.

At least, the Blazing Spear Soldier with his high fire resistance held his spear and approached the phoenix to pierce its throat.

It was at that moment.

Blaaaaze!

A violent flame poured out for the mouth of the Phoenix.

Breath!

The holy flame that burned everything.

He never thought the phoenix could even use Breath.

It was because he didn’t have any information on mirage rank monsters.

All the monsters around it including the specters burned and the Phoenix flapped its wings.

Muyoung dashed forward.

He climbed on top of its back and held Anguish in his hand.

It was a very dangerous action.

Stab!

As he stabbed Anguish into the phoenix, the phoenix started to fly at an incredible speed.

All Muyoung could do was hold on.

He tried to hold on as long as he could.

Meanwhile, on the ground, the number of dokkaebis were quickly decreasing.

<You have cleared up to the 32nd wave.>

<On your history, ‘Endless Battlefield – 32nd wave’ has been added.>

<You have completed Trial of Hoom.>

<You have been given half of ‘Token of Oom’.>

<The Masters of Darkness are examining the User.>

<Unanimous result. You haven’t completed all the trials yet.>

<Depending on your contribution, a much greater reward will be given.>

Token of Oom.

A shining marble slowly came down from the sky.

The phoenix quickly flew and snatched it away.

From the beginning, this was what Hedley's Kow was after.

Zzzzzaaapppp!

At the same time, the world shattered.

Instantly, the surrounding environment changed.

He had returned to the Soul Mountains.

'Damn it.'

Muyoung clenched his teeth. He was successful in grabbing on to the Phoenix's body but the next part was the problem.

The flames he felt on his back were hot.

His skin was slowly melting. His bones were visible and his consciousness was drifting away.

He completely believed he could capture Hedley's Kow who turned into a phoenix.

Was it recklessness?

What this much preparation not enough?!

Rumble! Ruuumble!

When Muyoung was grieving, the sky suddenly became dark.

From the sky, black lightning fell.

Windy rain fell and suppressed the fire of the phoenix.

When he turned his head to look at the strange phenomenon, a black horse with a horn was comfortably running next to the phoenix.

The figure seemed completely relaxed as if it had come out for a walk.

<The Hellhorse is ‘offering’ to catch the phoenix that is running away if you use one of its favors.>

<Are you willing to accept?>

Chapter 69: Second Class (5)

The Hellhorse that hadn’t appeared for a while had suddenly appeared like the wind.

That was why Muyoung had no choice but to plan to catch Hedley’s Kow himself.

The Hellhorse was slightly dejected as well but regardless, this was the golden opportunity to make Muyoung use one of his three favors.

Muyoung didn’t have the time to think about it any longer.

“Kill it.”

He specifically told him.

As there was a huge difference between ‘capturing it’ and ‘killing it’!

The Hellhorse snorted out loud.

Hisss!

And breathed out violently.

As if trying to convince Muyoung to trust it, it showcased its confidence by shaking its horn left and right.

Muyoung pulled out Anguish that was pierced in Hedley's Kow. And slowly jumped off.

Then, a few thousand specters appeared and formed a cloud below him to reduce his falling speed.

Muyoung looked up to the sky after landing on the ground.

'You must succeed.'

Muyoung clenched his teeth.

If he failed here, he needed to make significant changes to his plans.

However, the Hellhorse was still very composed, as if it was out for a picnic.

It slowly came to Hedley's Kow's side, and as if teasing it, ran around Hedley's Kow's in a circle slowly changing the direction Hedley's Kow was flying towards.

Clash!

Black lightning struck down onto the Hellhorse's horn.

The horn started to shine and a black barrier formed around it.

Hedley's Kow was confined inside the barrier... the phoenix couldn't even flap its wing with ease.

As if gravity had become stronger, its speed sharply fell and dropped towards the ground.

Neigh~!

At the same time, a massive amount of magic was beginning to form on top of the Hellhorse's horn.

A black sphere was created and lightning continued to strike it.

Zap. Zaaaap!

The enormous integration of strength was enough to make those who watched shudder.

As the Hellhorse shook its horn again, the sphere became bigger to about 1m in diameter and quickly flew towards Hedley's Kow.

Claaaaaaaaaash!

An incredible explosion sounded in the air and at the same time the ‘darkness’ swallowed Hedley’s Kow.

The moment the sphere touched Hedley’s Kow, the sphere darkened the area a few hundred meters all around it.

Muyoung lifted his hand to protect his face. The wind created from the explosion passed by, wiping out the surrounding trees.

However, he didn’t stop observing the direction the phoenix was at.

Afterwards, Hedley’s Kow slowly dropped to the ground.

The durability of phoenix was so unbelievably high, it was able to protect its body even from an explosion this big.

However, the flame around its entire body was greatly weakened. It used too much strength to protect itself.

Neigh?

It seemed like the Hellhorse was also quite surprised.

As if it didn’t expect the phoenix to survive the attack.

However, it didn’t attack any further.

Instead, the Hellhorse looked at Muyoung.

<The Hellhorse is generously allowing you to kill Hedley's Kow even though it can kill it itself.>

<However, if you change your mind about using one of your favors, it strongly declares that it will roast you like Hedley's Kow.>

'You're saying it's a service?'

Muyoung couldn't help but chuckle out loud.

I will let you end its life. In return, you can't change your mind.

The Hellhorse's eyes seemed to express these words.

And for Muyoung, it was an advantage for him to end the phoenix's life himself.

Originally, he told the Hellhorse to kill it but if he thought of the achievement and the reward, this was more advantageous.

Muyoung moved as he tightly held Anguish.

He walked towards where the phoenix had landed and he looked at the scene for a moment.

An enormous bird was breathing heavily as it was lying on the ground.

Keeeck.

It cried pitifully and looked at him hoping for sympathy but Muyoung's expression was the same.

Swoosh.

He lifted Anguish and aimed directly at the neck of the phoenix.

"It's the end."

Swoosh!

The head a size of an arm was cut off.

Then, the flames that covered its entire body was died down.

He couldn't feel any signs of life from it.

Muyoung sliced its body and took out the heart covered in flames.

‘The heart of a phoenix.’

Shortly, the ‘Eye of the Sky’ skill activated and it told Muyoung detailed information about it.

> Heart of the Phoenix: The heart that gives the phoenix, a monster recognized as a mirage, infinite power. It is said that its heart is covered in holy flames and will not allow any foreign substances to enter it. You could even say that the rarity and the quality of the material are top class and equipment made from it wouldn’t be any lower than ‘master’ rank.
>
> *If you consume it, your intelligence and wisdom will drastically increase. Resistance to fire will also drastically increase.

If the word ‘drastically’ was added, normally it meant it would increase by 10~20.

There was a way to consume it but Muyoung inwardly shook his head.

From the beginning, he was planning on making an equipment

using the Heart of the Phoenix.

Muyoung placed the heart inside his Infinite Pouch.

The body of the phoenix that had lost its heart wasn't really useful.

It was because all its power came from this heart.

In reality, after the phoenix lost its heart, its body shrunk and withered.

Neiggggh!

The Hellhorse came down beside him.

In an imposing posture, it solemnly went around the phoenix.

Muyoung clicked his tongue as he saw this.

'It wants me to compliment it.'

He could clearly see its intentions.

It was a gesture for Muyoung to compliment it after watching its performance.

Certainly, the Hellhorse's performance was beyond what Muyoung had imagined.

The power that instantly overwhelmed the phoenix.

It seemed worthy of a Master of Darkness to boast about his favorite horse.

"Thank you. You were amazing."

The Hellhorse held its head even higher.

You could say it was a very predictable horse.

The plan itself had ended but not everything was complete.

'The trial of Hoom. Token of Oom.'

From the inside of the phoenix's mouth, he took out a marble.

Half of a marble...

There were two Trials of Hoom.

The dokkaebi who completed the other trial would receive the

other half.

And he was able to momentarily confirm that their trial had already ended when he was in the air.

Muyoung took a deep breath and walked back.

And, the Hellhorse stood beside him.

As if it still wanted him to continuously marvel at its dignity.

The dokkaebis were stirred up.

Two Trials of Hoom were arranged.

Among the 30,000 dokkaebis that went through the Endless Battlefield, only a number a bit over 300 were able to come out alive.

On the other hand, the other trial had over 20,000 dokkaebis still alive from the trial.

Instead, they had bunched up together.

They were completely different from the ice dokkaebis and fire dokkaebis who were divided and had fought against each other.

“Where is the other half of the token.”

Seohan knitted his brows.

He was successful in killing the fire dokkaebi Arlo but now the gold dokkaebis were the problem.

The gold dokkaebis used the energy of the ground to exhibit their power and it seemed like they were the final winners of the trial.

Also, only 300 were alive on their side.

On the other hand, the leader of gold dokkaebis led 20,000 dokkaebis.

‘There is no point in fighting so just quietly hand it to me.’

This type of meaning seemed to be implied.

It was clear who the winner was. But, Seohan didn’t have the token.

“There it is.”

Seohan lifted his hand and pointed to the sky.

Screeeeech!

The phoenix screamed out loud.

Zap! Zaaaaap!

Lightning struck down and the Hellhorse was running beside it.

The scene unfolded that resembled the creation of the world. Although it was one sided, it was overwhelming. Even the fire tars wouldn't be able to produce that much firepower.

Maybe it would be possible for the dragon race. Yes, just the dragon race.

However, even in the great Underworld, the number of dragons were extremely small.

"Why was the phoenix in our trial?"

"I'm not sure. It wasn't a phoenix in the beginning. It all of a sudden changed to one."

"What kind of ludicrous statement is this?"

"Everything is true."

Seohan was frustrated.

Seohan didn’t know what was happening right now.

One thing was certain, that the phoenix snatched the token and Muyoung chased after it.

‘Muyoung.’

That was right. Muyoung was also a dokkaebi masked under a veil.

Was he really an ice dokkaebi?

Claaaash!

Then a huge explosion occurred in the air.

The ground strongly shook.

“This kind of power.”

“Shouldn’t we go after the phoenix even now?”

“A phoenix and a monster almost as strong as a dragon. Is it even possible to block those two and take back the token?”

The dokkaebis were extremely confused.

It was completely unexpected for someone else to barge in the dokkaebis' trial.

After some time had passed, someone approached from afar.

He instantly passed by Seohan and spoke towards the rest of the group.

"Where is the other half of the token?"

Seohan felt awfully refreshed at this.

It was like returning the words the ruler of the gold dokkaebis had just asked him.

He had the other half of the marble.

"Token of Oom!"

"You had it."

The man, Muyoung carelessly spoke as he looked at the ruler of the gold dokkaebis.

It was an arrogant thing to do.

However, no one could react to him.

Stomp. Stomp.

Footsteps that were unusually loud.

Then, the thing that stood by Muyoung was a monster everyone knew of.

The Hellhorse!

He still had his head straight up as it approached Muyoung and stood by him.

‘No way, the one who tamed the monster?’

An alarm rang inside Seohan’s head.

The Hellhorse as strong as a dragon.

And most dragons were holy and were so prideful that they would normally live alone.

Not even Demon Kings or Demon Gods were able to tame them easily.

But he was able to tame a monster comparable to dragons?

Seohan wasn't the only one who was surprised.

Seohan was only a bit less surprised than others as he knew a bit about Muyoung beforehand, or else he would have been completely surprised like the other dokkaebis.

His assumptions were correct.

"Give it to me."

"..."

Muyoung quietly stretched his hand.

He was planning to grab hold of that token even if he had to ask a favor from the Hellhorse again.

The expression of the ruler of the gold dokkaebis stiffened and slowly handed the marble over as he understood the situation he was in.

If he didn't see the Hellhorse frantically run around, they might have fought bravely but everyone was already overwhelmed by its presence.

They didn’t call it a top rank monster for nothing.

In the Underworld, the absolute strong won against the numerous. Although there were only a very few top rank monsters, they possessed earth shattering powers.

The gap between a high rank and a top rank were beyond one’s imagination.

If he wanted to protect the 20,000 dokkaebis left, he had no other choice.

Muyoung instantly placed the two half marbles together.

Swwwwwwish!

The marble started to emit light.

The light only emitted towards Muyoung and was slowly being absorbed into him.

<You have obtained the requirement to become a true ruler of all the dokkaebis.>

<You have completed three consecutive trials.>

<The Endless Battlefield, Advent of Oom and Eradication of Phoenix. Look at the results of the three trials, it is 'impossible' to judge.>

<The Masters of Darkness have started their evaluation.>

*

– Amazing. He exceeded our expectations.

– He used the Hellhorse but. That's also his power.

– We need to choose a reward for achieving the impossible.

– Hmph. I have my eyes on him. He's suitable to create our Secret Garden. I won't allow you to give him an ambiguous reward.

– The Secret Garden. I still can't trust him. There are many with abilities like him.

– What should we give him?

– Who will step forth?

– I will. I think he has the qualification to take over my will.

– King Slayer? Didn’t you already step forth before?

– Above all, doesn’t he already have a class?

– There are still a lot of spots left in his soul. It seems like he can have two or three more.

– If you are planning on raising him, you have to think carefully of the combination. Death Lord wasn’t enough and now King Slayer… their levels of difficulty are both too high. There is still a long way ahead if we want to achieve the final victory.

– I think differently. It’s obvious what people might do if they receive a power that is easily achieved. We need someone who will keep going without rest for a long time.

It seemed like everyone agreed about that part.

If he walked the difficult and troublesome road, he would gain that much strength and experience.

And the fruits he would reap when he reached close to the end of the road would be great.

Afterwards, the Masters of Darkness finished their evaluation.

8 approved and 3 declined.

As they completed their decision, the surrounding was stained with darkness. It meant that the meeting had concluded.

Now, all that was left was his decision.

Chapter 70: Second Class (End)

<The evaluation has been completed.>

<To you who accomplished the impossible! In accordance with Solomon's Law, a special reward will be given.>

<The Master of Darkness, 'King Slayer' has chosen the User. >

<Are you willing to accept?>

Muyoung knitted his eyebrows.

The Masters of Darkness. The guardians of the law made up of a total of 11 people.

Previously, he was able to hear about their existence through Merlin when he was at the Blue Temple.

And when Death Lord chose Muyoung, he was able to feel his great presence

Through him, Muyoung was able to gain a more advanced Necromancer type class.

'This time, it's King Slayer…'

However, all he knew was the name, he would only check what kind of class it was after he accepts it.

Of course, it was the same for King Slayer.

Lord class.

From the name, he presumed it had something to do with kings.

‘There is a difference this time.’

Muyoung quietly laughed.

Death Lord was a class he was basically forced to get.

He received it without being able to dispute the decision.

On the other hand, this time, they were waiting for Muyoung’s reply.

In the past, he even gave Muyoung his Hellhorse as a present.

Was there a difference in personality between the two Masters of Darkness?

‘After experiencing the Death Lord class, there is a definite advantage to receiving lord classes.’

It could be worth even adjusting his original plans.

He was planning on obtaining secret classes to strike a balance but even if they were similar classes, he could dare say that lord classes were the best.

Even for the Death Lord class, it was on a different level compared Necromancers and Corpse Sorcerers.

That meant it would be the same for the King Slayer class.

‘I will accept.’

Muyoung made his decision.

Whatever it was, as long as it was beneficial, it would produce great effects.

He saw it as a truly worthwhile challenge if it was like this.

Afterwards, messages slowly appeared in front of his eyes.

<The slaughterer of kings who killed all the kings in the

world.>

<You have received the Lord class, ‘King Slayer’.>

At the same time.

His vision flipped and a man reflected in his eyes.

The Mado Era where magicians dominated and knights died.

The man was a genuine knight.

He was able to reach the pinnacle of his swordsmanship by honing it through his own experience.

While everyone got on tanks to participate in the battlefield, the man trusted in only his sword and slashed at necks of his enemies.

The last Imperial Knight of the empire.

Not even the magicians who could use supernatural powers were his match.

He surpassed human limits and had finally grasped the pinnacle of power a human could possess.

Then, the emperor drove him towards a dangerous battlefield.

-Usborne Battle? The extermination of the gold dragon, Alexia? He completed them all by himself.

-He’s not human. How can a human perform all these things by himself?

People joked about him.

That he wasn’t a human.

However, those words weren’t a joke to a few people.

They felt their lives could be at risk and excluded the man they were also jealous of.

Nonetheless, the man stood firm and completed his role but... countless misunderstandings and feelings of jealousy resulted in a catastrophe.

The man wasn’t a nuisance only to the emperor.

All the kings in the world wanted him dead.

High-rank magicians were gathered and huge tanks surrounded him.

– Majesty! Why would you start something like this?

– You are too strong. Too dangerous. To accomplish great deeds with the strength of a human. In all honesty, I never thought you to could complete them.

– Are you saying you truly don’t believe in my loyalty?

– If you truly want to be loyal, kill yourself here.

The man wailed loudly.

He continuously partook in battles that were deemed impossible and brought back victory even while injuring himself.

All because they were orders of the emperor.

However, this wasn’t right. His malice, their dark emotions, contaminated the man.

– …All right. If you want me to become a devil, then I will gladly do it.

That moment, the man shed himself of his human nature.

Evil, he became evil itself and assassinated all the kings who took

part in trying to kill him.

Afterwards, he wanted to make the world free from ostracism but everyone became filled with delusions and suspicions.

People could no longer trust each other and were walking towards destruction.

In the end, when the world was on the brink of ruin, the man walked the wastelands alone.

The man was tired.

– I have failed.

Then he slowly lifted his head and looked at Muyoung.

He clearly spoke towards Muyoung's direction.

– Can you handle this strength? Everyone will exclude you. Everyone will want you dead. Will you be able to overcome that?

Lastly, he spoke with his fists tightly clenched.

– Will you, not fail?

What could be defined as a failure?

He was probably asking if he could accept all these trials.

Muyoung replied.

“I’m not you.”

However, as if that didn’t seem enough, he added a few words.

“I will not be beaten.”

He killed countless heroes.

He burned down people’s hopes and dreams and received the blames of everyone.

Even then, Muyoung wasn’t beaten.

He never regretted the decisions he made.

Instead, he smiled and faced them.

Alternatively, the King Slayer was too upright. He was a man who stood completely opposite of Muyoung.

– Then, take it. I will leave my Secret Garden to you.

King Slayer smiled.

Then, twilight fell and covered the world in darkness.

*

A bright light was endlessly swallowing Muyoung.

Muyoung's body was slowly lifted up in the air and in time all the light was absorbed inside Muyoung's body.

Only then did Muyoung open his eyes.

"Greetings, Oom."

"Greetings, Oom!"

The dokkaebis bowed.

Oom. The true ruler of dokkaebis.

It was because he had the qualifications.

However, all the dokkaebis were in a state of confusion.

There were no records of a dokkaebi who hadn't evolved into a duaxini becoming the Oom.

It was said that the Token of Oom would reject them.

But, without any rejection and as if it wanted Muyoung, it acknowledged him.

Since the token had acknowledged him, the dokkaebis simply followed.

Muyoung looked around.

Over 20,000 dokkaebis bowed their bodies to welcome him.

'Status Viewer.'

To check his changes, Muyoung turned the Status Viewer to show his status.

Achievement Effect –>

Oom (A+, strength +10. Ruler of dokkaebis)

Gremory's Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Asura's Vassal (A, The strength to deal with spirit's and devil's power, Spirit Ability increased by '10'.)

Soulmate (B+, From now on, if you commune with an undead, the undead's stats will slightly increase permanently.)

Descendant of Murlocs (B+, Increased growth of murlocs.)

Fairy's Blessing (B, Allows fairies to feel familiar with the user.)

Class Effect ->

Death Lord (Lord Class, Ruler of Death)

King Slayer (Lord Class, Slaughterer of Kings)

Stats ->

Strength 140 (104 + 36) Agility 137 (100 + 37)

Stamina 124 (96 + 28) Intelligence 81 (59 + 22)

Wisdom 77 (55 + 22) Fighting Aura 81 (59 + 22)

Magic Resistance 65 (47 + 18) Spirit Ability 61 (33 + 28)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened. Completed the 1st metamorphosis.

Equipped and Invoked Equipment: Anguish (Strength +14, Ogre's Cruelty), Lunatic Sovereign's Set (All Stats +15, Stamina +10), Shadow Armor (It allows you to teleport to a shadow within your vision 3 times a day), Wicked Belt (Intelligence & Wisdom +4, all undead are strengthened by 5%) and Hermes's Boots (Agility +15, 3 seconds of acceleration)

He became the next Oom and a class was added.

Besides that, his stats had greatly increased.

'The 1st metamorphosis isn't too far from now.'

Muyoung wasn't sure if he would experience the metamorphosis again since he had already completed it but he would know when the time came.

Anyways, if he received a class, then the skill regarding it would have been added as well.

Muyoung checked his new skills.

Skill Title: King Slaughterer (None)

Description – The authority to kill any king. You become stronger as you act upon your authority. Every time you kill someone recognized as a ‘king’, you will earn appropriate stats. You will not be swayed by servants.

Skill Title: Swordmaster (F)

Description – The one who walks the path of a sword. A unique power only given to the King Slayer who has surpassed everything, honing his sword skills.

*Understanding of sword drastically increased.

*You can find out about a sword’s hidden story.

*It pulls out the pure performance of a sword.

There were two.

And both skills were passive and didn’t need to be activated.

Satisfied, Muyoung nodded his head.

‘I won’t fail.’

And he resolved himself once more.

King Slayer.

That he will walk a path completely different from him!

“Congratulations for completing the 32nd wave of the battlefield. Wooheehee.”

Crackle! Crackle!

Out of the blue, fireworks fired off and beside him, a small fairy appeared.

It was a fairy he had seen before.

It was Woohee, whom he saw before in the Endless Battlefield.

“Why are you here?”

“Ey~ you’re saying this because you’re embarrassed, right? I know. But, you don’t need to.”

“I don’t understand what you’re saying.”

“Ehh? I promised you will get Woohee if you clear more than 30 waves in the Endless Battlefield.”

“I never made that kind of promise.”

He did hear about it but he didn’t make a promise.

As Muyoung spoke coldly, Woohee was about to cry.

“Sniff, this is what others mean when they say tossed away after being used. Woohoo is being tossed away.”

“Stop speaking nonsense.”

“Then are you going to have Woohee?”

Muyoung frowned.

On the other hand, the dokkaebis who were watching them could only widen their eyes.

“Was the prophecy really true…?!”

A small commotion started.

The Trial of Hoom. A prophecy about the Token of Oom.

The high priest read the secrets of the universe and spoke that everything will be accomplished here, in the Soul Mountains.

And within the prophecy, there was a part that stated, ‘The one the fairy follows. He will lead us to paradise’.

However, it was hard to even come across a fairy. And they haven’t really heard of a fairy following someone.

“Be quiet.”

It was all too complicated.

In an instant, at Muyoung’s words, they were silent.

You couldn’t say he wasn’t an incredible influence and, soon, Seohan was the first to act.

“Dear Oom, please lead us to paradise.”

“Paradise?”

What kind of nonsense was this?

However, Seohan was serious.

The ruler of the ice dokkaebis, the one who spoke informally all this time, spoke politely to him. What was more, he was even sincere.

"They said if the real Oom showed up, he will lead the dokkaebis to paradise. Us, the dokkaebis, all have been divided and in this extreme land, we were barely able to prolong our lives. Please, lead us."

The dokkaebis were never strong monsters.

To the point, it was almost impossible for them to live in this Demon God's Territory.

Muyoung breathed out a long breath.

"If you want to follow me, then you can."

Muyoung continued to speak to the 20,000 dokkaebis.

"However, I won't guarantee the place I'm going to is paradise. There is nothing there and everything is starting from the ground up."

A place where there was a little less than 100 people.

Muyoung was planning to take the dokkaebis to his territory.

He wasn’t sure if humans and dokkaebis could live peacefully together but while they had the influential person known as Muyoung, it didn’t seem like it would turn into a fight.

Muyoung looked at Woohee and spoke again.

“You make your decision.”

“I want to go! I want to go!”

Woohee raised her hand high in the air.

A decision she didn’t think twice about.

That was right, a decision had to be made. If he forcefully took them, they would only resist.

Muyoung moved... soon, 20,000 dokkaebis of various types started to follow behind him.

Awakening Arc

Chapter 71: Awakening (1)

Many changes occurred while Muyoung was away from his territory.

Under Baltan's direction, wooden buildings were built and they earned necessary items from exploring the dungeon.

Although there were less than 100 people, they were united for survival.

They might have had the thought that they needed to figure out how to survive by themselves.

'There was no other choice.'

Irene placed her leather armor on a drying rack with the most sunlight as she shook her head.

She needed to prepare for the worst case scenario when the Lord didn't return.

They were able to protect the village to a certain degree with the undead left beside by the man but she couldn't be certain that this would continue.

Also, there was no way to know when a strong monster would invade the village.

These factors made the people worry.

Although this did help provide motivation to be united, that was only a desperate struggle to live.

Irene looked at Baltan standing firmly in front of the entrance of the village.

‘Baltan.’

He hovered between life and death after being poisoned by a murloc.

But, he became a knight of the Lord the next day.

However, Irene knew the truth which the village people were unaware of.

‘Baltan… died.’

Irene was the first to notice that Baltan was dead.

But when the Lord returned, Baltan’s consciousness came back to life.

When Baltan reopened his eyes, he became more quiet and

stronger.

Incomparable to the past.

She thought he might have been turned into an undead but his memories were still intact.

His attitude towards other people including Irene didn’t change greatly.

He desperately tried to protect the village and even risked his life for the people.

It was clearly different from the time when Heidegger became a completely different person.

‘Are you really Baltan?’

A question she couldn’t bear to ask.

Even now when few weeks had gone by, she wasn’t able to ask him this one question.

She couldn’t find the right timing and had kept delaying it.

Irene tightly bit her lips.

Today, she was going to ask for sure.

However, as expected, she couldn't ask him.

This time, it wasn't due to an internal factor but an external factor.

"The village, move it! Then your lives, will be saved."

Fifteen lizardmen came to the village.

The ones that walked on two feet with the face and the body of a lizard.

They looked around the village with greedy eyes.

It seemed like the newly created buildings stimulated the greed of the lizardmen.

Baltan who was guarding the entrance slowly placed his hands on his waist.

Swoosh!

Baltan held his sword up high and sliced off a lizardman's head.

Grrrrrrr!

The lizardmen bared their teeth.

The claws that seemed like they could pierce through everything became longer and their heads turned red.

It meant that they were prepared for combat and that it was impossible to settle this with words.

Thud. Thud.

However, half of them fell to the floor before they made their move.

The undead hidden inside the shadows.

It was because the Avengers who Muyoung left behind appeared behind the lizardmen.

Kyaaaah!

The rest of the lizardmen shook their bodies and started to attack.

“While I’m here, no monsters will invade our territory.”

Baltan and the undead fought against the lizardmen as if they

were a single entity.

The Guardian of the Territory, Baltan!

Through Muyoung, he was born again and was specialized in defending.

The problem started the following day.

The fact that these lizardmen weren't the only ones.

"You guys, are confined. I will slowly, starve you to death."

The next day, the one that introduced itself as the 'lizardman king' appeared. It was a huge monster at least twice the size of other lizardmen and brought 500 lizardmen to the village with him.

Did they need to thank them for not pouncing on them from the start?

After the lizardman king left, the expressions of everyone in the village stiffened.

"Damn it, they are telling us to just die."

"What should we do? With just us, we won't be able to handle so

many.”

“The lizardmen have very keen senses. If they are determined, it would be hard to leave the village.”

“First, let’s try to find the people who can fight against the lizardmen. We can’t just stand here and suffer.”

However, they didn’t give up.

They didn’t have a way to run away either.

This was the Demon God’s Territory.

A land too barren for them to live on.

Another fight began and Baltan continued to show off his abilities.

Cry of the Guardian.

The effect that increased the ‘toughness’ of allies which made people think more realistically.

They divided themselves into groups; first, people who could fight one-on-one with the lizardmen formed a group and the rest were divided up into supporting roles according to their abilities.

The lizardman king tried to create disunity by frightening them but everyone cooperated even more than before.

They couldn't just lose the sanctuary they finally gained.

"Let's think of a way."

"Let's make a trap."

"We have the murloc's poison."

"We still have some leather left. Don't you think we can plan some sort of disguise tactic with them?"

"Since they don't seem like they will invade us right now, let's work the fastest we can."

The lizardman king's scheme wasn't going as he had planned.

Abnormal for monsters, he was playing mind games but that actually gave them an opportunity.

If he suddenly charged in with 500 monsters, they wouldn't have been able to hold them off and would have been annihilated instantly.

However, now that they had a day, they had the chance to make a last-ditch effort.

Kyeeeek!

The next day, 100 lizardmen raided the village.

However, no matter how keen the lizardmen's senses were, they couldn't avoid the skillfully made traps.

As they stepped inside the village, ten lizardmen were trapped inside holes or were poisoned by a strong poison.

And arrows rained down.

Ting! Tinng!

However, the skin of the lizardmen was tough. There was no way for a wooden arrow to pierce through them.

The lizardmen flicked their tongue.

Although they were skillfully made traps, if they experienced it once, the story changed.

They concentrated on the ground to avoid the traps.

Arrows? They didn’t care. If they were careful of their eyes, they thought they wouldn’t be afflicted.

However, that relaxing attitude didn’t last long.

Blaze!

Suddenly, the normal arrows were changed to flaming ones.

“Quickly! Quickly roll the oil tanks!”

“Like we practiced, roll the oil tanks to the places we’ve designated!”

The oil they extracted from murloc corpses had many uses in everyday life.

However, they were also useful in defending the village.

Keruk? Keeeruk?

As their surroundings were instantly covered with fire, the lizardmen became flustered.

It wouldn’t be easy for them to overcome their instinctive fear of fire.

In reality, there were a few lizardmen that were painfully being burned to death.

“Now is the time! Attack!”

Now. Baltan didn’t lose this chance.

Around 50 people held their own weapons and started to attack the lizardmen.

Most of them were weapons Lord Muyoung left behind but they weren’t bad.

At least, they were enough to pierce through the scales of the lizardmen.

Slash!

Clash!

All kinds of battle sounds filled up all around them.

As their spirits collapsed, the lizardmen ran about in confusion.

Shortly after, they started to run away in retreat.

The people cheered as they raised their weapons up high.

“We won!!”

“Don’t ever come back, you damn lizards”

“Kyaaack! Ptui!”

Victory was always sweet.

As the people were drunk with that word, they shouted out their feelings, embraced each other and danced.

However, they couldn’t always feel the sweetness of victory.

There were about 500 lizardmen in total. Even if they reduced their numbers by a few tens, they were still over 400 left.

And as the numbers slowly increased and they were getting used to their tactics, people were getting nervous.

Even though they were still holding on, people secretly knew that they would be at their limit soon.

‘Is there no way?’

Late at night. Irene was preoccupied.

‘Like this, it will be difficult. We won’t last long.’

It wasn’t just the lizardmen that died.

More than 10 people had died already.

It was obvious that within time, the rate of deaths would increase.

However, no matter how much she thought about it, she couldn’t think of a way to solve this.

‘I’m… powerless.’

Irene hung her head.

She could only guard the entrance, make traps and use a bow.

At most, 2 people’s worth of work.

With just that, she couldn’t turn the current situation around.

At that moment, Baltan, who was sitting with a few men near a fire, stood up from his spot.

“Baltan?”

“The enemies are here.”

“Enemies…?!”

Zing! Zing!

Irene quickly shook the small bell-shaped item on her neck.

It was an item she earned from the murloc dungeon and if she shook it, it would produce a loud sound.

The people who were asleep hastily gathered.

About 70 in total.

However, everyone was completely exhausted.

It was because, for the last 3 days, they weren’t able to sleep well.

“A lot of enemies. Standby.”

However, Baltan didn’t order for them to attack unlike before.

Soon, hundreds of red eyes sparkled in the darkness.

In the middle, the lizardman king showed its huge presence.

“It finally came.”

“Damn it…”

People clicked their tongues bitterly.

Their only hope was for it to make a miscalculation.

However, it seemed like that last hope disappeared.

About 400 lizardmen and 70 villagers.

There was no need to compare who would out on top.

Their only choice was to negotiate.

Baltan walked forward with heavy steps.

“Lizardman king, face me one-on-one. Let’s end this as representatives from each side.”

This was their only option.

For Baltan and the lizardman king to fight.

Of course, the probability was very small.

Baltan could hold him off for a long time as his stamina was high but it wouldn't lead him to victory.

"N, O."

Thump!

However, it even refused to talk.

The lizardman king lifted its tail and smacked Baltan.

Baltan's body lifted up into the air and crashed down near them.

"Baltan!"

Irene went to look after Baltan but he raised his hand and stood up from his spot.

She could feel his will to protect the people and the village until the end.

Irene burst out into tears as she watched him.

“Baltan, it’s too difficult. From the start, this was a fight we couldn’t win.”

If they were a bit stronger.

This was also something that had occurred because they weren’t strong.

If they had strength, the lizardmen wouldn’t have been able to threaten them.

For survival, they combined their strength but this was their limit.

To be honest, you could say they were amazing to hold them back for this long.

But, Baltan shook his head.

“No, we can win.”

“What do you mean we can win? How?”

“He’s here.”

He?

Baltan was looking towards a faraway place.

Following Baltan's gaze, Irene turned her gaze towards the location and immediately, her body shivered.

You would have to call it ghastly.

Chills ran down her spine.

A fierce dusty wind blew and from afar, many things were approaching.

Lizardmen were able to feel it as well.

They turned their heads and couldn't help but stiffen their bodies.

Before they knew it, tens of thousands of dokkaebis had encircled the lizardmen.

And in the center, a person who Irene was familiar with appeared.

'Ah...'

She now realized who he was.

At least at that moment, she couldn’t be happier to see him.

The lord who left them had returned.

Within the darkness, his eyes were sparkling with an especially red shine.

“What are you lizards up to?”

The lizardmen didn’t reply.

That was why Muyoung spoke coldly.

“Kill them.”

“Oom has ordered us! Kill all lizardmen!”

As the blue skin colored duaxini yelled, about 20,000 dokkaebis started to move.

A massacre occurred afterwards.

No other words were necessary.

The lizardman king felt that the situation was dangerous as the dokkaebis suddenly barricaded them from behind.

“King, of dokkaebis! Fight me, one-on-one!”

“No.”

Swoosh!

Anguish made a quiet sound.

From his body, thousands of black specters soared out.

Everyone trembled at the sight.

In just one month.

The lord returned as a king.

Chapter 72: Awakening (2)

<You have satisfied the condition and the skill ‘King Slaughterer’ has been activated.>

<You are the first person to kill the lizardman king. Strength increased by ‘5’.>

<Satisfied conditions cannot be applied repeatedly.>

<Lord Quest: ‘King Slaughterer, the first act’ has started.>

<Kill 100 different types of kings. Depending on the qualities of the dead kings, an unknown reward will be given.>

<Current satisfaction level – low grade 0, mid grade 1, high grade 0, top grade 0>

As soon as he sliced off the head of the lizardman king, a long message appeared.

It seemed like the ‘King Slaughterer’ skill effect had activated since it was a monster with ruler qualifications.

‘Strength 5.’

Not bad. Actually, it was surprising.

Furthermore, not a supporting stat but a pure stat was increased.

Muyoung stretched out his hand and held the spirit of the lizardman king.

‘It’s a pity they can’t be repeated.’

It meant that if he was to kill another lizardman king, it wouldn’t be counted.

Muyoung looked at the duaxini Seohan for a second then turned his head.

The Underworld. There was an uncountable number of monster species.

And duaxinis, like Seohan, were necessary to keep the dokkaebis under control. It was foolish to take action.

‘By the way… lord quest?’

Muyoung frowned at that part.

Occasionally, there were times when an associated achievement appeared when you solved a specific trial.

And when all associated achievements were completed, an enormous reward was given.

The lord quest he received this time meant that if he killed 100 different types of kings, a reward depending on the grade of the content would be given.

“In the name of Oom!”

“In the name of Oom!”

It was a very memorable scene to see 20,000 dokkaebis crushing the lizardmen.

From the beginning, lizardmen weren’t high-rank monsters. So, they couldn’t overturn the absolute difference in numbers.

As if it was obvious, the fight simply ended in an instant and Muyoung returned to his territory as if nothing happened.

“Greetings, Lord.”

Baltan was the first to kneel.

Everyone else started to kneel, following Baltan’s actions.

However, everyone's faces were filled with curiosity, astonishment and nervousness.

They were curious as to where and how he gained this many dokkaebis and were scared they might be harmed.

Muyoung calmly spoke.

"From now on, these dokkaebis will also be the citizens of this land. Try to get along with each other."

Surprise spread on the faces of those who heard his words.

To get along with dokkaebis!

Even more, there were tens of thousands.

However, Muyoung didn't speak any further. That was the end of his explanation.

'They need to develop quickly.'

The words of 'Oom' placed quite a strong power on the dokkaebis.

If they were told to die, they wouldn't really die but they would at least pretend to act something similar to that.

Since he had already warned them numerous times, there was no worry that the dokkaebis would attack the humans.

Just, he was worried how 20,000 dokkaebis would be able to settle down in this land.

If they didn’t handle the job swiftly, they would only walk the path of self-destruction.

This was Demon God’s land.

You could only earn what you wanted through struggles.

They needed to cooperate with each other to live.

‘First, I need to suppress the surrounding monsters.’

Muyoung nodded as he entered the village.

*

20,000 dokkaebis settled near the village but as they lacked the infrastructure, it was hard to even call it a settlement.

To stabilize the land and for the dokkaebis to settle, there was a need to tidy up the surrounding monsters.

“Strong monsters don’t live within a few kilometers of this place. With Baltan and Irene leading the way, start suppressing the nearby monsters.”

The two were familiar with surrounding land.

If the dokkaebis weren’t careful, they might stir up a hornet’s nest, so Baltan and Irene would only lead them to prevent that.

“The rest of the 5,000 dokkaebis move the materials and build homes. Also, help the humans increase the size of the field.”

And there was another problem he needed to take care of.

There wasn’t a lot of food stored up.

They could make it work temporarily by hunting but there was a limit to that.

Heidegger had cultivated a small field to produce crops but Muyoung was planning to increase the size to prepare for the future.

It would take some time but since he had already decided, he was planning on setting up proper foundations.

Following Muyoung’s orders, 20,000 dokkaebis moved busily.

The people who were hesitant at first started to help the dokkaebis and were adapting to the new situation.

And not long after.

<20,000 dokkaebis joined.>

<The influence of your territory has increased.>

<A harmony between humans and dokkaebis!>

<You have gained 10 Lord points.>

<You can do various of different things using the Lord points. To know the specifics, you can check using your Status Viewer.>

<The rank of the 'Lord' skill has increased from E -> C.>

<You are able to establish 'knights'. You are able to grant knighthood to a person for 3 points and that knight's stats improves.>

Once the dokkaebis had completely adjusted with the village, it resulted in a steep increase in his rank.

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

Lord points.

Lords were able to use these points and exchange them for all sorts of things.

Compared to them, he was still lacking but it seemed like he could continue to receive the points since there were many areas that still needed to be developed.

‘Depending on how the lord uses their points, the structure of their territory changes.’

However, he needed to use the lord points carefully.

Besides building castles and buildings, there were a lot more uses for the points.

For example, hiring guardians to protect the territory, establishing knights, purchasing a Marble of Territory, etc.

It could also be used to get the most important ‘shrine’.

There were few different types of shrines and depending on the god they worshiped, the content also changed.

However, when they set up a shrine, believers would also appear.

From what he knew, a blessing would also be given to the territory and the invasions of monsters would decrease.

‘To get a shrine, I need at least 2,000 points.’

He slightly clicked his tongue.

And he turned his head after observing his territory that was slowly developing.

“Dear husband, is something concerning you?”

“There is a needless name attached.”

A small fairy flying around with her fluttering wings.

He looked at Woohee.

Woohee kept following Muyoung around everywhere after they came out of the Trial of Oom.

She somehow noticed Muyoung’s change in emotions and like she said, he was continuously troubled by one thing.

‘Awakening.’

Besides his territory getting stronger, there was a need for Muyoung to develop himself on his own.

The first thing was awakening.

He about to reach 100 in his main pure stats.

‘Strength and agility are over 100.’

All that was left was stamina. However, his stamina stat didn’t seem like it was increasing like before.

In the past, Muyoung had a chronic problem with low stamina.

Since intelligence and wisdom were stats that influenced the mind and unless he planned on becoming a magician, they could be left low but there was no way to advance with his low stamina.

It was clear that there was a limit in raising it simply by moving.

Of course, unlike the past, there was a way.

‘King Slaughterer and Soul Exploitation is my last resort.’

He believed he could raise the rest of his stamina using these two

methods.

However, it would take time or he would need to take apart the undead he made already.

It was best to try his best and use the two methods as last resort.

“Then, husband?”

Woohee spoke as she twisted her body as if she was embarrassed.

For a moment, Muyoung looked at the land beyond his territory.

“Since you’re a fairy, you should know a lot about the trials.”

He openly ignored her but Woohee didn’t care.

Instead, she placed her hands on the side of her waist and confidently spoke.

“Of course, I do. In that field, there is no fairy who can catch up to Woohee.”

“Is it possible to find out what kind of trials are nearby?”

Woohee placed her hand on her head and pondered for a moment.

“Hmm… I think it is possible. Since Woohee is very popular among fairies. Obviously. Wooheehee.”

He didn’t think she would be useful but if what she was saying was true, she would be quite useful.

If he could learn of the locations of trials, it would be possible for him to monopolize them!

“Lead me.”

“What? Now?”

As Muyoung nodded, Woohee’s cheeks turned red.

Gulp!

“I can’t do it for free… with one kiss…”

Muyoung’s eyes were completely cold and emotionless.

He was already a cold man but now he felt much colder.

After realizing this, Woohee broke out into a cold sweat.

“It’s, it’s a joke. Wooheeheehee. I will quickly look for them and come back.”

And she fluttered her wings and left the territory.

For a moment, Muyoung watched her go and then clenched his fists.

‘Since I’ve already completed the 1st metamorphosis, I can’t be certain if I can repeat it when the time comes but I will look for the dwarves afterwards.’

He had a lot of materials like the Heart of the Phoenix, dragon bones, etc., but there weren’t a lot of blacksmiths who could make use of these materials properly.

Though it was possible that the fire tars could but the dwarves were probably multiple times better than them.

And Muyoung knew a way to find the dwarves.

Even if he didn’t, he could just use a ‘Little Wish’.

Since they weren’t the type to run away, he needed to meet the criteria first for the awakening.

Woohee flew up the sky and looked down towards the ground.

And then, she continuously dropped her wing dust and waited for a response.

Wing dust was like a signal among fairies. Not too long after, a fairy who read the signal flew towards her.

“Pant pant! Woohee! Oh, my love!”

The fairy was quite fat. He was sweating as he approached her.

Woohee completed knitted her brows.

“What. You’re Pantpant. Why are you here?”

“Pantpant! I’m repairing a trial. Woohee, are you now willing to accept my love?”

“In your dreams. I’m taken.”

“Wha, what did you say…?”

The fairy called Pantpant fell to his knees when he heard this shocking news.

A stream of tears fell down from his eye.

Woohee didn’t care and just spoke proudly.

“Besides that, I can take a look at it, right? Where is it?”

“What are you talking about?”

“The trial. Who knows? Maybe my heart will be moved if you make a good trial and receive a wonderful house. Woohee hates fairies who are incapable. To take Woohee, a huge house big as a castle is a must.”

She raised her head high.

Then, the fairy who was kneeling got up and tightly bit his lips.

“Pantpant! Then, follow me. I will prove my abilities to you!”

Fortunately, if she looked at trials, he had a possibility.

He was planning to make the most balanced trial out of all the fairies and receive the dream house of all the fairies as a reward.

Normally, it was custom for the one who courted to prepare for the house and Pantpant was confident.

Soon, Woohee was guided into the box of the trial.

“It was well-made considering it’s made by someone like you.

But.”

Like a sister-in-law, she looked around the trial and made a face.

“Why, what’s wrong?”

“This is too hard. Why are monsters like Cerberus in here?”

