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Han Sooyoung asked again in a strange voice, observing my reaction.

"You didn't not know what would happen if you told me that, did you?"

I recalled our previous conversation.

In order to open the door of Han Sooyoung's tightly closed heart, I confessed a secret that I shouldn't tell her.

「"You are tls123."」

If Han Sooyoung of the 1,864th round had heard it, it would have made her faint. She would have asked what I would do if I told her that, if I was in my right mind.

But I said it anyway.

tls123. The author of 『Three Ways to Survive in a Ruined World』 that she's always wondered about. That person is none other than Han Sooyoung of the 1,863rd round.

And Han Sooyoung, who has [Predicitive Plagiarism], would have vaguely noticed the truth of this world just from my one word.

"I'm not joking. I really don't want to become tIs123."

"I see."

"You think I'm joking?"

Han Sooyoung frowned, as if my answer was not very good.

I added a word to reassure her.

"You can do whatever you want. Yes. Just don't become tIs123."

But Han Sooyoung didn't seem reassured, but rather made a bewildered expression. Then she glared at me silently and reached out her right hand to touch my forehead.

"The state of the story is normal."

"It's extremely normal."

"Did you separate from the main body and cause another problem? Did you get a story that shouldn't be obtained? Like 「Mad Soldier Yoo Joonghyuk」. No. Even if you got a story like that, it wouldn't have been like this—"

A story that shouldn't be obtained.

"I've gotten a lot of strange stories."

[The story, 'Heir of the Eternal Name', chuckles.]

Hearing the story's voice babbling inside me, I thought about my decision once again.

In fact, my decision was not solely 'my decision'.

This decision was made with two other Kim Dokja who shared Kim Dokja's story with me.

I didn't really talk about this issue with them, but there were things that were felt beyond the [Fourth Wall].

「Han Sooyoung has the right to decide her own future.」

The world we lived in was completely dependent on Han Sooyoung's sacrifice.

The 'Ways if Survival' written by Han Sooyoung in the 1,863rd round, who returned to her childhood, over a period of ten years.

Because of that story, Kim Dokja survived.

However, in return for writing that story, Han Sooyoung in the 1,863rd round was unable to meet Kim Dokja again and dispersed into her subconscious. And that is where the 「Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint」 we know begins.

「And then Kim Dokja thought.」

Does that story need to be repeated once more? Even if all causality in this universe collapses because Han Sooyoung does not become tIs123, can that be a justification for sacrificing one person in front of me?

「Han Sooyoung must have thought about it too.」

Perhaps, Han Sooyoung that day was also at a crossroads with the same choice as me.

And Han Sooyoung made a choice.

Instead of preventing the great tragedy of the universe that was about to come, she decided to save one boy who was dying in front of her.

"Fine. What's the point of talking too much? Don't regret it later."

Han Sooyoung glared at me for a moment as if she was tired of talking, and then sighed deeply again. A momentary silence fell between us.

I regained consciousness completely and calmly looked around. The dark basement reminded me of an old warehouse. Countless flasks were neatly arranged throughout the basement.

I looked at the incarnations contained in those flasks. Characters including Lee Hyunsung, Shin Yoosoung, Lee Seolhwa, Kim Namwoon, and Lee Jihye were preserved there with the [Special Preservation] skill. The Blood Demon’s warehouse where the heads of the lions were stored also felt like this.

Do unrecorded stories eventually wear out little by little?

If there was a difference between the two scenes, it was that the incarnations stored in this warehouse were still breathing.

"This is the real 'headquarters'."

I could tell without having to look closely. All the scenes of 'headquarters' I had seen so far were the effects of the [avatar] created by Han Sooyoung.

Not only the incarnations, but also the [avatar] that covered the entire headquarters.

She had covered the entire area, including this building, with her avatar and controlled it.

"Were all the people I met you?"

"They move and speak as I write, but they basically act based on the characters’ stories. I don’t control them at will."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it may sound like a lie…"

Han Sooyoung smiled bitterly, knowing how her words would sound.

"Are you disappointed?"

"I’m impressed."

"Are you being sarcastic?"

"I’m serious."

In any case, Han Sooyoung did her best to keep her promise to Kim Dokja. Not all of them survived, but she still tried to save 'as many' incarnations as possible. That alone was enough to acknowledge her efforts.

"What happened to the constellations that tried to stop you?"

"Most of them died when the Apocalypse Dragon was resurrected. There are still some left."

They probably boarded the 'Broken Ark'. Maybe the mythical constellations she witnessed in her memories still remain.

"Those guys have lost most of their power. The original Apocalypse Breath was supposed to be used to maul them..."

I happened to show up at that moment, and the Apocalypse Dragon's Breath ended up being used to save me from the 'God of the Other World'.

She probably has little chance left now.

"I'm sorry."

"No. Well, it wouldn't be fun if the scenario went too easily."

"Will you use [Avatar] again?"

"Once my power is restored."

"Why are you trying to keep [Avatar] that long? Is it because of your promise with Kim Dokja?"

"That's part of it, but..."

Han Sooyoung looked at the characters in the flask, keeping her mouth shut for a moment.

"Someday, when these guys wake up again, I want to tell them the tale I made."

"..."

"I know. All of this is just my self-satisfaction. It could just be a deception to these guys."

I understand Han Sooyoung's feelings. She doesn't want to clear this 'scenario' alone.

She wants to tell her colleagues who have been working on the scenario together that she saw the end of the world together.