“Pantpant, the three-headed Cerberus is a guardian that guards the room. It’s the part I am the most proud of.”

“There’s no way you would have placed a monster like that all of a sudden. Is there a way to clear it?”

“Of course. Since there are three heads, three methods are required. I’ve modified it so that the challenger has to consider the balance of them all to beat it.”

Woohee smiled brightly.

The fairy who watching her held his chest.

His heart was felt like it was about to burst. There were no words that better explained his emotions better than this.

Woohee was like a princess to fairies.

A fairy of matchless beauty and confident personality that would even make the gods fall in love with her!

It was merely from the standard of the fairies but that was why numerous fairies tried to win her heart and Woohee always gave them a flat refusal.

But, now that chance was given to him.

How could he not be excited!

Then later, Woohee secretly asked.

“Wooheehee. Is that so? What is the method you speak of?”

Chapter 73: Awakening (3)

Seohan.

He who was both the ruler of the ice dokkaebis and a duaxini approached Muyoung.

Muyoung turned his head and said to the excited Seohan.

“What is it?”

“Oom, please show the difference between the humans and dokkaebis.”

Behind him was another duaxinis. The two kneeled and requested.

“Tell me what the problem is.”

“The dokkaebis aren’t able to comprehend why these few tens of humans are living in the center of the settlement. Aren’t more than tens of thousands living on the edges?”

It was as if he was saying that the positions of the owner and the guest were reversed.

However, Muyoung shook his head.

The ones who made the dungeon and all the building in the center were humans.

To chase away these people who had united together after experiencing Heidegger's tyranny together?

It wasn't rational. Though this could be beneficial today, if he gave in once, there was nothing saying that he could stop it next time.

Muyoung had no thought of discarding either the humans or the dokkaebis.

'If I create harmony, my Lord point will go up.'

Above all, Muyoung remembered that his Lord points would go up.

It said that the humans and the dokkaebis were living in harmony and granted him 10 Lord points that were difficult to achieve.

It meant that if he developed it further or embraced more species, he would be able to earn even more.

There was no precedent where all intelligent species lived in one territory.

And Muyoung thought it wouldn’t be bad to have these humans and dokkaebis as a start towards that kind of territory.

Could it be due to being in the Forest of Death for 40 years?

He didn’t have almost any of the natural bias other humans had.

“They were living here first. And in my territory, I will not let any sort of depredation on any species.”

And so, Muyoung decided to call those actions ‘depredation’.

It was the first rule he founded as the Lord.

“Then are you telling us to just endure?”

Seohan too did not want to take it by force.

He wanted a compromise. That Muyoung would act rationally.

It seemed like the dissatisfaction among dokkaebis was at its limit.

It wouldn’t be wise to leave like this.

Muyoung said.

“I will allow duels. However, I will not allow forced duels. When you guys come to an agreement, each side will bet what they want and with my permission, you can ‘duel’. The victor will gain while the loser will lose.”

This was the Underworld.

it was honestly impossible to truly come to an agreement using only words.

A world where the strong survive.

There was a need for physical action to settle disputes.

But, he planned to add a rule to make them recognize that they were members of the territory.

As he didn’t have any experience leading people, his actions may seem crude but this was why he needed experience.

Muyoung decided that he would first face the problems head-on.

“We follow the wisdom of Oom.”

Seohan deeply bowed his head as if he liked this method.

Including him, a few dokkaebis had the warrior blood flowing through them.

There was no way they didn't know the sacredness of a duel.

"It will start after a month, once the territory has become secure."

Muyoung sternly emphasized this point.

With this one month, he would be able to pacify the dokkaebis' dissatisfaction briefly and give the humans time to get stronger.

There definitely was a gap between the dokkaebis and humans.

This time would be used to close that gap.

'Baltan is probably good.'

Baltan was the only undead that could grow.

He would also become stronger during defensive battles.

There were various ways you could interpret 'defensive battles'.

This duel was also something he needed to defend. And it was possible for him to grow stronger to do so.

With a bit of Muyoung's help, it could actually become an equal fight.

Muyoung sent Baltan into Murdudun's dungeon.

When he explained the situation, he replied, "If it's for the citizens, I will," and entered the dungeon without hesitation.

It seemed that Baltan understood that if they lost this battle, humans would have no place to stand.

As humans were a minority and dokkaebis were the majority.

And another day had passed before Woohee returned.

"Wooheehee. Woohee has brought you incredible news."

She flapped her wings as she whirled around Muyoung.

It looked like she was extremely happy.

"Is it information about a trial?"

"Yup. A fatty who followed me around was building a nest."

“Hmmm…”

She was more useful than he thought.

For her to be able to find a method to beat a trial on top of finding its location.

And then, Woohee stuck her lips out.

“But, the important thing is, there is a rule where I can only tell you one thing. Solomon said that if we break this promise, he wouldn’t give us a house. So I can only tell you one thing.”

“One thing, huh.”

“What are you curious about? Woohee saw everything. The structure of the trial, type, the list of rewards and even the method to beat the monster guarding the door!”

It seemed like the four things Woohee said were the key issues with this trial.

And that she judged that picking one of these four would give him the most advantage.

On the other hand, looking at how she didn’t mention the location of the trial, it seemed like her guiding him wasn’t a

problem.

'Trials make me stronger.'

Muyoung made a decision.

There was a limit to only hunting.

However, every time Muyoung passed a trial, he would get stronger.

Trials were the reason why he was able to advance at such a steep rate.

The key to the awakening, he believed that was in trials as well.

"I'll hear the last one."

"You made a good choice!"

Woohee briefly explained.

The method of exterminating the monster that guarded the door.

Muyoung nodded his head after listening to her explanation.

“Guide me to the location of the trial.”

“Yes, just trust and follow Woohee.”

When Woohee stuck out her lips, Muyoung raised his finger and blocked her.

It was a cave that led underground.

As he slowly descended, he saw the box of the trial at the bottom.

Looking at the 3m tall door, Muyoung nodded his head.

“This is it.”

“From here, Woohee isn’t able to go in. Woohee has to remain a spectator of the trial. If I personally give support, then the lightning will fall on my head.”

Woohee drooped her head with regret.

However, Muyoung didn’t care.

He had already received important information about the trial, including its location, it would be pressing his luck if he asked for anymore.

Woohee’s existence was similar to that of a master key.

However, the master key was only able to open the door.

To go in and achieve his goals was solely up to Muyoung.

“Be careful. However, this trial will be of significant help to dear husband.”

“Okay.”

Muyoung slowly moved towards the box of the trial.

His surrounding immediately turned dark and word formed with light appeared.

<Welcome to the Underground Arena.>

<The Underground Arena is made up of 5 floors and you able to proceed to the lower levels every 10 victories.>

<By gambling the currency used in the arena, ‘Onz’, you are able to buy various items and rare tickets.>

With this friendly welcome, his surroundings changed.

It was still dark but it was bright enough for him to look around.

“What the, new recruit? It’s a goblin this time?”

“Tas, ty.”

“Grrk, grrrr.”

All sorts of different monsters were crammed inside a small room.

Goblins, orcs, trolls, a devil with a brand... and even humans.

Muyoung lowered his gaze.

‘Chains.’

At some point, his feet were chained.

Unlike its appearance, it was quite heavy that it was hard to even move.

However, something was strange.

All these monsters were gathered together but there was no

commotion.

It would have been normal if they tried to kill or eat each other.

It didn't like it was simply due to the chains.

"Stop licking your lips, you trash. Since we're going to be able to go crazy soon anyways."

The devil with a '3' branded on its forehead mocked.

Its tattered wings and black nails proved that it was a devil.

At the same time, Muyoung realized.

That this weird peace was due to this devil.

'It's a slave devil. The 3rd seat, Vassago's…"

Devils lived deep in Demon God's territories.

They only started to act after the Great Calamity.

So, in 10 years.

He never thought he would see a devil so soon but if it was a slave

devil, it didn’t really matter.

A devil that fell after committing a great sin.

No one would care if it died or not.

The 3 brand was the symbol of the Demon God Vassago. It seemed like it was originally a devil that served Vassago.

Of course, there were more than ten million devils that served Vassago.

It meant that is just one of many.

He rid his mind of useless thoughts and with scraping sounds, moved his feet.

“Why is a person here?”

He approached a man and asked.

And the man filled with fear trembled his body.

“Th, that is, I found the box of the trial while exploring.”

His face was that of a person who didn’t know why he was here.

However, Muyoung was able to understand after listening to his words.

That there wasn't only one entrance to this trial.

"Anyways, I'm not tasty. I am so thin that there isn't anything to eat."

"There is no excitement in eating you."

"Th, that's right?"

The man sighed as if he was relieved.

After some time had passed, as if his lips were itchy, the man started to mumble to himself.

"I thought I would die in this crowd of monsters. Everyone wanted to eat me. If it wasn't for that devil, I would have already died. Sigh."

Did he relax?

This situation really made one frightened but for him to drop his guard in an instant and approach him in a friendly manner was unexpected.

Muyoung asked a few things he was curious about.

“Did you come here alone?”

“No. Including me, 7 people entered... Like you see, we seem to have been split.”

There could even be more humans besides them.

However, Muyoung had never heard of the Underground Arena.

It meant it wasn’t a well-known place and if it wasn’t for Woohee, he would have passed it without knowing.

Clank!

The steel bars that blocked the room slowly started to open.

At the same time, the slave devil said.

“Trash, fight hard. It’s still useless but it’s much better to die fighting here than being eaten by the Cerberus.”

<The first fight has begun.>

<Exactly half can survive.>

<Total – 800>

<1000 onz will be given to the survivors.>

Swish.

Clank!

The door opened.

Creeeeak!

Thud!

The first thing he saw was an ogre.

He stood in the center swinging a huge club.

As if provoking them.

However, the ogre didn’t last long.

As countless monsters poured in, it became chaotic.

“Active, small gust, active. A bit faster.”

Whoosh!

Rough winds blew beside Muyoung.

The gust flung an approaching orc into the air.

When Muyoung turned his head, the man was holding a cane as he smiled shamefully.

“Let’s cooperate. Even though we aren’t the same species, I believe we are of the same mind.”

“Are you a soul language sorcerer?”

언령 – comes from the Japanese word ‘Kotodama’ which is a belief that mystical powers dwell in words.

One who creates and activates commands.

A soul language sorcerer.

“Well, something like that. Besides that, what is your name? Mine’s Bug.”

“Muyoung.”

“You name is quite unusual. Though my name’s the same.”

Bug roared with laughter.

He looked to be in his mid-thirties.

‘Bug?’

Muyoung tilted his head.

He seemed to have heard of a similar name.

But, there was no one famous who had that name.

“Anyways, it looks like we can just stay put? It seems like it’ll end with those bastards fighting each other.”

The fight among monsters was intense.

Like he said, it looked like they would survive just by standing still.

There was no need to display their existence.

Bug let out a sigh.

“I don’t see my comrades. Ah damn, just where are they…?”

Swish.

Muyoung unsheathed Anguish.

It was good to spectate but he wouldn’t earn much just by spectating.

To understand and comprehend the trial, it was best to just fight first.

When Muyoung entered into the chaos, Bug grabbed his forehead.

“Oh my, what to do. If he ends up facing the devil, he’s doomed.”

The slave devil was still a devil. It was stronger than most monsters.

On top of that, that slave devil didn’t seem like a normal devil.

Muyoung didn’t care as he wielded Anguish.

Though the dokkaebi was quite unusual, it was still a dokkaebi.

In Bug’s perspective, it looked rash.

Bug touched his cane before widening his eyes.

‘What the. Is that really a dokkaebi?’

They were unfounded worries.

There was no need for him to worry.

Splash!

Blood splattered as the blade danced.

Unlike what Bug expected, Muyoung was like a fish in water as he whisked around the battlefield.

Chapter 74: Awakening (4)

Underground Arena.

In the first battle, 800 monsters fought against each other with only half surviving.

This meant that fights would constantly break out and Muyoung knew the method for winning.

‘Show 70 percent and hide the 30.’

The main point of this was to make 70 percent look like it was his full strength.

It was important to make his opponents not complete disregard him and also think that ‘if they fought, he would win’.

It was Muyoung’s secret from becoming the final survivor of the assassin lessons.

‘If it is that strong, it would have held quite a high position in the devil’s army.’

Muyoung looked at the surrounding monsters.

Only a few monsters were truly strong. Especially, the slave devil, its fighting power was greater than he had imagined.

The black nails ripped monsters apart. Even the thick skins of ogres were of no use. They ripped apart like tofu the moment they touched.

The 3rd seat, Vassago.

Although there were countless devils that served him, but with that much power, it had to be at least a mid-rank devil.

Not all devils were strong.

That was why the stronger the devil, the more likely it was for them to be exempted from the sins they had committed.

There was no way for Muyoung to find out what it did wrong to be thrown into an Underground Arena like this.

'It seems best to not run into it for now.'

In an arena, there was always a chance that they would fight.

For that possibility, Muyoung didn't show off his true skills.

Only, he was successful in giving off the impression that he was someone 'they shouldn't annoy' to the point others couldn't disregard him.

Monsters only reasoned with their strength.

You would be attacked if you looked weak.

“Save me, grrrk!”

An orc cried out loud.

Smash!

However, Muyoung swung Anguish and smashed its head.

With a cynical smile and a sword that even absorbed the blood vomiting out of its mouth, Muyoung could only be called a monster.

It was a perfect act to show others.

The weak monsters avoided him on their own.

The strong ones couldn’t easily approach him.

“Active, Screen, Active. A bit stronger. Eaaack, shit!”

On the other hand, Bug who was spectating from a far had no

choice but to move his cane frantically.

Avoiding the strong, including Muyoung, the weak monsters all went to Bug.

Reasoning with strength.

It was the difference between those who figured it out and those who didn't.

Instead, standing still invited the attacks of other monsters.

"Ha, ha.... damn it. Do I really look that weak to you, you fuckers!"

Bug yelled out loud after finishing off about 20 monsters by himself.

At that moment.

<Congratulations. You have been included in the surviving half.>

<You are given 1,000 onz.>

<You can check the amount of onz you have by going to the

shop or from the arena.>

The fight ended.

Clank.

The huge steel door in the middle of the Arena opened and, from there, huge armors appeared.

‘Living armor.’

Muyoung instantly realized what those armors were.

Specters in empty armor. They were high rank magical equipment that possessed souls.

“Stop fighting and follow us.”

About 20 armors stopped the fight. They quickly controlled the adrenaline-filled monsters.

The red eyed slave devil that was devouring a monster’s flesh meekly stopped as the living armors appeared.

‘It seems like it has lots of experience with arenas.’

There was nothing bad in following the experienced.

Muyoung shook Anguish before sheathing it on his waist.

Afterwards, as they moved towards the location the living armors appeared, extremely loud shouts could be heard.

“Wheet! Whewet!”

“The ones that entered this time don’t seem to have much guts!”

“Fight! Kill!”

Behind the arena, there seemed to be another arena.

However, the size was incomparable.

An overwhelming size. At least a few tens of thousands of monsters of different varieties filled up the seats.

They weren’t just simply monsters but there were also other species.

Dwarves, elves, werewolves and even vampires.

‘It’s the gathering of all the species.’

He chuckled.

And at the same time realized.

‘These are the ones unable to escape the trial.’

It was impossible for so many different species to be gathered in one place.

However, it was possible if they were forced to stay in this Underground Arena.

That meant...

‘If I don’t satisfy the condition, I can’t leave.’

And that condition seemed to be quite a particular one.

As if it wasn’t, there was no way this many would still remain here.

When the slave devil appeared showed up last, the crowd became even rowdier.

“Tenacious Oloness!”

“Not the civilian slaughterer Oloness? How many times is this?”

“Get lost! I’m sick of looking at your face!”

Numerous of species jeered at it.

As Muyoung expected, the slave devil, Oloness seemed to be experienced and participated in these types of arenas quite a few times.

However, Oloness completely ignored their jeers.

It quietly moved and left the arena.

<Room has been assigned.>

<Follow the arrows. When an opponent is chosen, you will automatically be notified.>

Afterwards, red arrows appeared in front of his eyes.

Muyoung nodded his head and started to move.

The room was shabby.

It was so small that you could touch the walls if you stretched out your legs and smell of piss emanated from everywhere.

“Gak, I’d rather sleep outside.”

“Kwaak!”

As if the rooms were assigned according to their body sizes, his surroundings were filled with screams.

However, Muyoung lied down quite comfortably.

‘It’s comfortable.’

It was good that he could at least spread his legs.

While attempting to assassinate a target, he sometimes had to spend time in a much more cramped place for months.

The fact that he could spread his legs were good enough that Muyoung thought it was very comfortable.

On the other hand, monsters were creatures that roamed the vast plains.

Of course, they wouldn’t be satisfied with a cramped room.

‘It said that it would notify us automatically when an opponent is decided.’

That meant that before that time, it was free time.

Muyoung momentarily caught his breath and then stood up from his spot.

On the end of the narrow path, he found four signs.

Each, <General merchandise>, <Weapon>, <Armor> and <Slave> were written.

‘Slave?’

For there to be slaves above everything else.

Muyoung walked towards the direction the sign directed him towards.

Not long after, he arrived in a large room and he was able to witness numerous monsters locked up in cages with their hands and feet tied up.

There were gnolls, orcs, wyverns which were known as the kings of the sky and even mermaid lamias.

Though they weren't top rank monsters, it was amazing nonetheless.

<Those that aren't able to pay for the fight fee become slaves.>

<Depending on their grade, a price is set and are automatically branded with a 'Slave's Pact'.>

As he entered the room, words appeared as if they were a warning.

Quite a few monsters were looking at slaves or purchasing them and the method of purchasing them was simple.

If you pay the appropriate onz written on their cages, you can buy them as your slave.

"I chose this one."

"Grrr! No. I was first."

A troll and an orc warchief were fighting against each other.

It wasn't odd to see a dispute occur with different types of species.

Since there wasn't a restriction on the purchaser, there were times when they talked with their bodies than through words.

"It's forbidden to fight outside of battles."

And whenever this happened, out of nowhere, living armors appeared and attacked the two until they were beaten into pulps.

Muyoung rubbed his chin as he watched the unconscious troll and orc warchief being dragged to their rooms.

'All the economy is run by onz in this arena.'

Instead of feeling like a trial, it felt like someone had compressed a whole world.

Muyoung looked around the whole place and before stopping.

'Dwarf!'

An old dwarf was locked up in a cage.

The number '50,000' was written in front of the cage. Compared to other slaves, he was quite expensive.

However, dwarves were very rare in nature. They did possess

exquisite craftsmanship so it was understandable.

Muyoung slowly approached the cage the dwarf was in.

The old dwarf didn’t even look at him.

“Don’t just loiter around and get lost.”

“Do you know the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance?”

Since it didn’t seem like he could have a long conversation with it, he instantly went to the point.

Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance.

It was the name of an alliance made by few dwarf groups.

They were hiding in the other side of the world and if the dwarf in front of him was from that alliance, he was willing to help free it.

‘It will make it easier for me to make equipment.’

Even if he found the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance, whether they were willing to make Muyoung equipment was a different matter.

He needed to move their hearts in order to use the Heart of the

Phoenix and the dragon bones.

However, dwarves were the type of creatures who always repaid debts.

It seemed possible for them to accept a favor from Muyoung if he freed a dwarf from their alliance.

"...That place, I don't know of it. Get lost!"

His body flinched. His response was also late.

'He knows.'

Muyoung went closer to the cage and quiet down.

"If you're part of that alliance, I will get you out."

Not right away. But, Muyoung said it as if it was decided.

The veins of the old dwarf immediate bulged.

"Nonsense. As a dokkaebi, what can you do? And even if you had that much onz, I would rather die by biting my own tongue than become a slave."

"Then, what's your reason for not killing yourself right now?"

“What?”

“It was already decided that you were to become someone’s slave. There is no point in living, is there?”

There was no point in living but he was still alive?

This was also a lie.

The old dwarf clenched his teeth as Muyoung spat out words sharp as daggers.

“That bastard… I will not die until I see Oloness die.”

“Are you talking about that slave devil?”

“That’s right. That bastard had already collected enough onz to escape this place but he’s continuously repeating the arena. My son, my son, also died by that bastard’s hands.”

Thump! Thump!

The old dwarf smacked his head on the cage a few times.

Blood dripped from his forehead and Muyoung could feel the madness in his eyes.

“You want to buy me and use me? Then, kill that bastard. If you make that happen, I will even lick your asshole. It will be impossible though.”

The old dwarf mocked.

“Kekekekekeke! Kehahahahahah!”

And he laughed strangely before breaking out into tears.

He wasn’t himself.

It was certain, he was crazy.

He was certain as the specters in Asura Path were reacting to him.

‘Oloness, huh?’

He was planning to not bump into that slave devil if he could.

It was because, though he couldn’t understand why a devil was in this type of arena but from just watching it fight once, Muyong was able to tell it was quite strong.

It would be difficult right now.

“Wait for me.”

However, it wasn’t impossible.

Woohee boasted how this place would be very helpful to Muyoung.

If Woohee who was familiar with Muyoung’s fighting abilities said this, then it probably meant there were quite a few methods to increase his strength.

If he found them and awakened, he felt it was enough to have a decent fight with Oloness.

Muyoung turned his body.

Proper fights started the next day.

*

<The arena fee of 500 onz has been taken as payment.>

<If you shout withdraw, the arena fee will not be returned and the fight will end.>

<Muyoung vs Warrior Kaum>

<The odds have been set as 3.7 : 1.35.>

Muyoung warmed up before stepping onto the arena.

A werewolf appeared on the other side soon after.

By simply looking at the odds, most placed their bets on the werewolf.

There were some who trusted in the beginner's luck and betted on Muyoung but they were a small minority.

'Many matches are progressing at the same time.'

And there were many matches that were occurring besides Muyoung and the werewolf.

Since there were so many, it seemed like they were happening at that same time.

Anyways, Muyoung placed his remaining 500 onz on himself.

He didn't think he would lose.

He was just concerned about how he was going to win.

‘Win after an intense fight.’

He needed to maintain this kind of betting level so that he could fight more advantageously.

If he was to win overwhelmingly, the odds would obviously lower.

If he wanted to make a clear profit with high odds, he obviously needed to show himself winning by a narrow margin.

As the odds were dependent on who placed their onz on who.

“Just withdraw. I don’t want to kill a beginner.”

The werewolf flat out disregarded Muyoung.

Instead, Muyoung took out Anguish.

The werewolf clicked his tongue when it saw this.

“A dokkaebi can’t beat me.”

Muyoung smiled slightly at this remark.

Normally, a dokkaebi was unable to win against a werewolf.

Normally.

However, would the werewolf know?

That Muyoung was ‘Oom’, the ruler of all the dokkaebis.

That he was an exception that lied outside the box.

Chapter 75: Awakening (End)

“Last warning. Withdraw…”

“You talk too much.”

Muyoung moved first.

Anguish vibrated slightly as it cut through the air.

Werewolves were monsters with strong wolf-like tendencies.

All of a sudden, it jumped up in the air and roughed up its fur.

After landing on the ground, it bent its upper body, half-opened its eyes and prepared for battle.

“You lost your last chance.”

Last chance?

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

Muyoung was already familiar with werewolves’ agility.

At the same time, he realized that the levels of this arena were

considerably high.

‘As I go further down the floor, stronger opponents will show up.”

Currently, this was the 5th floor.

You gained the authority to go down a floor if you won 10 times.

Of course, stronger monsters were bound to show up the lower he went.

Therefore…

‘Slowly, I’ll gain everything that I can.’

The thing he desired right now was, of course, onz.

To adjust the betting ratio and to make personal gains.

The monsters would only notice something was wrong, once Muyoung’s pouch became fatter later.

There was no one who could control their ‘strength’ more artistically than Muyoung.

Even Wung Chunglin, the leader of Forest of Death, marveled at

Muyoung's ability to finely control his muscles that even allowed him to control the slightest tremors.

How could monsters notice such exquisite skills?

No matter how good their dynamic visual acuity was, if he was determined, they could only be confused.

"Make your frantic last-ditch effort! Because I will hunt you today."

The werewolf spoke with certainty.

The bloated up body seemed like it could even break a rock and its sharp teeth and claws seemed like it could cut through everything.

Not just the werewolf.

Everyone who was watching their fight thought this way.

That the result of this fight was decided from the beginning.

That a dokkaebi couldn't win against a werewolf!

However, Muyoung silently raised Anguish.

He didn’t care about anyone else’s gaze or thoughts.

Whatever the situation was, he was more concerned with how he would proceed.

What was more.

‘A hunt you say?’

Muyoung laughed.

It could believe in whatever it wanted.

On top of that, it even said what Muyoung wanted to say so it was quite commendable.

Slash!

The wolf’s head separated from the body and flew through the air.

It happened in a blink of an eye.

However, the werewolf’s eyes were filled with suspicion.

“Grrr! You fucking bastard!”

“Damn. It was so close….”

The monsters that watched Muyoung and the werewolf fight were swearing.

A close match.

It was a fight that people truly thought was won by a paper-thin margin.

No, if you just simply looked at the fight, the werewolf was constantly superior.

In reality, Muyoung’s body was also totally wrecked.

However, it lacked that one single blow and in the end, Muyoung was able to turn the tables around.

Like an episode of a drama, an intense fight had occurred.

“Ha, a dokkaebi won a werewolf?”

“It’s probably beginner’s luck. If the sword bounced off in a different direction, Kaum would’ve won.”

While Muyoung was getting attacked by the werewolf, Anguish

bounced out and it coincidentally it ripped the werewolf's eye.

There was no room for doubts.

Beginner's luck.

If Muyoung hadn't ripped the werewolf's eye, it was a fight the dokkaebi couldn't win.

Even in the long run, his stamina would have lagged behind and he would have been doomed.

Of course, no one would believe everything was calculated by Muyoung.

No one.

'I can see all the paths of a sword.'

Muyoung scratched his cheek.

When he gained a swordmaster skill, his understanding of swords greatly increased.

Now, he could see most of the paths a sword would take.

As he placed back Anguish to his waist, a huge electronic board in

the air rang with a beep! sound.

Afterwards, the results appeared in front of Muyoung.

<In the Battle of Muyoung vs. Warrior Kaum, Muyoung has won.>

<Betting ratio was 3.7 times. Congratulations.>

<With the betting win for 500 onz and the arena fee, you have earned 2,850 onz.>

<Record: 1 win 0 draw 0 loss forfeit 0>

The 500 onz arena fee which Muyoung and the werewolf provided were added up and returned to Muyoung.

From just one fight, he gained almost 3,000 onz.

If he just continued this for a few more times, a few ten thousand onz didn't seem hard to save.

'Oloness.'

Before leaving the arena, Muyoung looked at Oloness who was

standing by himself on top of the battleground.

Slave devil. The one who was called civilian slaughterer, his opponent ended up not appearing.

‘Betting ratio was 1.01?’

More amazingly, you could say that the ratio was truly overwhelming.

Everyone was certain Oloness was going to win.

With the opponent forfeiting, all the bets were nullified but it clear evidence that Oloness was that much of a ‘target to avoid’.

‘He’s the strongest monster among the monsters gathered here.’

Muyoung was now certain.

The level of fighters was high overall but the one on top was Oloness.

Why would a devil who would have been above a mid-rank under Demon God Vassago’s command be in a place like this?

‘It’s something I need to overcome.’

Muyoung was determined.

An encounter with a devil wasn't planned but it seemed like a good thing.

It was a golden opportunity to test his limits and to see how well his strengths will work against a devil.

'If the path I'm walking is right...'

He would win, if not he would lose.

Muyoung's eyes deeply sunk.

*

22,000 onz.

Muyoung didn't place bets on other fights.

He just placed all his onz on his own fights.

Consequently, he was able to get hold of 22,000 onz with only 3 wins.

However, continuous wins would only leave room for doubts.

No matter how realistically he fought, doubt was something like that.

If he was to lose once or to forfeit at a time like this, he might be able to get erase that doubt.

However, there was something that was bothering him before that.

‘These types of trials always have the opportunity to place a record in Solomon’s Hall of Fame.’

Solomon’s Hall of Fame.

If he was to increase the rankings, he would obviously get an appropriate reward.

He was at crossroads, whether he was going to place his name on Solomon’s Hall of Fame and to receive a reward or get onz to profit from it.

‘Some things I can purchase with onz are slaves and general merchandise.’

He did go to the other shops but there wasn’t really much in the Weapon or Armor shops.

From the beginning, in an arena where monsters fought, it was highly unlikely for them to sell equipment for humans to use.

Instead, there were a few things in the general merchandise store that caught his attention.

‘If I continue to win, I could buy all the things I wanted.’

Since general merchandise were things he could buy whenever he wanted with onz.

However, the rewards from the Hall of Fame were most likely to be rare equipment.

Ones that were hard to get and very difficult to find.

It seemed like a waste to lose this opportunity.

That was why, Muyoung decided to walk the path of leaving his name in the Solomon’s Hall of Fame.

The problem was that it was highly likely for humans much stronger than Muyoung to have participated in this Arena.

There was a possibility for a stronger monster than Oloness to exist in the lower floors.

To leave a record in Solomon's Hall of Fame, he needed to become stronger than he was now.

'The arena fights are 1 vs. 1. I can't use the undead here.'

Muyoung made his decision.

'I will use the Soul Exploitation Skill.'

He was going to use it as his last resort but since he already made his decision to use it, it was best to act fast.

To be fully prepared for every situation, he needed time to get used to his strengthened body.

Muyoung turned his Status Viewer and read the Soul Exploitation skill description once more.

Skill Name: Soul Exploitation (F)

Description – Absorb undead with an art score above 70 to increase your stats. There is a very low possibility of obtaining one of the skills the undead possessed.

The efficiency varies depending on the Art Score, Skill Rank and the material of the undead.

He was limited to only undead with art scores above 70.

Prince and the Avengers, Blazing Spear Soldier, Sorceress of Lightning, Black Sun Warrior, Baltan and Heidegger.

Among them, there were two undead that were slowly becoming less useful as Muyoung got stronger.

‘Blazing Spear Soldier and Sorceress of Lightning.’

The two were undead he created in the Free-for-all Trial as he entered the Underworld.

They were quite skillful for young rising stars of the Five Great Clans.

However, after becoming undead, their path to growth was blocked. At the time, they were very useful but it was obvious that their usefulness was slowly decreasing.

Muyoung summoned the two in his cramped room.

“I need you guys to become my strength.”

It was like a death sentence.

They were already dead but it was crueler to even exploit their souls.

But Muyoung spoke those words as if nothing was wrong.

“I will gladly, give myself.”

The Blazing Spear Soldier bowed his body.

It was the same for the Sorceress of Lightning.

The two were subordinated undead.

They had no right to refuse in the first place. As undead, they were to die or live depending on Muyoung’s orders.

Muyoung slowly moved and placed his hand on top of the Blazing Spear Soldier and the Sorceress of Lightning.

It seemed like a waste but he had to do it.

The strength of the two would become nutrients and live inside Muyoung’s body.

‘Soul Exploitation.’

Soon, a bright soul appeared above both of the undead’s head and

as he grabbed them a change started to occur.

<They were works of art with art scores of 80 and 77 respectively.>

<By looking over the material and skill ranks, you have exploited 5% of their total stats.>

<Total stats of the 'Blazing Spear Soldier' was '495'.>

<Total stats of the 'Sorceress of Lightning' was '498'.>

<Among them '49' stats were randomly distributed.>

<If a pure stat is above 100, it will cost 2 points to increase by 1.>

<Strength 5(10), Agility 3(6), Stamina 6(8), Intelligence 5, Wisdom 5, Fighting Aura 3, Magic Resistance 7, and Spirit Ability 5 have increased.>

<You were successful in obtaining the skill 'Cry of Fire'.>

Blaze!

Muyoung’s whole body burst into flames.

The flames stimulated the specters in Asura Path.

The specters made the flames wrap Muyoung even thicker and produced a strange scene.

As if they knew what would happen next, they produced a strong wall so that no one could interrupt him.

Afterwards, a round ring started to appear on top of Muyoung’s head.

One, two, three, four… and five.

The rings with the energy of the five elements, wood, fire, metal, water, and earth, slowly circulated around him.

And as the five rings that circulated him started to enter Muyoung’s nostrils one by one, he trembled as if he was hit by lightning.

<You have satisfied the requirements of the 1st awakening.>

<You have already completed your first metamorphosis.>

<The body's purity and balance have made perfect harmony.>

<You reached Three Essence Congregation of the Crown and achieved Primary Five Qi.>

Three Essence Congregation of the Crown – 삼화취정 (三花聚顶). Primary Five Qi – 오기조원 (五气朝元). But honestly not sure what they really mean.

<Unity of 'The Three Treasures' has begun.>

The Three Treasures – Junggishin (정기신(精气神)) – Essence, energy, spirit/god, the three parts to Chinese medicine. In the novel it is explained through Muyoung's thoughts, essence(jung) is something in the materialistic level, energy(gi) is the root to life and god(shin) exists in the world of the mind.

At the same time.

Muyoung's body slowly floated.

'Essence is of the materialistic realm, energy is the root to life and god exists in the world of the mind.'

His mind was blank.

Like a monk spreading the teachings of Buddha, Muyoung quietly repeated the words over and over again.

You could say he became one with selflessness.

He was not disturbed by anyone and no one could disturb him.

In a white world, Muyoung only repeated those words.

On the other hand, the wall of fire and the specters was becoming stronger.

Everything was cut off and Muyoung became the path that accepted everything.

If he was touched by water, he would become water and if he was touched by fire, he would become fire.

He was able to grasp a perfect purity that all souls and elements could pass through.

However, the time that purity could be sustained was extremely short.

It was short but it felt everlasting.

And at that crossroad of purity, Muyoung heard someone's voice.

> – What do you want to be? Make your decision.

Star of the Absolute Arc

Chapter 76: Star Of The Absolute (1)

Ahh!

It was a voice that transcended all awareness. He felt a great influence he hadn't felt even when he faced Asura.

The owner of the voice spoke.

Where does your true purity lie?

Muyoung momentarily recalled what Ogar had said in the past.

'Who am I.'

Not a dokkaebi or a human, not in the past or the future, an existence in the middle.

That was Muyoung.

He went into metamorphosis.

This was a phenomenon and a present he obtained after breaking through his limits again.

The longer he spent in this state, the more likely he would be able to find his true purity.

Muyoung looked into to his past.

And slowly retraced his steps.

‘What do I want to become?’

It was the single question that crossed his mind during his exploration of his past and future in search for his true purity.

Did he want to become a hero?

Or did he want to become a Demon King?

His goal was to complete his revenge and to drive out the Demon Gods.

However, after that.

After accomplishing all his goals, Muyoung didn’t know what he truly wanted to be.

He thought it wouldn’t be too late to think about it after he completed his current goals.

However, that wasn’t right. It shouldn’t be this way. The order was switched.

Since then, everything had become slightly crooked.

If he was unable to tread the path of purity, he would have gone further and further away from it.

‘Who do I look up to?’

There was an existence whom he couldn’t reach even when he stretched his hand out towards it.

He had turned his back away from it thinking that he, who had killed countless of others, shouldn’t be given this opportunity.

He comforted himself by saying that he had no choice but to walk a path different from others.

‘I want to become a hero.’

It was actually different.

Muyoung wanted to become a hero.

Not an assassin, not a Demon King, but truthfully, he wanted to become a hero.

Like the Dragon Lord he killed.

Like the other heroes who carried out their will until the bitter end when they died by his sword.

‘However, I can’t become one.’

It was impossible.

He who kill others without hesitation and who didn’t care about the sacrifices of others, how could he become a hero?

He once did think about becoming a Demon King-like hero but that was partially a joke.

And that thought didn’t change even now when he stood on the path of purity.

Just, if there was something he wanted.

“To become absolute.”

He was going to be like an enormous tree that did not sway from any wind.

What if he was a dokkaebi or a human?

What if he was a hero or a Demon King?

It was the same for the past and the future.

If he stood at the pinnacle, if he reached the utmost limits, there was no point to differentiating.

The absolute.

Purity, it was the very thing that could overcome anything.

An existence that was acknowledged as only one form.

It was a position that no one could sway and one where everyone could only gaze at, a genuine sky that existed above the sky.

That was Muyoung's purity.

<The waking phase of the 'Star of the Absolute' has begun.>

<'Star of Purity' has been passed down.>

<As you accomplished the Three Flowers Condensing onto the Head and Five Qi, your intelligence and wisdom have greatly increased.>

*

It felt like a lot of time had passed.

A few days, few months, perhaps even a few years.

Muyoung floated in a place where he was unable to notice the passage of time.

He opened his eyes when the wall of specters and flames subsided.

‘Something has changed.’

First, he noticed that his body had changed.

Externally and internally.

His skin was soft like a newborn baby and his senses had become enhanced.

He was able to hear all the movements and sounds around him.

That wasn’t all.

‘Ha.’

After checking his changes by turning his Status Viewer, he laughed in disbelief.

A lot of things had changed as a result of his awakening.

Especially, the thing he earned at the end, he was dumbfounded in amazement.

> Achievement Effect –>
>
> Star of Purity (S, All stats +20, Waking phase of the Absolute)

S rank!

Perhaps it was because the absolute had to be strong without leaning towards one place.

What was more, it increased all his stats by 20.

The A rank Gremory's Anguish stopped at increasing his stats by 3 but that only showed the great difference between A rank and S rank.

It wasn't like Muyoung was attempting to create or find an S rank equipment for no reason.

‘Waking phase. It probably means that there is a possibility for it to go higher in rank.’

The fact that this might not even be the end was enough to give him goosebumps.

Even Intelligence and wisdom’s pure stats rose by 10 each.

With just one awakening, it completely overturned his fighting strength.

While he looked through the rest of the changes, Muyoung couldn’t help but exclaim in awe.

Stats ->

Strength 162 (109 + 53) Agility 156 (103 + 53)

Stamina 144 (102 + 42) Intelligence 116 (74 + 42)

Wisdom 112 (70+ 42) Fighting Aura 104 (66 + 38)

Magic Resistance 92 (54 + 38) Spirit Ability 86 (38 + 48)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened. Completed

the 1st metamorphosis. You have accomplished Three Flowers Condensing onto the Head and Five Qi and have realized purity.

All five main stats passed 100.

Since Intelligence and Wisdom were tied to the effectiveness of skill, it was very difficult to raise but even they passed the 1st wall.

And…

Muyoung placed his hand out.

Flames formed above it.

It was the skill ‘Cry of Fire’ the Blazing Spear Soldier had.

‘Is this the first attack skill I’ve obtained?’

It was forcefully taken by using Soul Exploitation.

When he thought about it, it was the first time he had even obtained a proper attack skill.

Since up until now, all Muyoung had learned were skills regarding undead.

Blaze!

The flames burned rapidly.

The flames reflected in Muyoung’s eyes.

At the same time, he was naturally able to understand its structure and how to use it more effectively.

<The rank of skill ‘Cry of Fire’ has increased. F -> E>

<The rank of skill ‘Cry of Fire’ has increased. E -> D>

<The rank of skill ‘Cry of Fire’ has increased. D -> C>

‘What the…’

Muyoung’s body flinched.

When he concentrated for a moment, the rank of the skill increased.

It jumped up by a whopping three ranks.

From understanding after a single use.

‘You can increase a skill rank faster with high Wisdom but even considering that, it’s too fast.’

It was impossible.

It was a speed that wouldn’t make sense unless his Wisdom stat had surpassed 500.

This meant that there was another cause, did the Star of Purity produce this effect?

Muyoung shook his head.

‘Three Flowers Condensing onto the Head and Five Qi.’

It was probably due to them.

The pathways in his body had opened and his ability to understand all things was forcefully increased under the sole influence of these two.

‘It must be possible for the other skills.’

Muyoung experimented by using lower rank skills.

However, after experimenting, only one other skill rose.

‘Eye of the Sky.’

The rest of the skills didn’t even budge.

The Lord skill was influenced by the land and the citizens so it was understandable but it was unexpected to see only the Eye of the Sky skill rise in rank.

‘It looks like I can’t increase the skills from Lord Classes.’

It was because the rest of the skills were from the Lord Classes.

However, at least it was something.

His Intelligence and Wisdom had already greatly increased.

If it wasn’t for the Lord Class skills, the rest of his skills could instantly be raised to C rank.

Asking for more than this was excessive greed.

<The opponent for the match has been assigned.>

<Please come out to the arena.>

<If you do not show up, you will lose 500 onz and will be automatically handled as forfeit.>

Just then, Muyoung was called to fight.

After recalling the specters and the flames, he left the room.

*

Thump!

The upper body of an ogre fell to the floor.

Its severed arms and head were thoroughly burned.

And Muyoung stood on top of it.

<In the Battle of Dokkaebi Muyoung vs. Ogre Paratchae, Muyoung has won.>

<Betting ratio was 1.15 times. Congratulations.>

<With the betting win and the arena fee, you have earned 143,500 onz.>

<Record: 9 wins 0 draw 0 loss forfeit 0>

"He gets stronger the more he fights."

"He probably hid his skills from the start."

"9 wins, complete victory? with no forfeits?"

"Ogre Paratchae was one of the losers of the 5th arena..."

Murmur, murmur!

Unlike in the past, this wasn't a fight people didn't watch.

Numerous spectators paid attention to Muyoung and ogre's fight.

The result was, again, an unbelievable victory.

As he continued to thrive, the betting ratio had decreased significantly but there was a great deal of people who thought that he probably wouldn't win against the Ogre Paratchae.

The difference between dokkaebis and ogres were too great that you could even say that ogres were their natural predators.

But even then, Muyoung's betting ratio was still low because the

fights Muyoung participated in were all full of tension.

It wasn't odd to see something unexpected happen in Muyoung's method of fighting.

He won all the fights people declared he couldn't.

Muyoung rapidly rose to become a new star in this Underground Arena.

'It was a bit dangerous.'

He sheathed Anguish.

Afterwards, he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

However, the tip of his lips had slightly curved upwards.

Although it was dangerous, he won against an ogre without any help of his undead or specters.

It was also different from the time he fought against an ogre in the 'Hoom's Trial' not too long ago.

Back then, all he could do was hold back an ogre. Even with the help of the specters.

However, he was now strong enough to fight an ogre with his natural strength.

’140,000 onz.’

He even received an additional income.

With 14,000 onz, he could buy the old dwarf and get most of the supplies from the general merchandise store.

If he strategically used losses and forfeits, he could have gathered even more onz but to get his name on the Solomon’s Hall of Fame, he needed to restrict himself to some extent.

Muyoung turned his head and looked at the electronic board.

The huge electronic board in the air showed a ranking dependent on the winning ratio.

Two jointly placed first place and Muyoung was obviously one of the two.

And the other one was Oloness.

Oloness had also just finished his fight.

‘9 wins 0 draws 0 loss.’

It wasn't different from Muyoung's record.

However, the difference was that Oloness won without fighting his opponent once.

All monsters forfeited when they were matched with him.

"Oloness and Muyoung! Both will fight for their 10th win."

"Even if a dokkaebi has won 9 times, he can't win against Oloness."

"Keeck, that bastard, he's something else."

"If that dokkaebi has a brain, he would forfeit as well."

At the same time, it quickly became a hot topic of people's conversations.

Muyoung and Oloness's fight.

It was highly likely that he would be chosen as the next opponent.

However, this time, everyone was certain Oloness was going to win.

Not one supported Muyoung.

‘I haven’t completely adapted to it but, not bad.’

By awakening, his body suddenly became stronger. It was obvious that it would take time for even Muyoung to adjust to the changes.

In fact, if he did finish adapting, the fight with the ogre wouldn’t have been difficult.

However, it was also true that he was anticipating his fight with Oloness.

It was a something he needed to overcome at some point.

Just when Muyoung turned his head and looked at Oloness.

<The opponent for the match has been assigned.>

<The fight Dokkaebi Muyoung vs. Slave Devil Oloness has started.>

Speak of the devil.

Like Muyoung, Oloness had just finished his match.

However, before having time to rest, they were chosen as each other's next opponent.

Both their gazes entwined.

And Oloness raised one hand.

<Oloness has forfeited.>

"Forfeit?"

"That Oloness did? No way!"

"Is there really something with the dokkaebi? Hah!"

Everyone in the audience got up from their seat.

Oloness was the strongest in the arena. He was such a strong existence that all the monsters forfeited before they began the fight.

But, for him to forfeit.

An unprecedented situation had occurred.

Muyoung was also surprised.

He was planning on bracing himself as he believed Oloness was an opponent he needed to surpass.

When he looked at Oloness again, his mouth started to move.

‘This isn’t the right place for us to fight.’

After quietly leaving those words, Oloness turned his body and left the arena.

Chapter 77: Star Of The Absolute (2)

Muyoung slightly bent his eyebrows.

Not here? Then, where were they going to fight?

By looking at the reaction around him, it seemed like forfeit was unprecedented.

Oloness was thought to be one of the strongest to the point where his opponents would forfeit.

Also, there was no doubt in their minds that opponents of Oloness would either die or meet a fate similar to death.

Then, why?

‘The guy doesn’t know me.’

Muyoung was certain.

Oloness was a devil. The one who used to serve the 3rd seat Vassago.

However, there was no one in the Underworld who knew of Muyoung’s existence yet.

Since it was unlikely for the Demon Gods, Demon Kings and the transcendental beings to care about the current Muyoung.

Above all, Muyoung was able to more clearly differentiate between truths and lies after awakening to his purity.

It meant that he was able to detect other's emotions no matter how weak they were.

And the emotions contained in Oloness's words were close to 'curiosity'.

Curiosity. The desire to study someone else!

'Did he notice my change?'

Muyoung broke through his limits when he awakened.

He didn't just break through but he achieved what should have been impossible at this stage.

However, none of the monsters in the arena noticed Muyoung's change.

It seemed like only Oloness noticed that Muyoung had gotten stronger.

After his awakening, there were times when his gaze reached Muyoung.

Also, although it was only one sentence, it included a desire to win along with curiosity.

‘It seems a larger stage is needed.’

Muyoung nodded.

It didn’t seem like he was trying to avoid fighting him.

If Oloness wanted to fight magnificently on a much large stage, Muyoung didn’t have a reason to refuse.

Rumors about Muyoung quickly spread.

10 consecutive wins. He now had the authority to move to the next floor.

However, he received more attention by being the only dokkaebi to get Oloness to forfeit.

And it seemed like the old dwarf also heard of this rumor.

“Is it true that Oloness forfeited?”

His eyes were bloodshot. He looked at Muyoung as if he couldn't believe it.

The reason for his actions was obvious.

Among monsters, the status of dokkaebis was known to be poor.

Even if there were duaxinis, only a very few existed. Dokkaebis were monsters that just wandered on the edges of the land.

So they were waiting for the appearance of the strong 'Oom'.

It was amazing that Muyoung won all his fights but no one thought that Oloness would forfeit.

On the other hand, they thought Oloness would completely destroy Muyoung.

"You're right."

Clank!

As Muyoung confirmed it, the old dwarf pushed his body close to the bars.

"Oloness has never forfeited from a fight. It was probably because he was afraid and ran away!"

The old dwarf was desperate.

It was because Oloness was the sworn enemy who killed his son.

That was why he wanted to believe that was the case but Muyoung denied it.

“He didn’t run away. However, since Oloness avoided me, I have no choice.”

The best way to get the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance to forge an equipment for him was to bring the old dwarf in front of him.

If the old dwarf was to help Muyoung, things could be easily solved.

If it was possible, Muyoung was planning on having the work done personally by the owner of the alliance, ‘Bartas the God’s Hammer’.

However, to do this, he needed the death of Oloness.

If Oloness kept avoiding him, there was no way to do that.

The old dwarf shook his head.

“No, starting from the 2nd floor you could forcefully choose your opponent. If you refuse, you become a slave. By knowing his personality, he would rather die than become a slave.”

“If it’s like that then it’s a good thing. Just wait.”

Muyoung turned his body.

He only came to the slave store to listen to the old dwarf’s opinion.

To see if his current attitude was same as when they first met.

Thankfully, it didn’t seem like his heart had changed.

“Take, take me! If you truly want to kill him, you will need my help.”

The moment he was about to leave, the old dwarf yelled.

When he looked back at the old dwarf, he opened his mouth again.

“At first, I was unsure. I thought you were joking with me. But, that wasn’t true. You are the real deal. My last hope!”

His madness disappeared.

Instead, he passionately delivered his speech to persuade Muyoung.

“If you are planning on fighting continuously, it is crucial that you maintain your equipment. And in terms of repairing equipment, there aren’t many who can follow me. Please let me help you. Use the equipment I fix to cut his head off.”

Thump! Thump!

The old dwarf banged his head.

He truly did see hope through Muyoung.

Up until now, to obtain his services, many sweet-talked him but they were all liars.

There was no one who could fight against Oloness. Instead, they were busy running away.

However, the dokkaebi in front of him was different.

If Oloness himself avoided Muyoung, that was enough for him to assist him with his heart and soul.

If the weapon he worked on pierced through Oloness’s neck, there couldn’t be a more satisfying revenge.

Muyoung just stood there and looked at the old dwarf.

‘Actually, there are quite a lot of equipment that are losing their durability.’

There were no species that could match a dwarf’s craftsmanship. Even more, since he said he was an expert on maintenance, it seemed perfect to ask him to work on it.

Since Muyoung still had to fight at least a dozen times, it wouldn’t be bad to receive some help.

He slowly approached the cage.

<You need 50,000 onz to purchase the dwarf.>

<Will you make the purchase?>

As Muyoung nodded, with a clank!, the bars started to go down.

Afterwards, the old dwarf’s forehead was branded with Muyoung’s name.

It was the branding of a slave.

It wouldn’t be odd to see a dwarf commit suicide after getting branded as they were monsters with very large egos.

However, let alone commit suicide, the old dwarf kneeled in front of Muyoung.

“My name is Kalmooh. The top blacksmith of the ‘Gold Hammer’ tribe.”

His way of speaking had also changed.

Just because a slave was branded, didn’t mean you earned their respect.

All it did was add force to the owner’s words and made it so that they wouldn’t be able to physically harm their owner.

It wasn’t a devoted attitude but they were willing to follow.

Afterwards, Kalmooh’s eyes sparkled.

“If, you kill Oloness, my life is…”

“I don’t need it.”

An instant reply.

Kalmooh made an odd expression.

However, Muyoung specified what Kalmooh needed to do.

“You fix and I fight. That’s all you need to focus on.”

Him devoting his life or not, that was a later matter.

However, Kalmooh smiled at Muyoung’s cold response.

As if he chose the right person to follow.

“Leave it to me.”

Using the rest of the onz, he purchased the equipment Kalmooh needed.

It wasn’t a bad investment if he thought about how Kalmooh was going to constantly use it.

On top of that, if a blacksmith sincerely repaired an existing equipment, there was even a chance for the abilities of the equipment to become reinforced even further.

‘I need to see Kalmooh’s skills.”

The problem was that those cases were very rare.

It was creating something from nothing. It was only possible for very skilled dwarves.

Kalmooh said it himself that he was the top blacksmith.

It seemed like he could wait in anticipation.

Besides Anguish which was unrepairable, Muyoung handed over all his equipment for maintenance.

“Your armor is worn out. It only lasted this far because the skills of the person that made this equipment was exceptional.”

Almost all the equipment Muyoung wore were earned from the trials.

It wasn’t strange for them to be old.

On top of that, since he never entrusted them to anyone else, the durability of the Lunatic Sovereign’s Set decreased by quite a bit.

“Will you be able to repair it?”

“Leave it to me. I will show you my skills.”

Kalmooh lifted his hammer confidently.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Kalmooh moved his hands at a consistent rhythm.

The work continued for a long time.

It took about 12 hours to fix one.

Yet, Kalmooh didn't rest. Without faltering and with a high degree of concentration, he just hammered endlessly.

After a good 5 days, Kalmooh with his pale face showed the repaired equipment to Muyoung.

"...They are done."

"Amazing."

To be honest, after looked at the finished product, Muyoung was surprised.

Muyoung hadn't seen a lot of dwarves but among them, Kalmooh's skills were good enough to be recognized as top class.

The equipment he left with him seemed new.

In fact, the durability of a few pieces of equipment had actually risen.

‘The stats of the Shadow Armor has changed.’

More surprisingly, the Shadow Armor had changed.

Name: Shadow Armor

Rank: B+

Classification: Equippable Type

Durability: 22,000

Effect: By blacksmith Kalmooh, the equipment has been enhanced.

*Agility +5

*It allows you to teleport to a shadow within your vision 3 times a day.

Agility +5 was a stat that didn’t exist previously.

He really did produce something from nothing.

It was something most experts couldn't do.

"I look forward to working with you."

Kalmooh smiled as he looked Muyoung's expression.

*

Muyoung left the 5th floor and headed for the 4th.

As he followed the directions of the living armor and entered the arena, around 10 monsters were fiercely fighting each other.

"It is possible to have up to 5 vs. 5 fights on the 4th floor. Of course, you can fight alone but it's normally better to find comrades. But, you still need to watch your back. Even if they are on the same side, they can always betray you."

Kalmooh gave Muyoung some advice.

He was a slave and would have had to follow even if Muyoung treated him like an object.

Muyoung's eyes turned to look at the arena once more.

“Active, Block! Active. A bit stronger!”

There was someone who caught his eyes.

Bug.

During the 5 days, Muyoung was getting his equipment repaired, Bug seemed to have achieved his 10th win and had headed for the 4th floor.

3 people were with him.

It seemed like they were his comrades who came with him.

They were so well-coordinated with each other that they were able to win the fight without many injuries.

‘Their coordination is good.’

After leaving a short comment, he was about to leave.

However, he stopped momentarily when he saw who appeared next.

“O, Oloness!”

Grit!

Kalmooh ground his teeth.

It was because Oloness appeared in the arena alone.

On the other hand, his opponents were five male dark elves.

“Even if you are a slaughterer, you can’t beat all five of us alone.”

“The weak ones always say those words when they group up.”

The dark elves were known to be a species with high agility.

They immediately surrounded Oloness when the fight began.

However, it was pointless.

As Oloness bared his teeth, the surrounding space was shrouded with a dark haze.

Afterwards, a hand stretched out from the floor and grabbed the dark elves’ feet.

And the dark elves were drawn into the floor.

“My son, my son’s there too!”

Muyoung held Kalmooh’s shoulder as he attempted to run into the arena.

“Endure it.”

“B, but.”

“You fix and I fight.”

“…I understand.”

As he stressed their roles again, Kalmooh bit his lips and stepped back.

‘He knows how to use specter type skills.’

It was a skill similar to his.

But unlike the 5th floor, he felt like he could continuously watch Oloness fight on the 4th floor.

If he gathered information and was well prepared, his chances of victory would increase.

Since the fight was already held back. It wasn’t late to fight when

he was more certain of his victory.

After witnessing this new side of Oloness, Muyoung started to leave once again.

Someone came to find them just as they arrived at their assigned room.

As soon as Kalmooh opened the door after hearing a knock, a man with an awkward expression came in and opened his mouth.

“Umm, can we talk for a moment?”

A very nervous look.

Muyoung looked at the visitor as if this was unexpected.

This person who had come to his room holding a cane while sweating was Bug.

Chapter 78: Star Of The Absolute (3)

“Talk.”

He hated when people beat around the bush.

As Muyoung coldly replied, Bug gulped down his saliva.

“Then, I will get to the point. Please join our party.”

“The reason is?”

“Isn’t it better to fight with five people than alone? Currently, one spot is vacant.”

Muyoung thought over what happened a few hours ago.

Bug and his other 3 comrades were stirring up the arena.

It wasn’t five people but still that was enough.

Their coordination was enough to call them veteran explorers and they also had the fighting power to back it up.

At the very least, they had 5 years of experience.

On top of that, all four people seemed to have a distinct class.

They should be able to easily clear the 5th floor and go to the floor below.

“You probably don’t see me as a human.”

“You are different from other monsters. And even Alice said okay.”

“Alice?”

“Ah, she’s one of my party members. She is a master at detecting danger. She even has as support ability that allows her to recognize an opponent’s habits or their fighting power.”

It was a dangerous to just tell someone your companion’s abilities.

It was a gamble since he was exposing a part of his power.

It just showed how badly he wanted to recruit him.

“The reason is?”

“Oloness, we don’t have the confidence we will win when we face him.”

“You can just forfeit, can’t you?”

“See… We can’t forfeit or lose even once.”

He replied very cautiously.

Right away, Muyoung knew what Bug was talking about.

“They are aiming for Solomon’s Hall of Fame.”

They were trying to break a record and earn a reward.

They were thinking the same thing as Muyoung.

However, there was a limited number of people who could leave a record on Solomon’s Hall of Fame.

‘It’s better to do it alone.”

If he was to join these four, it might be possible to overthrow Oloness. They were strong enough.

However, if Muyoung joined them, Oloness would forfeit again and wait for his chance.

Since he felt awkward coordinating with others and as the conditions of the arena kept changing, he couldn’t say how long they would be comrades for.

“I refuse.”

“Please, think about one more time. You are really strong but Oloness is stronger.”

Bug said it with certainty.

It seemed like the girl called Alice had compared Muyoung and Oloness’s fighting power.

‘Is she a recruiter type class?’

Occasionally, there were special recruiters who could see how strong a person was.

Fighting power was literally referring to the power Muyoung could produce using his stats and skills.

Even after realizing and awakening his purity, he was still weak compared to Oloness.

However, he never thought he would lose.

‘Fighting power isn’t everything.’

A fight was made up of continuous minuscule judgements.

Even a small mistake could produce critical results.

One’s experience was the same or perhaps even more important than one’s fighting power.

Experience allowed you to reduce the number of mistakes to a minimum and understand your opponent.

And Muyoung could be called experience itself.

Few thousands or tens of thousands of fights were enough to make simply comparing stats invalid.

“I will not lose.”

“...Ha, I understand. It doesn’t seem like I can change your mind alone. I won’t ask you to fight as my comrade anymore.”

Bug led out a big breath.

Muyoung joining them was like gaining a warrior who could do the work of a hundred men.

Although his other comrades opposed, Bug already knew.

That fighting power wasn't everything and that Muyoung was much stronger than what others thought.

When he first met him, he disregarded him as he was a dokkaebi but after witnessing all his fights, his thoughts about him changed.

He was strong.

He was a truly strong individual who continuously got stronger as he fought.

His goal was to recruit him no matter what but he had failed.

Bug turned his gaze and looked down.

"Then could you lend us the dwarf for a moment instead? We will pay a price. As you can see, our equipment have become tattered."

"20,000 onz."

"What?"

"Per person, if you pay 20,000 onz, I will let him fix it."

“That’s too expensive. Wasn’t the price of that dwarf 50,000 onz?”

Muyoung shook his head.

“Kalmooh isn’t a slave but an expert blacksmith. If he concentrated and fixed the equipment, the stats of the equipment also increase. It was a benefit only the ones who gained his favor can enjoy.”

It meant Muyoung was willing to share this benefit.

Kalmooh was moved by the fact Muyoung said he wasn’t a slave and on the other hand, Bug couldn’t help but be surprised for a moment.

It was especially rare to find an expert blacksmith. They were normally part of huge guilds and only high ranks were able to use them.

If they could even momentarily borrow an expert that great, the price wasn’t a problem.

On top of that, Bug thought that he could buy even a bit of Muyoung’s favor through this deal.

Gulp!

“Please wait for a moment. I will come back after discussing the matter with my comrades.”

Bug hastily ran out the door.

Muyoung pondered as he watched him leave.

‘Just in time.”

He lacked onz to buy the items Kalmooh needed.

80,000 onz was enough capital.

‘It could be used as a trump card when keeping Oloness in check.’

There was another reason for lending Kalmooh to them.

To keep Oloness in check and if it was those four, they would fight well against Oloness and he was planning on collecting data from this.

“Are you really okay with this? You might be fighting with them.”

“I don’t mind. Do your best.”

Muyoung was calm.

If those four were monsters, no matter how much he needed the onz, he wouldn't have lent them this kind of help.

However, all four of them were human.

And when fighting against humans, there was no one who could catch up to Muyoung.

*

<A bounty! A bounty was placed on 'Muyoung' who has won 15 straight times. >

<A bounty of 150,000 onz has been set.>

Thump!

They were the messages that appeared at the same time he finished off the wood golem.

15 wins 0 draw 0 loss.

It was Muyoung's current record and due to this, there was a

bounty.

‘Oloness is 500,000 onz. Even though our records are similar, it just shows how great Oloness’s influence is.’

He was also famous on the 4th floor.

It was because he had already competed in this arena a few times.

From what he heard, it seemed like this was his 7th.

There was no one who knew why he continued to participate in this arena.

<In the Battle of Muyoung vs. Wood Golem, Muyoung has won.>

<Betting ratio was 1.7 times. Congratulations.>

<With the bet and the arena fee, you have earned 649,770 onz.>

He received a reward as he continued his thoughts.

About 700,000 onz.

This was the amount he earned after five rounds.

Unlike the 5th floor, the monsters on the 4th floor were more assertive.

If the goal of the monsters on the 5th floor was to survive, the goal of the monsters on this floor was to escape.

However, the escape ticket was a large sum, a staggering 1,000,000 onz.

So obviously everyone lacked onz and perhaps it was because of this that another facility besides the arena existed.

It was the ‘market’.

At the market, everyone was a customer and a merchant.

A place where people could purchase and sell items by setting them out and bargaining.

Muyoung was walking around this place.

“Silver-light cross ring. 100,000 onz.”

“Sooty battle boots. Selling for 200,000 onz.”

Unexpectedly, there was a constant supply of new items.

People took items from the opponents they killed and sold them like this.

The size of the arena exceeded his imagination and hundreds of monsters died every day.

That was why so many items were on the market.

And Muyoung didn’t miss a day to roam around the place to see if there was anything he needed.

‘Normally, they are things that aren’t worth buying.’

Almost 9 of out 10 items weren’t in good condition. They were mostly worn or rusted.

What was more, these items were expensive.

Monsters knew this as well but they were never willing to cut the price.

Most monsters didn’t understand the economy very well and even if they knew it wasn’t going to sell they were still firm on the price.

However, Muyoung had the blacksmith Kalmooh.

A treasure that returned equipment to their original state and with a low chance to increase their efficiency.

‘The fact that both good and bad items are the same price meant that as long as a person has a good eye, they could profit.’

It was so.

Monsters had very little understanding of the economy.

They sold good equipment and the bad equipment at the same price.

Those who didn’t know would probably get ripped-off but Muyoung had a skill that could show the details of any item.

‘Eye of the Sky.’

A skill that allowed him to use all the knowledge inside the Sky Library!

There was an endless use for Eye of the Sky which had become a C rank.

Like now.

Name: Old earring

Rank: F

Classification: Equippable type

Effect: An earring so old that its abilities have changed. Be careful when putting it on as you can get tetanus.

** Secret Name: Contempt for the Weak (A++)

** Secret Effect: Extorts vitality from a wounded opponent.

It was possible to look at its secret name and effect.

What was more, he was even able to know the original rank.

‘A rank item that’s also unique!’

Muyoung’s pupils widened for a moment.

A rank items that were identified as unique were almost nonexistent.

There were up to 3 ‘+’s which indicated rare, unique and epic respectively and would display strong abilities relative to their rank.

These were things normal recruiters couldn’t see with their skills.

It was possible for the Eye of the Sky skill that Muyoung possessed as it was a skill that contained all knowledge.

Though even this would have been impossible if its rank was low but the timing was just too good.

“I want to buy this earring. How much is it?”

“Sheeck, It is, 200,000 onz.”

An orc spoke without even looking at Muyoung.

There was no one in front of the stall.

Who would buy an old earring like this for 200,000 onz?

Even the orc probably thought that there was no way Muyoung would purchase such an item.

If he really bought it, it would mean he was crazy.

And Muyoung became the crazy guy.

“I will purchase it.”

“Sheeck. 200,000 onz. I won’t reduce the price.”

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders and took out a piece of paper.

The orc nodded as Muyoung wrote a number on top of a paper made out of special material.

Muyoung slowly held the earring.

“Contempt for the Weak. I got a good item.’

If it was old, he just needed to repair it.

He never thought he could earn such an item at a place like this.

It was an earring he really liked after coming to this place for a few days.

As Muyoung turned his body and started to leave, the orc tapped his belly and smiled.

“He’s a tool, a tool. Sheeck.”

Rumors about Muyoung quickly spread.

A tool who buys anything expensive!

Many laughed at him for buying strange items whenever he earned onz.

However, Muyoung didn’t care.

Muyoung wasn’t the type to be swayed by such rumors and unlike their remarks, Muyoung was certainly gaining benefit.

‘Kneeguard of Fresh Blood, Sly god’s Sword, and Contempt for the Weak.’

Among them, he chose three.

No matter how great the secret names and the effects were, there were quite a few that originally didn’t have good stats.

So, the good equipment that Muyoung could put on and use were only these three.

But, that was enough.

Just with these three, Muyoung was able to gain quite a bit of strength.

‘I shouldn’t have been given time.’

Even inside the arena, Muyoung was quickly getting stronger.

On top of that, even his equipment were developing gradually.

If Oloness decided to fight him on the 5th floor, he would have had much higher chance of winning.

However, he gave Muyoung time and that would act as a critical factor.

Oloness’s chance of winning was slowly and continuously getting smaller.

On the other hand, Muyoung was steadily eating up everything from the bottom.

Chapter 79: Star Of The Absolute (4)

‘Very good.’

After putting on the equipment he purchased at the market, Muyoung nodded in satisfaction.

He was overflowing with strength the moment he put them on. He could easily sense that he had become stronger.

He hadn’t expected much.

The arena was helping Muyoung develop beyond his imagination.

‘This isn’t all.’

He was on the 4th floor. He didn’t know what new opportunities awaited him on the lower levels.

Including the sword Muyoung was holding, he took another look at the new equipment he purchased.

Name: Kneeguard of Fresh Blood

Rank: A

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 50,000

Effect: A kneeguard made on the edges of the abyss. The owner is unknown.

* Stamina +10

Name: Wicked God’s Sword

Rank: A+

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 45,400

Effect: A sword an orc lord known as Wicked God used.

* Only the ones awakened with fighting aura can use.

* Fighting Aura +20

* The effectiveness of the ‘Cry of Battle’ depends on your Fighting Aura.

Name: Contempt for the Weak

Rank: A++

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 25,000

Effect: An earring that reflects a wise and strong individual’s authority.

* Only equippable if the combined stats of both Wisdom and Intelligence are above 150.

* Magic Resistance +30

** When equipped with Conqueror’s Earring, ‘Magic Resistance +50’ and the skill ‘The Wilds’ can be used.

The Kneeguard of Fresh Blood was a bit lacking compared to the other two but the fit wasn’t bad.

As it didn’t bug him when he moved, it seemed it would be okay to wear.

Stats became harder to increase every time they increased by 100 but he basically earned 10 stamina for free. There was no reason to not wear it.

‘Maybe it’s because of the influence of Swordmaster but I don’t feel awkward holding two swords now.’

Muyoung held both Anguish and Wicked God’s Sword at the same time.

It wasn’t like he didn’t use two swords in the past when he was an assassin.

However, he normally didn’t use them and he only learned the basic fundamentals.

But, it didn’t seem awkward at all to hold both swords at the same time.

Instead, it seemed natural as if he had practiced this for a long time.

Though he couldn’t perform as skillfully as he did with one sword, it was only a matter of time.

Most of all.

‘Cry of Battle.’

Among the options the Wicked God’s Sword had, a particular effect caught his eye.

You could say that the Cry of Battle had an ‘imposing’ effect.

When a fight starts, Muyoung’s fighting aura would suppress the opponent.

Those stronger than Muyoung wouldn’t be greatly affected by it but it would have a critical effect on those weaker than him.

‘Lastly… Contempt for the Weak, the set equipment.’

He had never heard of Conqueror’s Earring but if he was to wear it with Contempt for the Weak, his magic resistance would increase by a whopping 50 and he would obtain a skill.

Considering the fact that magic resistance was one of the difficult stats to increase, this was an amazing function.

Even Contempt for the Weak alone increased his magic resistance by 30.

Vitality Extortion. This was also useful.

Vitality was basically the root of life.

It was an energy that went beyond that of simple stamina and was needed for everything.

‘Compatibility with Anguish seems good too.’

Anguish absorbed blood to recover his stamina.

If Contempt of the weak extorted vitality on top of that, it would produce a much stronger effect.

Though the opponent needed to be wounded and living for it to work but this was extremely compatible with Muyoung.

Every living being with this energy would have a very difficult time facing Muyoung.

With both Anguish and Contempt of the Weak, he would be able to turn the tables against opponents who were of similar strength to him.

And when Wicked God’s Sword was included, he could even add pressure.

The Cry of Battle would push the injured opponents to be defensive.

“Ha, you have an amazing eye for equipment. I didn’t know until I repaired it. They were all made by experts better than me.”

Kalmooh continued to show admiration.

Most of the equipment Muyoung brought went through the hands of the expert.

Of course, he couldn’t say everything was good but at least they were worth the price.

“However, it is okay for you to use your onz like that? If you’re not careful…”

“Sell them.”

“What?”

“You should definitely be able to sell these above the purchased price.”

They were simply items that were too lacking for Muyoung to use but many of them were of above average quality.

If he sold them back, any monster who possessed even a bit of discerning eye would try to purchase them.

Also, the onz Muyoung earned from this would be of great help to him.

It was what Kalmooh desperately wanted.

For Muyoung to gain strength so that he could kill Oloness!

"...I will try my best to sell them."

And for that, Kalmooh was even willing to sell his soul.

Kalmooh's eyes were blazing with determination.

Not too long after, a message announcing the next match appeared in front of his eye.

<The fight, Bug and 3 others vs. Slave Devil Oloness, will start soon.>

Familiar names caught his eyes.

It was a message that announced the fight between 4 human

explorers and Oloness.

‘It’s happening earlier than I had expected.’

Could the explorers hold Oloness back?

Muyoung also went to watch Oloness.

‘If I know my enemy and myself, I won’t lose.’

Before he assassinated his target, he always watched their every move.

He was able to completely comprehend his target by watching and studying them.

Even the little things.

By doing this, he was able to see the opponent’s habits and it became much easier to fight them.

Even when he failed to assassinate someone and had to duel the person 1 vs. 1, there were many cases where he won due to learning their habits.

If he felt he couldn’t win, he waited until it was possible.

As he understood his target and himself all too well, he never failed an assassination.

If it was an arena where he needed to face the person head-on, there would be more variables but that was why he needed to observe them more carefully.

Planning ahead and increasing the success rate to its maximum was the way Muyoung normally engaged in fights.

The seats were completely filled.

Everyone always paid attention to Oloness's battle.

It was amazing that no one looked at him with a friendly attitude.

"He really doesn't die."

"Are we supposed to cheer for the humans? I never knew a day like this would come."

"Hmph, humans are cowards. They are bugs that hide in a corner."

Everyone ground their teeth as Oloness appeared in the arena with a beast-like presence.

Still, everyone expected Oloness to win.

It was a perfect example of monsters' impression of humans.

And Muyoung agreed with them.

Since it was true that humans didn't even enter the Demon God's Territory and were satisfied living in the remote areas of the Underworld.

'He repeated the arena 7 times.'

However, Muyoung wasn't interested in that.

Oloness. He, who already received a huge amount of attention, continuously returned to the arena and Muyoung wondered why.

He must have reentered the arena because he had a goal and he was still here since he hadn't accomplished it yet.

'It might be because his goal is to break through the last door.'

Muyoung couldn't think of anything else Oloness couldn't achieve in this arena with his fighting power.

The last door!

The place where cerberus protected.

It was a monster that was half a step away from the top.

If there was anything that Oloness couldn’t beat in the arena, it was that monster.

Due to Woohee, Muyoung was already well-informed on how to put cerberus to sleep.

‘I need to face it one day.’

If Oloness’s goal was cerberus, then Muyoung inevitably needed to face him.

Even if it wasn’t that wasn’t the case, he planned on forcefully choosing him and beating him once.

And for that eventual fight, it was necessary to analyze Oloness.

Muyoung’s eyes looked towards the arena.

The 4 people who faced Oloness.

Among them, Bug spoke.

“Highest level of danger. We are going to engage thinking that

we are facing a boss class monster. Please maintain formation A.”

He was quite proficient in handling these matters.

It was only possible as he was an experienced explorer.

The 4 people immediately formed a line.

“Dear ‘Soon’.”

A man wearing priestly robes kneeled and started to pray.

He seemed to be a follower of the cloud god, ‘Soon’, one of the gods the holy city Mulalan served.

Soon, a thin cloud formed and slowly wrapped around the four.

Clank!

Afterwards, a warrior with a huge shield took the lead and stepped forward while hitting the floor with his shield.

Behind him, Bug and a girl with a bow slowly approached Oloness.

‘It’s a well-organized combination.’

The 4 people were really well coordinated. Their setup was also flawless.

The Blessing of the Cloud continuously recovered their Stamina and healed their wounds.

It also had an effect that made the opponent's attacks sluggish and even cast out curses.

It was a formation that was well optimized for fighting one opponent.

On the other hand...

Oloness aimed for their side from the start.

In a blink of an eye, he went through them and attacked their priest.

He seemed experienced in one-to-many fights.

It seemed like he instinctively knew who he needed to target first for the fight to go smoothly.

"Active! A bit faster."

Clash!

However, Bug accelerated the warrior's movements. Oloness's attack was blocked by the warrior's shield.

Soul language sorcerer. Like the name, it was a class that allowed him to freely attack and defend, he was able to use various fighting tactics.

Bug was able to cover the weakness of their sides.

Oloness lifted his hand after realizing it would be hard for him to simply go through them.

Then, a countless number of hands stretched out from the floor.

"Dear 'Soon'. Please summon the Cleansing Rain."

The clouds that wrapped around them started to rain and dampened the floor.

The small hands instantly became oxidized as the rain made contact and their movements became sluggish.

Clap!

Oloness clapped his hands.

Countless hands combined and inflated.

“Dodge!”

Crash!

Five large, 10m-tall hands of specters were created in the arena.

The hands moved and stubbornly aimed for the 4 people.

Even the Cleansing Rain couldn’t do anything about those five hands.

‘When he moves the hands, he becomes defenseless.’

However, there was a disadvantage.

Oloness couldn’t move.

Swwwwwwwwing!

A completely frozen arrow drew a line as it flew out.

Ping!

It instantly froze a hand the moment it made contact.

“Active! A bit stronger!”

Bug placed a spell on the warrior’s shield.

Afterwards, the warrior nodded his head and flung his body towards the frozen hand.

Clash!

With the sound, the hand crumbled in pieces and for the first time Oloness frowned.

“You guys are quite good for humans.”

“Aren’t you too weak for a devil? From what I heard, devils were so powerful that they could crush few mountains by themselves.”

Bug provoked him.

In reality, he had never seen a devil.

Devils normally lived very deep inside a Demon God’s Territory.

They had never shown themselves besides at the start of the war.

On the other hand, humans settled in the land they had.

“What you say is true. I will now show you the real deal.”

Oloness grinned.

At the same time, his forehead split open to reveal an ‘eye’.

The eye that appeared after shedding tears of blood was very big and gave off a chilling aura.

Once that eye appeared, the flow of the fight completely changed.

As if Oloness was able to see the future, he was unfazed by any attack and the laser from his eye destroyed everything in its way.

“Cough!”

In the end, it even pierced the iron shield.

The warrior’s left arm flew off.

Since the warrior, who guarded the front collapsed, the rest was a matter of time.

The expression of Bug and the rest of the group quickly turned bad.

“Fo, forfeit! Damn it!”

“Everyone who holds a sword against me dies.”

Bug forfeited but Oloness lightly disregarded him.

Unless he forfeited before the fight, he needed to leave the arena to stop in the middle.

However, Oloness wasn’t planning on stopping the fight.

Instead, Oloness raised his nails.

In a blink of an eye, he disappeared without a trace and aimed for the priest.

“Ah…!”

Bug let out a shout.

His movements were a lot faster than what he had shown them until now so they were late in stopping his attack.

‘We should have just forfeited!’

It was the price for fighting in such a difficult match because they were blinded by greed.

By the time they realized their mistake, it was already too late.

The priest’s death was determined.

Clang!

That moment.

A sword stopped Oloness’s nails.

Oloness thought it was odd and raised his head and looked at the opponent who appeared.

“Stop.”

The one who appeared was Muyoung.

He had entered the arena using Shadow Teleportation.

Chapter 80: Star Of The Absolute (5)

<As a penalty for intruding, you have lost half of the onz you currently possess.>

<Living armors have appeared. You will be imprisoned for 3 days.>

It was against the rules to interfere with an ongoing battle.

If no penalty existed, there couldn't be a fair fight in the arena.

It seemed they were lenient since it was his first time.

However, it couldn't be helped.

'To be 100% certain of my victory, I need to save them.'

Muyoung found the way to win against Oloness.

Bug and his colleagues possessed the decisive key to winning.

'He's similar to me. The way he fights, his habits, everything.'

Muyoung couldn't help but be surprised as the fight intensified.

Oloness was too similar to Muyoung himself. At least, in terms of fighting.

He was careful and had the ability to find the best route of attack.

They were even similar in the sense that they both used specter-like skills.

‘Amazing.’

His senses, judgment skills, etc.

How could he be this similar to him!?

The more he looked at it, he couldn’t help but laugh.

It was as if he had a mirror in front of him.

Of course, there wasn’t even a big different in fighting strength.

Especially the existence of that ‘eye’ that appeared in the end was something Muyoung needed to be cautious about.

Winning ratio 5:5.

Before seeing the eye, the chance he would win was higher but with the appearance of the eye, it balanced out the difference.

That was why the slightest difference would have an effect on the victory.

And for that, he needed to save them.

“Dokkaebi, why are you siding with humans?”

Oloness ground his teeth. He was currently agitated.

His three eyes were dyed red. He did his best to suppress his urge to attack.

“It’s for my victory.”

Muyoung didn’t hide the truth.

Oloness was too similar to Muyoung.

He couldn’t really believe it but it was true.

That was why he didn’t feel the need to hide his true intentions.

Especially since lies wouldn’t work in front of the third eye on his forehead.

“The place for our fight isn’t here.”

“That isn’t something that you decide.”

Muyoung held Anguish and the Wicked God’s Sword.

He showed a strong determination that he was going to continue if Oloness wasn’t willing to stop.

While doing this, he turned his head half way to look at Bug.

Bug who realized Muyoung’s intentions quickly got up, supported the warrior and grabbed the warrior’s arm that flew off.

“Th, thank you. This debt, I will surely.”

Bug and his comrades escaped the arena as fast as they could.

Soon after, from afar, tens of living armor appeared.

While looking at them, Oloness mocked him.

“It’s such a moving scene. As expected for a guy who smells of Gremory.”

Muyoung’s brows moved as he heard the unexpected name.

Gremory!

The one who held the 56th seat of the 72 Demon Gods, the only Demon Goddess, the one who ruled over 26 demon armies.

And Muyoung currently had the qualifications to become the 27th Demon King under Gremory.

Oloness looked at Anguish after reading Muyoung’s expression.

“I know that sword very well. I also know the owner of the scent you give off. As the subordinate of that traitor bitch, it’s beautiful how you side with humans.”

Traitor?

It was a remark where he couldn’t find a speck of respect for Demon Gods.

However, Muyoung pretended as though he knew nothing.

“I don’t know what nonsense you’re speaking of.”

“Are you pretending that you don’t know or do you really not know? You’re the first one that I can’t easily read with this eye.

However, it is clear that you are related to that bitch.”

He bared his teeth.

“The power of traitors are small. You started a fight you can’t win. That means no matter how many people like yourself make an effort outside, it’s all meaningless. And once everything is settled, the humans you sided with will all walk the path of destruction in an instant.”

Muyoung was slightly provoked by him as he talked but he remained calm.

Even if he was a bit surprised, he made a conclusion that it would be dangerous for him to act as if he knew what Oloness was talking about.

As Muyoung continued to be non-responsive, Oloness turned his body as if he lost interest.

“After all, you’re also aiming the place beyond the door the cerberus protects. Me for my honor, you for your own use, we are searching for that item. The place for us to fight is there.”

Afterwards, Oloness left the arena as if he had no regrets.

As Muyoung watched him leave, tens of living armors surrounded Muyoung.

Everything was blocked in the cell.

It was extremely cramped and it was even difficult to breathe.

Since it was made out of an unknown material, it was hard to smash the wall.

It wasn’t impossible to get out of this place but he didn’t find it necessary.

‘When everything is settled, the Demon Gods will start to move. By settle, does that include the power associated Gremory?’

However, it was better this way.

No matter how cramped and uncomfortable it was, Muyoung wasn’t restricted by the location.

If normal monsters were locked in a place like this, they would show all kinds of symptoms of mental disorder but Muyoung had already overcame those things in the past.

On the other hand, he gained time to slowly think things through.

‘In 10 years, the Great Calamity started and the Demon Gods attacked the humans. However, not all Demon Gods participated.

Including Gremory, few Demon Gods didn't appear from the start.'

He didn't even have to even think 10 years later.

When humans first entered the Underworld, Demon Gods did not actively attack them.

At most, the Demon Kings made their move.

However, what if there was a reason why all the Demon Gods couldn't leave their territory?

'Was there an internal conflict?'

And did that conflict resolve within 10 years?

Perhaps they made their moves after the conflict was resolved which led to the start of the 'Great Calamity'.

Muyoung's heart started to beat a little faster.

'The Demon Gods also have factions...'

No one knew. Of course, they didn't know.

There would have been no way for humans to know if the problem amongst the Demon Gods was solved before they started

to make their move.

He couldn’t be certain. However, all possibilities were open.

‘I need to ask Oloness directly.’

Muyoung nodded.

He was certain he could ask Oloness after beating him.

Muyoung knew how to find out what he wanted to get in the room beyond the door the cerberus was protecting.

Muyoung calmly sat.

He quietly concentrated and drew a picture in his mind.

‘Moving your body isn’t the only way to train.’

More realistic imaginations than reality.

Muyoung prepared for all the moves as he drew the fight with Oloness in his mind.

*

After 3 days, he was instantly matched with a fight as he left the cell.

<The fight, dokkaebi Muyoung vs. Arc Troll, will start soon.>

Muyoung stretched his body before heading for the arena.

“Thank you.”

On his way, Bug was waiting for him.

He was also with his comrades and everyone had their heads lowered.

They were hopeless and embarrassed but it was true that they did receive help from him.

They didn’t know how to act and just had their heads lowered.

Muyoung didn’t really help them to receive thanks.

He only helped them because he wanted something.

“The price for reckless actions is death. You were lucky this time.”

"...We know. If it wasn't for you, we would have all died."

Thud.

As Bug tabbed the shoulders of a comrade beside him, his comrades said a word of thanks to Muyoung.

Even the guy who was pale.

It was the huge shield-bearing warrior who stood in the frontlines and had his left arm cut off.

Even if they had a priest, it seemed like the Blessing of Strength didn't work for him.

This was because Oloness's power of evil was much greater than the experience level of the priest.

However, they felt something much better than the pain and sorrows of losing.

"You want revenge?"

Bug widened his eyes.

He roughly understood what Muyoung wanted to say.

“Ar, are you willing to work…”

“No, I will fight alone. Instead, I’ll give you a chance.”

However, Muyoung shook his head.

Instead, he took out a talisman from his side. And after he shook the talisman, two undead appeared in front of them.

The Black Sun Warrior in full armor and Heidegger stood stiffly before they kneeled.

“Undead!”

Clank!

Everyone was alert as the undead suddenly appeared.

They held their weapon and prepared themselves.

Since they were humans, living beings, it was a natural reaction.

Muyoung spoke calmly.

“Strengthen these two by using the Blessing of the Cloud and soul

language. You know how to use ‘Order Bless’, right?”

Order Bless was a high rank blessing.

The strength that allowed a strong reflective power against specters and the dead.

The priest shook his head.

“It’s impossible. With my skills, that much…”

However, Order Bless was a blessing that could only be used when few priests combined their strength.

Unless you were a top ranked priest, it was impossible for someone to do it alone.

Muyoung chuckled.

“You should be able to with Bug’s soul language. Your soul language seemed to be different than normal. A stronger power. I could feel drakan’s energy.”

“How, how did you know?”

Bug’s eyes widened.

Drakan was a half dragon. A drakan born from a dragon and a different species could use dragon language.

They manipulated a language a class above than normal soul language.

He didn’t know at first.

It was a truth he found out after awakening his purity and watching Bug use his powers.

If he didn’t find out, he wouldn’t have saved them.

“Even your name, Bug, is a lie. Since the dragon language is so strong that the user even needs to hide their true name. The difference I felt continuously was because of this.”

The tips of Muyoung’s lip slowly went up.

From the first time he met him and heard his name, he felt something was different.

Most soul language users were famous but it was odd that he never heard of his name before.

However, if it was the dragon language user, the story was different.

Bug was beyond astonished as he had an expression as though his soul was drained out of him.

“Are you still going to say it’s impossible?”

Also, with the power of the dragon language, it was possible for the priest’s prayer to be helped.

Priests could produce a power a level stronger than before.

Shortly, Bug admitted.

“It... it’s possible. However, even if we could use Order Bless, we can’t apply it on undead.”

“For now, you can’t.”

Muyoung turned his head and looked at the arena.

A completely white monster known as an arc troll was waiting for him.

Arc. It meant it had quite a lot of resistance to darkness and light and if he was to transplant its heart in Heidegger, it would be able to handle Order Bless.

The Black Sun Warrior already had a strong resistance to light.

On top, if the power of fire which Muyoung had was added, it didn't seem impossible.

"Wait for me."

Muyoung walked up by himself.

His eyes sparkled.

'I realized you and I are alike. It should be meaningless to hide any further.'

The third eye Oloness possessed could understand all of Muyoung's strength.

Muyoung also understood Oloness's true power.

Since it meant it was pointless to keep hiding his strength, he was going to try his best.

Blaaaze!

Wings of fire sprouted from Muyoung's back.

Cry of Fire!

It was a skill the Blazing Spear Soldier used but Muyoung had taken it from him using Soul Exploitation.

However, the flame was much more intense than when the Blazing Spear Soldier used it.

‘Quickly and overwhelmingly.’

If up until now was a warm-up exercise, from now on, he was planning on being a rough typhoon that will destroy everything that blocks his path.

If it was pointless for him to hide his strength from Oloness, he was going to make him be alert by showing his true strength.

Oloness would become more cautious and careful after attempting to understand Muyoung and those exact actions would be his downfall.

As he was narrow-minded and Muyoung knew how to use everything.

This small but critical difference would change the results.

Chapter 81: Star Of The Absolute (6)

Arc trolls were mutant species.

Their white skin made people think of albinos.

Also, mutant species could never mix into their group.

Normally, mutant species were abandoned and would die in the wild but due to certain circumstances, a very few of them survived.

And those mutant species that survived possessed a stronger strength than their counterparts. It was the result of their struggles.

One was able to exhibit the power of more than five.

On top of that, there were times when monsters with ‘arc’ in their names had strengthened inherent abilities besides their resistance to darkness and light.

And trolls were typically a race that possessed outstanding recovery.

“What we are seeing now isn’t a dream, right?”

Bug blankly opened his mouth.

With an expression as if he couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

The rest of his comrades’ expression weren’t greatly different from his.

“…He outran arc troll’s recovery ability.”

“Can a dokkaebi, who isn’t even a duaxini, be that strong?”

An arc troll was able to instantly recover after being cut or pierced. If he was burned, it ripped that part off and continued to recover.

It was literally an astonishing recovery ability.

However, Muyoung, who was facing the arc troll, was more astonishing.

At first, Bug thought he was a somewhat special dokkaebi.

Although he had a horn and even if he was a king, since he wasn’t a duaxini, his fighting ability shouldn’t have been greatly different.

However, his perception of him shattered after he began to fight in the arena.

Repeated victories.

After the appearance of Oloness, Muyoung instantly became a star in the arena.

And he now showed strength far greater than a duaxini and captivated his audience.

Blaaaaze!

The flames that soared from Muyoung's back damaged the entire arena.

He swung his two swords and sliced off the arc troll's body as if he was carving a sculpture.

This meant that the power he had shown until now wasn't even the tip of the iceberg.

The arc troll was unable to resist him once.

"Or is the arc troll just weak?"

The priest replied as the girl in charge of the archer position asked.

“No, that dokkaebi is just stronger than what we imagined. Usually, people say that arc troll could exhibit the power of 10 trolls but… I’m not sure.”

It was true. Arc trolls were never weak.

He was just strong.

Bug’s whole body shivered.

Muyoung possessed a keen insight that could identify his true character, the strength to back it up and even the meticulousness to plan ahead.

He turned his head to look at the undead.

‘I never heard of dokkaebis that could manipulate death.’

Gulp!

Bug felt like his saliva was drying up.

Sword and magic, on top of that, he could manipulate death.

He never heard of a monster that could use various different skills.

If there was...

'Human. Only humans could use strength in so many different ways like him.'

Buurrr!

As he thought that, his whole body shivered again.

Is he really not a dokkaebi but a human?

He could appear as a dokkaebi as an effect of a skill.

Bug saw through him accurately but became even more confused.

At that moment, the fight ended.

The fight ended and the arena became quiet.

It was because he ended the fight by one-sidedly showing strength equal to, or possibly greater than Oloness.

Thump. Thump.

In the narrow hallway, he walked towards him.

The sound of his footsteps seemed especially loud.

“Are you… are you really a dokkaebi?”

Bug couldn’t help but ask.

Muyoung’s eyes turned towards him and, at the same time, he felt a chilling feeling piercing through his body.

However, this question was quite important.

Human or dokkaebi.

If he was a human, he needed to act more carefully.

Soul language users received attention wherever they went and since he, a dragon language user, was a level higher than them, it would only lead to a bigger commotion.

The world wasn’t that easy.

People who tried to use others were widespread.

However, if someone other than his comrades were to know this truth?

In Bug’s position, it was a matter of life and death.

Muyoug slowly opened his lips.

“I’m Oom.”

“Oom…?”

“The ruler of dokkaebies and the companion of souls. I’m even a Lord who rules over a quite a big territory.”

Then, he shoved the still beating arc troll’s heart he held in his hand into where Heidegger’s heart would normally be located.

It was a completely strange scene but Muyoung didn’t even bat an eye.

<‘Werewolf’s Heart’ has been changed to ‘Arc troll’s Heart’.>

<High recovery has been enhanced to amazing recovery and gained an effect of stamina 30.>

<Heidegger now has an amazing resistance to darkness and light.>

Tips of Muyoung’s lips slightly curved upwards.

Afterwards, Muyoung looked at Bug.

“I understand what your worries are. However.”

This much caution was something any explorer should have.

As Bug looked at him with doubt, he continued to talk.

“Your worries won’t come true.”

“The ritual of Order Bless… I will start right away.”

“You’re wise.”

He picked things up quickly. He quickly understood what Muyoung wanted to say.

It was obvious as his main weapon were words.

“Oloness is my prey. Awaiting his death will also be amusing.”

Muyoung spoke confidently before he walked away.

*

<20 fights 20 wins! A bounty was placed on ‘Muyoung’ who has won continuously. >

<A bounty of 1,200,000 onz.>

<‘Victor’ effect has been added. ‘Victor’ is a qualification that allows you to take away an opponent’s continuous victory. It is only activated when the opponent dies. Fight with your victory on the line!>

Muyoung immediately went down to the next floor.

When he entered the 3rd floor, the number of monsters were a lot less than before.

Normally, if they were able to reach the 3rd floor, it was because they had gathered a million onz and left the arena. At the very least, there weren’t many monsters that were obsessed with obtaining an escape ticket.

However, while the numbers were small, they didn’t lack strong individuals in the arena.

Every monster was starving to fight and fighting was their only goal.

Of course, there wasn’t a better battleground to activate the

‘Victor’ effect.

<The fight, Black Sun Warrior vs. Elder Goblin, will start. >

<The fight, Heidegger vs. Windride, will start.>

There was also an unexpected change.

That two undead were added as warriors in the arena.

It all happened so naturally.

So that no one could realize that Muyoung was their owner, he made them act like others.

‘Sure enough.’

He was half in doubt but his plan was successful.

However, even if the undead won, the victory did not go to Muyoung.

‘They measured the outcome differently.’

It was better this way.

If they were measured together, it would mean that their wins and loss would also be together.

If they were to lose even once, the record of his continuous wins would all go to waste.

Anyhow, Muyoung was planning on using Black Sun Warrior and Heidegger to hold Oloness back.

The source of Oloness's strength was very similar to Muyoung.

Of course, their weakness would also be similar.

'While Order Bless is in effect, Oloness's attacks won't work.'

At least, he could say that specter-type skills would be useless.

He couldn't do anything about physical attacks but Black Sun Warrior and Heidegger's endurance were formidable without a doubt.

And Oloness's physical attacks weren't that strong.

It seemed strong because he strengthened them with the strength

of specters.

If they were to fight, it was possible to continuously drain his stamina.

Slash!

Muyoung swung his two swords.

At the same time, the hairy abominable snowman's head fell to the floor.

<'The rank of 'Swordmaster' skill went up. F -> E.>

Swordmaster.

Like the title, it was a skill that allowed him to become the master of his swords as it increased in rank.

Muyoung was trained to be able to use all weapons but he was far from having a deep understanding of them.

However, after learning the Swordmaster skill, for the first time he was able to question about 'what was a sword'.

On top of that, his understanding of swords and skills had also increased.

‘I’m not going to stop.’

Muyoung was naturally getting stronger.

His development speed was ridiculous, however, that didn’t mean he wasn’t devoted to the basics.

It would have been impossible if he was his past self.

Even the strong individuals who were known as world-class geniuses couldn’t have developed as fast as Muyoung.

However, Muyoung didn’t doubt his growth.

It was because he knew that his growth would stagnate the moment he doubted it.

<You have won against Lunatic Abominable Snowman.>

<Betting ratio was 1.12. Congratulations.>

<By the activation of ‘Victor’ effect, you have taken 5 wins from it.>

<37 wins 0 draw 0 loss.>

<Your bounty is now 4,000,000 onz.>

‘Not long until 10 million onz.’

The betting ratio was continuously getting lower.

However, once he collected 10 million onz, he would have basically achieved his first goal.

‘Cerberus.’

The gatekeeper of the last gateway.

To attack cerberus, he needed 3 things.

One of which was a special incense that could be purchased with 10 million onz.

Since the fight with Oloness wasn’t everything, he needed to prepare ahead.

Even if the level of arena increased, Oloness and Muyoung were like two running horses.

No monster could stop the two.

As if they made a promise, the two ran forward, only looking ahead.

However, that all ended on the next floor.

<From the 2nd floor of the arena, You are able to choose your opponent. If the chosen opponent rejects, a seal of a slave will be branded onto the person's forehead.>

<'Dokkaebi Muyoung' has chosen 'Slave Devil Oloness' as his opponent.>

As if Muyoung had been waiting for this moment, he chose Oloness.

Oloness had already used a lot of stamina fighting Black Sun Warrior and Heidegger.

His mind and body had become exhausted from the appearance of new foes.

Now was his chance.

To strike him from the rear when he least expected it.

Oloness had a strange expression on his face as if he didn't expect to be chosen yet.

"I think I said this wasn't the place you and I were going to fight."

"I choose the place I fight."

There was no reason for him to follow Oloness's intentions.

And it wasn't like Muyoung to lose his most advantageous chance.

On the other hand, Oloness fought continuously because he was planning to fight him on the first floor.

He didn't even think about saving his stamina.

Especially since Black Sun Warrior and Heidegger held him back, his specter strength was significantly weakened.

"You think well for someone related to Gremory."

Muyoung chuckled.

He thought Oloness would denounce him for being a coward but it was the opposite.

In a battlefield where people had to kill one another, one must do whatever it took to win.

Since Oloness was also the same, he was taken back but wasn't angry at Muyoung.

A devil wasn't just a devil for no reason.

'He's not easy to provoke.'

Oloness wasn't the type to be provoked easily.

The more he was provoked, the clearer his mind would become.

Instead of provoking him, it was better to just show his skills.

Muyoung slowly unsheathed Anguish and his Wicked God's Sword.

And while looking at Muyoung, Oloness coldly said.

"Ah, I will make you regret your decision."

"I never regret my decisions."

Muyoung instantly replied.

Oloness didn’t know.

What kind of life Muyoung had lived.

And what an amazing happiness it was to be able to make your own choices.

How far he had come compared to his past where his right to make his own choices had been revoked.

How could he regret his own decisions?

At least, since returning to the past, Muyoung had never regretted a single decision he had made.

He always did his best to produce the best results.

It was the same right now.

Swoong!

Anguish and Wicked God’s Sword rang fiercely.

Chapter 82: Star Of The Absolute (7)

Oloness's expression hardened right away. He instantly opened his 3rd eye and got ready to attack Muyoung. He also realized that he could instantly get attacked if he was to engage half-heartedly.

Oloness raised his hand as he opened his eye half way. Numerous hands appeared from the floor to hold Muyoung back but it was useless.

Blaze!

The flames that soared from his whole body refused the hands of the specters.

'The Cry of Fire' had the basic property of rejecting darkness.

'Shadow Teleportation and Acceleration.'

And Muyoung knew that Oloness became defenseless when he summoned his hands.

Using Shadow Teleportation, he moved behind Oloness and used Acceleration on Hermes's Boots.

Duration 3 seconds.

Oloness's eyes moved and detected Muyoung, but he was too

slow.

Anguish moved first and sliced through Oloness's shoulder.

However, the Wicked God's Sword missed.

It was because Oloness instinctively twisted his body after receiving a blow.

At the same time, a small beam shot out in a straight line from his third eye.

Clash!

A wall on the side of the arena was destroyed.

Muyoung, who dangerously avoided his attack, rolled on the floor before he got up.

"My eye can read everything. It seems like you can't use that attack twice, it must be disappointing."

Oloness mocked him as he held his half amputated left shoulder.

As if Muyoung wasted his first and last chance.

Oloness wasn't completely wrong.

However, Muyoung wasn’t disappointed at all.

‘It’s enough.’

The injury Anguish caused was hard to recover.

The truth was that Oloness’s injury wasn’t recovering.

Vitality was spurting out and was continuously being absorbed into Muyoung.

From the beginning, Muyoung was just after wounding him first.

‘It will be a long fight.’

It was fight he needed to fight for the long run.

Muyoung and Oloness’s skills weren’t that greatly different.

However, Oloness was quite exhausted and allowed Muyoung to attack him.

All that was left was time.

The time for him to collapse.

Thump! Rumble!

As Oloness fiercely attacked Muyoung with his long nails, Muyoung calmly blocked his attacks and summoned Murdudun.

‘Stop his movements.’

Murloc King Murdudun appeared with a few thousand specters.

After Muyoung ordered him, Murdudun ground his teeth as he looked at Oloness.

– Devil! The one that I hate most!

After being tricked by Demon God Dantalian, Murdudun harbored a strong hatred against Demons and Demon Gods alike. Even if he was a slave, there was no way for devil Oloness to look good in Murdudun’s eyes.

Instantly, under Murdudun’s command, thousands of specters restricted Oloness’s movements.

“Kaaah…!”

Oloness bit his lips as his movement instantly became dull and his body didn’t listen to him.

The third eye opened halfway and started to indiscriminately shoot out beams.

Thump! Thump! Crash!

“No one can stop me!”

His eye became redder.

Small veins bulged and his whole body slowly bloated up.

All the hands that originally rose from the floor were absorbed into Oloness’s body.

In time, huge horns appeared on both sides of his forehead and wings sprouted from his back.

‘Form of the devil.’

That what his true devil form.

They would normally go around in similar forms to other species but when they began to fight, they would sometimes transform like this.

And devils who changed into a form of a devil earned destructive

power beyond one's imaginations.

Of course, not all devils could change into their true form. Only a few chosen devils could have a true form and Oloness seemed to be one of those chosen devils.

'He can't maintain it for long.'

However, there weren't many devils who could maintain the form of the devil for a long time. Unless they were a Demon King or a Demon God, at most they could maintain it for about 10 minutes.

'When the change is lifted, the rebound will also be big.'

It meant that Muyoung could win if he killed time.

The problem was that it was really hard to endure for that period of time.

Oloness, who finished transforming into the form of the devil, let out his breath and spoke.

"I will kill you most painfully. You shouldn't have offended me."

Oloness fluttered his wings and declared to Muyoung.

Muyoung took a big breath.

Thump!

When he closed his eyes and reopened them, something deep inside ‘Asura Path’ responded.

His heart beat violently.

‘Asura Path wants his body.’

It was unexpected.

However, something in Asura Path wanted the current Oloness’s form.

Muyoung instinctively knew that this something was one of the rulers of Asura Path.

‘Do you want him?’

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Muyoung’s whole body shivered.

A supremely evil spirit that wanted the form of the devil was slowly opening its eyes.

<One of the three sovereigns of Asura Path, ‘Evil Spirit Predator’ is reacting.>

<‘Evil Spirit Predator’ is acknowledging ‘Muyoung’.>

<It is offering his strength if you were to give him the devil’s body.>

<Will you accept?>

Evil Spirit Predator!

Muyoung had already conquered a significant part of Asura Path by using Murdudun, and when a special condition was added, the Evil Spirit Predator seemed to have awakened and acknowledged Muyoung.

‘I will accept.’

Muyoung nodded his head.

At the same time.

Blaaaze!

The few thousands of specters Muyoung released, all gathered inside his body.

– This strength… isn’t it the strength of the Predator?!

Murdudun’s eyes widened.

Murdudun also knew of the few sovereigns in Asura Path.

However, it seemed like he never in the world expected that one of them would lend Muyoung their strength.

Soon, a skull-shaped spirit was casted behind Muyoung’s back.

<You have been possessed by the spirit of Evil Spirit Predator.>

<For 30 minutes, strength and stamina will increase by ’50’ each.>

*

The old dwarf Kalmooh couldn’t take his eyes off the fight for even a second.

While placing his hands together, he concentrated all his nerves on Muyoung and Oloness's fight.

"I can't believe it! He used Acceleration?"

Beside Kalmooh, the four humans, including Bug, were with him.

They were also able to reach the 2nd floor by winning on a roll, but the reason why they continued even though they could leave the arena was only to watch this fight.

They were curious as to how well Muyoung was going to fight against Oloness who sliced off their comrade's arm.

But, as the fight began, Muyoung used Acceleration to successfully injuring Oloness.

'Please, please.'

Kalmooh felt his helplessness as he could only pray.

However, it was true that he felt an odd pleasure whenever Muyoung pressed Oloness with the equipment he touched upon.

Son's revenge.

If he could kill Oloness, he would do anything.

‘Ah…!’

However, Kalmooh strongly bit his lips after seeing Oloness transform into the form of the devil.

He never thought Oloness was a devil that had the form.

Normally, it was only possible for high-rank devils. Even though Oloness’s skills were exceptional, Kalmooh couldn’t say he was a high rank.

That was why he didn’t even think about it.

If he was transformed, Muyoung’s winning ratio would drastically decrease.

When they were finally able to fight on an equal level, the tables were turned at once.

Crushed to death.

Even if the duration was short, it was still possible to crush his opponent as long as a gap was created. Unless Oloness was an idiot, he would try to end the fight as quickly as he could.

And Muyoung didn’t have any moves to stop him.

Everyone thought that.

“Withdraw. I can feel the strong strength of a curse.”

The priest spoke.

Afterwards, he kneeled and repeated the name of ‘Soon’.

As a cloud was summoned and surrounded the people around them, a strong curse blew out in waves with Muyoung at the center.

Thuuump.

Thuuuuuump.

A half transparent and enormous skull soared up behind Muyoung.

Very quickly, a few monsters that were watching the fight from the stand collapsed onto the floor.

They were unable to withstand the aftermath of the curse.

“What exactly is that skull?”

Bug asked the priest.

The priest barely answered while he was dripping with sweat.

“I’m not sure. However, I am certain that it is a denied existence that should not exist in this world. Something that normally has to be sealed in Abyss...”

“The abyss?”

“It’s a place where the gods seal up evil spirits. Ha, even when he’s not completely exposed, he still has this much presence... I’m truly curious as to how a dokkaebi is able to draw out that sort of evil spirit from the Abyss.”

The eyes of the priest were shaking as it looked at the Evil Spirit Predator.

An existence inside the Abyss was awakened.

The dokkaebi woke it.

On top of that, the existence from the Abyss was now helping the dokkaebi.

Something unbelievable was happening.

Evil spirits locked in the Abyss hated and wanted to destroy everything.

Help? They didn’t have that kind of sense. That was why they were sealed by the gods.

Thump!

Oloness and Muyoung collided.

However, whoever watched them could tell Oloness’s urgency from his movements.

Muyoung didn’t yield an inch.

It seemed like he was at a disadvantage for a second, but they were back to being equal opponents.

However, Oloness’s movements resembled a frantic last-ditch effort.

That was also the final struggle dependent on time.

And after 10 minutes had passed, the form of the devil was lifted and Oloness returned to his original state.

“What are hell are you?! A strength that my eye can’t read, it’s not possible!”

Oloness shouted.

Muyoung lifted his hand with an emotionless face.

Stab!

Anguish pierced Oloness’s heart.

*

As Muyoung took out Anguish, Oloness’s body drooped.

However, it wasn’t the end yet.

At the same time, tears of blood suddenly started to pour from Oloness’s third eye.

‘Self-destruction!’

As he knitted his brows, the Evil Spirit Predator acted faster than Muyoung.

As it approached, permeating into Oloness’s body, bloody tears stopped flowing down his third eye.

Thud!

With a small explosive, Oloness lowered his head.

However, it seemed like it was late.

‘…The brain self-exploded.’

Tsk.

He clicked his tongue lightly.

Like this, even if he was to make an undead, he couldn’t collect the information he wanted.

The situation with the Demon Gods factions and Gremory’s position, there were so many things he wanted to ask but before he had the chance, the situation had ended.

As he turned his head, the Evil Spirit Predator looked down on Muyoung.

‘You want me to use the Art of Death skill?’

Even if it stopped his self-destruction, it seemed like it couldn’t force itself into the body and take control of it.

Muyoung nodded his head and used the Art of Death skill.

At that moment, the Evil Spirit Predator was absorbed into Oloness's body.

<A strong wave of spirit!>

<The 'Evil Spirit Predator' has rapidly strengthened the material.>

<Art Score of 93!>

<Evil Spirit Sovereign. Death Knight is created!>

<Name: Evil Spirit Sovereign

Level: 350

Type: Death Knight

Strength 380 Agility 365

Stamina 338 Intelligence 210

Wisdom 249 Magic Resistance 300>

+ Completely autonomic individual (Does not listen to orders.)

+ Boundless development (It develops on its own.)

+ Qualification to be a Sovereign (It can have its own territory and order soldiers.)

A black cape fluttered as it held a thick long sword.

Muyoung could only be greatly surprised by the finished product.

A death knight!

It was a top class undead that even liches only had one of.

The Evil Spirit Predator that occupied Oloness's body looked at Muyoung.

Do you want anything?

He felt as though it was asking him this.

‘Cerberus.’

Only one thing came to Muyoung’s mind.

He believed it was best to prepare the 3 things needed and put cerberus to sleep but if the Death Knight appeared, the story changed.

Something no one could challenge.

It seemed possible to even hunt the cerberus.

Chapter 83: Star Of The Absolute (end)

That wasn't the end.

<An amazing artwork has been created!>

<Your skill rank for the 'Art of Death' skill has increased from C to B rank.>

<You have reached 65% conquest rate of 'Asura Path'.>

The Art of Death skill, that stagnated after it had reached C rank, rose a rank.

By having one of the sovereigns of Asura Path come out, the conquest rate greatly increased.

However, there was definitely something strange.

Even though he used the Art of Death skill to create him, orders didn't work on it.

It was also surprising that he could develop on his own and become a sovereign. However, although he might've had a slight goodwill towards Muyoung, he didn't seem like he would forever follow him.

“A king is an independent entity.”

As if he answered Muyoung’s question, the Evil Spirit Predator spoke.

Now that he looked at him, it seemed like he could talk.

“I do thank you for releasing me. In return, I will help you with one thing. However, you cannot tie me down.”

It meant that he wasn’t planning to follow him from the beginning,

Simply looking at their stats, the level difference between the Evil Spirit Predator and Muyoung was like the difference between heaven and earth.

It would be illogical to attack.

Even if Muyoung had a lot of experience and avoided a face-to-face confrontation with him, he wouldn’t be able to do anything.

However...

The Evil Spirit Predator knew one thing but not the other.

He didn’t seem to know that Muyoung held his life in the palm of his hand. Since he had earned a physical body in this life through Muyoung.

The black soul appeared above the Evil Spirit Predator.

It was an indicator that ‘Soul Exploitation’ was possible.

“I don’t need an undead that doesn’t follow me.”

As Muyoung coldly spoke, the Evil Spirit Predator smashed the ground once with his sword.

“Then, what are you going to do? A king doesn’t follow anyone. I have escaped the Abyss and am now going to be a king in this world.”

He consistently showed a domineering attitude as if he was weary of Muyoung.

Muyoung stretched his hand.

As he held the black soul in his hand, the expression of the Evil Spirit Predator hardened.

“...Wait. How can a human see my soul and hold it?”

“If I want to, I can get rid of it.”

“Impossible. Unless your soul is a higher rank than mine, it would be impossible.”

“We can check if it is impossible or not.”

He was a bit curious.

If he were to exploit the soul of an undead at the level of a death knight, how fast would his development be?

The Evil Spirit Predator became serious.

Something that couldn’t happen transpired almost naturally.

A sovereign that ruled over a few thousand specters.

There was no way for a human’s soul to be of a higher level than his soul.

However, it was a situation where one challenge could end everything.

It meant that the Death Lord’s existence was at a level higher than the Evil Spirit Predator and since Soul Exploitation was active, if Muyoung made his mind, he could get rid of Evil Spirit

Predator’s soul.

After realizing this, the Evil Spirit Predator changed his attitude.

“I will help you. For taking me out of the Abyss, I will volunteer to help you for 30 days.”

He changed his words from a single help to 30 days of volunteering.

He did yield a bit in this matter.

If Muyoung was to take advantage of him forever, he would resist from the start.

But, it wasn’t like he was going to just accept his conditions.

Muyoung shook his head.

“90 days.”

“60 days. No longer than that. I need to quickly raise my power as soon as possible. I need to show dignity in order to prove my qualifications to be the sovereign of few thousand souls.”

It seemed like he had reasons of his own.

Muyoung decided to accept his offer.

If the Evil Spirit Predator was truly planning on becoming a king, it wasn't bad to strengthen his relationship with him.

If he could control a top ranked entity for 60 days, it would be a great help to his development.

Since it wasn't like there were any limitations like he had with the Hellhorse.

"Okay. However, you must listen to what I say."

"I understand."

The Evil Spirit Predator agreed.

As Muyoung started to move, someone all of a sudden stopped in front of him.

Kalmooh.

With a flushed expression, he came up and alternately looked at Muyoung and Evil Spirit Predator.

"Wh, what happened to Oloness?"

“He’s dead.”

“However, he is…”

“It’s a different soul in charge of Oloness’s body.”

Kalmooh’s eyes widened.

However, he didn’t seem to fully believe in this truth.

Muyoung took out and held Oloness’s soul that was absorbed into Asura Path.

“This is Oloness’s soul. If you want it, I will give it to you.”

It would be possible to trap him in some kind of equipment and make him suffer for eternity.

Kalmooh’s gulped his saliva and then spoke.

“Th, then, is it possible to free my boy’s soul?”

“Free?”

“My boy died by Oloness and is suffering as he can’t be freed even after his death.”

Kalmooh’s expression seemed desperate.

However, Muyoung didn’t really have a way.

After a bit of thought, he moved his gaze to the Evil Spirit Predator who nodded his head.

“I guess you’re talking about the souls that that devil guy used as slaves. Find him yourself.”

The Evil Spirit Predator stomped his foot.

Thump!

With that sound, the ground split and a few thousand souls from below soared upwards.

In time, those souls then took form.

With their appearance from when they were alive, with no focus, they stood behind the Evil Spirit Predator.

That was the authority of the Evil Spirit Predator.

It seemed like he could grant forms to their souls and make them fight.

‘Amazing.’

Muyoung inwardly admired him.

The Death Lord’s existence might be higher than the Evil Spirit Predator, but Muyoung couldn’t completely use his strength.

For now, he was far behind the Evil Spirit Predator in terms of handling the undead and specters.

Kalmooh looked around to find his son.

How long has it been?

“Ah…!”

With an exclamation, Kalmooh ran.

And he wailed in front of a dwarf child.

“Waawaawaah! Kalamo, my child. Why are you here being all cold? Hmm?”

Kalmooh held both shoulders of the child and sighed while he kneeled.

“Your father is at fault. I shouldn’t have entered this place even if it was out of curiosity. Think ill of me…”

Self-blame was mixed in.

The Evil Spirit Predator who just watched them started to speak.

“If you want, I can place his soul in a new body.”

Kalmooh pricked his ears.

It was no different than the devil’s whisper.

However, in time he shook his head.

“I’m okay. I don’t want my child to suffer any more than this.”

He didn’t act irrationally after being blinded by affection.

Kalmooh would also know.

That it would be impossible without a price.

And it wasn’t like his son would come back to life just because his soul was placed inside a new body.

A completely different result would appear.

Since the soul and body were interlinked.

A side effect might appear or an emotionless puppet might be created when a soul was place inside another body.

In sense, Kalmooh's current decision was wise.

"Release him."

As Muyoung spoke, the Evil Spirit Predator shook his hand.

Then, the appearance of the child started to become blurry.

The soul returned to the place where it was supposed to be.

"Kalamo. Ahh, Kalamo...!"

Thump!

A moment later, due to the complete disappearance of the child, Kalmooh's body fell to the ground.

Muyoung suddenly became curious and asked.

“Do you know where the souls go?”

“No one knows besides the creator. They say that they are reborn.”

Reborn.

It didn’t seem like the Evil Spirit Predator knew the details.

‘I did die.’

After getting rid of the Forest of Death, Muyoung died once.

Afterwards, he traveled back in time, but in this world, there was clearly the existence of ‘souls’.

After his death, his soul definitely left his body.

Although he wasn’t self-aware, wouldn’t there have been another process for him to return to the past?

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

It was something he couldn’t know unless he became a God.

After Kalmooh blankly stared into the distance, being lost in thought, he regained his mind and walked up to Muyoung.

After wiping his tears with his hands, he bit his lips before he spoke.

“Thank you. Until I die, I will forever follow you.”

Fortunately, Kalmooh wasn’t just suicidal.

He was clearly remembering their promise.

“Please do.”

Muyoung nodded his head before leaving the arena.

*

Since he no longer needed a strategy to defeat the cerberus, it was useless for him to collect more onz.

That was why Muyoung used the rest of his onz to get all sorts of slaves.

Of course, he had a standard.

He only chose the species that had rationality and could use their head.

This was how he was able to get close to 2,000 slaves until he became the final winner of the 1st floor.

At the same time, he logged the most wins.

227 wins 0 draw 0 loss!

It was the result of him stealing the continuous wins from Victor Effect.

<You have broken a new record for the most wins in the underground arena.>

<In your history, the 'Emperor of the Underground Arena' has been added.>

<You have placed your name in Solomon's Hall of Fame. You have refused to reveal your name.>

Muyoung (No-name) – 227 wins

Lucian – 201 wins

Ohohsuki Yuka – 167 wins

Lucian and Ohohsuki Yuka.

Both were people Muyoung was familiar with.

Fighting King Lucian and the Queen of Ninjas, Ohohsuki Yuka, there was no way that Muyoung would not know them.

Moments later, a different message appeared in front of him.

<The trial has not ended.>

<The last trial, the fight with cerberus, will start.>

A huge door was behind the 1st-floor arena.

Afterwards, the door opened and a huge three-headed monster showed itself.

Gwwwaaang!

Its size was well above 10m.

Each of the three heads had a different ability.

Normally, he wouldn’t have chosen to fight.

However, with the existence of the Evil Spirit Predator, conditions allowed him to fight.

“It’s quite a decent mount.”

The Evil Spirit Predator looked at the cerberus and rubbed his chin.

Muyoung knitted his eyebrows for a moment before he relented.

‘It’s harder to suppress it than to kill it.’

The trial was made to receive an assessment depending on the context.

If he was to suppress it, he would receive a good assessment.

“Let’s begin.”

Swoosh!

Anguish and the Wicked God’s Sword rang.

*

Woohee was very excited as she flapped her wings in the air.

“Look look! Woohee said so, right? My husband will take care of e~~verything.”

“Argh…”

The fat fairy Pantpant groaned.

His first intention was to show Woohee a reputable trial to win her heart, but Woohee was already in love with another person.

That was why he tried to interfere by placing a bounty on his head but that dokkaebi didn’t stop and continued to crazily advance.

On top of that, he made a death knight and was now attacking cerberus.

“Wooheeheehee. My husband is so amazing. He isn’t using the strategy Woohee told him and is just attacking it.”

“The strategy you told him?”

Instantly, Woohee realized her mistake and pretended she didn’t

hear him.

“Husband! Win!”

While looking at her, Pantpant let out a deep sigh.

A dokkaebi and a fairy could never be a good match but what could he do when she is already this into him.

It didn’t seem like there was a way to turn her heart around.

That was why he looked at cerberus with a bit of hope.

‘How could a dokkaebi win against a cerberus?’

He instead wanted the dokkaebi to die in his fight with cerberus.

He believed that Woohee would then regain her senses and look at him.

However, it was all a mere false hope.

Instead of the dokkaebi, the death knight that the dokkaebi made was the problem.

He really did fly around and trample on cerberus.

In the end, he even succeeded in ‘taming’ cerberus.

“Pant Pant! Impossible! Taming works on a cerberus?”

Pantpant let out a scream.

It was impossible for a monster like cerberus to be tamed.

However, that death knight succeeded.

The death knight got on cerberus’s back and started to use it however he wanted.

The natural ability of the death knight to find a ‘mount’ and the authority of the Evil Spirit Predator combined allowed even the taming of a cerberus to be possible.

Pantpant’s chin naturally dropped and as Muyoung chose a reward past the door, the arena started to collapse.

Rumble!

It meant that the trial of the arena had ended.

Afterwards, as everything collapsed, the box of trial distorted and the original world became visible.

“Hmm? What is that?”

Woohee, who returned back to the original world, tilted her head as she looked up the sky.

A particularly red star was in the sky.

The combination of a few hundred or even a few thousand stars wouldn’t have been brighter than that star.

A totally pure star that shined as if it would swallow up everything.

Woohee who was carried away by the purity blankly stared at the star and then moved her gaze back to Muyoung.

It was because the red star gave her a similar feeling to Muyoung for some reason.

And Woohee’s thoughts were somewhat true.

A red star that appeared in the highest place.

That was the Star of the Absolute.

Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance Arc

Chapter 84: Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance (1)

A cerberus was a top ranked monster that could handle water, fire, and lightning.

However, its opponent was bad.

Death knights were undead monsters that were acknowledged to have no rivals. It was comparable to a lich, and a well-made death knight was known to have the destructiveness of a dragon.

To be exact, the Evil Spirit Predator was not at that level.

However, he was able to developed boundlessly and had the qualifications to be a sovereign.

That meant, in some ways, the Evil Spirit Predator was better.

Even during the fight with the cerberus, the Evil Spirit Predator continued to get stronger.

After a few hours of fighting, he was able to oppress it and designated it as a ‘mount’.

‘Amazing.’

Muyoung never thought he would be able to tame a cerberus!

What he was half in doubt about became true.

A cerberus was quite lacking compared to a magical dragon, but it was still a top rank monster.

Monsters that were very small in number but could change the flow of the battle were known as top-ranked monsters among the people.

A death knight and now a cerberus.

A ‘walking nuclear bomb’ was basically created.

<You who has completed the trial by surpassing your limit! The Masters of Darkness are very pleased with your performance.>

<You have succeeded in subduing the emperor of the arena, the cerberus.>

<It was judged as impossible.>

<The Masters of Darkness are examining the User.>

<The Queen of the Moon and the Star gifts you the ‘Starlight’.>

Starlight?

Muyoung tilted his head.

On top of his hand, a key that emitted a yellow light appeared.

However, he had never heard of the present he received.

As he concentrated on it, information about the key appeared.

Name: Starlight

Rank: None

Classification: Functional type

Endurance: None

Effect: A key that allows you to handle starlight

* Depending on the star you possess, a different ability will be activated.

(Star of the Absolute: When it is up in the sky, you can declare ‘Absolute’s Territory’.)

(Absolute’s Territory – While the light is in reach, the enemies inside it are weakened. The toughness effect will be greatly reduced.)

* Depending on the number of stars you possess, the ability increases.

(Star of the Absolute: All stats +10)

*’Star looter’ authority

– When you suppress a star holder, you can forcefully steal the opponent’s star.

Muyoung’s gaze didn’t leave the key for a while.

Starlight.

Like the name, it was a word with endless possibilities.

‘Stars are presents given only to special existences.’

There were other occasions where this happened.

Heroes were those who were known to receive callings from stars.

With the appearance of these people, a special star appear in the sky.

From the appearance of a star, the people were able to know that a great existence had arisen.

And Muyoung became one of those people.

On top of that, he even had the authority to steal other stars.

Of course, the star he talked about weren’t only given to heroes.

The star appeared as a symbol of those who were incomparable to others.

If he could steal all the stars?

The stolen star instantly became his power. Depending on the star, the ability differentiated so the starlight could be considered potential itself.

‘The Queen of the Moon and the Star…’

She was different from the Masters of Darkness who have appeared until now.

It was a name he saw for the first time.

It meant the person wasn't actively participating in Muyoung's evaluation and, for some reason he didn't know of, suddenly decided to change their mind.

Death Lord, Shadow Lord, the Ruler of the Afterlife, the Spirit Sovereign, the Star of 12 Zodiacs, King Slayer, and the Queen of the Moon and the Star.

With this, Muyoung knew of 7 Masters of Darkness.

The other 4 were still under a veil.

"Until when are you going to just stand there blankly."

The Evil Spirit Predator, who got on the cerberus, spoke.

Muyoung nodded before putting in the key.

'The thing Oloness continuously re-challenged and searched for is beyond that door.'

A total of 7 times.

There was something he wanted to get even by participating in the arena 7 times.

And Muyoung was planning to find out what it was.

Muyoung moved and passed the huge door.

He entered the huge door but inside it, not a lot of things were seen.

To be exact, there were only three books.

<Angel of Retrogression>, <Call of the Devil>, and <History of Twilight> were written on each.

‘I can only choose one from these.’

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

Normally, you could only choose one of these limited rewards.

Probably something different would happen when he chooses one.

There was no relationship with the order of the people who entered.

Just one.

He needed to be careful.

‘Rewards that are given in the form of books are normally skills or treasure maps.’

He thought carefully.

By looking at their titles, they didn’t seem to be a skill.

Then, would they be a treasure map?

‘What Oloness wanted.’

There was a limit in knowing their titles.

That was why he changed his focus to Oloness.

Although he was a slave devil, it seemed like his sense of loyalty towards Vassago was still the same.

On the other hand, since he had the pride of devils, he must have been sad that he had become a slave.

He would have tried to be free from the slave status and, to do that, he needed to achieve something that would have been a direct help to the Demon God Vassago.

‘Call of the Devil.’

Muyoung selected the book that was in the middle.

His reason was simple.

Angel of Retrogression…

There are no angels in the Underworld.

History of Twilight?

It was most likely to be a story about the elves that opened the Twilight Era.

There were stories about the Underworld that he occasionally found when he looked through old books.

This was also no different for humans and the Demon Gods.

If there were at least some possibilities, it would only be the Call of the Devil.

However, when he tried to open the book, it wouldn’t budge.

<You cannot open it.>

<You need the power of a high ranked devil.>

‘High ranked devil, you say.’

From just these messages, he could tell that this item was uncommon.

He was really curious about the content inside but for now, he left it alone.

Since he would meet a high-rank devil one day.

Muyoung had become a lord who owned a territory in the Demon God’s Territory. As he continued to increase his territory and strengthened his control, another devil around it would inevitably react to his territory.

Krrrooong!

Suddenly, the arena shook.

The rest of the two novels disappeared as if they evaporated.

As he looked around, cracks appeared on the rocks as they fell and turn to dust.

<The selection of a reward has been completed.>

<The arena will continue to collapse.>

<You will be forcefully taken out of the box of trial.>

At the same time, Muyoung's body started to fade.

When he opened his eyes again, he was outside of the box of trial.

He returned back to the place where he first entered.

However, there were things that definitely changed.

First, the cave collapsed. To be exact, there was a pile of rocks.

And the surrounding was filled with the presence of slaves.

A surprising number of two thousand slaves all stood there while they looked at Muyoung with an odd expression.

The Evil Spirit Predator, who was riding on the cerberus, looked at this scene with great interest.

He was also someone who was trying to become a king. It was obvious he was interested in Muyoung's actions as he wanted to be a sovereign in the current world and not the Asura Path where he ordered the specters.

'A star... a real star is in the sky.'

However, before handling them, he first looked at the sky.

There was a particularly red star among the numerous stars in the black night sky.

Muyoung instinctively knew that that was his star.

Muyoung had killed a few who had their own star but never did he ever earn a star for himself.

Emotions he couldn't explain overflowed.

Muyoung considered this feeling as 'being moved' or 'happiness'.

An emotion, that he never really felt and believed was already dead, was slowly surfacing.

He shook his head before he looked around again.

“Follow me. We will go to my territory.”

And slowly, he started to move.

There was no better place for all the different types of species to live in besides his own territory.

While he was vacant, his territory developed astoundingly.

20,000 dokkaebis were pioneering the territory and the humans were spreading seeds.

In the Underworld, most crops wouldn’t grow. However, in Muyoung’s territory, they would grow as long as they gave them a good amount of water.

Not too long after, a few messages appeared.

<Your territory has expanded.>

<More than 100 different species have joined.>

<You have gained 300 Lord points.>

<The rank of your our ‘Lord’ skill has increased. C -> B>

<You can designate a ‘Lord’s Castle’. An option of undemolishable will be added to the building designated as a castle. If your castle becomes captured, your qualifications as a lord will be lost.>

A higher rank and a castle.

It brought him to partake in his activities as a lord.

As Muyoung stepped into his territory, the first to greet him was Baltan and Seohan.

Both kneeled in front of him with determined eyes.

“Dear Oom! Please accept our fight.”

“Greetings, lord.”

However, the duaxini Seohan spoke in quite a worked up voice while Baltan spoke in quite a calm voice. From the beginning, since Baltan was an undead, his emotions were swayed.

However, he had determination.

It was a fight with the pride of humans and dokkaebis on the line. They were never going to be careless about it.

However, Muyoung shook his head.

“First, make space to receive them. The fight can start after.”

2,000 slaves stood behind Muyoung.

Elf, beast, dwarf, etc., over a 100 different species were gathered but their conditions didn’t seemed to be all that great.

They were suffering from malnutrition, all kinds of injuries, and filled with vague fear.

They needed a place to receive them.

“I will guide them. Follow me.”

Irene who lightly walked towards them stood in between Baltan and Seohan.

While Baltan and Seohan didn’t easily move as they were busy studying each other’s face, Irene who realized her exact role stepped up.

Unlike before, she smiled refreshingly and led the slaves.

And Kalmooh spoke as he saw numerous dokkaebis from afar.

“Is this my master’s land?”

“It is.”

“There should be many things I need to do.”

Kalmooh slightly smiled.

He probably said it after looking at the buildings.

There was enough work for the dwarves.

Muyoung nodded as he walked forward.

‘After organizing the territory, I will go find the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance.’

He needed to do the things in the proper order.

*

At the same time.

The leaders of large organizations looked up in the sky.

They focused on the particularly red star in the sky.

An appearance of a new star always made everyone nervous.

If they got it, the star would provide them with strength for them to leap up and if they didn't, it would be a huge hindrance that would make them ground their teeth. The leaders of the large organizations all got up at the same time.

"What is the name of that star?"

Among the recruiters, there were some that studied stars.

Large organizations would have at least one research lab, and they would study the existing stars to estimate the time the gates would open or when an unexpected situation would occur.

There were some research labs that read signs that something would happen in 10 years from now, but they were not certain what that was yet.

Anyhow, an appearance of a new star was also something they needed to study.

And the name of the star could be easily figured out.

“The Star of the Absolute… that’s what it’s called.”

“The Star of the Absolute?”

They could only knit their brows after hearing the title.

How could a name be so arrogant!

No one could discuss the absolute.

It was the same for those that were in the top 10 strongest human beings.

The title of Absolute had that much weight.

But, a star related to that title was up in the sky.

“Find it. Find who the owner of the star is! You must find it faster than anyone else.”

All the organizations, small or big, started to act.

Their goal was one thing.

To find the owner of the Star of the Absolute!

However, no one could produce any results.

It was an obvious thing.

The place they were in was humanity’s territory.

How could they find Muyoung, who was increasing his influence in the Demon God’s Territory?

Chapter 85: Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance (2)

It was impossible for different types of species to live harmoniously from the beginning. That was why it was necessary to divide areas and completely acknowledge each of their territories.

Fortunately, the one who placed great influence on the others was Kalmooh. He already knew different forms of buildings depending on the species and reconstructed them outstandingly.

It took around 2 months for the open land to develop into territory-like form.

It was truly a busy time where everyone had to rest in places with low walls.

A castle of Muyoung was also built rather well.

It was still incomparable to other castles in other large cities, but it was a place where the dwarf's skills were beautifully displayed. The structure of the castle and its magnificence were incomparable to any other.

'Lords are people who rule over others.'

Muyoung went up the top of the castle and looked down.

Lord.

Never in the world did he think that he would seriously ponder about this position.

Even in the beginning, didn't he think of it as a position that he would just pass by?

However, it was different now.

Presently, there was a reason for him to widen his territory and become a great lord.

'Demon God of Gremory... I need to prove myself of that position.'

To go to the next step, he needed to develop his territory above a duchy.

That meant, when his territory became so large that it would bother other demons with territories, a new problem would appear.

And besides the qualifications of a Demon King, Muyoung's doubts increased.

Demon God's ecology and what happened before the great calamity.

If he could just find out about them, he might be able to change the future.

“Dear Oon. I think you need to come out for a second.”

Just then, Seohan ran with cold sweat running down his back.

“What’s wrong?”

As Muyoung asked, Seohan kneeled before he replied.

“Fire tars came down.”

“Fire tars?”

“Yes, it seems like when we were expanding our territory, we slightly trespassed their territory. If we continued like this, it seemed like there was going to be an all-out war so…”

Fire tars were giants.

They were top ranked predators and were monsters that destroyed everything.

If they crossed the territory of the fire tars, who were the main culprit of ecological destruction, things would not end easily.

‘Fire tars are divided into tribes.’

Muyoung thought of Ogar.

He was successful in solving the problem about the Poom tree and winning his favor, but the tribe Ogar was the vice chieftain of was located quite far from this place.

That meant it was highly likely that another fire tar tribe was nearby.

Muyoung knitted his brows.

Normal dokkaebis were unable to win against the fire tars.

It was the same even if duaxinis were to face them. From the start, their chemistry was very bad.

The fire tars were able to handle fire and, naturally, fires were a type of fear to living things.

“I understand.”

Muyoung nodded his head and then turned his body.

To somewhat settle the dispute, it seemed like he needed to

move.

A few thousand dokkaebis felt their body trembling.

Though he had actively hunted monsters and increased his territory up until now, no matter how great his numbers are, in front of the fire tars, they were like mice in front of cats.

Only about 10 fire tars looked at the dokkaebis with a frown on their face.

There were already dead corpses of dokkaebi rolling around.

It seemed as if the fire tars had killed them to be set as examples of sinners.

Muyoung looked at the scene and inwardly clicked his tongue.

‘It doesn’t seem like their goal is to wipe everyone here.’

If that was their plan, they would have annihilated a few thousand dokkaebis without mercy.

Muyoung knew very well that fire tars were cruel massacres.

And as expected, they were fire tars he never saw.

They were completely different tribe than the Ogar he was familiar with.

“Are you the king of these dokkaebis?”

Thump!

Among the fire tars, the one that seemed to be the leader stood in front of Muyoung.

He tried to scare Muyoung with his threatening footsteps but Muyoung didn’t even budge.

‘One.’

He realistically calculated.

He came to a conclusion that he could take one as a result.

If a few thousand dokkaebis assembled with Muyoung and reinforcements arrived, there would be casualties, but it wasn’t impossible to catch 10 fire tars.

It meant he had nothing to lose.

If the fire tars had a brain, they wouldn’t try to have an all out war.

Most of all, since they killed dokkaebis just as examples, they probably wanted something else.

“That’s right.”

As Muyoung nodded, the fire tar spoke.

“Your dokkaebis trespassed our territory. Normally, it was our rule to kill them all but we didn’t. Do you know why?”

“Are you wanting a deal?”

“We seem to speak the same language. You’re right. We know that you have developed this land and made a castle. Likewise, I want you to build a castle for us, fire tars. Then, I will let go of what has happened.”

Muyoung inwardly snorted.

The reason why they didn’t invade and wanted another one built was because the walls and and structure was too small for the fire tars.

However, it was utter nonsense.

Even with tens of thousands of dokkaebis and everyone joined together, he didn’t know how long it would take to build a castle

the fire tars would be satisfied with.

For them to ask him to complete it was no different from asking them to become their slaves.

‘This is why dwarves hid underground.’

Dwarves were born to be experts in architecture.

However, since their fighting power were terrible, they were used by all kinds of monsters and then died off.

They could only live by hiding if they didn’t want to be used by others.

Likewise, it was like having flies come nearby wanting the castle Muyoung had made.

Fire tars liked to hunt but hated to build anything.

Swoosh!

Muyoung took out Anguish and his Wicked God’s Sword.

“I request for a duel. If you win, I will make you a castle but, if I win, get lost.”

It was the most reasonable and rational way.

The fire tars spoke noisily.

They had never thought that he wouldn't back down and fight back like this.

Since all dokkaebis would feel fear against the fire tars.

However, Muyoung was an exception.

"...Alright. Daring fellow, I will make you regret it."

One of the 10 fire tars, the one that seemed to be their leader, took out a huge spear from his back.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders and faced the fire tar.

'This is fine.'

He knew a problem like this would happen eventually.

It was impossible to ravage the Demon God's Territory with only 20,000 dokkaebis.

If it wasn't now, he would have faced a true predator in time.

It would be easier to think that it has been moved forward.

‘Although, it would have been impossible if it was the past.’

Muyoung calmed himself.

Compared to when he first arrived in the Demon God’s Territory, his current strength was incomparable.

Now, if he displayed his full strength, he could do something about one fire tar.

Blaaze!

The fire tar burned his flames more intensely.

Blaaaze!

Muyoung also activated his Cry of Fire as he grinned.

Flames were bigger than fire tar’s!

The fire tar’s expression was solid.

Muyoung showed them that they weren’t the only ones that

could handle fire and really got on their nerves.

On top of that...

'Territory proclamation.'

The sky became slightly darker and from a far, a red star started to shine.

There was no need differentiate between night and day.

Since the red star burned fiercely in the sky no matter if it was night or day.

"You use strange tricks. But, you still can't beat me!"

Clash!

The spear dug up the ground.

Muyoung started to move by riding the spear shaft.

It wasn't possible to win?

That wasn't something he hadn't heard before, but the ones that said those words had all died by Muyoung's hand.

Thump!

The fire tar's upper body fell to the floor.

The fight settled after about 30 minutes later.

Everyone's eyes widened.

Without a distinction between fire tars and dokkaebis.

There was no dokkaebi that could win against a fire tar, one on one. This was the same for duaxinis.

"Ahh, dear Oom!"

"Dear Oom!"

To the one that claimed the territory of the fire tars, the dokkaebis felt a surge, kneeled, and idolized him further.

Muyoung, who didn't care what they were doing, went up to the fire tar who fell to the floor and placed Anguish by his neck before he spoke carefreely.

"The win has been decided. If you are going to continue, I will slice your neck like this."

“Kill me! I can’t bare this humiliation…”

Puuck!

Slash!

There was no mercy.

Muyoung coldly stabbed the fire tar’s neck and twisted it.

He completely detached his head and then looked at the rest of the nine fire tars.

“What are you going to do now? Are you going to take back on your promise?”

The fire tars looked at each other and discussed.

In time, one of them nodded his head and took the head and the body of the dead fire tar.

“Like we promised, we will let you pass for today.”

“Like you promised? I specifically told you to get lost.”

The fire tars didn’t reply.

Instead, they slowly backed away and made distance with Muyoung.

Then, Seohan approached.

“Now, all the dokkaebis saw that fire tars are no longer an opponent to be feared upon. Please, allow me to track them down.”

“Leave them.”

However, Muyoung shook his head.

Even if there were only nine, they were still equal to thousands of dokkaebis.

<The Hellhorse is offering to hunt down the nine fire tars.>

<Are you willing to accept?>

Neiggghh-!

From afar, he heard a horse cry.

It was the Hellhorse.

If it was the Hellhorse, it could easily cook up nine fire tars.

However, he only had 2 chances left.

He needed to use them more carefully, and even if he killed those nine fire tars, it would not end there.

Instead, it was best to prepare with the time on hand.

‘They will invade some time later on.’

The fire tars showed no signs that they were just going to back off.

It was a big mistake to think of them as Ogar in the past.

It was a mistake to think of them as warriors that knew of their honor.

Only Ogar and his tribe were friendly.

Of course, he wasn’t planning to back away like this.

Muyoung’s eyes sunk deeply.

It was as expected.

Exactly 4 days later, the fire tars invaded their territory and entered.

Their numbers were exactly 50.

“Dokkaebis! I will give you one last chance. If you want to live, hand over your king!”

All 50 fire tars were holding a weapon.

They had the strength to raze the territory.

“Narrow-minded bastards…”

“Without a change in your facial color, you calmly speak a lie, huh?”

The dokkaebis who faced them started to mumble with each other.

Oom was a dokkaebi of prophecy.

Even if they were to be annihilated, there was no way they would pass over Muyoung to the fire tars.

However, it was also true that the results were clear.

Even if 20,000 dokkaebis gathered, they couldn't win against 50 fire tars.

The fire tars were that much of a top predator.

Muyoung took out Anguish and Wicked God's Sword and passed by these dokkaebis.

"Dear Oom. You don't have to come forward."

"He is right. Leave this place to us..."

Muyoung coldly spoke.

"Move."

All the dokkaebis closed their mouth after Muyoung's word.

However, it was necessary. Muyoung could only stand up in this current situation.

"You voluntarily showed up. Do you change your mind now?"

It was probably the chieftain.

A fire tar larger than other fire tars spoke to Muyoung.

“I will give you one last chance. Get lost.”

Muyoung replied calmly.

The fire tar chieftain became furious.

“There is no victory for you guys. If you continue, you would only be massacred indiscriminately. I only let you guys live because I looked highly at your hand craftship.”

“There is no victory? That’s what I have to say.”

Muyoung’s expression didn’t change.

Afterwards, Muyoung looked at a far and lifted up a side of his lips.

“You guys are greatly mistaken us. Do you think we just made up of dokkaebis?”

“What are you talking about?”

The chieftain was doubtful and spoke, but Muyoung didn’t reply.

However, his gaze was still looking at a far.

He could sense a trace of undead Baltan not too far from this place.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Soon, chieftain could understand the meaning behind Muyoung's word.

From a far, Baltan, Seohan, and a huge fire tar was running towards them.

Muyoung knew very well of the fire tar who was approaching them.

Ogar!

Perhaps the only great warrior who knows of Muyoung's true identity had appeared.

Chapter 86: Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance (3)

Muyoung laughed quietly.

He made Baltan and Seohan go to Ogar and ask for his help but there was honestly only a fifty-fifty chance.

Compared to other fire tars, he was definitely someone who knew honor and friendship. However, since Ogar had already helped him once, Muyoung wasn't sure if he would help him a second time.

However, Ogar dropped whatever he was doing and ran to help Muyoung.

It seemed the help Muyoung gave in solving the problem with the Poom Tree was still effective.

Due to Ogar who suddenly appeared, the expression of the fire tar chieftain could only harden.

"Stop the fight, Gram."

After arriving at the battlefield, Ogar took out his spear and spoke.

Then, the fire tar chieftain called Gram looked at Ogar and shook his head.

“Isn’t it Ogar, the vice chieftain of the Thornbush tribe. But, for what reason are you here? Your tribe has already moved from here quite a while ago.”

Gram squinted.

As if he couldn’t understand why on earth Ogar would show up.

However, it couldn’t be helped.

It wouldn’t be easy to think that a fire tar, known to be a fire warrior, would come all the way here to help a mere dokkaebi.

Even more, Ogar was the vice chieftain of a tribe.

And he was the vice chieftain of the strongest tribe near this area.

Ogar spoke briskly.

“The small dokkaebi in front of you is our savior.”

“Our savior?”

Gram’s expression hardened even further.

He said ‘our’ not ‘my’.

It meant that the entire Thornbush tribe regarded the one dokkaebi as their savior.

This was much harder for Gram to understand.

Gram didn’t know that Muyoung solved the chronic problem regarding the Poom Tree.

However, Ogar wasn’t planning on explaining step-by-step to help him understand.

“If you decide to persecute our savior, I will face you with my spear.”

Ogar twirled his huge spear. The fire on his body moved to the spear and showed his gallant spirit to those all around him.

It was much stronger than the flames of any other fire tars currently here.

Still, he couldn’t hastily move first.

The Thornbush tribe was a huge group that monopolized the Poom Tree. From the fire tar groups nearby, it could only be one that stood out the most.

And among them, the vice chieftain and the chieftain could easily fight against a top ranked monster.

The fire tars who surpassed the limits of fire tars.

The high rank's and the top rank's difference was substantial.

And even among the top rank, their difference was even greater.

The top ranked species were greatly divided into 5 stages and Ogar was definitely strong to be able to be in the 2nd stage.

'It's the reason why others didn't trespass fire tar's territory.'

Fire tars were overall considered as 'high rank monsters', but strong, top ranked fire tars appeared from time-to-time that others didn't disturb them.

Also, among the top class, if they surpass the 5th stage, they were called the 'transcendental beings' but it was rare for a normal monster that wasn't a Demon King or a Demon God to be part of that group.

Magical dragons with a name or legendary monsters might be part of the transcendental beings.

It would be the same if they were to consider humans.

Normally, they said top 10 humans were transcendental beings but strictly saying, they were in the middle of transcendental beings and the 5th stage of the top rank.

This was just a ranking system which humans made and for this reason, it was understandable that they treated humans to be a higher rank than monsters.

Either way, Ogar was a strong individual included in the top rank and if anyone was to fight with him, they would be harmed considerably.

“Ogar, even though you are strong, do you think you could deal with all of us?”

However, Gram didn’t fall back.

It was also impossible for Ogar to handle all 50 fire tars alone.

It would be the same if he was to combine strength with dokkaebis.

On the contrary, he was about to explode.

The veins in Gram’s forehead and neck bulged.

How much did they disregard him to send just Ogar!?

It was at that moment.

Muyoung coldly spoke as he smiled coldly.

“How long are you going to just watch?”

“…The situation is getting interesting.”

Thump!

The Evil Spirit Predator showed up riding the cerberus up above the sky.

Originally, the cerberus didn’t have the ability to fly but after the Evil Spirit Predator added his authority to his ride, an ability it didn’t have has been added.

On both sides of cerberus, the wings made out of evil spirit soared out.

The dokkaebis started to become noisy.

“That, that is, cerberus?”

“Why would that kind of monster, show up all of a sudden? Why?”

The situation occurred as no dokkaebi beside the slaves from the arena saw the Evil Spirit Predator.

As cerberus approached, the sounds of murmur increased.

However, the cerberus didn't pose any action besides standing right beside Muyoung.

Instead, the Evil Spirit Predator who rode on top spoke.

"Muyoung, it is now okay to show my appearance, right?"

"I called you because it was okay, you stupid."

"Shut up before I knit your lips, fairy."

"Gosh! Husband, did you hear him? This skeleton said he is going to knit Woohee's lips. Oh, my! How scary~"

Woohee who was quarreling with the Evil Spirit Predator quickly went up to Muyoung and flew around him.

Afterwards, she hid behind Muyoung and stuck her tongue out to provoke the Evil Spirit Predator.

The Evil Spirit Predator clicked his tongue and turned his head away.

“Fairy?”

“The cerberus and the fairy follows our Oom!”

“Dear Oom!”

During the time, the noise became greater and their spirit instantly rose.

The fairy was known to only follow heroes.

Even more, since another top ranked monster was also with Muyoung, they couldn’t be more reassured.

‘For the slaves to adjust, I needed to hide the Evil Spirit Predator.’

There was a simply reason why he hid cerberus and the Evil Spirit Predator.

It was to make over 2,000 slaves adapt to the territory.

It would take time for them to accept the dokkaebis and the humans but to add on top a monster like this, their confusion would only accelerate.

That was why an appropriate amount of time was needed for them to naturally accept what was going on but due to the fire tars' invasion, that period of time had been moved up.

However, it wasn't bad.

Muyoung spoke towards Gram.

"I wonder if you are assured of your victory even now."

"..."

Gram who was lost in words moved his eyes and looked at the Evil Spirit Predator.

He knew right away that the Evil Spirit Predator was a bigger problem than the cerberus.

The Evil Spirit Predator was a strong enough to face Ogar.

Gram's rate of victory of an all-out war dropped below half.

Muyoung also knew well of this.

"You... kicked a warrior from our tribe."

Gram spoke with difficulty.

Then, Muyoung scoffed at him.

“He and I had a proper duel. However, you guys didn’t fulfill your promise. I definitely told you guys to get lost and leave my territory. Gram, what you did was no more and no less than an invasion.”

They didn’t even have a cause.

He was just being obstinate.

But, Gram continued to play innocent.

“It is different from the story I heard. Didn’t you first attack our warriors?”

At the same time, the dokkaebis all backlashed.

“You, who is lost to all sense of shame!”

“What nonsense are you speaking?! Don’t insult our Oom!”

“A few thousand dokkaebis saw it, as well as the heavens!”

He spoke a lie without even changing his expression.

Gram spoke more calmly.

“Ruler of dokkaebis. When there is no way to reduce the gaps of their difference of opinions, there is a very easy way to solve it. Would you listen to my suggestion?”

“Are you talking about 1 vs. 1 fight?”

“You’re correct. As we are both in the position of a ruler, we each place our worth equally and fight. There is no easier way than this.”

Scoff!

“Why must I do this?”

Muyoung instantly replied.

It seemed like Gram thought Muyoung would accept the duel he suggested.

However, Muyoung seemed elated.

Why would he go around when there was a clear way?

Swoosh!

Anguish and Wicked God’s Sword started to ring violently.

Specters came out and a strange cry was created.

“This is my land. The way we fight is decided upon me.”

Muyoung was firm on his will.

And right now, when Ogar was willing to help, this was his golden opportunity.

A chance to wipe out the fire tars who dominated the surrounding territory and to take control of it!

There is going to be a loss, but he couldn’t just let go of this chance.

As Gram seemed urgent in his expression, Muyoung raised his sword and quietly spoke.

“Wipe out all intruders who entered without my permission.”

*

The words of an intruder who had no cause were obvious.

At least for this fight, Muyoung had a cause.

Since it was a king's duty to fight intruders and protect the land.

After the appearance of Ogar, the victory was already swaying towards Muyoung.

Including Gram, the 50 fire tars were all annihilated and Muyoung devised a way to use these corpses.

Of course, it should be refrained from the place Ogar was at.

However, Muyoung had full authority over these corpses.

After moving the corpses to a different place, he used the Art of Death skill.

<50 fire tars have transformed into an undead!>

<The calculated skill rank is 'B'. When making an undead out of species over a high rank, you are able to see a 75% efficiency.>

<They are not in a good condition. However, the dormant magical power of fire is substantial.>

<Art Score of 78!>

<‘Fire Ghoul’ is created!>

<The ‘Art of Death’ skill has reached B rank and ‘Recombination of Death’ ability has been activated. It is now possible to combine undead.>

A combination of undead?

Muyoung recollected the dream he had about the Death Lord.

At that time, the Death Lord mixed different corpses to produce an undead of a strange appearance.

A different skill wasn’t added but seemed like a subordinate Art of Death skill came up.

‘I must combine it with the Prince and the Avengers.’

Muyoung instantly remembered the other ghouls.

If it was possible to strengthen it, he needed to take care of the Avengers first.

They were all his comrades from the Forest of Death but it was true that they were the ones that fell behind the most among the undead Muyoung created.

‘Reconstruction of Death.’

It was Muyoung’s biggest strength to not hesitate.

He instantly acted on what was on his mind.

Soon, the soul floated above the Avenger’s and the Fire Ghoul’s head.

<The ‘Shadow Ghoul’ and the ‘Fire Ghoul’ are being combined.>

<Choose the one that will be the main.>

By the look of it, it seemed like it would be combined with a focus on the ‘main’ undead.

Without hesitation, Muyoung chose the Avenger.

This was because by simply looking at the fighting power, the fire ghoul’s was higher but when thinking of its usefulness, the Avenger was the best.

Crash!

Afterwards, the Avenger's and the Fire Ghoul's body were combined into one.

Bones and skins were all starting to be recreated.

And Muyoung was amazed by its final form.

<The compatibility of the 'Shadow Ghoul' and the 'Fire Ghoul' is quite good.>

<Art score has risen to 83.>

<'Blazing Avenger' is created.>

<Name: Blazing Avenger

Level: 131

Type: Flame Mutant

Strength 145

Agility 137

Stamina 95

Intelligence 79

Wisdom 80

Dark Air Current 148

Fire Power 150

Magic Resistance 130

Infection ability 90>

+Really high Dark Resistance

+Can move quickly in darkness

+Dark Binding, Shadow Hide, Critical Damage, Flood of Fire, and Mountain of Fire skills are usable

+As the Dark Air Current gets higher, it gets closer to ‘Darkness’

+High resistance to fire

+It can get stronger by absorbing darkness and fire

+If something is killed by the mutant, depending on the infection ability, it can resurrect into a ‘shadow’ (duration of 3 days)

Blazing Avenger!

A doll that was completely black like shadows with soft flames above its head.

The size was reduced but when thinking of its usefulness this was much better.

From the start, it was made into an undead out of a high rank species, and since it wasn’t in a good condition, this was the limit but it wasn’t bad at all.

It gained the potential to develop and had both opposing aspects of darkness and fire.

‘Decent.’

Muyoung nodded his head.

He could say that he earned an undead that was greater than his expectations.

The undead's overall fighting power has increased about 30%.

Muyoung instantly made the undead into a talisman.

Fortunately, since mutants were developing types of zombies, it was still able to get the effect of the Prince and the Avengers.

On top, even if their appearance has changed, it wasn't good for it to be seen by Ogar.

'After managing the territory, I will go search for the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance.'

Muyoung squeezed his fist tightly.

He planned to move after recovering from the aftermath of the battle.

He couldn't just continue to leave the materials to rust.

The Heart of the Phoenix, dragon bones, Piece of the Earth Dragon's Skin, Fairy's Wing Powder, and even the Night Crystal!

He couldn't wait to use these materials to make equipment.

Chapter 87: Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance (End)

It was a great battle they fought after creating the territory.

It would be a lie if they said there was no damage.

About 4,000 dokkaebis died and about double the number suffered critical wounds.

They acquired larger land but they didn't have enough numbers to occupy the space.

They couldn't be sure that a situation like this wouldn't happen again.

He needed to make sure that defending troops were always on call.

Even if they were to block trespassers as efficiently as they could, there was a limit with their current number.

When Muyoung was planning to continue his thoughts, Ogar came to him.

"Haha! Were you well until now?"

“Thank you for helping.”

“This is nothing. Since you are truly our savior. By the way…”

With half-closed eyes, he studied Muyoung and then tilted his head.

“As if you have decided, but haven’t, it’s uncertain.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Your true appearance.”

Ahh.

Muyoung nodded his head.

When he last parted with Ogar, Ogar said, “if we ever do meet again, that time make sure you know what you are”.

It was probably because he knew that Muyoung was a human.

He was probably questioned since Muyoung had the appearance of a dokkaebi.

He meant for Muyoung to choose between a human or a dokkaebi but Muyoung didn’t care.

The Star of Absolute that floats in the sky is where Muyoung's purity lied.

"Is my appearance important?"

Muyoung firmly spoke.

By looking at Muyoung's entrenched attitude, Ogar's eyes shined.

Ogar thought that Muyoung would choose one or the other but Muyoung gave an alternate answer.

It was something even Ogar didn't expect.

"You're right, appearance isn't important. Haha! Are you already enlightened to that point? It's truly a scary speed of development."

Ogar laughed outright.

He was already treating Muyoung as his 'close friend'.

Besides thinking of him as his savior, he felt a sense of closeness to Muyoung who was walking a lonely path of a warrior.

Although it has only been a few months, Muyoung pioneered his own path.

Although Ogar, himself, had induced his awakening but that just slightly opened up his possibilities.

‘It was a good thing that I finished the work quietly.’

Muyoung secretly bagged the corpses of fire tars and made them into undead.

Afterwards, he quickly made them into a talisman to hide their appearance.

If Ogar saw this, it would be hard to expect his current friendly attitude.

“Ogar, could you protect my territory?”

What’s more, Muyoung added another favor.

The current situation of his territory was at its worst.

Half of the dokkaebis who were supposed to be working hard were unable to move due to this battle so the gap was clearly visible.

The territory just began to build structure and was still at the early stages.

However, Muyoung couldn't continue to be tied up at the territory.

He needed to at least make defenses before he left but with just Baltan and a few undead, he was lacking.

So, he concluded that he needed Ogar's help.

"The territory? Where are you planning to go?"

"That's right. However, the period of absence won't be long."

This was no more than a measure of insurance just in case.

However, since the fire tars disappeared, numerous monsters might come after and attack this place.

Ogar brushed his chin while he spoke.

"This is quite an interesting place. Although it is only a start, I have never seen different types of species living together in one place."

"Ogar, if it wasn't for you, I would have denied all of this."

Muyoung was certain.

Since, the majority were negative about that many species being associated with each other.

At least to Muyoung who doesn't have a prejudice against them, something like this was possible.

It would have also been impossible if they didn't join up under Muyoung's name.

Grin!

Ogar showed his teeth.

"Muyoung, I like the way you do things. Although it is a way I have never seen until now and never thought of, but you have done it. I'm interested in what you will do and what you will achieve."

Even when Muyoung thought of Ogar once more, he really seemed like a strange fire tar.

A species which no other monster could easily approach. Weren't fire tars the species that chose safety more than any other for that reason?

However, Ogar's mind was completely occupied by exploring new things.

And Muyoung was chosen as the subject.

Thump!

Ogar nailed his spear to the group and continued to talk.

“So I will protect his place until the 180th night. However, I cannot assure anything afterwards. I must return to my tribe when the ‘Devil’s Long Night’ starts.”

Devil’s Long Night.

It meant a period of time where devils were active in the Demon God’s Territory.

For a few months, endless nights continued and devils freely roamed.

Normally they were weak devils that couldn’t resist their instincts but for the ones living in the Demon God’s Territory, it was troublesome and to prepare for the upcoming nights, it meant that Ogar needed to return to his tribe.

Muyoung nodded his head.

“That is enough.”

If anything, it was more than he expected.

Since he was going to protect the territory during this risky period.

It was obvious he needed to return during that time and he also needed to find a way to strengthen his territory.

‘The Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance will be my answer.’

He felt it was possible as long as he had someone who was originally part of the dwarves.

Everyone acknowledged a dwarf’s technical skills.

Even more, the dwarf alliance, the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance, was in the top ranks.

The lord at that place, ‘Bartas the God’s Hammer’, was a dwarf who had the insight and the philosopher’s knowledge.

If Muyoung could earn his help, it was like earning the safety of his territory.

“Muyoung, but it doesn’t seem like there is a house for me to stay in. Haha!”

Ogar, who was blazing with flames and had the trunk of the Poom's Tree tied to his waist, tapped his waist as he joked.

Well, it was certain there wasn't a house for his size.

"I will try to have your house built first."

As Muyoung spoke with a serious look, Ogar cleared his throat.

"Ahem, it was a joke. Don't take it so seriously. I can just sleep using the sky as my blanket."

Joke he says.

A tip of Muyoung's lips curled up.

Ogar considered Muyoung to be close enough that he could even toss a joke.

Muyoung also felt this but to be honest, it didn't really appeal to him.

A close friend.

It was because his concept of a friend was quite faint.

For 40 years, Muyoung didn't have a friend.

All the people who approached him had died. Were killed.

Although he did take care of Kim Taehwan and Bae Suzy momentarily, when he met them at the Blue Temple, it wasn't enough to say they were close friends.

However, Ogar was the only one who he could look at as a 'friend'.

"Please, protect it well."

Just as Muyoung spoke, Ogar frowned.

"I like everything about you but you are more boring than other fire tars."

*

Since Muyouing was able to get Ogar's promise, he was more free in his movements.

He geared up right away.

He was tight on time.

“Kalmooh, do you know the location of the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance?”

Just to be sure and to double check, he asked Kalmooh.

The old dwarf, Kalmooh looked sad as he shook his head.

“Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance always changes their location to avoid the eyes of dragons.”

Dwarves were good at finding and making treasures.

It was obvious that they could only be the target of dragons that liked glittering things.

No matter the type, ‘dragons’ were the super powerful monsters that were at least on the second level of the top rank.

And besides the Demon Kings and the Demon Gods, the one with the most numbers in the transcendent species were dragons.

In the Underworld, there weren’t many fearless people who mingled with dragons and if they did show interest in dragons, it was normally for an unpleasant reason.

Also, for the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance’s survival, they needed to routinely change their base.

“There must be big and small bases they continuously use.”

As Muyoung was certain, Kalmooh drooled.

“There are five, but that was a long time ago. I cannot be certain that my memory is correct.”

“It doesn’t matter. Where is the closest location from here?”

Kalmooh was locked up in the underground arena for a long time.

It wouldn’t be weird if they changed those locations or increased them during that time.

However, they would have habitually left a mark at those places.

So that only particular people could recognize and understand the location where they moved.

And Muyoung also had the skills to read those signs. It was also the basic knowledge of an assassin.

“It’s a cliff called the ‘Annan’s Brain’.”

Muyoung lightly clicked his tongue.

It was a place he never heard of before.

However, he didn't have any time to waste.

To find the location, he needed to move even a second faster.

It was, however, fortunate for the existence of the cerberus.

Since flight was possible, he could move at a much faster speed.

"Do, do I need to also ride it?"

Kalmooh gulped his saliva as he became nervous.

It was because getting on cerberus's back was as fearful as getting inside a dragon's mouth.

"Let's get going."

However, Muyoung was cold towards him.

If you don't get on, you will be left behind. After realizing his meaning, Kalmooh hurriedly yelled.

"Wai, wait for me!"

In an awkward position, he grabbed hold if it’s hair and got on the cerberus’s back.

Tap.

After checking the last rider, the Evil Spirit Predator slapped the sides of cerberus with his legs.

Then, wings made of evil spirits appeared on both sides of the cerberus and it began to soar.

Annan’s Brain.

Although Kalmooh said it was a cliff, there were no cliffs to be found.

Everything was horribly destroyed and only its remains were rolling around.

An empty hole was pierced into a mountain.

As if something with enormous strength pierced through.

There were no signs of lodgment.

“It, it seems like it was an act of a dragon.”

“It seems like that even to me.”

Muyoung motionlessly looked at the mountain that lost half its figure while he had his arms crossed.

The traces left after a dragon swept a place was a tragic disaster like this.

“Did it sweep the place since it couldn’t find the location of the dwarves?”

“Probably. Bartas knew how to make walls that dragons couldn’t easily detect. Since it couldn’t locate the place, it probably just blew up the entire place.”

“However, it seems like it hasn’t been long since it happened.”

Muyoung could only feel a bit strange by that part.

By looking at the surrounding plants, it didn’t seem long since the mountain was destroyed.

At most, a month ago.

‘Did they run away after being discovered or was the mountain destroyed to vent its anger…’

It seemed like he needed to look around a bit more.

“Quiet.”

It was at that moment.

The Evil Spirit Predator spoke in a low voice.

Kwaaahahahahang!

At the same time, a huge cry violently shook the entire mountain range.

Kalmooh shivered his body.

Muyoung also knitted his brows.

A cry that instinctively stimulated people’s fear.

It was a dragon’s cry.

Soon, a huge existence appeared beyond the skies.

A completely black figure with wings bigger than anyone else.

Dark dragon!

It was a bit different than a magic dragon.

Although the dark dragon was similar to a magic dragon, it was a dragon particularly known for its lack of patience.

If you were caught, every bone in your body would be broken.

It would be the same if he had Cerberus and the Evil Spirit Predator with him.

The further up you got in the top ranks, the difference became noticeably greater.

For now, there was no way for Muyoung to win against a dark dragon.

Luckily, the dark dragon didn't stop and continued to roam above the sky. It was hurriedly headed towards some place.

"...Pant! Pant!"

After it completely disappeared from their sight, Kalmooh let out his breath.

And he hurriedly spoke towards Muyoung.

“Ah, it’s the Dark Dragon Barca! Oh, no!”

“Dark Dragon Barca?”

“The fiercest dragon that’s after Bartas. Why is it in a place like this…”

Kalmooh clenched his teeth.

The Dark Dragon Barca that’s after the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance.

It seemed like it was the culprit that destroyed the mountain.

It seemed like it was certain that this mountain was one of the places they resided but for some reason it left this place.

Dragons were known to have strong obsessions.

And the dark dragons were more famous for not losing a prey they targeted.

If Barca stayed for more than a month and decided to leave, the reason was obvious.

“I need to hurry.”

It located the next location the alliance might be at.

God Hand Bartas Arc

Chapter 88: God Hand Bartas (1)

Muyoung wrinkled his forehead and confirmed the direction Barca flew towards.

‘There was a time when the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance had been greatly reduced in the past.’

‘God Hand Bartas’, the lord of that place, was a dwarf who played an active role even 5 years from now.

When the Sun guild, Alexandro Quintart’s guild, was roaming around the Demon God’s Territory, they would find traces of him.

Afterwards, many eye-widening equipment were released and the existence of ‘Bartas’ came to light.

However, even the Sun guild and Alexandro were unable to keep Bartas in their grasp.

‘They said there was a dragon attack. It was clearly the dark dragon.”

They were able to figure out Bartas’s identity, but they were attacked by an unknown dragon.

In the end, Bartas left them and the Sun guild could only hastily fall back.

It seemed like that dragon was Barca.

Either way, Bartas had momentarily been under the Sun guild's command and there were a few stories Muyoung had heard back then.

Amongst them, was a story about the size of the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance.

It was a complaint about how they wouldn't have had to run away like now if they hadn't been so prideful and defended properly before the dragon seriously started to attack.

And this story took place 5 years ago.

And during that time Bartas overlooked the blacksmiths in the Sun guild for a bit, but their skills rapidly rose during the short amount of time he stayed.

There was a dominate review that if Bartas continued to stay with the Sun guild, he would have been a game changer.

After five years, when the influence and power changed as they started to pioneer in the Demon God's Territory, all the organization indiscriminately started to keep each other in check even once the great calamity occurred.

In the turmoil where they could not see what was waiting for them, the equipment which God Hand Bartas left behind glistened more than others. Even the blacksmiths who had been under the tutelage of Bartas for a short period of time shined brightly.

If now, was a time before they were attacked by the dragon, so a time when the size wasn't reduced...

'There is an opportunity for me to interfere.'

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

He knew that the Dark Dragon Barca would continue to obsess over Bartas even 5 years later.

If he could resolve this problem, he could easily earn the help of Bartas.

However, it was impossible to face the Dark Dragon Barca in an all-out war.

It would be the same even if the cerberus, Evil Spirit Predator, and the Hellhorse joined.

However, if Bartas decided to help him, the results could change.

'Bartas is being too prideful. I need to break that pride and at the same time stop Barca.'

Bartas lived up to his name as God Hand and was very prideful.

That was why he lost and had received an unrecoverable loss.

Muyoung stood still as he pondered before turning his head.

“Kalmooh, do you know anything about Bartas?”

“You mean God Hand Bartas? Well, if you’re a dwarf, everyone knows him”

With a puzzled look, Kalmooh nodded.

“Tell me everything you know.”

Although they were in hurry, simply moving wasn’t everything.

Since he had a rough understanding of the current situation, he needed to devise a plan.

Why there is a saying, ‘more haste, less speed’.

Muyoung was careful.

If he just interfered without much thought, he could lose

everything.

The opponent was the Dark Dragon Barca.

Since Barca was an existence Muyoung couldn't make rash movements about!

Not too long after Barca left, Muyoung was able to find a sign.

It was something that looked similar to a compass and when he shook it a bit, it reacted.

'It seems like it was made to react to a dragon's magical powers.'

Muyoung held the compass with his hand.

It seemed like it didn't work since there were no dragons nearby.

By looking at how it fiercely reacted when Barca was nearby.

'It is shaking at regular intervals.'

The compass was pointing towards the east.

However, he couldn't just move by looking at that sign.

This movement was a type of code.

Muyoung tried to interpret this slight shaking movement in different ways.

He twisted his body after realizing that the signal changed as he changed the bearing.

And he climbed up the cerberus and told the direction.

“We will go north.”

“What? But Barca is heading east…”

“It’s a trap. The alliance is north.”

Muyoung was more than half certain.

That there were more of those compasses than just one.

It was a type of trap in order to lure Barca. The shaking was pointing towards the north.

Since it didn’t react to the dragon’s magical powers, it seemed like Barca moved by just looking at the arrows.

‘He’s completely arrogant.’

After solving the code to the compass, Muyoung chuckled.

Kalmooh said that Bartas was his own lord throughout heaven and earth and it was exactly as he stated.

He didn’t fear the dragon but rather enjoyed toying with it.

If the dragon noticed that the magical powers of the compass were reacting strangely, it would be able to find the location of the alliance without a doubt.

“Look carefully if there are a group of monsters on our way there.”

The dark dragon Barca barked up the wrong tree.

That meant he saved that much time.

He still needed to hurry but that didn’t mean he could move without caution.

Since he had figured out the location of the alliance, he now needed to lay out his bait.

In order to make Bartas seek his dear help, it seemed like a little hardship was needed.

The north side was a land full of snow.

It was a place where the wind fiercely blew and the snowstorm raged.

Of course, it was only natural that a lot of the monsters that were located here could only specialize in cold.

Muyoung got off at the center of icy roads and looked around for traces.

‘It’s the territory of ice trolls and the abominable snowman.’

The remaining footprints and the teeth marks on the corpses allowed Muyoung to instantly find out what types of species lived in the surrounding area.

On top, he was able to understand that the two were hostile towards each other.

‘Food is scarce here. Especially the fish they get from this place is their main source of food.’

Piercing a hole through the ice and catching fish were both of their methods in getting their food.

However, the lake wasn’t that wide. Of course, they could only

run into each other.

“Kalmooh, I need you to become my bait.”

“Bait?”

Kalmooh tilted his head to the side after hearing Muyoung’s nonsense.

As if Muyoung expected it, he slowly explained it to him.

“I need your help in order to lure the ice troll and the abominable snowman.”

“You’re saying, my help?”

“Yes.”

Just to be sure, Kalmooh wanted to reconfirm with Muyoung but his will seemed firm.

Kalmooh closed his eyes and rubbed his beard.

“If you need my help, I would, of course, be of your assistance but may I ask the reason?”

After finishing his son’s revenge, Kalmooh decided to be

Muyoung's slave himself.

He even had the intentions to die if Muyoung asked him to.

However, he couldn't do anything about his curiosity.

If the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance were somewhere around here, why didn't he try to find them right away but want him to be the bait for other monsters?

Muyoung quietly turned his gaze and looked past the north side.

"I will attack Bartas."

"Did I hear something wrong?"

Kalmooh's eyes greatly widened.

To attack God Hand Bartas!

Didn't Muyoung want to ask the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance for their help?

There was no greater contradiction than this.

However, Muyoung's expression didn't even change for the slightest bit.

“Bartas is completely wrapped up in his dignity. He ignores the dragons and toys with them. If the Dark Dragon Barca finds the alliance it would be too late. Before then, we need to awaken his sense of alertness.”

It was true.

Alertness!

God Hand Bartas needed to be aware himself that he isn’t perfect.

Only then would he need Muyoung’s help.

If Muyoung approached him now, he wouldn’t be able to earn everything he wanted.

Since he had freed Kalmooh, he might gain a favorable impression from Bartas.

At most, Bartas would make an equipment with just the materials he brought.

However, with just those, it wouldn’t be enough.

Muyoung desperately needed Bartas’s help in order to prepare for the ‘Devil’s Long Night’.

For that, it was best to be in a position where he could help him first.

However, from Kalmooh's expression, it seemed like he still didn't understand.

"Can't we just approach Bartas and tell him the truth?"

"There is only one chance. If he refuses, that would be the end. We need to make a situation where he can't refuse."

"Ahh..."

Kalmooh then understood.

Kalmooh was also already aware of God Hand Bartas's arrogance.

He was famous for not changing his mind once he made his decision.

Even if Muyoung told his story, what would he believe in and follow?

Since Kalmooh also spent a long time as a slave, he also didn't have right to speak.

If anything, it would be fortunate if Bartas didn't think suspiciously of him.

"I understand. I will readily become bait. However, we probably need to find their location first."

"I have a place in mind."

"A, already?"

"If you read Bartas's personality, it isn't difficult."

Muyoung calmly spoke.

But, Kalmooh's eyes were still with questions.

'He is quite the mysterious figure.'

He was like an onion.

No matter how many times he was peeled, a new part appeared.

Even so, Muyoung never failed when he acted with certainty.

There was a reason to his every movement.

Of course, there were times when his ways were to the extreme but he always produced a result beyond expected.

Who in the world would think to attack when they are going to ask for help?

Kalmooh inwardly shook his head before starting to speak.

“Then, we just need to decide how I’m going to be bait?”

“I already have something in mind.”

“…Of course, you do. I will just follow.”

He most likely had not thought of a plan beforehand and instead, would have thought of it just now, however, Kalmooh didn’t have doubt him in the slightest and simply nodded his head.

He was just a slave and followed him.

And Muyoung was a wise owner.

*

God Hand Bartas.

The lord of the three alliance and the ruler that ruled over 30,000

dwarves.

Every dwarf trusted and followed him.

Since that was the only way they could ensure their safety.

The castle Bartas made had never allowed an invasion.

Even if it was discovered, it would only quietly disappear.

Bartas had the knack of knowing when the dragon would approach him and avoided it ahead of time.

Although Bartas had the bearing of a tyrant, the reason why no one could show their discontent was the same as above.

If they brought it up, they would be chased out of the castle.

The dwarves who were chased out of the castle were quickly exposed to danger and died.

So, they could only follow Bartas.

However, that strength could only be expressed when ‘the castle Bartas made had never allowed an invasion’.

“Someone has touched the magic barrier of the castle walls.”

“The wall has been exposed! Our base has been discovered!”

“...2,000 ice trolls and abominable snowman are attacking the gate.”

The dwarves who went out to scout made a fuss as they approached Bartas.

Bartas was sitting on a rocking chair inside his castle.

A thick crown placed on his head and all sorts of accessories hung from his body.

However, he couldn’t get up after hearing the news.

“What? The wall has been exposed? Impossible!”

A high-level invisible spell was cast onto the wall.

The wall was never exposed until now since it was a spell which Bartas has invented and placed by using the ‘weak points’ of every living creature.

That was why the dragons couldn’t even find their specific location and destroyed the surroundings.

“It is true. Come, come out and check.”

Bartas lifted his short legs and went out of the castle.

And after seeing that the invisibility on the huge castle walls was lifted, he became dumbstruck.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Even more, since numerous monsters were knocking the castle wall the confusion could only double.

“Who the hell…?”

Chapter 89: God Hand Bartas (2)

When someone hid and there were no ways to immediately chase them down, it was the basics of tracking to analyze the person's usual behavior and personality.

And Muyoung knew of God Hand Bartas's arrogance.

There was a high chance that he didn't hide deep underground but in an unlikely place where it was in plain sight.

After investigating a few suspicious places, there was an awkward location but nothing was visible.

The snow reached high and vine-like plants were surrounding the place.

If it wasn't for Muyoung who was used to all the hidden traps, it wouldn't have been noticeable, but Muyoung was certain.

'There are perception distorting magic and invisibility magic casted.'

Even if they entered the vines, they would still get lost.

By just realizing this truth, Muyoung could go in the right direction.

Muyoung had the directional awareness to be able to see through a simple distortion of his perception.

When he entered deeper parts, he was able to feel a clear but hard wall.

The problem was how he was going to reveal this transparent wall.

‘Bartas has prepared all methods.’

A way to find and a way to lift the magic were all inside the compass.

After awakening his pure state, he was able to instinctively detect the flow of magic, and he could tell that this flow of magic was different.

And that different flow was completely opposite from the magical power he could feel from the compass.

It seemed like if the two opposite flows were found, it would return to the original.

So, he went around the invisible castle and tried to match the direction of the compass depending on the bearing.

‘As expected.’

Then, the flow of magic that was slightly off course returned back to normal.

Eventually, the huge and strong appearance of the castle slowly appeared.

Bartas.

He was truly an arrogant dwarf.

He left the method openly as if allowing others to find him if they could.

His skills were certainly great but Muyoung knew this arrogance will hold him back.

Right after the invisibility was removed, Muyoung prepared for the next step.

It was the under the table work for Kalmooh to become the bait and draw the ice trolls and the abominable snowmen.

‘A medicine good for the body is normally bitter.’

It was a way for him to awaken Bartas’s alertness.

He hoped was that it wouldn’t be too bitter that he would spit it out.

The method for Kalmooh to drag the ice trolls and the abominable snowmans’ attention was simple.

By going in between the two who were fiercely fighting for the resources that were limited and stealing the resources that they were fighting for.

“I don’t know why I have to partake in something like this.”

“You need to run faster than that!”

Kalmooh was running madly across the ice as fast as he could.

Beside him, the Evil Spirit Predator was using a great number of specters in order to hide his appearance and was helping Kalmooh to run away easily.

And Kalmooh was...

Holding a great big fish net full of fish.

Without the help of the specters, it would have been impossible either way, but they were able to steal the food of the abominable snowmen and the ice trolls right in front of them.

The ice trolls and the abominable snowmen could only see Kalmooh.

Kyahhh!

They were chasing Kalmooh with their neck veins bulging and screaming their lungs out.

Of course, a few of the monsters were greatly influenced as they were possessed by specters, losing their conscious and going wild.

Since when a few lose conscious and start to go wild, it would infect other monsters as well.

'It is crazy!'

Kalmooh truly thought that.

With his bare body, provoke about 2,000 monsters?

It was truly something that not even a suicidal person could easily do.

He would instantly disappear without a trace of a bone piece if he was to be caught by them.

On top of that, as he was thinking that these crazily running

monsters were intended to attack Bartas, he felt a slight guilt.

However, it could not be undone.

Kalmooh clenched his teeth and ran.

The result was the current situation.

As 2,000 monsters were crazily knocking on the door, the huge castle gate shook violently.

If the trolls and abominable snowmen were to combine their strengths, they were famous to display Ogre-like strength.

No matter how sturdy the castle walls were, if tens of ogres were knocking on the gate, it wouldn't be possible to stop them.

If it continued like this, it was too obvious that they castle gates were going to be broken.

'He is responding late.'

Muyoung climbed up the exterior wall and looked around the surrounding.

Although there were traps, magic, and etc. prepared for intruders, they couldn't fool Muyoung's eyes.

There was always a gap in between them and Muyoung was like a fish in the water and walked leisurely in between them.

“If it continues like this the gate might break!”

“They say that the numbers are greater than 2,000?”

The dwarves were greatly taken aback and weren’t able to easily make the next move to deal with the situation.

They only thought of a way to escape in case of a dragon’s attack and never in the world thought that the castle would be found by normal monsters and would be invaded by them.

‘Sheeps without a shepherd.’

It was a thought that naturally occurred.

What was the point of having strong, sturdy castle walls?

What could thousands of dwarves do when they are grouped together?

This happened because they only believed in their wall and neglected other ways to deal with the situation.

And in the middle of this was Bartas.

He could tell just by looking at the inner parts of the wall.

As Bartas reigned as the lord of the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance, it seemed like he used other dwarves as his slaves.

Besides the castle, all other buildings were very poor, unlike the dwarves to dwell in.

“Wh, what should we do?”

“Let’s go to Bartas. If it is Bartas, he will give us the answer.”

It didn’t seem like there was a guideline for the confused dwarves.

Their trust only in Bartas’s insight, and their reliance on him appeared in numerous conversations.

If enemies appear, they should instantly put on their armor and raise their swords to stop the gate from opening.

Like the time when the dokkaebis confronted the fire tars, even that wasn’t enough to keep them in check in order to prevent them from coming in further.

But, the dwarves first started to gather inside the castle.

There were no dwarves who made an arbitrary decision to arm themselves.

It was probably because Bartas was that great but from how they managed this, Muyoung could only be disappointed.

‘True slaves don’t even know that they are slaves themselves.’

By looking at the dwarves who couldn’t do anything without Bartas’s orders, Muyoung couldn’t help but have this thought.

However, it wasn’t the time yet to cut them off.

Muyoung entered the castle and started to move.

“We are much greater in number. Even though the transparency of the wall has been removed, those are no greater than coincidence. There are no reasons to fear if it isn’t a dragon!”

A dwarf with his crown placed on his head and all sorts of accessories hung from his body was presenting a speech in front of the castle.

Muyoung could tell right away.

That dwarf was Bartas.

“Co, could we fight against trolls?”

“There aren’t many dwarves that know how to fight. They only know how to blow the bellows.”

The dwarves were still frightened.

It was something they had never experienced before.

Muyoung waited for Bartas’s reaction.

It was an embarrassment to run away from just 2,000 monsters and not a dragon.

As a lord, his face would be lost.

Finally, Bartas took out his sword.

“The weapons we have created can even rip apart an Ogre’s body! What are you worried about? Raise your weapons! Now is the time to show the true strength of dwarves!”

As expected, Bartas chose to fight.

Dwarves weren’t a physically strong species.

However, the equipment they have made could close the gap of their physical difference.

Bartas's next move didn't seem that bad.

By choosing just the ones who knew how to fight, he protected the gate.

They shot arrows and huge crossbows.

There were also items that were similar to cannons.

And by operating a detached force, he made them sneak out the back gate and attack the backs of the surviving monsters.

'The tactical strategy itself isn't bad.'

After fighting for more than half a day, they were able to massacre 2,000 monsters.

It didn't seem like Bartas was a good lord just by appearance.

All the dwarves were carried away by their triumph.

However, would they know?

That this wasn’t the end of it.

That it hasn’t even properly began!

After the fight, Bartas placed the transparent spell on the wall and inspected the security.

However, before he could even figure out the main cause, the next attack started.

It was because few hundreds of orcs with blue leather found the castle.

‘Moon orc!’

Bartas could only turn pale after looking at the orcs.

‘The moon orcs should be a species that live quite far to the north from here?’

It was hard to understand why the moon orcs would suddenly head towards the castle.

Even more, the transparency had once again been broken.

It was never broken naturally.

‘Someone is continuously removing the security.’

Bartas was dripping cold sweat.

They also defended against the moon orcs but now before they could even recover, numerous werewolves appeared.

“We, we will all die.”

“Like this, there is no hope…”

The dwarves couldn’t even sleep properly.

They were slowly being encroached by fear.

Still, Bartas couldn’t make a decision easily.

‘Is it waiting for us to come out of the castle and run away? It wouldn’t be a dragon but who could it be?’

The biggest problem was he had no way of figuring out who the opponent was and what his intentions were in removing their security.

If it was a dragon, it wouldn’t use a complicated method like this.

If it knew how to remove it, it could just have just done that.

Bartas used his head.

Either way, he couldn't be just toyed by the opponent's intentions.

However, the number and the species of the monsters that were invading were just the amounts for them to continuously defend.

It was awkward to run away and awkward to continuously defend.

Hence, it was odd but he didn't have time to think deeply.

In the end, Bartas's wisdom was starting to break down due to the endless wave of monsters.

This happened because of the continuous battle he wasn't used to.

As he postponed his decision a few times within the castle, he didn't concern about the fighting spirit of the dwarves at all.

Thump!

At last, the castle gate broke.

After a full 15 days, the monsters that appeared were staggering twin head ogres.

Although they had two heads, they were the monsters of the monsters that could exhibit the strength of 20 ogres.

“Ahh…”

“Twin head ogre!”

“Run, we need to run.”

The eyes of the dwarves were full of despair.

Clank!

There were even dwarves that dropped their weapon.

‘What should we do?’

Even Bartas was taken back. However, it was already too late.

Twin head ogres entered the castle and were massacring the dwarves.

The only way was for them to run away.

To prepare for the attack of the dragon, didn't they prepare a few ways to leave the castle?

"I will escape the castle. All of you stop the twin head ogres!"

As lord Bartas retreated, the fighting spirit of the dwarves reached rock bottom.

It was when all the dwarves' eyes were filled with despair.

Blaze!

A dokkaebi appeared as he sliced an arm of a twin head ogre.

Kyahh!

The twin head ogre held its sliced-off arm and went insane.

For a moment, the dokkaebi turned his head and talked to the dwarves that were stepping back.

"Twin head ogres are weak against fire! We can catch them if we pour gunpowder on them!"

However, the dwarves couldn't easily move.

So, the dokkaebi suddenly cried out.

“Are there only dwarf cowards?! Heimdall will weep!”

Heimdall. The name of the god the dwarves worshiped.

Thud!

After listening to his words, Bartas stopped his movement.

The dokkaebi was obviously Muyoung.

Muyoung inwardly smiled after looking at Bartas.

God Hand Bartas.

The dwarf with insight and knowledge but was completely arrogant due to his skills greater than any of the other dwarves. Nonetheless, in the end, Muyoung knew he was still a coward.

However, he wouldn’t have always been a coward.

‘If he is just a coward, he couldn’t have become a lord.’

And Muyoung’s thoughts were exactly right.

Bartas who was running away, stopped, and shook his body.

He was devoted to Heimdall more than anyone else.

“How dare a dokkaebi talk about us!”

The emotions he had suppressed until now had bursted out.

Immortal King's Armor Arc

Chapter 90: Immortal King's Armor (1)

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders and held Anguish and Wicked God's Sword.

If Bartas was to start acting again, it was now time to deal with the monster in front of him.

'It was most difficult to lure you.'

The twin head ogre was a mutant.

They were different from the albino mutants called arc but he could say that they were the top of all ogres.

Normally, they were active as the owners of the harsh land or high summits but Muyoung did whatever he could to lure them.

He made traps, destroyed all its surrounding food, made it starve, and then afterwards disturbed it.

He even used 6 out of the 15 days of attacking the dwarf's castle to lure him.

It was because he needed its monstrous power to break the gate.

Grrr.

Afterwards, the arm of the twin head ogre started to regenerate.

Its strength wasn't just 20 times of a normal ogre but even his regenerating abilities was also 20 times.

A level where this injury was akin to slapping the troll's cheek or gently stepping on it.

In simple free-for-all fight, he could say twin head ogre was the strongest.

1 vs. 1?

Without being crazy, there was no way Muyoung would take a chance like that.

Crack! Craack!

The dwarves fired their crossbows and shot a cannon charged with gunpowder.

Since they were species who developed mines and mined them, it was obvious that they could handle gunpowder.

However, they were ridiculously short on firepower.

The twin head ogre's skin didn't even burn from the mediocre gunpowder explosion.

'It would be hard to get more backup than this.'

The place was the reason.

They couldn't just explode an unlimited supply of gunpowder inside the castle.

If they weren't thinking of dying altogether, this would be all the fire powder they could use.

'It's better that way.'

From the beginning, he didn't really have high hopes.

The more their helplessness is proven, it would be used as a good opportunity for him.

And if more than consistent attacks overlapped, its defensive power and its regeneration power would all become useless.

Thump!

Thud!

However, the twin head ogre didn’t even give him time to think.

It raised its fist and pushed right where Muyoung was standing.

Muyoung barely blocked it but his body bounced off afar.

The speed was also out of the ordinary and if he was even slightly late to react, his whole body would have turned into dust.

Puk!

Muyoung spit out blood mixed with dirt.

It seemed like his left arm was out of joint.

Crack! Crackle!

After forcefully pushing his joint back into place, he looked at the twin head ogre that was running towards him.

Proclaiming territory.

As he mumbled quietly, the surrounding air and the pressure of magic changed.

A wide Absolute’s Territory was spread out with Muyoung in the middle.

A territory-wide authority that weakened individuals prescribed as an ‘enemy’ and increased Muyoung’s presence.

Swoosh.

The moment Muyoung lifted his foot, he was behind the twin head ogre.

In a moment of acceleration, Muyoung simultaneously pierced three acupunctural points.

Acupunctural points were the energy pathways of a living body.

As the twin head ogre was also a living being, there could only be pathways where energy flows through.

Even though those places might be different, Muyoung was considered to be an expert better than anyone else at killing a living being.

Not just humans but he had already dissected a few thousand, no, a few tens of thousands of monsters.

Exactly 3 seconds.

After the acceleration ended, the ogre’s calf, in between its ribs, and behind its head started to bleed all at once.

However, it couldn’t recover as fast as it could in the past.

‘Recovery means to restore your energy back to normal. Your recovery will obviously slow down if your veins are blocked.’

Then, Muyoung looked down at his hands.

To pierce through its extremely tough flesh, his hands were wrecked.

It was because the returning damage doubled when acceleration was added.

At least his bones weren’t damaged.

Kyahh!

Both heads were both releasing their fury.

Muyoung hastily dodged with his body but all the surrounding buildings collapsed by a touch of the ogre’s monstrous power.

Thump!

However, the twin head ogre sat down in its spot.

It seemed like the calf Muyoung sliced off was quite a blow.

Muyoung wasn't the type to lose a chance like this.

By climbing up a side of a building and going around it quickly, he confused the twin head ogre's gaze and quickly jumped on it.

Stab!

Like a hawk snatching its prey, he held Anguish with both his hands and turned his body once before stabbing the ogre's eye.

Kyahhhhhh!

The head with its eye stabbed started to go completely insane.

No matter how tough its skin was, the eye tissues could only be thin.

"Hub!"

The problem was his fit of raving was rougher than what he thought.

Just by grazing, Muyoung's body was floating in the air.

Miff!

He barely landed on the ground but his ribs were completely busted.

That moment.

<The Lunatic Sovereign's Set, Lunatic Warrior has been activated.>

<Strength, stamina, and fighting aura will increase by '15' each.>

<The Star of the Absolute is reacting. The injuries are slowly recovering.>

The dark aura started to stretch out from Muyoung's entire body.

It was the Lunatic Warrior effect which was activated when his life was at risk.

However, if there was something that changed from the past, it was that the Star of the Absolute reacted.

Normally, the Lunatic Warrior had an effect of using up stamina, but it was because the surrounding red territory was being absorbed into Muyoung's body that the injuries were being cured.

Muyoung smiled after spitting out blood.

‘Activation of the Lunatic Warrior after just grazing twice.’

If he simply looked at physical stats, the twin head ogre would be within the highest rank among the top ranked monsters.

Although its overall stats were low and it was in the high rank, for now, it was too much for Muyoung to fight.

‘The figures don’t balance.’

There wouldn’t be a worst exchange rate besides this.

Like this, if he was to allow another attack, his body wouldn’t be able to handle it.

On the other hand, the twin head ogre was in a decent shape compared to Muyoung.

Although he lost sight of one eye, he still had 3 more.

It was a worthy monster to be called the strongest in 1 vs. 1 fights.

However, that was only when it was a 1 vs. 1 fight.

“Tacan!”

Muyoung screamed towards the sky.

Thump!

At the same time, cerberus fell from the sky.

“At last, you call my name.”

With his black cape fluttering, the Evil Spirit Predator came down to the ground.

Although its flesh was rotten and was now only left with bones, its aura overwhelmed the surroundings.

Tacan.

It was the real name of the Evil Spirit Predator.

After Muyoung called Tacan, as if it was nothing, he started to create injuries around his ribs to remove his festered blood.

While cerberus was taking care of the twin head ogre, Tacan spoke as he was lost for words about the scene.

“But, are you truly a dokkaebi? Although I am the owner of

numerous specters, I have never met someone this determined as you in my lifetime. How can you treat that sort of wound on yourself without changing an expression?”

Tacan was truly overwhelmed.

There were no specters that weren’t determined.

However, among a few thousands of specters, there were no one as determined as Muyoung.

Like when Muyoung pushed himself almost to his death and called for him.

Muyoung tossed a chilly gaze and spoke.

“We need to minimize the damage while gaining control over it.”

“Tsk tsk, I understand. Just trust me. No matter how strong it is, he is not an opponent for me, the Evil Spirit Predator.”

Tacan stepped forward, full of confidence.

He was going to win it on a 1 vs. 1 fight, something which Muyoung couldn’t do.

As the cerberus stepped aside, Tacan was next.

The specters overlapped his sword and black flames rose.

He ran straight towards twin head ogre and faced it face to face.

Thump!

Tacan's sword pierced through its chest but he had bounced off far away and was shoved against a wall.

Tacan got up from the collapsed building and spoke as he became embarrassed.

"...I think some surrounding buildings will collapse."

By the look of it, it seemed like it was going to be hard for Tacan alone to minimize the damage.

Just in time, Muyoung was now ready to move a bit.

Muyoung stepped forwards and started to talk.

"Two of us will stop him."

Tacan turned his head.

“You’re telling me to do something like that?”

“That’s most effective.”

However, Muyoung wasn’t willing to accept Tacan’s complaint at all.

There was a high chance that he would only leave a bad impression to Bartas if he was to burn down the place.

Muyoung going out alone in the beginning to fight and his efforts on trying to reduce the damages were all nothing more than a sort of a ‘show’.

A plan to make Bartas feel helpless and then to make him ask for his help.

Although it is his final goal to find a solution to Dark Dragon Barca together, if the infrastructure crumbles, it would be reversed.

Swoosh!

With the strong wind, Muyoung ran like the storm.

Although he didn’t fully recover, he was burning his last bit of flames left.

Tacan shook his head.

“He’s quite a monster.”

Dwarves didn’t even dare to approach the twin head ogre.

Even if they poured gunpowder from afar, it was a situation where they couldn’t even make a dent on it.

For the dwarves who were completely exhausted to stand up to the twin head ogre, the wall was too high.

‘Were the dwarves this weak?’

No.

Bartas shook his head.

There were many valiant dwarf warriors.

Just, as they lived a life quite far from the battle for a long time, they just became weak.

It was obvious for them to lose their bravery since they always ran away from the dragon.

Thud! Thud!

Bartas's eyes touched the two figures who were fighting violently.

The dokkaebi and the death knight.

There wasn't any other combination that clashed more.

Even more, although the dokkaebi had serious injuries that could kill him, he didn't stop to rest but continued to run towards it.

Even though he was like a reckless tiger moth, his bravery must be recognized.

'The thing we lost, that dokkaebi has.'

It thrilled Bartas.

It has been too long since he had seen a warrior fight like that.

While it was so long that he couldn't even remember, there were dwarves who could fight like the dokkaebi.

Although they were the first to die by the dragon, and none were left...

He didn't think the bravery would be reminded by the dokkaebi.

Thud!

At last, both heads of the twin head ogre were sliced off and it fell to the ground.

The dokkaebi and the death knight both sliced one off each.

It was a greatly satisfying victory.

“Who are you guys?”

Bartas couldn’t help but ask.

Either way, it was true that he did get their help.

Bartas wasn’t that lost to all sense of shame to ignore them.

However, the dokkaebi didn’t even glance at Bartas.

He was lost in thought as he collected the twin head ogre’s heads and rubbed his cheek.

‘Is he ignoring me?’

Bartas’s express was clouded with anger.

For someone who was respected as God Hand, it has been a while for someone to give him this kind of humiliation.

Even when Muyoung mentioned Heimdall, he got on his nerves but he was now publicly ignoring to see him.

It was at that moment.

“The lord of the Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance, God Hand Bartas! The top blacksmith of the Golden Hammer tribe Kalmooh greets you!”

Kalmooh, who hurriedly ran towards Bartas, kneeled in front of him.

Then, Bartas’s expression changed.

“Kalmooh! I have heard of you before. There was an exchange with the Golden Hammer tribe not too long ago.”

“Please, excuse my owner’s rudeness. It is because when he focuses on something, he just can’t focus on anything else.”

“Owner? Are you saying that towards the dokkaebi?”

Once again, Bartas’s expression contorted.

Dwarves were especially sensitive to the word slave.

As there were many species that were greedy over their special skills in handling iron.

Then, Kalmooh explained.

“I have been locked up in the underground arena with my son. However, my son was killed by a devil and the person who avenged him for me was my current owner. Please do not reprove him as it was something I decided for myself.”

“Hmm…”

“My owner wants to become a help to God Hand Bartas. It was the reason why he quickly ran here after realizing that the twin head ogre came close to this place.”

Thump.

The dokkaebi, Muyoung, stood beside Kalmooh.

If there was anything strange, it was that while he was looking elsewhere, the twin head ogre’s heads vanished into thin air.

And on Muyoung’s necklace, a smaller version of the twin head ogre’s head was hanging.

“I am Muyoung. I have watched well of the dwarf’s fight. I have heard that Heimdall was a Battle God which dwarves served, indeed it was true.”

After a short introduction, he continued to flatter him.

Bartas could feel his cheeks glowing.

Fight?

Could it even be called a fight?

It was better said to call it a joke.

In the end, wasn’t it the dokkaebi and death knight who handled the twin head ogre?

On the contrary, they dishonored the Battle God Heimdall.

“Cough…”

However, since Muyoung had singled out that part and flattered him about it, he had nothing to say.

Then, Kalmooh spoke again.

“Bartas, this isn’t the time to share words. Barca is coming.”

“Dark Dragon Barca? It wouldn’t find this place.”

Kalmooh fiercely shook his head.

“No. Barca already found this place. Only, it changed its strategy. Didn’t monsters invade this place for a few days and not just today?”

“That is true, but you’re saying they are the acts of Barca?”

“Yes, Barca is behind all of this and was controlling the monsters. If you don’t take action, you will suffer. 20 days ago, we had seen Barca fly towards the north. We even reached this place from following Barca.”

Bartas slightly knitted his brows.

Barca that was known to have no patience destroyed their protecting wall and called the monsters?

He couldn’t easily believe him but didn’t think that Kalmooh would lie.

There was no reason for him to.

If he saw it 20 days ago and came to this place, the timing was also roughly right.

“We need to change our location.”

Bartas carefully made a conclusion.

However, without any preparation, it was impossible to face the dark dragon.

However, Kalmooh was still pessimistic.

“It’s too late. Barca is currently enjoying blockading this place while it sees a decline in dwarf numbers. It probably knew you were going to run away; do you think it didn’t make plans for it?”

That was also true.

Bartas squeezed his brows.

Dragons had high intelligence. To get back at all his suffering, it might be playing with them.

Before Bartas could get lost in his thoughts, Kalmooh made an offer.

“We will help. Let us help you.”

“How? Although the dokkaebi and that death knight seem quite strong, the strength of dragons is on another level.”

Then, Muyoung stepped forward.

“I have the Heart of the Phoenix, dragon bones, and a Piece of the Earth Dragon’s Skin. Make me an armor that can withstand the dragon’s attack.”

“Using the Heart of the Phoenix to make an armor…?”

“Don’t you have the ‘Magical Dragon Lethal Cannon’? The cannon that can give a sufficient blow to the dragon. If I buy some time, you should have enough time to blast a shot at it.”

“How, how did you!”

Bartas could not repress his astonishment.

Chapter 91: Immortal King's Armor (2)

'Magical Dragon Lethal Cannon' was a cannon made to kill magical dragons.

However, it was sealed as an ancient relic and Bartas had recently lifted the seal.

Words couldn't explain its destructive power but the problem was that it took too long to blast.

If the opponent was Dark Dragon Barca, it was enough time for him to notice the unexpected change and for it to avoid the attack.

That was why they left it to rust but it was still an item that required great secrecy.

He became confused as to how Muyoung knew of this item.

It was when he was about to glance suspiciously at Muyoung.

"My owner is 'Oom', the ruler of all the dokkaebis. He sometimes looks through the truth which no one knows of. Even coming here was to stop the future that is heading towards destruction."

Kalmooh added an adequate amount of flavor to his words.

In reality, from Kalmooh's perspective view, Muyoung didn't

know anything and openly acted as if he could see the future.

Muyoung was a wise owner.

Kalmooh believed that Muyoung could definitely find a way for everyone to benefit.

That was why he could lie without any hesitation to Bartas.

As currently, his owner was Muyoung.

“Oom you say? You are talking about the position that is chosen through the dokkaebi’s ceremony.”

Only then did Bartas look at Muyoung differently.

It was clear that he knew well of Oom.

However, if he was Oom, he was the owner of a few ten thousand dokkaebis.

He was unsure for what reason Muyoung came alone but…

‘Instead of filling the numbers with weak dokkaebis, it’s better to have one who is good.’

His skills were already proven.

The desperate fight against the twin head ogre.

He saw scenes like when Muyoung cured his own horrendous wound.

Bartas remembered the vivid scenes.

However, it was unknown if he could buy time against a dragon.

Bartas looked at Muyoung.

A look without of an inch of hesitation.

He couldn’t really know what Muyoung’s thoughts were but at the end, there was an abyss.

‘He has already witnessed his bottom.’

And those people had their own creed.

Oom indeed.

He could say that he was the ruler of dokkaebis.

On top of that, since Kalmooh followed Muyoung, he had more

trust in him.

The Golden Hammer Tribe was known to be sincere and credible.

They didn't really follow others but for those who were worthy, the Golden Hammer Tribe were the type of dwarves who gave out all they had.

"I will make you an armor. However, it will take time."

Although Bartas managed the dwarves harshly, he was undoubtedly the blacksmith known as God Hand.

There was no way he would do a rough job in creating an equipment.

However, Bartas was asking what Muyoung would do if something was to happen by chance during that time.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

"I will train them."

"Train?"

"Dwarves were originally born with warrior's blood. When you look at past literature, there are stories that explain how dwarves

easily captured dragons.”

Although dwarves were famous for being blacksmiths, they undoubtedly had the characteristics of warriors who wore the equipment they made.

It was also the content written in numerous ancient literature.

Only, there were just so many who were after the dwarves that they had to live a long life of fleeing that they lost their tendency.

The fear and horror of being a fugitive had suppressed their instincts.

And Muyoung knew well of a way to calm those emotions.

Bartas’s eyes slightly shook.

It wasn’t like he didn’t know of these ancient stories as well.

However, he considered them as nonsense.

The superiority among the species was too clear. There was truly a limit to their origin.

Bartas was the one who was just satisfied to use his handcraft in order to toy with the dragon.

If the dwarves could hunt the dragon, there was no reason for them not to.

They were only half given up because they concluded that they couldn't hunt dragons.

"How long are you planning to run away? The reason why the dragons are disregarding the dwarves and continuously attacking is because you guys don't fight back. A chance to fight isn't always given."

Muyoung's cold but sharp words pierced through his heart.

An enemy who doesn't fight back.

Is there an easier target than this?

Just running away wasn't everything.

In reality, although dragons were strong and arrogant monsters, they were quite careful about choosing their prey.

If the dwarves were actively counterattacking and were successful in landing a hit, the dragons wouldn't easily meddle with them.

So fight.

Life is a battle and a continuous fight.

However, it wasn't like a chance was always given.

If they were to give up even this chance, they would forever live a life as fugitives.

Muyoung was telling them so.

Bartas's body was shaking fiercely.

Plot against a dragon?

He had thought of it countless times but never put it to action.

If someone else said this, he would have regarded as rubbish and ignored the person but the words of the dokkaebi in from of him were strangely persuasive.

He had more sincerity than anyone else and for some reason, the words he spoke of made him imagine them as though they were going to happen in real life.

It was an effect made by the combination of Muyoung's fighting aura, purity, and Star of the Absolute.

Normally, Bartas would think about it more carefully before making a decision but his rationality had become very blunt after fighting with monsters for 15 days.

"...I will make you the world's sturdiest armor that can sufficiently block a dragon's attack."

"I will make dwarves into the world's bravest warriors."

A deal was accepted.

Muyoung held out his hand and when their hands met, the counterattack had started.

Muyoung thought of a systematic training method for the dwarves.

As their species were different, they needed a different training method as well.

Dwarves were an unfortunate species with short arms and short legs.

However, their stamina was good and most of all they had the backbone.

Even from the start, they were able to follow a fairly intense training.

‘The best way to remove fear is to push them so that they don’t have any other thoughts.;

Pushing them to their limits, and in secret, removing the fear they had of dragons.

So that when they are faced with a dragon, they wouldn’t be as nervous.

If Muyoung had to buy time with just his strength, no matter how good the armor was, it would have been impossible. However, if the 30,000 dwarves actively took part in the battle, he could definitely bear it.

‘It would be quite worth seeing when I add the dragon’s head to my Skull Accessory collection.’

Muyoung slightly lowered his head and looked at his Skull Accessory.

The thing that wrapped around Muyoung’s neck like a necklace had a miniature version of the twin head ogre’s head.

It was the equipment he earned from the relic storage of the murloc king and when a head was added his stats also rose, and depending on how you use it, it was a necklace that could display an effect much better than what it was ranked.

As he looked more closely, a description about it appeared.

Name: Skull Accessory

Rank: A

Classification: Equipable Type

Durability: 16,842

Effect: It was an accessory used by the Lunatic Lich. As of now, there is only one skull, but you can increase the number of skulls to at most five. To increase the number, you can extract the head of your opponent and use this necklace to automatically minimize it into a skull that will be added to the necklace.

*Your stats increase by the number of heads you extort.

*Currently, two types of heads are equipped.

*Head of Jukchiho (Strength, Agility +4)

*Head of twin head ogre (Strength +15)

An effect that increased the strength by 15 was added.

This couldn’t be the end.

At most five.

He was still able to add three types of heads.

He couldn’t even imagine what kind of effect he would receive if he was to add the dragon’s head.

“Are you really planning to put those on them?”

From the side, Kalmooh worriedly asked as he held a heavy iron ball.

Dwarves had exceptional stamina. It would take time to push them.

That was why he was going to experiment their limits using heavy iron balls.

In the beginning, they might oppose him, but in time, they would feel a sense of kinship.

“When will they be finished?”

“Since it isn’t really a difficult job and a lot of dwarves are working on it, it should be finished in half a day but… Isn’t that something you put on slaves?”

“Dwarves are currently no different than slaves. If they don’t become strong enough to break free on their own, they will forever live as slaves.”

Ahh.

Kalmooh quietly nodded his head.

This iron ball was literally a type of trial.

It was his goal to make them fight on their own instead of as slaves.

Muyoung closed his eyes and sunk into meditation.

Although the surface injuries from the twin head ogre had healed, his inner parts were wrecked.

To stabilize this, he needed to look into his inner parts.

It was quite a sight to see 30,000 dwarves wearing heavy iron balls.

And it was unexpected when the amount of backlash was less than what he had expected.

Was it because of the lord of the alliance, Bartas, supported Muyoung?

While Bartas was making the armor, Kalmooh and Muyoung suddenly became the second-in-command.

This was also possible because Bartas was in good control over the alliance.

‘It turned out well.’

If he could start right away, there was nothing better than this.

Clank.

The iron ball constantly produced a sound whenever dwarves moved.

It was an obvious thing considering how something weighing over 50kg was attached to both legs.

While everyone was curious as to what kind of training he was going to teach, Muyoung spoke briefly.

“Run.”

After running around the castle for half of the day, all the dwarves laid flat onto the ground.

However, just running wouldn’t be all of it.

“Fight against each other. I will form ranks in numbers of tens, hundreds, and thousands.”

By placing ranks and dividing the numbers into small, medium, and large, he was planning to use it effectively.

Since the dwarves didn’t have this kind of system, they weren’t able to react quickly in case of an emergency.

Didn’t they waste a lot of time when the gate was opened by being confused?

He couldn’t see it happen again.

Dwarves stole glances at one another.

‘Asura’s Path.’

But, it wasn’t like there was no way.

Muyoung opened his Asura's Path.

Murloc King Murdudun and numerous mad specters popped out.

-Oh ho, they are tasty looking dwarves!

"Make them fight."

– Hmm? Are you not making them into specters?

"No."

-That's disappointing.

As Murdudun smacked his lips and starting to move, the specters also started to spread.

Smack!

The mad specters of Asura Path started to meddle with dwarves' mind and as one started to move, in an instant, 30,000 dwarves started to fight with each other.

Looking at how they were so helpless against the mind-controlling type...

Muyoung couldn't help but laugh but it meant that they were at

their limits mentally.

Muyoung nodded his head and waited for the fight to end.

Besides simply being strong internally, they were also given hardship.

It was the invasion of monsters.

Muyoung needed to continuously lure monsters since he might have been found suspicious if monsters stopped invading after his arrival.

And that part was played by Woohee and the undead. Although they were a bit late, they brought a few tens of Jeokchio.

Jeokchio were monsters with red fur and looked similar to huge lions. They were more famous by their nickname, Ruthless Hunter.

“Jeokchio can ravage dwarves more cruelly than a dragon. If you don’t fight, you will suffer.”

With his arms crossed, Muyoung looked on.

By slowly degrading the dragon, he was planning to lower their fear of the dragon from their impression.

From continuously pushing the dwarves without rest, their reason was half gone.

As the specters consistently stimulated the dwarves that they were in tip top shape.

If they don’t fight, they will become prey.

Everything was a continuous battle. Dwarves were slowly understanding this.

Grrrrr!

Jeokchio that felt something strange, moved back a step.

However, in an instant, the dwarves surrounded the Jeokchio.

‘Truly, the dwarves have the disposition to become warriors.’

At last, their hidden potential started to bloom.

There was an effect from cornering them.

Mad. They needed to become mad. They couldn’t survive unless they were mad.

After a month.

The dwarves were completely altered.

Bartas who showed up after a month of seclusion couldn't help but widen his eyes.

"Hyeeaaah!"

"Die!"

"Kyahahaha!"

As if they were holding real weapons, they were really fighting as their life depended on it.

He couldn't find the simpleness they had before and instead, they were full of spite.

"It seems like the armor is finished."

As Muyoung slowly approached Bartas and spoke, Bartas stammered.

"What the... what happened?"

"Didn't I say that I will make them into warriors?"

“Warriors…”

Gulp!

Bartas gulped his saliva.

They were true warriors.

However, no matter how he looked at them, they didn’t seem like normal warriors.

This was still a great improvement.

By looking at how the corpses of monsters were piled up in the middle, it seemed like he had really trained the dwarves properly.

“Take this. It’s the armor made from the Heart of the Pheonix.”

Black freckles were all around Bartas’s eyes.

It was because he didn’t sleep for a month and devoted himself to creating this.

With his exhausted expression, he passed the armor he brought heavily.

Soon, Muyoung’s eyes became conspicuous.

‘At last.’

As he lifted the armor structured with dragon bones, a hot fire engulfed Muyoung.

As if it was alive, the heart of the armor was pumping.

Muyoung’s heart also started to pump as he looked at the armor.

Chapter 92: Immortal King's Armor (End)

'It's hot.'

Small flames were splattering on the armor.

A Phoenix was a monster that reached the limits of fire.

Since all its strength came from its heart, it was an obvious thing.

Bartas spoke as he smacked his lips.

"I have seen the Heart of the Phoenix a few times but I haven't seen one like that. It didn't simply have fire but had all kinds of characteristics. Where did you even find this?"

Hedley's Kow was able to transform however it wanted.

Transforming into any living thing, Hedley's Kow became it.

It's greatest form was the Phoenix but it didn't have any limitation to attributes.

As Muyoung didn't reply, Bartas continued to talk as if he knew Muyoung wouldn't.

"Either way, that armor is incomplete."

“It’s incomplete?”

This time, Muyoung’s voice became quieter.

The armor he received was spotless and had a beautiful exterior.

At least to Muyoung’s eyes, it didn’t have a problem, internally or externally.

However, Bartas was God Hand.

His opinion was probably right. If it was incomplete, he needed to know why.

“It means it doesn’t have a specific characteristic. Right now, the energy of fire is strong and is suppressing the other characteristics but that wouldn’t last long.”

“Then what happens?”

“I’m not sure. It could get destroyed, lead the user to a path of self-destruction, or even drag them to ‘Subterranean’.

The Subterranean was the world where shadow monsters lived.

It was also called the hidden world and there was no appearance

of monsters that weren't strong.

Like the time when a shadow criminal appeared in the trial of Oom, the destructive powers would toy with everyone.

Muyoung slightly anticipated that the 11 Masters of Darkness might be the shadows that are active in the hidden world.

Also, there was no standard as to when the Subterranean opened and closed.

Just that in a time, in a place, a rift was created and when it linked to the Subterranean, the shadows from that place flooded out.

There were a considerable number of normal people who were dragged to the Subterranean.

Bartas was talking about that Subterranean.

They say that the Subterranean was born from chaos. Bartas meant that sort of chaos might occur due to the armor.

Either way, it wasn't an ending Muyoung wanted.

"Is there a way to fix the characteristics?"

“The blood of the user. Basically, by imprinting your blood. Since it’s an item you are going to be using, you can fix the characteristic so that it matches you. It will become a finished armor only you could put on. The problem is...”

An armor only Muyoung could wear!

It was what he wanted. A customized armor meant that it could display that much efficiency.

But, he noticed Bartas’s last words.

Bartas led out a deep sigh as Muyoung met eye to eye with him.

“If your distinct characteristic is weaker than the Heart of the Phoenix, you will be devoured by it. Your body could burn in an instant and disappear. Even I have no idea why that kind of armor was created. Not a magical sword but a magical armor, hah.”

If it was used for something, it was for a type of weapon that could pierce someone.

There were barely any cases where it happened for an armor.

And items that were known as magical swords were swords normally restricted to the user and demonstrated power.

From the beginning, armors were items that existed to protect

the user.

There was no reason why it would be jinxed.

However, Bartas called this armor a magical armor.

‘Do you want to devour me?’

Muyoung quietly looked at the armor.

The small flames crawled higher and were now about to touch Muyoung’s shoulders.

As if it was starving, it was desiring Muyoung’s source itself.

Muyoung couldn’t help but to quietly laugh.

A mere armor is aiming for his life.

An armor born to be worn was trying to kill him.

Only laughter came out at this self-contradicting situation.

Knock it off.

Muyoung instantly wiped his smile off.

Slowly, he started to put on the armor.

Bartas who watched him widened his eyes.

“W, wait! You can’t just thoughtlessly wear it. That armor is jinxed. If you wear it before taming it, it would definitely harm you!”

Bartas was in a hurry.

He was God Hand. There was no way he would have made an armor carelessly.

If anything, he could say it was a better result than normal.

However, to be clear, that armor was incomplete.

To bring out an armor that no one could wear, it was a shameful thing to Bartas.

Only, because he didn’t have time because he made a promise, he just didn’t have a choice.

But, he never thought that Muyoung would just wear it right away.

However, Muyoung didn’t listen to a word Bartas said.

Blazeee!

Instantly, Muyoung’s whole body started to burn after he finished putting the armor on.

The flames permeated and ripped his skin.

As the running blood permeated the armor, the flames burned more fiercely.

Soon, Muyoung had the image of a huge flame reflected in his mind.

That was the Heart of the Phoenix.

It was the will of the heart to devour Muyoung.

‘You cannot consume me.’

However, to Muyoung, an equipment was no more than a tool to him.

A tool to kill someone and protect himself.

He didn’t need a will from a tool he was going to use.

‘Just follow.’

The blood that was permeated into the armor became a medium in which Muyoung made his command.

A small will suddenly became greater.

All of a sudden, Muyoung’s will surpassed the image the Heart of the Phoenix gave.

The heart was the armor’s ego.

If it was a normal person, it would have tried to oppress the ego and comfort it.

However, Muyoung’s thoughts were different.

Equipment didn’t need a will.

Equipment shouldn’t have a will.

Ego was an authority only given to the user of the equipment.

How the equipment was going to be used was dependent on the user.

Even more, it already showed its teeth.

Muyoung burned the ego the armor had. He removed it.

Kyyyyyyyyyyyahhhhhhhhhhh!

Was it the Phoenix, or the Hedley's Kow?

The armor screamed it's death throes.

Muyoung planted his strength in the place where its ego was.

It was his strength of death.

Since he had already come back from the dead, it was the strength only Muyoung could display!

It was at that moment.

<The ego of the Phoenix was eliminated.>

<The strength of death covered the Heart of the Phoenix.>

<The fire that reached the limits is the nature of life. It never coexists with the strength of death, but transcendental will has made it possible.>

<Although alive yet not living, although died but not dead.>

<The strength of 'Immortal King' is newly written.>

<'Immortal King's Breastplate' has been completed!>

The colour of the flames coming out from the armor changed to black.

A breastplate that looked as if a black fog was spurting out.

As he stood there and watched, the information about the armor popped out.

Name: Immortal King's Breastplate

Rank: S+

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: Not Destroyable

Effect: The one that doesn't die. A breastplate that relishes the strength of the Immortal King.

---

* Only equippable by the user 'Muyoung'.

* Strength +15

* Fighting Aura +30

* Stamina +50

* Magic resistance +80

---

* Depending on the Fighting Aura, natural healing abilities increase (currently +154%)

** When you get 3 equipment with the strength of the

Immortal King, all stats +50

** When you get 5 equipment with the strength of the Immortal King, you can use ‘Death Reversal’ once.

Muyoung continuously checked the information of the armor.

There was a big difference between an A rank and an S rank.

And from S rank, each existence of a + made that much greater a difference.

What Muyoung anticipated was A+++ rank to at most an S rank.

Even if he had the memorize of his past, an equipment that great that would be impossible to get unless he had incredible luck.

But, a S+ rank?

It even had the stats that suited its rank.

‘Hah…’

Muyoung’s whole body shivered lightly.

Only a very few guilds had this kind of equipment.

It was a reality for someone to not get even a glimpse unless they were a leader of a clan or a guild.

Top 10 of the humans, or special people like Wung Chunglin, would possess an item like that.

Since the weak would only get robbed of treasures.

If someone was to discover Muyoung right now, they would think of a way to try and kill him and take his armor.

There were a countless number of people who were stronger than Muyoung.

He just finished his first metamorphosis.

He needed to achieve at least the third metamorphosis in order to even place his foot in the circle of strong people.

Fortunately, this was the Demon God's Territory.

Also, only Muyoung could wear the armor.

It meant that he currently didn't have to worry about his treasure.

'It's a set equipment.'

And on top of that, there was even a set option.

When he put on 3 or 5 equipment, there was an added effect.

He was most curious about the ‘Death Reversal’ which occurred when he collected 5 equipment.

Since it was only effective once, it was most likely an ability to refuse death.

‘The power of revival was impossible even for a Saint who displayed a miracle through a wish.’

To soundly revive a dead person.

It wasn’t possible.

Unless it was an undead.

The ‘wish’ that destroyed a few demon king forces was unable to revive a person.

If Muyoung’s prediction was correct, this was something anyone would be shocked by.

Having a life reserved, just by that it was more fascinating than

anything else.

The moment this information was leaked; all the huge organizations would madly run for it.

On top of that, as monstrous stats were added, Muyoung felt as if his head cleared out.

He felt as though he had a slight taste of the next ‘wall’.

Instantly, he opened his Status Viewer and found the reason why.

Stats ->

Strength 198 (115 + 83) Agility 162 (109 + 53)

Stamina 210 (108 + 102) Intelligence 116 (74 + 42)

Wisdom 112 (70 + 42) Fighting Aura 154 (66 + 88)

Magic Resistance 202 (54 + 148) Spirit Ability 101 (53 + 48)

His stamina passed 200.

It was no way near in terms of pure stats, but due to different continuous effect and equipment effect, it has doubled.

Strength was also near the figure.

‘Like this, the supporting stats will surpass the pure stats.’

He seemed pleased with the results.

But, he wasn’t planning to neglect his own development.

“The characteristic of the armor… completely changed.”

As he turned his gaze, Bartas murmured as if he couldn’t believe his eyes.

Besides getting rid of the Phoenix’s ego, Muyoung filled it with his own colour.

Was this possible?

The monstrous strength the heart had was completely dyed.

The armor that was incomplete was now complete.

Just by Muyoung putting it on, it happened.

It was something he never thought of.

Oom, the ruler of dokkeabis.

Was that really all?

“What kind of magic did you use? To suppress the strength of a Phoenix!”

With a small smile, Muyoung looked at Bartas.

“Equipment are just tools.”

Bartas hesitated.

He couldn’t agree.

He was a dwarf and the equipment that was born from his hands were all like his children.

The words of it just being a tool became a dagger and pierced through his heart.

However, Muyoung only smiled coldly.

If he was to empathize with tools that are supposed to become and move as his hands and feet, he would be swayed at that moment.

It was the reason why he erased the ego of the Phoenix.

“Bartas, the lord of the alliance. Is the Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon ready?”

Muyoung changed the subject.

Making the dwarves into warriors was near complete and he had earned the Immortal King’s Breastplate.

Now, all that was left was the Dark Dragon Barca.

To stop his attack.

He didn’t think that Barca wouldn’t be able to find this place.

It would definitely attack before the start of the ‘Devil’s Long Night’.

Bartas led out a deep sigh and nodded his head.

“I tried to reduce the time for it to blast but I still need 60 seconds. It’s enough time for the dragon to notice and escape.”

“30 seconds.”

“What?”

“Reduce it to 30 seconds. For the duration of that time, I will definitely hold Barca back.”

Muyoung boasted.

Barca wouldn’t invade the location right away.

However, it was at most 2 months.

Barca knew almost correctly of the dwarf’s location and was moving towards them.

After roaming around a few times, it would head north.

He needed to find a solution by then.

‘A second would determine the victory.’

Muyoung’s eyes sunk deeply.

1 second. Even by a shorter time than that, the winner and loser would be determined.

Even if he used all his strength, he couldn’t be certain.

All his muscles were a bit contracted and then relaxed as he let out his tension.

The war against the Dark Dragon Barca had already started.

Dwarves' Castle War Arc

Chapter 93: Dwarves' Castle War

Woohee pouted out her lips.

She was luring the monsters because of Muyoung's favor but it was harder than she had expected.

"Woohee doesn't want to work..."

Blazing Avenger.

Woohee was whining while she sat on the flame mutant's shoulder.

From the start, Woohee was extremely lazy.

If she was diligent, she wouldn't have taken that long in creating the Endless Battlefield.

So, Woohee pondered.

Was there anything else new?

The undead just followed orders and it was when she was becoming bored from luring the monsters.

'Oh? What is that?'

It was when she was searching above the snow to find the next opponent.

A black box came into her sight.

‘It’s a mimic!’

After realizing what the box was, Woohee’s eyes sparkled.

Mimic was a box type monster.

Normally, it was like a security magic placed on treasure boxes by high-rank magicians.

It was a monster created to automatically defend against those who touch the box.

She didn’t know why a mimic was in a place like this, but that wasn’t what Woohee was interested in.

Woohee instantly straightened her hand and ordered the mutants.

“Step on that!”

Woooaaarr!

Mutants slowly moved and surrounded the mimic.

Mimics normally popped out of the box when someone tries to open it, but as the mutants trampled on it with their monstrous strength, it didn't have the ability to hold on.

Soon, as sparkling gold coins popped out in between the half destroyed box, Woohee quickly flew and held them with her hands.

"Wooheeheeheehee!"

Rings, circlets, and gold with patterns she couldn't recognize!

Woohee was clearly a female. She liked sparkling things.

Jingle!

Soon, treasures poured out and Woohee plunged on top.

"Aww, so comfy. If I have a house, I want it decorated like this."

With the treasures as her bed, Woohee looked up to the sky with her arms crossed.

If she could earn a 'house', Woohee had a small dream to

completely fill it with treasures like this.

A house that was more wonderful and glamourous than anyone elses!

‘Husband, let’s live beautifully. Wooheehee.’

She couldn’t stop laughing just by imagining her golden future.

If she had a huge house, full of treasures, and Muyoung, she didn’t think she would have anything to envy in this world.

It was at that moment.

Swooosh!

A huge black living thing flew past like an arrow in the sky.

In the surroundings, there were numerous flying type monsters.

Since it happened unexpectedly, Woohee couldn’t react right away.

However, Woohee’s face could only harden after seeing the trajectory drawn in the cloud.

“Ah, Dark Dragon Barca!”

The Dark Dragon Barca showed itself on the Northside.

It has been 68 days since he entered the castle.

“Fight with your life on the line. I will make you realize that a dragon isn’t such a big deal.”

Muyoung continued to train dwarves at an intense level.

He grouped them into tens and made them attack him.

Thump! Thump!

Dwarves were smacking their shields and swords rhythmically.

Dwarves were monsters only in the mid-level but if they were to wear good equipment, they would exhibit a strength greater than that.

Even if it was 10, Muyoung could not let his guard down.

‘Without the Immortal King’s Breastplate, it would have been hard.’

Muyoung's true strength came from the specters and the undead.

However, Muyoung faced the dwarves with only his own strength.

There, the Immortal King's Breastplate shined.

First, overwhelming defensive ability.

The dwarves' attacks couldn't even make a small dent.

Not just the dwarves but it was strong enough to even nullify Evil Spirit Predator Tacan's attack.

'But, I'm not unbeatable.'

The user, Muyoung, knew this.

That he couldn't fully block the Dark Dragon Barca's attack.

Indestructible was only true in terms of natural factors.

It meant that it couldn't be destroyed if the endurance level was worn out. If it was to receive an impact externally, there was no equipment that wouldn't break or shatter.

However, as his natural healing abilities greatly increased, he felt

like he became a troll.

The consumed stamina normally returned back to normal with about an hour or two of rest.

Most wounds healed within half a day.

‘Only if I could collect the set equipment…’

All he did was put on the armor but Muyoung’s strength increased rapidly.

He couldn’t even imagine how strong he might be if he was to collect 4 more equipment that relinquished the strength of the Immortal King.

However, this was the part Muyoung was unsure on.

He inwardly shook his head.

‘Why it had the strength of the Immortal King and why it was considered as a set equipment.’

Immortal King.

He never even heard of the name.

If it was Muyoung who already experienced death once, in some ways he could be considered immortal, however, he didn't believe his strength could exhibit that much of a distinct characteristic.

When he thought back, it felt strange.

If he was told to re-enact it, he probably couldn't.

To suppress the Heart of the Phoenix and to fill it with his own colour.

He felt as though he acted as if he was bewitched by someone.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Dwarves smacked their shields and weapons loudly.

Before fighting, it was kind of a way of showing respect to Muyoung.

It was dwarves' traditional way of saying they acknowledged Muyoung as a true warrior.

Then, the 10 dwarves lifted their feet.

Muyoung got rid of his distracting thoughts and focused on the fight.

If it wasn't for Woohee who suddenly appeared, he would have been fiercely fighting a tight match.

"Husband! Husband! Something big happened!"

With gold rings on her neck and gold necklaces around her belly, Woohee hurriedly flew towards him.

"What's wrong?"

Gulp!

As Muyoung asked, Woohee gulped her saliva.

"Haaa! Haaa! There is a big problem. This isn't the time for us to be like this!"

"This isn't the time for us to be like this?"

"Barca, Barca appeared!"

Woohee's words had a huge ripple effect.

"Dark Dragon Barca!"

“He finally appeared.”

Including Muyoug, all the dwarves surrounding him started to make a noise.

However, they weren’t scared like the last time.

‘It’s the effect of brainwashing.’

Secretly, Muyoung brainwashed the dwarves that ‘the dragon wasn’t such a big deal’.

By pushing them to their limits and speaking a word afterwards was enough.

The words that were engraved in their minds controlled their instincts before they knew it.

Muyoung asked with a straight face.

“And it’s location?”

“It’s almost here. It’s probably getting ready. Woohee tried her best to approach it but Barca became aware and so she couldn’t. Instead, I saw other monsters. There were wyverns, wind rides, and thunder bats…”

Gibberish.

Woohee’s body was shivering.

It couldn’t be helped as it wasn’t like fairies could dodge all attacks.

Monsters that were born as half transcendental species like the dragon could destroy fairies or the trials the fairies created.

Since there were already numerous fairies who were attacked by the dragon in the past, it would be a lie if she said she wasn’t afraid.

However, she took courage and checked nearby.

“Good work.”

Muyoung placed his hand on top of Woohee’s head.

Then, Woohee’s shivers slowly stopped.

Afterwards, he turned around and yelled.

“Prepare for the castle war!”

This fight was going to be the castle war that would end this long

and tiresome relationship between the dwarves and the dragon.

Thumppp!

The dwarves were stomping their shields onto the ground with a hardened look on their faces.

The dragon was no longer an opponent they needed to avoid as they were reborn as warriors through Muyoung.

It was a hardship they need to face and win.

It was at that moment.

<The 'Dwarves' Castle War' has started.>

<The Three Pickaxe Sack Alliance boasts itself of being the largest gathering amongst dwarves. They stood up to extinguish the bad strife between themselves and the dragon.>

<Help them and face Barca. The Dark Dragon Barca will invade the castle with many flying type monsters.>

<Depending on your contributions, an appropriate reward

will be given.>

<The number of allies is indicated.>

<Dwarves 23,777.>

<The number of opponents is indicated.>

<The Dark Dragon Barca, 688 wyverns, 1,224 wind rides, and 2,447 thunder bats.>

Dwarves' Castle War!

It just popped up as a quest.

It meant that if he was to solve this, there would be a lot of advantages to be earned.

However, it wasn't an easy task.

'The Dark Dragon Barca is accompanied by monsters…'

Dragons were normally monsters that moved alone.

However, he could handle so many monsters depending on how he looked at things.

The dragon was that sort of existence.

One of the monsters that were at the top of the food chain!

If it was accompanied by those numbers, it meant that it was determined to destroy the dwarves.

It probably was really enraged by being toyed with by Bartas.

“Go up the castle!”

“Get the cannon ready!”

The dwarves started to move in an organized order.

With Muyoung’s help, their system had changed and allowed them to distribute the work more effectively.

Although it has only been 68 days, they were desperate.

Then, a huge castle wall over a good 20 meters shined and a magical barrier was created.

It was a wall built to maximize the defense against the dragon’s attack.

It wouldn’t collapse easily.

Dwarves climbed up the castle wall and loaded a few hundred cannons.

The rest of the dwarves protected the cannons or held a crossbow.

‘We must win.’

Muyoung squeezed his fists to the point it was as if his bones would shatter.

Even if he was to exhibit all of his ability, he wasn’t sure if he could win.

However, he needed to.

Even if it wasn’t possible, he needed to make it possible.

“Hunt the dragon! It doesn’t lack to be my opponent as the king of the specters. I feel impatient already!”

Tacan. The Evil Spirit Predator and one that managed Cerberus was truly strong.

However, he had a critical weakness.

He couldn’t recognize his opponent’s strength and would attack.

If Bartas was to attack it now, he would only be beaten to death.

“I need you to do something else.”

Muyoung spoke coldly.

Then, Tacan tilted his head.

“Wasn’t it my task to handle the dragon?”

“Not now.”

“Then?”

“I need you to disperse the enemies. With the mutants, attack the enemies rear.”

The Dark Dragon Barca didn’t know any tactics or strategies. He would probably rush into it at once.

However, that would be dangerous. The number of enemies was greater than he thought and the flying type monsters were basically natural enemies of the dwarves.

He needed to disperse the numbers even by a little to raise his chance of winning.

Tacan accepted with difficulty.

“Hmm… I don’t like it as a king, but if you want it, I shall. But, Muyoung. Are you planning to stay here?”

“I will command from here.”

The reason why the dwarves changed was solely because of Muyoung.

If Muyoung was to vacant his place, their fighting spirit would greatly decrease.

It was also Muyoung’s first time in leading and fighting with this great of a number.

However, he couldn’t do a shabby job just because it was something he had never done before.

Swoosh!

Muyoung took out Anguish and the Wicked God’s Sword.

At the same time, small spots started to flood in from the sky.

And the Dark Dragon Barca was in the lead.

‘I will beat you.’

It wasn’t like he hadn’t fought a dragon in the past.

When he was facing the Dragon Lord, the demon dragon was the biggest obstacle.

Its armor was outstanding and even its existence was so powerful that it could even hunt transcendental species.

However, even the powerful demon dragon wasn’t complete.

In the end, the Dragon Lord was assassinated by Muyoung and afterwards the demon dragon had also died.

When they were together, he thought they were unbeatable but once he faced them individually, it wasn’t as hard as he expected.

This fight was in a much better position than that time.

At least, there were lots of options Muyoung could use.

Although his current strength fell far short from his past strength, compared to the hardships in the past, it was easier.

Muyoung focused on Barca.

Roaaaaaaaar!

The Dark Dragon Barca spouted out a rough breath.

Chapter 94: Dwarves' Castle War (2)

The Dark Dragon Barca led out a heavy breath.

It was a dragon's strongest attack called the Dragon's Breath!

Roaaaar!

The huge castle wall started to shake.

Amazingly, the castle walls which God Hand Bartas devoted himself in making didn't collapse right away.

Dozens of magic barriers overlapped and rose. It was protecting them from the Dragon's Breath.

'Beautiful.'

The scene of dozens of blue magical barriers rose all together was quite beautiful in Muyoung's eyes.

The number was exactly 50.

It was no different than having 50 walls placed very closely together with only a thin gap in between them.

Bartas was truly worthy to be called God Hand.

It was possible only because he had the knowledge of both construction and magic.

Clank! Clank! Crack!

However, the 50 walls couldn’t withstand the cruel Dragon’s Breath.

The first one broke, then another, and instantly the 3rd wall had collapsed

Not only were the walls huge but so was Barca.

Barca was slightly smaller than that but was big enough to terrify others.

‘It isn’t as great as Arukisha… the demon dragon the Dragon Lord tamed.’

If there was hope, it was the fact that Muyoung hasn’t faced a stronger dragon than it.

The Demon Dragon Arukisha.

It was the owner of the ‘Active Volcano that poured Darkness’, which was a restricted area within the Demon God’s Territory.

It turned down any living being from approaching and used liches to manage the death's territory.

So many guilds sent out large personnel to conquer the Active Volcano that poured Darkness but they all failed.

Afterwards, for revenge, Arukisha lead an army of the dead and invaded the human's territory.

That was how Arukisha destroyed more than twenty huge guilds and clans.

It was the event that led to the restructure of all the organization's rank.

It was a monster easily in between the 5th level top rank and the transcendental.

It could only be controlled when 7 out of 10 top humans came forth.

However, it couldn't be killed.

Arukisha ran far away and subsequently, no one knew how the Dragon Lord found and tamed it.

Only Muyoung who took a peek at the Dragon Lord's status

viewer knew roughly of what happened.

Either way, compared to Arukisha, the Dark Dragon Barca, the difference was like an adult compared to a child.

Even then, it was true that it was terribly strong but if it was weaker than Arukisha, it was definitely doable.

Muyoung could be certain since he personally faced Arukisha.

‘3 years. The time I observed the Dragon Lord and Demon Dragon Arukisha.’

From all the assassinations Muyoung had completed, killing the two was the most difficult task.

He knew of the Dragon Lord and Demon Dragon Arukisha’s every behavior and even the smallest habits.

He couldn’t be certain if it could be applied to other dragons, but he thought it was worth a try.

“The Dragon’s Breath can’t last for a long time! Continue to shoot cannons in its mouth!”

Clank! Craaack!

In a blink of an eye, about fifteen magical barriers cracked and broke off.

There were 35 left.

Before they all disappeared, he needed to place a few hits.

“We, we will die! We will all die!”

A dwarf who climbed up the castle wall shivered his body.

The dwarves’ number was approximately 24,000.

Even if Muyoung trained them, it wouldn’t have the same effect on everyone.

There were going to be dwarves like him who didn’t overcome their fear for the dragon.

As if he made a frantic last-ditch effort, he swayed the waters.

“Let’s run away? Please? Logically, how can dwarves win against a dragon? No matter how much we try, our opponent is a dragon! Why do you think Bartas didn’t fight it all this time? It all became strange after that dokkaebi appeared. Dragons and dwarves are different from birth…!”

Stab!

Muyoung stabbed a sword into his mouth.

“Gulllk!

The moment the fallen dwarf was about to scream,

Muyoung quietly jumped up the castle wall.

Slash!

And with the sword that was still stuck in the dwarf’s mouth, he sliced off his head.

Soon, numerous specters went into his body through the open neck.

Boom!

It popped.

The flesh pieces from the dead body scattered and spread all around them.

Beside it, Muyoung’s image was as grotesque as ever.

‘I can’t have him reduce the fighting spirit.’

During a battle, he needed to kill his allies who lowered their fighting spirit.

No matter what the reason was.

All the dwarves who looked at Muyoung were shivering.

“Getting killed by the dragon is going to be less painful than to be killed by me. And it would be more honorable to die by fighting than to die while running away. It’s your only chance to end this ill-fated relationship with the dragon. Are you going to run away this time as well?”

Muyoung spoke quietly but with strength.

“Are you planning to live the rest of your lives as slaves? Always remain as cowards, fugitives?! Fight. Battle. They are disregarding dwarves. They are mocking Heimdall’s name. Even I, a dokkaebi, knows of this truth! But are you trying to turn your back on a chance that only came after a few hundred years?!”

“Damn it!”

“Bring more arrows!”

“How long before you bring me the large crossbow? Hurry and drag it here!”

“There, as if you shove it, move the cannon! Shove a cannon in its mouth!”

Dwarves were fired up.

Castle War.

Like the name itself.

If they were to lose now, there was no other chance.

All the dwarves knew of this truth.

It wasn’t going to be solved even if they run away.

They needed to win.

That was the only way they could live.

Although they were vexed, Muyoung’s words were all true.

Here, in the Underworld, the dwarves’ standing was weak.

All the other species thought of dwarves as slaves or fugitives.

If they didn't get rid of their bad habit, their future was dark.

'The oil is poured.'

Dwarves were burning up fiercely.

If these flames would eliminate them or burn up even their opponent, he needed to wait and see how it goes.

Tacan led the mutants and moved.

Tacan, who was a death knight and an evil spirit predator, could place specters in mutants to strengthen them.

Since flame mutants were made by combining fire tars and avengers, they were enough to attack the enemies from behind.

'Calla, before he pops out, I need to secure my place here.'

The dragon hunt was also meaningful to Tacan.

The three sovereigns of Asura's Path.

Tacan was one of the three, but soon enough, the one called 'Calla' will show himself.

Calla was a sovereign that who was competing with Tacan.

Their relationship was extremely ill and they had the tendency to hate and have a grudge on each other even over little things.

If Calla was to hear that Tacan had killed a dragon before him, his expression would be nice to look at.

Even for the sake of watching that face, he needed to succeed in this dragon hunt.

The other sovereign…

‘Muyoung, would he be able to awaken even him?’

Tacan thought of Muyoung.

And then shook his head.

Although Muyoung’s soul was deeper and was more full of mysteries than anyone else, still he was skeptical.

He was the best out of all three sovereigns and was sealed in Asura’s Path for eternity.

Due to the wrath of a god.

It was on a much different level than himself or Calla.

Even if it was Muyoung, he wouldn’t be able to break his seal.

Tacan clicked his tongue.

After all, they were all useless thoughts.

Right now, it was time to attack the Dark Dragon Barca’s back.

Slash!

He swung his huge longsword once.

Then, a powerful wind-force sprang forth and sliced a wing of a wyvern in the air.

Afterwards, specters appeared on the both sides of Tacan and created a form of wings.

“Let’s go.”

The same form of wings was created for dozens of mutants and Cerberus.

They wouldn’t last long but from the beginning, he wasn’t planning to fight them for a long time.

Whooo!

Splatt!

With Cerberus releasing flames and lightning, the fight had started.

The walls the dwarves’ made was stronger than it seemed.

It was also something that hurt Barca’s pride.

However, it couldn’t endlessly maintain its Dragon’s Breath.

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!

Eventually, Barca roared after it stopped its Dragon’s Breath.

However, it didn’t seem like it gave up.

With its claws, Barca grabbed a wyvern flying near it.

Crackle! Crack!

Then, it dumped it in its mouth and swallowed it whole.

Depending on the type, dragons had their special characteristic. If the Demon Dragon could handle the strength of darkness, the Dark Dragon Barca could ‘absorb’ health.

And Barca’s absorb was superior than other dark dragons.

Crackle! Crack!

After swallowing numerous thunder bats, dark lightning raged around Barca.

It was so.

Barca was able to copy the ability of what it swallowed for a short period.

Even more, its destructive power was proportional to Barca’s strength.

It was a variable even Muyoung couldn’t think of.

It was Barca’s authority that not even dwarves were well aware of.

Whoooo!

Once again, Barca accumulated for its breath.

And with the strength of thunder and lightning, it poured its breath straight towards the wall.

Kabooom!

Muyoung scrunched his eyebrows.

Out of 50 magical barriers, 30 of them were instantly destroyed.

Just after one shot, it happened as Barca used the strength of thunder and lightning with his Dragon's Breath.

'It was lunch.'

Muyoung noticed Barca's change at once.

And why he came with numerous of monsters.

Those monsters were all a lunch for Barca.

It was obvious that it purposely brought them in order to exhibit the characteristic of a dark dragon.

He never thought it could even copy the ability of the opponent it absorbed but it wasn't an all-around skill.

'It can't absorb two abilities at once and reproduce them.'

Wyverns' were oddly a monster with earth attributes rather than the wind.

However, Barca only exhibited lightning attributes.

It meant that it could only copy one type of ability at a time.

Without copying, it couldn't easily destroy the magical barriers with his breath.

What should he do...

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

Zap! Zeezap!

"Yeow, it hurts! Hing. Why is it suddenly acting like this?"

At that moment, Woohee shivered her whole body and let out her dissatisfaction.

It was just that the metals that Woohee were wearing were

creating an odd reaction.

He wasn't sure where she got them from but static was continuously arising from the metals.

After looking at the scene, Muyoung quickly turned his head.

"Bring me iron pillars now!"

And ordered the dwarves nearby.

Dwarves moved orderly and brought out numerous steel pillars that were approximately 2m tall.

Muyoung, who saw them, gave out his next order.

"Distribute and place the pillars on top of the castle walls. You must place them widely apart from one another."

"Is there a reason why you place these there?"

"I have no time to explain. Hurry!"

Muyoung was after lightning rods.

Lightning and thunder could only react to metal conductors and the lightning rods that were placed in different areas would divide

the strength of the lightning and thunder.

Dwarves also knew of its principle but because they were so lost in this battle they just weren't able to realize it.

After a while, the lightning rods were placed in different areas of the castle walls and the strength of the lightning and thunder subsided.

"The attack has weakened!"

"The pillars are working!"

The spirit of the dwarves' rose once more.

Then, as if the dark dragon also realized something odd, it stopped its breath for a moment.

'It is probably planning to eat up other monsters.'

For now, they were done defending against thunder and lightning attributes.

However, there was still earth attributes which the wyverns had and the wind attributes from wind rides."

However, both attributes were weak against one attribute.

‘Earth and wind attributes are all weak against dark attributes.’

That was the interrelations between attributes.

And darkness was a field Muyoung was most confident with.

‘It will be a muddy fight.’

Before all the magical barriers got destroyed, he was planning to reduce Barca’s power to the best he could.

And to do this, he was prepared to even enter the mud.

Swoosh!

He took out his sword.

Now, it was time for Muyoung to take an active part.

Chapter 95: Dwarves' Castle War (End)

The magic that the dragons used was purer than anything else.

That was why there was quite a firm difference in terms of superiority among their attributes.

Muyoung went up the castle walls and made thousands of specters surround him.

As he was surrounded by a black fog, Muyoung's whole body was completely black.

'If my magic resistance didn't pass 200 with the Wicked God's Sword, I wouldn't even try but...'

Right now, when it's above 200, he could at least deal with it for a bit.

Muyoung declared the 'Absolute's Territory'.

The surrounding pressure of magic became disorganized and with Muyoung in the middle, all the attacks were weakened.

After Muyoung looked straight at Barca, he continued to build specters.

Thicker, stronger!

<Skill ‘Wall of Specters’ (C)’ has been created.>

<The wall made by specters has high endurance, physical resistance, and magic resistance.>

<The number of specters, intelligence and spirit ability has been greatly affected.>

A skill was created!

Was it because he has been using the specters for quite a while?

Or was it because he acted in a certain way?

Either way, it was rare for a skill to be created like this.

On top of that, it was instantly decided as a C rank when it was created.

‘The effect of Five Qi.’

Muyoung nodded his head.

Purity. Through Five Qi, Muyoung’s basic skills had all been

raised to C rank in the past.

Above all, it would take an average of 3 years for a normal person to learn a skill.

A person needed to indefinitely repeat and research in order to earn a skill regarding it.

Compared to this, Muyoung was much better off. Although he didn't intend for this to happen, he accepted it as if it was an obvious thing.

Soon, a fog made up of specters built a strong wall and blocked his front.

"Wa, what's that?"

"I'm getting goosebumps."

From the sooty wall, different kinds of faces seemed like they were going to pop out with their mouths open. Its appearance was completely eerie.

Dwarven bodies shivered instantly when they looked at it.

Certainly, it was a skill that was eye catching.

[Give me Bartas. Then, I will let you live.]

Suddenly, Muyoung could hear a voice in his head.

‘Barca.’

Muyoung immediately knew that the voice inside his head was Barca.

Since there weren’t many magical barriers left, it probably became possible for it to deliver his message.

[You have no chance of winning. Just open the gates and accept me. With Bartas’s life, you could all live.]

“Don’t be fooled by its skillful words!”

Muyoung yelled right away.

Barca’s message echoed in the hearts of the people.

It was because the presence of a dragon was passed on directly.

Dragon’s Words.

The words a dragon spoke had weight.

A forceful order was planted in people's mind.

But, that didn't mean that everything it said was true.

Even if they handed Bartas to Barca, it wouldn't save the rest of the dwarves.

If it did let them live, he would use them as slaves right up to their deaths.

"Don't listen to the words of the dragon."

Muyoung spoke again to the dwarves who were making a noise.

"Why would Barca negotiate now?! It's because it's beyond his power. It's because the dwarves' resistance was greater than it imagined! So, it has no choice but to toss a bait. Have you ever seen a dragon who truly negotiated? We are almost there!"

Barca was taken back. Muyoung could see it.

As he said, if it did have enough strength, it wouldn't even try to negotiate like this.

It would have destroyed them with no questions like it did in the beginning.

However, it changed its route. To make the dwarves open their gates, it even mixed Dragon's Words in order to send its message.

It was bluffing.

For Barca, it was something that really hurt its pride.

However, since that didn't even work, it was too clear in Muyoung's eyes what it was going to do next.

[You are so foolish. You are bringing death upon yourselves.]

Kwaawooooooooo!

Barca opened its mouth wide. It gathered it's strength to use and the earth and the sky started to shake.

Muyoung raised his wall of specters higher.

A single round match.

He just needed to block it just this once.

Even if it was possible to ‘absorb’, there was a limit.

It wasn’t infinite.

It was the same for the Demon Dragon Arukisha. It’s dark demon power was used up to a certain point and it could only run away.

Swooooooo-!

Smack!

Then, a long sword suddenly flew in from somewhere. And, it pierced through the flesh near Barca’s neck and became stuck.

One who could damage the skin of a dragon. There weren’t many who could succeed by throwing their weapon.

Muyoung looked at Tacan who triumphantly flapped its black wings like a devil from afar.

As if he had helped him.

‘It did help.’

Muyoung silently replied and focused all his strength.

Soon, the Dragon's Breath reached the magical barrier and the wall of specters.

Rumble!

Crack! Crackle!

All the magical barriers were broken.

The wall of specters shook wildly.

Muyoung clenched his teeth.

His teeth broke and his nails cracked away.

Both his hands and shoulders he used to raise the wall of specters were flushed red.

However, it was more endurable than he had thought.

Tacan reduced Barca's focus and due to it, Barca's explosive power was weakened.

Barca thought that it was hard to break through the wall of specters and stopped his Dragon's Breath.

Kwaaaaaaaaaaah!

At the same time, it cried.

It exploded as nothing was happening as it planned.

> [I will kill you all!]

Muyoung smiled.

He directly stopped Barca's attack. No matter the process, this truth was enough.

"I can't believe it."

"I...I'm not seeing things, right?"

"He stopped a Dragon's Breath alone?"

There were some exaggerations but Muyoung didn't try to clarify.

Instead, he screamed loud like an explosion.

"Raise your weapons! It's strength is gone!"

The magical barriers were all broken.

If they were to just stand there it would the same as being defeated.

Even if it did use up its strength, a dragon was a dragon.

However, Muyoung personally showed that they could win and from there, the dwarves felt hope.

Clank! Claank!

They all held a weapon and a shield.

“Yes. We have Muyoung.”

“We can do it. We can really do it!”

It was a moment where Muyoung’s presence suddenly rose.

They were prepared to run out with their hardened faces.

Then, Muyoung continued to speak.

“It’s the start of the counterattack!”

Bluuurp-!

The horn was blown.

A true castle war had started.

<The number of allies left is shown.>

<15,648 dwarves.>

<The number of enemies left is shown.>

<The Dark Dragon Barca, 217 wyverns, 357 wind riders, and 554 thunder bats. >

Almost 10,000 casualties.

The number of enemies had also decreased to about a half.

And Muyoung was ruling the war.

He took out all his cards to stop Barca.

Flame mutants, Black Sun Warrior, Heidegger, Tacan, and Cerberus... And even the Hellhorse!

'Your worse natural enemies are undead.'

The Dark Dragon Barca's best ability was absorption. It absorbed the life of others and recovered its stamina and used their abilities as its own.

However, undead were already dead beings.

How could Barca absorb life from opponents that didn't have one ounce of life?

Barca's biggest natural enemies were undead, and Muyoung.

Kyaaaaaaaaaaah!

Using its huge wings, Barca smacked its surrounding.

Whenever it did, all kinds of specters, evil spirits, and undead clung to it to restrict its movement.

As Barca felt desperate, it tried swallowing undead but it was no use.

It slowly broke away from the battleground and was now fighting

Muyoung alone.

In other words, it meant that there were no living creatures around it to swallow.

A dark dragon’s basic stamina wasn’t high.

Dragons were a top rank species and when they have a cheat skill like ‘absorb’, they don’t really need to improve their basic stats.

Since dark dragons’ were able to exhibit stronger power than their opponent had by absorbing.

And that arrogance currently held Barca back.

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang!

Barca flapped its wing greatly.

It realized that it didn’t have a chance like this.

However, Muyoung wasn’t well off either.

Already, few hundreds of undead were destroyed.

“Go.”

When Muyoung ordered, the Black Sun Warrior started to move.

Now, all the undead climbed up Barca's back.

It was the same for Muyoung.

'I need to stall for time.'

Up to now, it went as he planned.

The problem was that he needed to withstand 30 more seconds.

It was planned for the Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon to be shot here.

That was why he needed to make sure Barca didn't leave this area and avoid the Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon when it was launched.

Kraaaaaawaaaaaaaang!

Barca shot his last breath everywhere.

Whenever it flocked its wings, dozens of undead made it fall closer to the ground and everything that was touched by the breath got destroyed.

Muyoung clenched his teeth and used his sword.

‘I need to endure it.’

He wagered everything in this one shot.

If he failed, there was nothing left.

The rest will lose their fighting power and will wait for Barca’s attack while they suck on their thumbs.

Dragons were a species with a strong thirst for revenge.

It would never let Muyoung go.

Rumble!

Every time the Hellhorse kicked from the side, black lightning would strike down.

Although Barca opened its maw to eat the Hellhorse, it was impossible since its movements were constricted.

The Hellhorse was doing its job well.

It was definitely worth using his second request.

25 seconds, 26 seconds, 27 seconds...

'Now!'

Muyoung, who had finished counting exactly 30 seconds, kicked off Barca's back as he saw a light approaching from afar.

Even the undead jumped down as soon as they received Muyoung's message.

However, not all were able to jump down.

Around half of the undead accompanied Barca as they were hit by the exploding light beam.

Shwaaaaah!

The strong light instantly engulfed the territory whole.

Once the light had swept through, a hole was pierced in the sky and destroyed everything in its path.

Even the great Dark Dragon Barca was unable to endure that light.

Nothing remained in the places the light had swept past.

The dragon’s leather, its bones, and even the countless undead, all disappeared as if they had evaporated.

All that remained was a peaceful silence.

Muyoung, who had dropped on the ground, gazed at his left hand.

‘It burned off.’

His arm had vanished precisely up to his left elbow.

Only a thick, burnt smell remained.

It seemed he wasn’t able to completely get out of the Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon’s area of attack.

Seeing as he didn’t feel any pain, it seemed as though even his nerves had been damaged.

Muyoung frowned.

Thud!

The next moment, something fell in front of his eyes.

Thump! Thump!

The falling object beat violently as it revealed its life force.

Muyoung, who saw this, couldn’t help but shiver.

As someone who had awakened their purity, Muyoung could instantly tell that the object in front of him possessed a very noble, pure power.

Only this remained after everything of the dragon had been destroyed.

‘The dragon’s heart!’

It was precisely the heart of the dragon.

Muyoung’s heart beat furiously as well.

It was an object that was said to be impossible to obtain.

This was said to be second to that of the phoenix’s heart, perhaps possessing an even greater power.

A dragon would personally destroy its heart before it died.

It was because they possessed a personality that extremely despised getting used by others and because they knew the value of their hearts better than anyone else.

However, Barca didn’t have any time to prepare.

The moment it noticed the light, it had been too late.

If Muyoung had been a little late, his entire body would have been destroyed.

He was lucky to have only lost his left hand.

However, it seemed even the Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon was unable to extinguish this noble and pure power.

Ha!

Muyoung smirked.

They say if you lose something, you will gain something else.

There were many stories of heroes who became strong by obtaining a dragons’ heart.

What could make a normal person possess the power of a hundred men was precisely a dragon’s heart.

Because of this, it was an object everyone hungered after, and wars frequently broke out for a single heart.

This was what was in front of Muyoung.

Muyoung’s eyes that gazed at the dragon’s heart glittered brilliantly.

On A Different Level Arc

Chapter 96: On A Different Level (1)

Although Muyoung said it was a heart, it was more close to a gem.

Fitting its name as Dark Dragon, it was a black hexagonal shaped treasure.

The size was at most one span wide.

However, it couldn’t be ignored.

It shined like the Star of David and although its main body had died, it was a source of life that continued to pump!

An infinite amount of magical power was stored inside.

Dragon’s heart wasn’t also called the ‘Gem of the Sage’ for no reason.

‘The ones who have the dragon’s heart. Nine out of ten died.’

It was accepted as a fact of life.

Dragon’s heart was really rare but when it rarely did appear, the owner always changed.

Even if they did swallow it themselves, they wouldn't win out against the strength of the heart and their body would burst.

It was truly something that they weren't willing to keep or give up.

Muyoung slowly reached his hand out and held the heart.

Ba-dum! Ba-dum!

He couldn't tell if it was the sound of his heart or the sound of the dragon's heart.

Muyoung was captivated by its strange light.

However, his mind wasn't overwhelmed. As his mind enhanced, Muyoung's eyes became colder.

"Is that the dragon's heart?"

Tacan approached him. Thankfully, he and Cerberus seemed to have escaped the danger of the Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon.

However, Tacan was different from Muyoung.

He was drawn to the appeal of the dragon's heart.

Tacan looked at the treasure Muyoung was holding with eyes that were overflowing with greed.

“Really… it really is beautiful. It seems like it’s worth more than any treasure on Asura’s Path. It’s like an artwork make by a god.”

Tacan started to move as he was drawn to the heart.

For this reason, nine out of ten people die after they receive the dragon’s heart.

The magical power that came out of the heart had charmed everyone around it.

It was truly a poisonous flower itself.

Swoosh.

Muyoung put the heart away and took out Anguish.

Even though his left arm was gone, he was still able to perform 80% of his abilities.

Assassins had to know how to deal with all types of situations and had to be prepared even with so many restrictions.

His fighting abilities didn’t drastically decrease just because he

lost an arm.

“Stop.”

“Let me just look at it. I just want to see it closer.”

“I told you to stop.”

Swoosh.

In time, Muyoung’s sword had touched Tacan’s soul.

Through Soul Exploitation effect, Muyoung was able to see the soul of the undead he created.

Tacan moved his gaze to Muyoung.

As if he was asking the question if Muyoung was going to really slice his soul.

If Muyoung could really do well without his help!

Within a short amount of time, Tacan really did give Muyoung a lot of help.

Even looking further, there will be countless times where his strength would be needed.

However, Tacan soon realized that his thoughts were a mistake.

Muyoung’s hand moved a little closer.

Muyoung’s eyes didn’t flicker.

He wasn’t one to hesitate about slicing someone.

He was totally heartless and cold. Tacan’s body shivered as he looked at Muyoung’s eyes.

‘Asura…!’

Burr!

How is it that I see his image overlap with him?

The king of every kind of dokkaebi!

How was it that the appearance of the god who locked him up in Asura’s Path was projected?

Cruel, violent, and completely arrogant, but a ruler with undeniable strength, how could he!

Tacaan stopped his footsteps.

His affection towards the dragon's heart disappeared.

"For a moment, I was blinded."

Finally, Tacan regained control of himself.

His voice had a strong hint of regret.

Although there was no expression, Muyoung thought Tacan's face was quite wrinkled up.

For someone who is called a sovereign to lose his control over just a treasure, it seemed to have hurt his pride.

Tacan asked as he took a step back.

"That treasure makes everything go crazy. How are you going to manage it?"

Swoosh!

Muyoung sheathed back Anguish.

"I'm going to swallow it."

“Your body will not be able to cope with the magical power of the treasure. You should know better yourself.”

He knew. But, he was willing to still try.

If he was to achieve 2nd metamorphosis, it was possible that his body will regenerate.

It might be safer to create an equipment with the dragon’s heart to substitute for his left arm, but that wasn’t enough.

Muyoung had a lot of greed.

‘If I am to eat the dragon’s heart, I will lose or gain it all. One of the two.’

Through the dragon’s heart, he was going to attempt to regenerate his body.

Also, it was told that if someone was successful in accepting a dragon’s heart, there was a low chance of achieving a skill related to a dragon’s ability.

Muyoung moved without speaking.

The war has not ended yet.

– What do you think?

– Are you talking about the Gem of the Sage he earned?

– If he was to swallow it, he wouldn't survive. It is a future that is already decided.

– It's not like he is our only candidate. It's poison to collect all strengths in one direction. The student Merlin just took in, I like him.

– Merlin? Ahh, the magician in the Blue Temple. However, that guy is half evil. We can't trust him.

– How about the girl who is the successor of light?

– She also did have quite the potential. If we help her to learn the instructions on light, she is easily able to become a saint. As I recall, didn't she have connections with the Death Lord's messenger?

– Stop! People, my messenger did not die yet. And as a reward, we could give him something that could neutralize the dragon's heart!

– Death Lord, are you saying we should give him the Potion of

God? It is prohibited to give such a favour.

– Even with my name on the line? I am the Incarnate of Death, Arta-

– Stop! It is against the law to mention your true name. If your mind is that determined, then release the restriction Death Lord. If I remember correctly, we each had authority to change matters of the other world. Death Lord, I believe you still have one chance left?

– …Spirit Sovereign, you bastard.

– It doesn't seem like you are willing to release the restriction. Now, let's discuss what reward we are going to give him. Since he did have a crucial role in killing the dragon and winning the castle war, I'm thinking of giving him the Spirit Baron, what do you guys think?

– Spirit Baron! Are you talking about that taboo spirit?

– It's more than enough as a reward.

– Then, I will understand that everyone besides Death Lord accepts.

– Wait.

– King Slayer, what is it?

– That restriction, I will release it.

– ...you will?

– Is it that surprising?

– You have never released the restriction before. Although others used it at least once.

– I just never had a reason to use it. And Muyoung didn’t know how to use my strength properly. I will use this opportunity to show him.

– What does he have that makes you, King Slayer, obsess about? Although the human called Muyoung is great, he is still just a human. Isn’t he not that big of a deal for you, the noblest knight, to obsess about?

– He told me. He will not break. I just thought it was a waste for him to die now. Also...

– Also?

– There is something I need to check in person.

All the dwarves cried out loud.

That they had won!

They had ended the few hundreds of years of vice.

The death of Dark Dragon Barca would not end as just a death of one dragon.

Other dragons will know of this truth and dwarves would no longer need to be fugitives.

“Dragon Slayer!”

“Dragon Slayer-!”

However, someone else was a critical role in their victory.

Dwarves all gathered around Muyoung.

Muyoung raised Anguish up high.

At the same time.

<The authority of 'King Slayer', 'King Slaughterer' has been activated.>

<Dragons are strong individuals that could all be called kings.>

<As you have killed the 'Dark Dragon Barca', your intelligence and wisdom have increased by 20 each.

First to be activated was the King Slaughterer effect.

Before, when he killed the lizard king, his strength went up by 5 but this was an increase incomparable.

It seemed like all dragons were acknowledged as kings.

It meant that it would still work if he was to kill another dragon.

Then, another message appeared.

<The achievement effect 'Dragon Hunter (A++)' has been added.>

<From ancient times, the number of dragon hunters were very small in number. Dragons will naturally feel hostile but the influence they cause will be reduced by half. As more

dragons are hunted, the rank will increase.>

This was also expected

Since it wasn't the first time Muyoung had hunted the dragon.

Out of the top 10 humans, about half of them had experience in hunting dragons.

The achievement effect Muyoung earned right now was the same for them.

Just, it was different how they hunted dragons after they became strong but Muyoung was successful when all his abilities were quite lacking.

Although it was due to the Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon, Muyoung still took part in all of the process.

Killing many birds with one stone.

He had hunted a dragon and had gained both the King Slayer's effect and the achievement effect at once.

If there was something different, King Slayer raised his pure stats while the achievement effect raised his supporting stats. But, right now, it wasn't important.

What Muyoung was waiting for was 'their' evaluation.

The Masters of Darkness made up of 11 individuals.

The reward he received depending on their evaluation could not be ignored.

<You have achieved great victory in the ‘Dwarves’ Castle War’!>

<You have achieved 85.7% participation for the dragon hunt.>

<With the user’s current ability, it was impossible.>

<To you who accomplished the impossible! For your performance, the Masters of Darkness are very pleased.>

<The Masters of Darkness are examining the User.

<The ‘Spirit Sovereign’ has gifted you ‘Greaves of Destruction (Baron)’.>

Clank!

On one hand, greaves were created.

It seemed like the greaves matched his breastplate as if they were naturally a pair.

As Muyoung concentrated on the equipment, information regarding it appeared.

Name: Greaves of Destruction (Baron)

Rank: A+++

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 100,000

Effect: Greaves possessed by a Spirit Baron.

* Agility +20

* Stamina +20

* Intelligence +30

* The Spirit Baron can be summoned. The taboo Spirit Baron attacks without separating enemies from allies. It is highly likely that it will attack the user first.

** All of the Spirit Baron's stats are determined by doubling of the user's intelligence (at most 500).

Stats were prominent but the last effect was a double-edged sword.

Spirit Baron.

It was a name he hadn't heard of but if it was affected by his intelligence, it seems like it was considered as a type of skill.

'I understand why destruction is part of its name.'

Still, it said that there was a high chance it would attack the user.

If he had the confidence of fleeing after summoning it, it seemed like it could surely be used as a bomb.

Muyoung removed the Kneeguard of Fresh Blood and wore his greaves.

Dwarves were instantly confused but Muyoung didn't care.

Then, he turned on his Status Viewer.

He wanted to check his final completed stats.

Achievement Effect –>

Star of Purity (S, All stats +20, Waking phase of the Absolute)

Dragon Hunter (A++, All stats +20. Out of the dragon's influence)

Oom (A+, strength +10. Ruler of dokkaebis)

Gremory's Anguish (A, +3 to all abilities)

Asura's Vassal (A, The strength to deal with spirit's and devil's power, Spirit Ability increased by '10'.)

Soulmate (B+, From now on, if you commune with an undead, the undead's stats will slightly increase permanently.)

Descendant of Murlocs (B+, Increased growth of murlocs.)

Fairy's Blessing (B, Allows fairies to feel familiar with the user.)

Class Effect ->

Death Lord (Lord Class, Ruler of Death)

King Slayer (Lord Class, Slayer of Kings)

Strength 221 (115 + 106) Agility 196 (109 + 87)

Stamina 181 (94 + 87) Intelligence 157 (90 + 67)

Wisdom 157 (90 + 67) Fighting Aura 164 (66 + 98)

Magic Resistance 212 (54 + 158) Spirit Ability 111 (53 + 58)

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened. Completed the 1st metamorphosis. You have accomplished Three Flowers Condensing onto the Head and Five Qi and have realized purity.

Equipped and Invoked Equipment:

Anguish (Strength +14, Ogre's Cruelty)

Lunatic Sovereign's Set (All Stats +15, Stamina +10)

Immortal King's Breastplate (Strength +15, Fighting Aura +30, Stamina +50, Magic resistance +80, set equipment)

Wicked Belt (Intelligence & Wisdom +4, all undead are strengthened by 5%)

Hermes's Boots (Agility +15, 3 seconds of acceleration)

Skull Accessory (Strength +19, Agility +4)

Greaves of Destruction – Baron (Agility and Stamina +20, Intelligence +30, Summon Baron)

Wicked God's Sword (Fighting Aura +20, Cry of Battle)

Contempt for the Weak (Magic Resistance +30, Extortion of Energy, Set Equipment)

Starlight (Star of the Absolute – All abilities +10, Star looter, Absolute's Territory)

As the King Slayer and Dragon Hunter effects overlapped, he was able to supplement for the most chronic problem of his intelligence and wisdom.

For an explorer who hasn't been here for even a year, it was a condition no one would believe.

No matter how fast, it would take about 5 years. No, something

that needs at least 10 years. Muyoung completed this in less than a year.

‘Still lacking.’

However, Muyoung was thirsty.

It was still far for him to handle everything alone.

Muyoung’s goal wasn’t to be in the top 10 humans.

He wanted to be the absolute who could win against Demon Kings and Demon Gods alone!

For him to accomplish this, he needed to go faster.

‘I will use the little wish to swallow the dragon’s heart.’

And Muyoung held the way to take a leap forward.

The dragon’s heart. Through it, he was going to get stronger.

The world would change.

And in it, there was a woman.

No, there had to be one. If, it was as usual.

Little wish. The tool that would let out a fake image of an angel to grant a small wish.

However, the one that appeared wasn't a fake angel or a blue background.

"...who are you?"

Chapter 97: On A Different Level (2)

There was no trace of a woman with wings but instead, there was a black shadow of a person.

As if it was a shadow, only the outline was visible.

As a silhouette of a man holding a sword was looking towards Muyoung, he couldn’t help but ask.

However, the man did not reply.

Instead, he held his greatsword.

With one hand, he easily swung the greatsword and suddenly started to attack.

Clang! Clang!

Rumble!

Whenever the man leaped, the ground shook.

Everything around was dark but Muyoung could feel it.

Muyoung also took out Anguish.

However, it was beyond his capability to block the man's attack with one hand.

"Are you thinking that you aren't able to block my attack because you have one hand?"

As if the black shadow could read Muyoung's mind, he spoke.

The voice had a lot of noise clustered but still, it wasn't to the point he couldn't understand.

Swaaack!

Then, the man sliced off his own left arm.

As if he was willing to face him with the same condition.

And then, when the battle continued, Muyoung couldn't help but feel a shudder.

'It's sophisticated.'

It was a continuation of sophisticated attacks without a single error.

The man loosened his strength and was facing Muyoung purely by his swordsmanship.

But, Muyoung was still unable to strike the man.

It was due to the difference of their basic skills.

‘There is a difference in skill itself?’

Hah!

It was funny.

Even if he worked as an assassin for over 40 years, Muyoung’s knowledge in basic swordsmanship was extraordinary.

By watching, he acquainted numerous swordsmanship of strong men and made them his own.

The skills Muyoung had come to perfect after improving them himself.

But… the man in front of him was on another level.

It made it seem like his swordsmanship was poor. The man’s blow had all kinds of exquisite principles.

He just knew that there were.

It was a phenomenon that occurred after he was awakened by purity.

But there was no way of knowing what that exquisite principle were.

“You don’t even fully understand what you have.”

The man’s greatsword pierced through Muyoung’s side.

Like a slow motion, it was a move that was absolutely leisurely.

He couldn’t believe it. With his eyes wide open, Muyoung looked at his side that was pierced.

‘When?’

It was clearly slow. So slow that he could yawn.

But, suddenly it pierced through his body.

Was this really something that was possible?

It was a sword that was endlessly fast and continued slowly.

He thought he was obviously going to block the man’s attack, but couldn’t.

He turned his head and looked at the black shadow.

With an expression as if he was about to laugh, the black shadow spoke.

“Even a slow sword could have few thousands of different alternations. You could also perform this swordsmanship.”

Muyoung knitted his brows.

That slow sword. No matter how many times he looked at it, he couldn’t understand it. But, the man said he was able to perform the same.

However, Muyoung never pursued slow movements.

Only fast!

He just mastered how to be elaborate and fast.

Since there was nothing else needed besides fast in an assassination.

Cough!

Muyoung coughed up blood.

“Because you believe you are perfect, your abilities are stagnant. Your physical might be stronger but your foundation is terrible.”

No one was able to say that Muyoung’s skills were terrible.

If anything, wasn’t Muyoung’s pure skills better than everyone else?

That’s why he believed that he just needed to regain his previous fighting power.

He believed that the only way he could get stronger was to quickly raise his stats.

“Who… are you?”

Muyoung asked again.

However, the answer he heard was different from what he expected.

“Try to figure it out with a sword.”

Afterwards, the man raised his greatsword.

And the sword flew towards him.

It was totally relaxed but Muyoung wasn't able to do a thing.

In all his life, he had never seen a sword like this.

Wung Chunglin was known as a killing machine and even the numerous martial masters who learned martial arts for generations were no better than the man in front of him.

It was like the difference between a child and an adult.

He was on a different level.

It felt like the sky fell down.

"You are dead."

The man spoke as Muyoung's neck was sliced off.

With that as an end, Muyoung's consciousness became muddy.

"Haah!"

Muyoung quickly lifted his upper body.

Lavishing inner castle.

Muyoung was completely wet on top of a bed.

‘I clearly remember using the Little Wish.’

However, he wasn’t able to pray for a wish.

He was trying to strengthen his physical for a moment in order to swallow the dragon’s heart. But, because of the sudden appearance of a black shadow, it didn’t happen.

‘Who was he?’

The answer he could hear until the end.

He said to identify him with only a sword.

However, Muyoung was unable to identify him.

It was because there was a clear difference in their skills.

Clench!

Muyoung clenched his teeth tight.

If the difference was simply their fighting power, he wouldn’t

feel this much sense of futility.

However, the man fought Muyoung with the same stats.

Strength, stamina, agility, etc... they were all the same.

As Muyoung faced him, he was able to understand.

Would there be a greater humiliation than this?

He was confident in his basic skills, but it was demolished without mercy.

As if he was mocked, it just swept him and passed by.

‘Conceit. Did I conceit?’

However, it wasn’t rage that felt after the end of humiliation and futility, it was self-reflection.

The man also said this.

That he was stagnant because he believed he was perfect himself.

His words might not be wrong.

Didn’t he continuously plan to develop himself with external help?

It was enough to call it conceit.

Swoosh.

Muyoung held Anguish.

And slowly swirled it.

‘A slow sword. In it, it has a few thousands of different alternations.’

He never thought a sword that he had never heard of or seen before could exist.

It was a fresh shock and he wanted to approach it.

That wasn’t the end.

Whenever Muyoung fell asleep, the fight with ‘him’ continued.

Only after a few days had passed did Bartas come to see him.

However, Bartas could only tilt his head after looking at Muyoung’s face.

“Is your body okay? For some reason, you don’t look so good.”

Although there were no visible injuries, his dark circles were quite deep.

“You’re later than I thought.”

“I’m sorry. I’m late because I had something to think about. And… thank you. Thanks to you, we were able to win the castle war.”

It seemed like there was a bit of goodwill towards Muyoung.

First, his gaze and his way of speaking had changed.

He was able to feel a sense of genuineness from the way Bartas showed his gratefulness.

“Speaking of which, do you want anything? If it’s something I can do, I am willing to do it. Although the breastplate is already made, but that isn’t enough. Not enough.”

God Hand Bartas. The equipment he created were worth a thousand gold.

He had a lot of pride on the work he created.

That was why he didn’t make equipment for the most request.

However, he said that it wasn’t enough.

Muyoung started to talk after he thought for a moment.

“Can I borrow 500 dwarves?”

“Dwarves?”

“I’m a lord who rules over a territory. I live with few thousands of dokkaebis and thousands of different species. However, their foundation is lacking. I need the work of dwarves.”

He really wanted them to move their base but Rome wasn’t built in a day.

Bartas was the lord of an alliance. Just as there can’t be two kings in one mountain, it was best to lend the dwarves for now.

“If it is for that reason, there is no reason for me to decline. I will lend you 1,000.”

Bartas quietly murmured to himself that it was a good thing that they got rid of the Dark Dragon Barca before the Devil’s Long Night started.

During that time, most monsters refrained their activities, but individuals like dragons were still active.

“Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me. Rather, didn’t think you were a lord. That was why it didn’t seem out of the ordinary for you to manage dwarves.”

“It’s nothing.”

“For you, it might be nothing but for me, for us, it’s a great thing. If we didn’t stand up then, we would still not be free from being fugitives.”

Bartas shook his head.

And cleared his throat as he held out something to Muyoung.

“Ahem, please accept this.”

It was a ring with a unique seal.

A dragon was drawn in but it was so detailed that it looked alive and as if it was about it move.

“This is?”

“It’s a seal that you are a friend of the dwarves. Since I have guaranteed it, no dwarf will be able to disregard you.”

It seemed like he was late because he was busy making this.

Muyoung grinned and accepted the ring.

< Achievement Effect ‘Dwarf’s Sworn Friend (A)’ has been added.>

<It is a present given to users who fought hard with a dwarf. As God Hand Bartas is the lord of an alliance, the seal he imprinted represents a strong trust.>

Not just a friend but a sworn friend.

It meant that Muyoung’s worth rose quite a lot during this time.

“Then, are you going to leave right away?”

“No, there is an item I need to find first.”

“An item you need to find?”

“I will be back within 90 days. It would be nice if you could supply your strength then.”

“I understand. And don’t forget. We dwarves are your friend.”

Muyoung nodded his head.

A journey of a 1000 miles begins with a single step.

If he was to enhance his relationship with the dwarves, it would become a great help in the future.

‘Things ended faster than I thought.’

There was over 150 days before the Devil’s Long Night started.

He couldn’t just waste the time he has left.

Finally, if it’s to the north side, there was something he needed to find.

‘ Oris’s Throne.’

Lunatic Sovereign’s ring, Hamel’s Rune Ring, and Oris’s Throne Ring.

There were all items that were needed in order to free ‘Diabolos’.

And among them, Oris’s Throne Ring was at the north side.

For him to return, it would take time, so it would be right for him to find it while he was here.

‘It is also a suitable place to raise basic skills.’

Muyoung clenched his fist.

He felt he first needed to raise his basic skills before eating the dragon’s heart.

“Ahh, and take this.”

“…arm?”

“I made something to replace your left arm. Ehem, there was something useful in the storage room.”

The item Bartas took out was a left arm.

To be exact, it replaced from his elbow of the arm but it was very exquisite.

No, in some ways, it seemed better than the real arm.

There was a clear difference in the role of tendons and bones. As he touched it for a moment, he could also feel the pulse that moved.

The completely fierce magical powers felt like it touched his skin.

It didn’t make sense that something like this would roll around in the storage.

It definitely was something Bartas used all his strength to make.

Bartas probably felt bad about the left arm that flew away when he was fighting the Dark Dragon Barca.

‘Dwarves are deeply affectionate once you befriend them.’

Dwarves were famous for repaying their debts to their enemies, and their friends.

It was hard to befriend them at first but once you befriended them, they were famous for helping you most of the time.

It seemed like Bartas’s heart was opened out to him.

He was shy to say that he created it so he sort of made it up.

“I can feel a strength out of the ordinary.”

“I have added the tendons of a Phoenix and Wyvern King’s heart. To know how well it fits your body, you need to wear it. But, the biggest output can even destroy a small mountain.”

Muyoung was able to feel the pride in his voice.

It seemed like he created the breastplate with the heart of the Phoenix and used the tendons left to make the left arm.

On top of that, a Wyvern King’s heart.

He could only be surprised about this part.

It was an extremely rare mutant type monster that could also be called the emperor of the sky.

Although it wasn’t as good as a dragon, it didn’t change the fact that it was a monster out of the monsters.

It was huge and also was able to release the breath.

When he categorized it in a rank, it was more than enough to be in the top rank.

It would have been hard to even find it but Bartas generously

used this precious material.

On top of that, since Bartas's skills were added, there was nothing more to say.

It probably wasn't a lie that it could even destroy a mountain.

Then, Bartas gave Muyoung a look.

As if he was encouraging Muyoung to try it on.

'To wear it for a while, it's perfect.'

Chapter 98: On A Different Level (3)

To wear it while preparations were completed, it was perfect.

And Muyoung was worried. The black shadow that popped out as he used the Little Wish.

He continued to talk.

To strengthen his basic skills.

To not think so hastily.

Like a teacher, he was trying to teach Muyoung.

And he was surely qualified. He was more superior than any ‘human’ Muyoung had faced up until now.

When he realized up to that point, Muyoung couldn’t help but laugh in vain.

‘The one I need to face isn’t a human.’

It was true. It was indeed true.

How did humanity collapse so easily like it did?

It was because the strength of the Demon Kings and Demon Gods were beyond one's imaginations.

Top 10 humans?

For them, it would be too much to face one Demon King.

If they desperately tried, then at most two. Even that was a 50:50 chance.

Wasn't it obvious that they couldn't even dream of beating a Demon God?

Just Gremory alone had 26 Demon Kings and their armies.

But, Muyoung thought only as far as the standards of a human.

Basic skills.

That might be superior to any humans.

If he used the standards of a Demon King or Demon God, then... well.

'I don't know them well.'

Muyoung had faced humans. Just the assassination of humans.

It wasn’t like he didn’t face monsters but Demon Gods were truly gods.

It was unfit to consider it as a monster.

To act on the superiority of one’s stats were the limits of humans.

They acted because they didn’t know.

The black shadow was pointing to those mistakes of Muyoung.

‘The world doesn’t revolve around you.’

He urged himself.

Basic skills were harder to master as he gained more strength and become more powerful.

It meant that if it wasn’t now, he would have to go around a much longer path.

Instead, by fighting the black shadow, he realized that not being so hasty was the way to go through a much shorter path.

Muyoung was making a big mistake because he ran without a delay.

That the world ran with him, the only one who returned from the future, as the center.

However, the enemy was powerful, strong, and endless.

The dragon’s heart.

The treasure also called the Gem of the Sage.

Perhaps the black shadow was telling him that it wasn’t ‘time’ yet.

To not be too dependent on outer strengths. That only when he, himself, can fully control it then would he be able to exhibit his true strength.

He continued to express that sort of will.

So, he was planning to use this left arm until he could fully control it.

“Muyoung?”

As Muyoung was deep in his thoughts, God Hand Bartas spoke as he was puzzled.

Cluck!

Muyoung escaped from his thoughts and wore the left arm.

“...it fits perfectly.”

“It’s the characteristics of that Phoenix. The tendons automatically change to fit the user. Hmm, there was no need to use the tendons on the breastplate so I didn’t use it. I didn’t just leave it out.”

“I know.”

From the beginning, it was a breastplate that matched Muyoung’s body.

There was no reason for tendons to be included. On the other hand, this ‘hand’ needed to move quite freely. It had a different use.

“I’m glad you know it. Now, you just need to endure it.”

It was at that moment.

Rrrrriiiiiipppppppp.

From the arm, tendons sprouted out and wrapped Muyoung’s left

shoulder.

And touched each and every nerve and slowly started to assimilate.

As if he was burnt by fire, the pain swept over him. He felt like all the heat from his body was all gathered to his left arm.

Muyoung clenched his teeth. Cold sweat dripped down from his body.

<’Azure Sky King’s Leftarm’ has recognized the user ‘Muyoung’.>

<Assimilation rate 96, 97, 98%, 99%!>

<’Azura Sky King’s Breath is now usable.>

<’Azure Sky King’s Leftarm’ strength is fixed at 300.>

Tendons that popped out like tentacles were rooted through Muyoung’s whole body.

It settled down once the assimilation was completed but Muyoung kept twitching his whole body.

After watching him, Bartas was all amazed.

“Hah! I thought the assimilation rate would be around 90%, but by looking at you it seems like you passed 95%.”

The Azure Sky King’s Leftarm was attached to Muyoung’s left side as if it was his real arm.

Although the veins of the part that connected to his arm were more bulging, he could barely feel the difference.

Crack!

As he grabbed the side of the desk, it broke as it was.

It felt like he was touching the sand.

Although he didn’t control his strength properly, it was still strong. Then, as he looked at Bartas, Bartas laughed out loud.

“Even though the outer appearance isn’t that greatly different from your arm, the interior is completely different. To withstand the twin head ogre’s and your muscles, I used ‘Aurum’ as its backbone.”

He seemed very proud.

Twin head ogres were known as the strongest monster simply by looking at their strength.

On top of that, if it was Aurum, it was a mid-legend class ore.

If he simply calculated, this one arm was basically worth a castle.

Even if he was the lord of the alliance, it would have been a heartbreaking expense.

However, Bartas's expression didn't show any signs of it being a waste.

"It's too good of an arm."

"If you think of it as a price for helping God Hand Bartas, it is quite cheap. Just, it would take a bit of time for you to get used to it."

Muyoung nodded his head.

Truly, there was a bit of a difference.

To control his strength, it seemed like he needed to put a bit of effort.

'Not bad.'

Instead, it was a problem that it was too good.

It seemed like he could quickly control his powers.

He basically added another thing to learn to control.

Also, the Azure Sky King's Leftarm was the work only the God Hand Bartas could create.

To earn it for a bargain didn't make any sense. It was obvious that it needed some effort.

'Strength fixed at 300…'

Fixed meant that other effects didn't work.

Muyoung's current strength was 221.

It didn't balance.

But, the ends of Muyoung's lips were raised instead.

'It should be fun.'

Muyoung's competitiveness escalated as there were more tasks

he needed to overcome.

Reality clearly influenced his dream world.

As he earned the Azure Sky King's Leftarm, his dream world would have also been projected as it was.

And in his dream world, Muyoung met 'him' once again.

The black shadow. The shadow who's deep, deep eyes were the only thing visible.

"You earned quite an amusing toy."

The man's sword was still slow.

Sometimes he approached him like a river, like a lake, or like a vast ocean.

But, Muyoung was still unable to block him.

"Did you think you could find a way if you used two arms?"

"I just wanted to check the gap more clearly."

No matter how strong he was, even when he used the Azure Sky King's Breath, he wasn't able to reach the man.

Muyoung already knew that he couldn't do it.

But, he realized something as he used two arms.

"So, did you realize the difference between you and me?"

"A bit."

"Ho..."

The man was in awe.

"What is it?"

"The sword."

"The sword?"

"You know the sword better than me."

It was true.

Muyoung knew that their understanding itself was different.

The man was a sword master. Who surpassed the limits.

It felt like he even knew the breath of the sword.

It was an impossible artistry as a human.

To know the breath of the sword and to move as if he was one body with it.

However, that wasn’t all.

Muyoung had no idea how that sort of artistry was possible.

The man smiled.

“It is difficult to accept something that is out of their perception. It is an amazing talent for you to know even that. So, I will specially give you some advice.”

And spoke quietly.

“You can’t hear the sound of a sword?”

The sound of a sword?

A sword did not have any sound. No, it wasn't alive.

There were specific sounds that a simple lump of metal could produce. However, it didn't seem like he was referring to that sound.

"I have died 8 times."

However, the man didn't reply to Muyoung.

Instead, Muyoung was swept by a huge tidal wave.

The man could become a mountain, a sky, and even an ocean.

"Kauu!"

Muyoung let out a cry as he lifted his upper body.

"It seems like you had another bad dream."

Beside him, Tacan spoke.

Kalmooh stayed at the castle to raise his skills.

So, only Muyoung and Tacan rode on Cerberus and were headed to the deeper parts of the North.

“Tacan, have you heard the sound of a sword?”

“If it’s a sword possessed by evil spirits, I have heard them often.”

“No, it’s not those. The sound of a sword itself.”

Ting-!

Tacan smacked the side of a sword.

“You mean this sound?”

Muyoung shook his head.

The evil spirit predator. It seemed like even Tacan, one of the three sovereigns of Asura’s Path, also didn’t know.

It meant that the black shadow was that much more extraordinary.

Muyoung rubbed his chin and pondered before he thought of a possibility.

‘The sound of a sword. The Swordmaster skill had similar words.’

As he remembered the skill, information regarding it appeared.

Skill Title: Swordmaster (E)

Description – The one who walks the path of a sword. A unique power only given to the King Slayer who has surpassed everything, honing his sword skills.

*Understanding of sword drastically increased.

*You can find out about a sword's hidden story.

*It pulls out the pure performance of a sword.

His understanding itself had rose but the hidden story... He had never once checked the story.

Of course, he didn't know what the part, 'it pulls out the pure performance', meant either.

Muyoung raised Anguish.

He held it still, placed it near his ears, and even made a scratch.

“Finally, it seems like you’re mad.”

Tacan clicked his tongue as he looked at Muyoung but Muyoung didn’t care.

Rather, it was more important to figure out the ‘sound of a sword’ the man talked about.

Twenty times.

It was the number of times Muyoung was killed by the man.

It was the first time in his life that he had felt this hopeless.

Up until now, if he was stopped, he somehow made a way but the problem he was currently facing was beyond that scope.

In the position where he was the assassin, he had already died twenty times.

He thought he could do it.

However, a wall blocked him.

‘What you do want from me?’

Motionlessly, Muyoung looked down at Anguish.

He thought he had a higher chance with Anguish than the Wicked God's Sword since he used it longer.

In reality, Anguish was the weapon he grew fond of.

However, there was no reply from Anguish.

It was expected.

'I'm crazy.'

Muyoung quietly laughed.

Then, Tacan spoke.

"From here, you need to walk. This ice wall has the power to drive out the evil spirits."

Muyoung raised his head and looked at the frozen wall that shot up towards the sky.

As he approached closer, the wings that were made of evil spirits were getting weaker.

'The land of God-King Oris.'

In the past, there was an elf called the God-King Oris.

He became the world tree itself and planted his roots in this barren ice land.

However, there were only a few elves who knew of this place.

It was his priority to find the ‘gatekeeper’ who protected the world tree.

Muyoung and Tacan made a detour to walk around the ice wall.

Then, due to a sense of someone’s presence, the two stopped without having to say who first acted.

“Someone’s here.”

“Bug?”

“No, monsters. Like us, there are three of them.”

The trio who wore black clothes and tilted their black broad-brimmed hats forward.

They also noticed Muyoung and Tacan.

“Hyung-nim, what should we do?”

“I think it might be better for us to get rid of them before we move on.”

“We need to find the world tree as fast as we can. Let’s go.”

The three turned their backs.

And they climbed the ice wall as they started to run up towards the sky.

A way to run on water, it was the extended version of perfect water walking.

After recognizing them, Muyoung couldn’t help but knit his brows.

‘Sword Bone Trio of the Lawless Clan.’

One of the Five Great Clans, the Lawless Clan.

Among them, there was a trio called the Sword Bone because they were the ones who were crazy about swords.

Sword Bone.

Especially the oldest brother ‘Sword One’, he was in the top 10

humans, one of the strongest people.

‘They clearly spoke about the world tree.’

Muyoung held Anguish tightly.

However, the one who possessed the Oris’s Throne was a completely different person.

What happened.

‘Did the past change?’

He had no idea why the Sword Bone Trio was currently here.

However, he was certain about one thing. That they were both after the same thing.

Muyoung’s heart started to beat faster.

Chapter 99: On A Different Level (4)

If.

Anytime, anywhere, Muyoung always thought of the worst-case scenario before he acted.

And if he was to bump into the Sword Bone Trio?

‘Impossible.’

He couldn’t win.

Due to the fight with Dark Dragon Barca, Muyoung lost most of his undead.

Not just that. At that time, he had a chance to fight and work through it because he had over 20,000 dwarves, a huge castle wall, and 50 magical barriers.

However, it was hard to get that assistance now.

If it’s the Sword Bone Trio, they were strong enough to easily hunt a dragon.

Muyoung’s current fighting power was definitely not weak. You could even say he was strong enough to be included in the top 1% of humanity.

However, among them, the oldest brother Sword One was one of the top 10 humans.

Not a 0.01% but a 0.001% being!

And they were famous for not letting go of an opponent they targeted.

“Sword One, Sword Two, and Sword Three. And in the past, I assassinated Sword Three.”

They weren’t brothers who shared the same blood. However, they were closer than blood.

They were crazy about swords but their bond was tighter than anything else.

When Muyoung lived as an assassin of the Forest of Death, he had assassinated Sword Three.

It was the request of Alexandro Quintart of the Sun Guild and it was to keep the Lawless clan in check.

After the Great Calamity, with the head of the Lawless Clan as the center, they united, managed their crisis well and continued a steep growth which made the Sun Guild feel endangered.

Because of this Sword One and Sword Two went violent.

After a long 3 years of relentless persistence, they destroyed five chapters of the Forest of Death.

In the end, the Sun Guild proclaimed an all-out war against the Lawless Clan and in the turmoil of it the two also died but, if that didn't happen, the foundation of the Forest of Death could have faltered.

'The Sword Bone Trio is after the world tree?'

He needed to found out why.

However, no matter how much he thought about it, he had no idea why the Sword Bone Trio was here at this time.

The land of God-King Oris would have become known after a long while later.

It was all thanks to humans facing elves and hearing about the legend.

'To know about the land of God-King Oris, you need to meet a spirit and then an elf.'

To do this you need to do something before and after.

To elves, the land of God-King Oris was like a legend.

Only a very few elves knew of its existence and lived in large cities where normal elves gathered.

And to enter those cities, it was required to make contact with spirits.

Friends of spirits weren't easily approachable even by elves.

If they weren't elves, humans would never be able to enter their city.

To enter, the only way was to crush them through a war.

'If the future had changed, it was probably due to my actions.'

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

If there weren't any more people who returned from the future, all of it would have been the results of Muyoung's actions.

However, Muyoung has not spent much time among humans.

Muyoung also only influenced a small number of people.

So, who would have found out about the land of God-King Oris

and told the Lawless Clan?

By looking at how they were after the world tree, it seemed like they also knew about it.

Tacan who stood by him spoke.

“Muyoung, there are humans who are quite strong.”

As he looked at the frozen wall the Sword Bone Trio climbed, Tacan placed his sword back in.

Muyoung erased distracting thoughts and replied seriously.

“There are lots. More than what you think.”

“Is that true? I didn’t expect you to say so. I thought humans were an easily frightened and weak species. To see that there are humans who stimulate my fighting spirit, it seems like it isn’t completely true.”

As if Tacan realized something, he nodded his head.

It was so. Humans weren’t weak.

Just, all the strengths were scattered and were used to fight each other that they weren’t used properly.

If they were to unite, they wouldn’t have fallen behind in vain.

However, it was also impossible for them to unite as one.

Muyoung calculated as so.

“Besides that, Muyoung. Is a world tree really at a place like this? I don’t know what God-King Oris is but if it’s the world trees, I know a bit. Like the word implies, isn’t it a tree that supports the world? The place where everything gets conceived first.”

It was incomparable to the ‘Poom Tree’ the fire tars enshrined.

The world trees were trees that supported the world.

That was why the world trees were not visible by normal eyes.

It was a ‘spiritual existence’.

Only the gatekeeper who protects the place knew how to see the world trees.

To be honest, Muyoung also didn’t know much about the world trees.

It was because he had never seen it before.

He had only heard that it existed.

In the Underworld, there were six world trees, and it was told that among them 3 were managed by the Demon Gods, one by the elves, and one by an ancient dragon.

Of course, the one that was left was at this place, the land of God-King Oris.

“Tacan, we need to find the gatekeeper before they do.”

But, there was something that the current Muyoung was better at than the Sword Bone Trio.

Muyoung was a master at finding things.

One move, or as much as two moves ahead of them.

The Sword Bone Trio was good at but they weren’t better than Muyoung.

Muyoung took a deep breath and started to move.

He didn’t have time.

All the ‘gatekeepers’ were required to have a knack at protecting

but if a gatekeeper was supposed to protect something that wasn't visible like the world tree, he would require more private security.

It would probably be hard to find by a normal method.

"How about you release a flying type undead? If I release specters, we could probably search every inch of this place."

He certainly did have a point.

But, it didn't seem like the gatekeeper of the world tree would be found by a simple search.

Muyoung decided to start searching from the lower parts.

"He might feel endangered and hide in the deeper parts. If he ever decided to hide, it would be much harder to find him."

"There is no use in hiding..."

Muyoung interrupted Tacan.

"Tacan, I heard that the world trees were managed by elves. Is that right?"

"Ummm, you're half correct and half wrong."

It was sort of common sense to believe that the world trees were owned by elves. However, Tacan said he was only half correct.

He asked because Tacan said it was the ‘place where the first conception takes place’ but it was quite unexpected.

“Then?”

“The world trees that support the world were originally managed by the elves and the ancient dragons. Since the world trees bore new species in eggs, they needed strong species to protect it. And since they could also stay at the sacred ground, it was good for both parties.”

“The world trees make new species?”

“You didn’t know?”

It was the first time he had heard of this.

Well, there wasn’t much that humans knew about the world trees.

Tacan was one of the sovereigns of the Asura’s Path.

He was a predator who managed a numerous number of specters.

It wasn't strange for him to know something that no one else knew of.

After looking at Muyoung's expression, Tacan scratched his cheek before he continued to talk.

"It might be misleading to say new species are created. Since there is another theory that says that they 'recreate' things that existed in different worlds. Only the high elves or the ancient dragons would know the truth but..."

High elves and ancient dragons.

They were both very small in number and very powerful.

Transcendental species that surpassed normal elves and dragons.

They were monsters that lived for more than a few thousand years.

"For a gatekeeper here in this ice land, which species do you think he is?"

Tacan was well-informed compared to Muyoung, at least regarding the world trees.

Muyoung humbly accepted the truth and asked.

Tacan shrugged his shoulders as he talked.

“Not an elf. Even if he was a high elf, he couldn’t live in a place like this. Although their magical powers are absolutely pure, their bodies are too weak. On the other hand, ancient dragons could live here but there is no good reason for them to stay here. It’s because dragons are naturally born with hot energy.”

“You think he might be a third species?”

“You don’t even need to go as far as a third species. If he settled in a place like this to protect the world tree, it is highly likely for him to be a half dragon type. A mix with the blood of a high elf, or a devil.”

Tacan seemed quite certain.

“Not a devil.”

Muyoung was also certain that he wasn’t a devil.

This place was part of the Demon God’s Territory but it was in a more remote area than where devils lived.

Indeed, at the edge of the world, a few hundred thousand devils lived together.

“Then he must be a half dragon type species.”

“Half-dragon type…”

Muyoung sat for a moment.

More haste, less speed.

If he acted rashly, there was a chance that he might get further from his goal.

So, Muyoung checked from the bottom.

What should he do to find a half dragon type species that has blood from an ancient dragon and a high elf?

If the gatekeeper inherited both characteristics, his strength should be close to a transcendental species.

If he decided to hide, there was a possibility that even Muyoung wouldn’t be able to find him.

Muyoung thought of the details of finding ‘God-King Oris’s Throne’.

In the past, the owner of the ring was a completely different person.

‘The Monster Scholar Kim Ahin.’

A woman who studied monsters.

She would be in the top 10 most eccentric people.

However, how she earned the God-King Oris’s Throne and information about it wasn’t written in detail in her history.

Just that, ‘Found the gatekeeper. Through a bet with him, I found God-King Oris’s Throne,’ was written.

Naturally, histories were like that but it was necessary to think about what Monster Scholar Kim Ahin might have been doing when she found the gatekeeper.

‘She had learned about this land and gained curiosity about how the monsters lived in such extreme land.’

This was the coldest land compared to any other place.

In this land where an abominable snowman couldn’t even live in, there were other monsters that lived in this place.

As a scholar, she probably gained curiosity.

As she started her research, she probably found the gatekeeper.

How?

Muyoung looked at a long-haired bear from afar.

It was a grizzly type but it was much bigger and had a thick hide.

As he carefully followed the path the bear went, he was able to find it eating a blue mushroom that was buried under the snow.

<The 'Eye of the Sky' has been activated.>

<Information about the 'Blue Mushrooms' has been opened.>

Name – Blue Mushroom

Description: Mushrooms born from the snow spirits. Constant use of this mushroom will purify magical powers and allow you to gain strong resistance against cold.

'This is it.'

Blue Mushroom!

Just to be certain, he watched other animals and monsters but they all ate the same Blue Mushrooms that were buried under the snow.

Resistance to snow.

However, Muyoung paid more attention to the first part of the sentence.

Purification of magical powers!

‘Half type species have chronic problems with magical powers.’

Half. It meant mixed.

Since it became one with another species, there was no way it didn’t have any side effects.

Usually, from birth, there were lots of cases where their magical powers were tangled up.

If it was severe, it might make them go crazy and lead them to self-destruction.

And Tacan said the gatekeeper of the world tree would most likely be a half dragon type species.

You could say that the characteristics of an elf and a dragon were completely the opposite.

Compared to his strength, the side effects would have worsened... To purify it, he might have settled at a place like this.

The Monster Scholar Kim Ahin also would have researched about the Blue Mushrooms and coincidently found the place where the gatekeeper was located.

There is a chance that Oris might also not be a pure elf.

If he was a normal high elf, there would be no reason for him to plant the world tree at a place like this.

“The place where most of the Blue Mushrooms are located. That’s where the gatekeeper is.”

Muyoung’s eyes sparkled.

He found a clue.

The Blue Mushrooms were mushrooms born by the snow spirits.

Of course, there was a high chance that he would be located at a place with lots of snow spirits.

And Muyoung could feel the spirits.

Since he possessed a completely different strength than the good-natured strength of the spirits, he could clearly know it better than others.

‘Found it.’

A smile crossed Muyoung’s lips.

After passed through a complicated cave, he was able to find a house made out of ice.

Muyoung was certain that this was the gatekeeper’s house.

Although the sky was completely visible, it seemed like there was something magically done to keep it from being visible from the outside.

And since Muyoung was barely able to notice any difference, it was an incredible skill.

“It’s been a long time since a visitor has come here.”

As he opened the door and went in, a blue skinned, long-eared man was in a chair and welcomed Muyoung.

At least there was no hostility.

Relaxation…

Muyoung could feel a distinct relaxation that only strong individuals could have.

“Hmm, it truly has been a while. There must be a reason why you looked for me, right?”

“I came to make a bet with you.”

Then, the man widened his eyes.

“It seems like you heard it from a high elf. Who was it? There shouldn’t be many high elves who know I’m here. Even more, there should be far fewer people who know about the bet.”

“The source isn’t important.”

“That is true. Now, let’s introduce ourselves. I’m ‘Swell’.”

He concealed the fact that he was a gatekeeper.

Since it currently wasn’t important, Muyoung didn’t think much of it and replied.

“Muyoung.”

“Good, Muyoung. And beside you is your pet?”

“Do you have a death wish or something?”

As Tacan acted up and backlashed at the man, Muyoung stopped him.

“Swell, I want a different fight.”

“That’s right, you mean a bet? If you lose, you become a frozen statue. Do you also know about this?”

Clap!

Swell clapped his hands once.

Then, in the snowfield outside, hundreds of frozen statues popped out from the snow.

Muyoung looked outside for a moment before he nodded his head.

“I am aware. But if I win, I heard you will give out a treasure.”

“What kind of treasure do you want?”

“God-King Oris’s Throne.”

“Oh ho… that? It seems like you truly are well aware of me. Then, there is a reasonable bet for it.”

He wasn’t really suspicious about Muyoung.

For him, the bet was all that was important.

Swell took out a fist-sized Blue Mushroom from Swell’s pocket.

“Let’s say the person who finds the biggest Blue Mushroom wins. The time limit will be by sunset. You move first. I will move after 6 hours.”

For a moment, Muyoung blankly looked at Swell.

He felt like he had a similar conversation before.

‘Merlin.’

It was so.

How similar was it to the conversation he had with Merlin at the Blue Temple?

Even the fact that he likes bets and that prideful tone made out an absolutely spitting image of him.

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Even the fact that his outer appearance was of a normal elf and that he was a mixed blood of two species.

However, Muyoung didn't say anything.

'He has a lot of enemies.'

Basically, devils loathed Merlin.

And from what he knew, dragons and elves didn't like Merlin.

He wasn't exactly sure of the reason why but there were assumptions that it might have something to do with the creation of the Underworld.

From the beginning, how many people in this world would know of the truth behind Merlin and Solomon?

Just, they were certain that everything started because of the Lemegeton.

In any case, there was no need to rashly take what little is known.

'I need to end it as quickly as I can.'

The Sword Bone Trio would need some time to find this place.

Muyoung was planning to get what he wanted and flee during that time.

One of the three things he needed to earn the Diablos.

God-King Oris's Throne!

If he did, then he would have two rings in total, including the Lunatic Sovereign's Ring.

It would be nice if he could achieve his goal and leave. It would be too risky to bump into them.

No matter how strong the half dragon type species in front of him was, Muyoung was able to figure out...

That he was still no match for Sword One, one of the 10 strongest people.

He was about half a step to a full step behind.

'Although his strength is immensely powerful, there is a limit to impure strength.'

No matter if he had the blood from both a high elf and an ancient dragon, it was too irrational to want the two to be synthesized.

If he was to use impure strength endlessly, it would only lead him to harm.

It was also the reason why Swell couldn’t leave this play for all that long.

He probably knew that if he didn’t have the Blue Mushrooms that were grown only at this place, his magical powers would be a mess and he, himself, wouldn’t be able to control it.

It would be too much just with Sword One but if other brothers were to get involved, the results were obvious.

It was better to just get what each of them was after and go on their separate ways.

“What’s wrong? Ehehehe! Are you not confident? If you are a dokkaebi who is faint-hearted, I don’t blame you.”

As Muyoung kept silent, Swell mocked him.

Swell misunderstood and thought that Muyoung was frightened and kept quiet.

There was also the basic disregard for dokkaebis.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders and spoke.

“The details about the bet is limited to ‘finding a new one’, right?”

Swell looked directly into Muyoung’s eyes.

“Do you think I’m a niggard who would use something that I already found? If you truly don’t believe in me, I will swear on my name. Spite my appearance, elf and dragon blood flows through me. I don’t lie.”

So an elf and a dragon.

Dragons were a species that typically enjoyed lying.

To be exact, they liked skillful wordplay but it seemed like Swell didn’t know very well about dragons.

However, Muyoung didn’t have a broad consideration to point out such things.

“Even so, isn’t it too advantageous for you? You know this land better than anyone else. You would just need to bring back a Blue Mushroom that you had your eye on.”

“Don’t worry. The Blue Mushrooms last only for two days, they

wilt afterwards. Since they are mushrooms that are born by the energy of spirit birth, once it ends their life also comes to an end. It's impossible to have something that I have already looked at."

As if it was quite fair like this, Swell made a proudful expression.

Muyoung grinned and then turned his body.

"I will be back soon."

Muyoung felt his confident as if there was no way for him to lose.

However, even when he was at the Blue Temple, Merlin paid dearly for disregarding Muyoung.

He didn't think Swell wasn't greatly different from Merlin.

The North side of the land of ice was vast.

And Swell knew this place better than anyone else.

At a glance, Swell might be absolutely advantageous but there was a time restriction.

Until the sunset, there was about 8 more hours left.

Since he restricted himself to move after 6 hours, there could

only be a smaller area he could be active.

With only about 2 hours, it was impossible to search the entire area of the Northside land.

On the other hand... Muyoung was alone but not really alone.

“Tacan, release all your evil spirits.”

“Oh ho. Are you thinking of winning by the number?”

“I will release my specters. If we dig up the middle point of the underground and collect Blue Mushrooms a certain size or bigger, we could probably win this with ease.”

“It seems like a nice move. For him to think of me, a sovereign, as a pet, we need to teach him a lesson.”

Tacan ground his teeth.

It seemed like Tacan still had a grudge on Swell for calling him a pet.

At the same time, few thousands of specters spread across the North side of the land.

Muyoung also released specters and made them start their search

with Murdudun as the head.

It was a gamble.

Although it was a small possibility, there was a chance that the Sword Bone Trio might notice their actions.

However, if that wasn't the case, he would be able to achieve results that exceeded Swell's expectations.

'I need to take measure for that scenario.'

However, he couldn't just ignore that low possibility.

To limit all possibilities, it was necessary for Muyoung to act and change the current situation.

'Lure.'

Instead, he needed to beat them to it.

For the Sword Bone Trio to circle around the furthest path.

He thought of a way to use specters to restrict their movements.

Wasn't it always better to limit all dangers?

This was a desperate countermeasure to protect Swell until Muyoung earned the God-King Oris's Throne.

Since the current Swell cannot beat the Sword Bone Trio.

'Conceit of his own ability. It probably was formed because he lived here for so long.'

At this place, there weren't a lot of monsters that could stand against Swell.

No, there were just very few monsters.

And when you reign as the king of a land, you can become arrogant.

However, this place was totally boring.

He probably needed some sort of vitality like a bet.

Nevertheless, he probably never thought he could lose.

That sort of arrogance approached Muyoung as a favorable factor.

If the Sword Bone Trio weren't to suddenly appear and interfere,

it would go as he planned.

“Should Woohee also help? If it is that mushroom, Woohee could probably find it easily.”

Woohee appeared from afar as she flapped her wings.

Fairies normally hated dragons so even if he was only a half-dragon, she could feel Swell’s dragon energy and stayed far away.

She waited for Muyoung outside and approached him when he appeared.

“Alright.”

Muyoung spoke without much expectation.

He truly didn’t have any expectations for her.

“Wooheehee. No need to worry, just trust in Woohee, husband!”

With Muyoung’s middle and index finger, he stopped Woohee’s pouted lips.

And looked around the front.

‘I might be able to earn the God-King Oris’s Throne more easily

than I thought.'

There was a great price for being off one's guard.

Soon, a numerous number of specters started to fly out from his back.

As Muyoung returned, Swell let out a sneer.

"Why did you return empty handed? It is because it is an embarrassing result to even show me?"

"I will show you when you return."

In Swell's eyes, it seemed like the dokkaebi was trying to protect his last shred of pride.

The Blue Mushrooms could only be easily found by pure souls like the spirits.

Only the energy of death could be felt from the dokkaebi.

It would be difficult to find the Blue Mushroom by his own efforts and even if he did, it would be a humble size.

'It would also be quite fun to see that face distorted.'

As if he was going for a walk, Swell left the cave.

After not even 10 minutes, he returned.

With a Blue Mushroom the size of his body.

He was trying to deeply humiliate him and sure enough, the dokkaebi's expression instantly changed.

However, that expression was filled with ridicule than shame.

For him to ridicule!

"Is it only that big?"

"Only?"

Did the dokkaebi turn mad?

This big of a size would be at least be one of the top sizes.

There was no way for a dokkaebi who strongly smelt like death to find something bigger than this.

However, the dokkaebi drew a talisman and as he used it, a Blue Mushroom that seemed to be at least 2m appeared.

‘It was real.’

The Blue Mushroom was real.

Even Swell rarely had seen a size that big.

Naturally, his eyes widened and his body shivered.

“This, this where did you find it?”

“I won. As you promised, give me the God-King Oris’s Throne.”

“No! Not yet. If you want to earn the God-King Oris’s Throne you must win against me three times.”

Swell was desperate. He even expressed a strange heat.

‘He is crazy over bets.’

Muyoung let out a big sigh.

On the contrary, the defeat seemed to have provoked him.

That desire, he couldn’t force a stop.

However, he couldn’t just accept it either.

“Let’s add to it, another demand.”

“Fine. If you win 3 times from me, there is no reason for me to reject another demand.”

It was good that he accepted an assertive demand.

It was because he wanted to continue the bet that much.

Muyoung didn’t mind it and spoke.

“I want to see ‘Oris’s Enlightenment’.”

“That…?”

Swell was surprised.

It was surprising to know that a dokkaebi also knew of it but he had no idea whatanother species would use it for by looking at it.

Oris was a transcendental species who placed a world tree himself.

In the Twilight Era, where the elves gained supremacy.

At the time, Oris was active as an Emperor who led the elves.

It was known that he, one who had a fighting power close to a God's rank, narrated all kinds of enlightenment in one book before his death.

And among them, there was also enlightenment about swordsmanship.

Oris had used different types of equipment but he was known to be most exceptional in his swordsmanship.

There is a possibility that Swell might have the book that has his enlightenments written.

'I am lacking in sword depth.'

Muyoung felt it.

The black shadow. The existence in his dream was strong and the depth itself was different.

As Muyoung continued to fight him, he keenly felt his own deficiency.

He also was well aware which part he was lacking in.

He had learned numerous times on how to handle weapons but through them, he never was enlightened or performed more in depth.

'I just need to fill up what I'm lacking.'

So he was planning to get the feel of it by looking at Oris's Enlightenment.

However, it was a question if Swell was going to show him that important book through a mere bet.

Swell pondered for a moment before he nodded his head.

"Normally, high elves are able to read the enlightenment but fortunately the decision is on me. If you truly win, I will show you Oris's Enlightenment."

Muyoung clenched his fist.

If he could only see that enlightenment, a few bets were nothing.

Although he didn't have much time, it was worth the investment.

"Then, decide the next bet."

After eating a handful of Blue Mushrooms, Swell took in a deep breath.

Afterwards, he spoke as his eyes twinkled.

“Hide! And I’ll find you.”

It was a good thing he had lured the Sword Bone Trio to a far location ahead of time.

Muyoung became a pure northerly wind and melted into the land. In the end, Swell was unable to find Muyoung.

The next bet was a treasure hunt.

Each had to hide an item and needed to find each other’s.

By this time, even if he didn’t want to connect it, it couldn’t be helped but to be connected.

‘There was certainly a connection with Merlin.’

If it wasn’t true, there was no way that the repertoire would be this similar.

And even on a similar bet, Merlin himself wasn’t able to win

against Muyoung.

Swell was no different and with a miserable face, he declared a surrender.

“I lost. You aren’t a normal dokkaebi.”

Tacan who was standing in front of Muyoung reacted.

“It seems like the stupid half dragon has finally opened his eyes. Muyoung is Oom. The one who reigns over all dokkaebis! If you thought he was a normal dokkaebi, then you’re just admitting you’re blind.”

As if Tacan waited for this moment, he poured out sarcastic remarks.

Then, Swell’s face seriously hardened.

Was it because he was treated as a pet?

He was a fellow with quite a grudge.