"Is there a way to revive them?"

"Maybe."

Wounds that cannot be revived even with the life-and-death ring. In order to revive them, a powerful probability that could twist the laws of this worldline was needed.

And as far as I know, there was only one material that accumulated that much probability in this 'final scenario'.

"It's the story core."

If we use the 'story core' that moves the ark, we may be able to revive the party facing death.

"That's right. But there was a problem when you came."

Han Sooyoung got up from her seat and shook out her pants.

I followed Han Sooyoung out of the warehouse. As she opened the lid of the underground passage and went outside, a warm heat that I had never felt before came over me. The Apocalypse Seal floating in the sky and the Ark being stuck were the same as before, but the stars felt unusual beyond the atmosphere.

[All beings in the area are affected by the 'Final Dragon of the Apocalypse'.]

[All beings in the area are exposed to madness.]

['Interplanetization' is in progress in the area.]

[All living things in the area are experiencing real-time mental power decreases.]

['Twisted Tales' are parasitizing in the area!]

[All beings in the area are experiencing 'Tales Contamination' in real time!]

Warning messages kept popping up.

I muttered to myself, 'Oh my god.'

What is this, having a perfectly good incarnation? Even if I had it, it wasn't an environment where I could possibly survive.

Looking at me like that, Han Sooyoung smiled.

"This is really the 1,863rd round."

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Han Sooyoung and I worked all night to alleviate the area-wide debuffs that were pouring down in real time.

Since we couldn't use [Avatar], we moved our bodies ourselves and installed the related equipment one by one.

[Item, 'Area Tale Curtain', is activated!]

[Item, 'Area Offset Spray', is activated!]

[Item, 'Special Pollution Purification Device', is activated!]

After finishing installing the equipment in the main spots, the air in the area changed. I couldn't feel the fear of the Apocalypse Dragon that had been weighing on my shoulders, or the otherworldly story that gave me an ominous feeling.

Indeed, there would be such an item when we reached the final scenario.

"Okay. It’ll be enough to hold on until I regain my strength.”

"Did you prepare for this moment?"

"Why would there be [Predictive Plagiarism]?"

I sat side by side with Han Sooyoung in the front yard of the ruined base.

The sun was slowly setting in the world that was falling apart.

Han Sooyoung must have watched that scenery alone several times. Left alone in this world where no stars were watching, she must have written a story that no one would read on a lonely blank page.

[The constellation, 'Maritime War God', nods while watching you.]

Huh?

[The constellation, 'Bald General of Justice', watches the two of you and wipes his head.]

Wait a minute.

[The constellation, 'Magic King', hides his throbbing expression.]

"Are these message real?"

"Then it must be fake?"

"You said all the constellations are dead."

"How many guys are left who were on my side? It's the same as being on the verge of collapse."

In fact, the indirect messages from the constellations didn't have any sense of their original status at all.

"There guys were lending me their [avatar] body until recently, but now they're in big trouble."

"Then shouldn't they conserve your strength? If they keep sending out indirect messages like that..."

"Why would they be excited?"

I blankly looked up at the sky.

[The constellation, 'Maritime War God', is looking forward to your existence.]

[The constellation, 'Bald General of Justice', is curious about your existence.]

[The constellation, 'Maegeumjijon', is deeply interested in your existence.]

Goosebumps ran down my spine.

I wonder why the constellations are talking to me now, risking their own existence.

"This worldline finally has something to talk about."

I realized anew what kind of place this worldline was.

This worldline is a worldline where even the 'Dokkaebi King' has lost interest in scenarios.

After the disaster of the Apocalypse swept through the <Star Stream>, there are no more incarnations to create tales or stars to read them.

"Are you having fun, kids?"

Han Sooyoung threw dirt at the sky as if she was annoyed by those stars. The few remaining constellations in the night sky blinked faintly instead of answering. I understand their feelings.

They just want to read the last story of this world. Even at this moment when their lives are short, the constellations that are dying while reading their favorite stories. Han Sooyoung muttered as she looked up at those stars.

"I wonder if Kim Dokja is watching this story too."

"He will be watching it."

"Why aren’t you angry?"

"Why would I suddenly be angry?"

"You’re Kim Dokja."

I answered while scratching the fire.

"I’m Kim Dokja too."

"Can I ask a few things?"

"You kept asking me."

"How have you been?"

"Are you asking me that, or another Kim Dokja?"

"Either way."

"I can't tell you with my bare mouth."

"That's what you're going to say."

"You said you wouldn't even become tls123."

Han Sooyoung looked at me with a dumbfounded expression and asked with her lips curled.

"Am I really tIs123?"

"You'll know if you try [Lie Detection]."

But Han Sooyoung didn't use [Lie Detection]. Was it the minimum trust she had in me that she didn't bother to use her skill to check me, or was it her last struggle not wanting to confirm the truth?

"You have the 'writer' trait, don't you?"

I blankly bit my lips like someone who had been unexpectedly attacked.

As if she knew it, Han Sooyoung said with a grin.

"I'll know just by looking at you. There’s a peculiar unpleasant feeling, a kind of nuance that comes from those who try to record everything they’ve experienced."

"I’m scared that someone might hear it."

"It’s a little shocking. There’s a 'Kim Dokja' who writes."

Han Sooyoung looked at me with a strangely betrayed expression, then added with a sly smile.

"But I don’t think you’re a proper 'writer' yet."

My expression hardened at those words without me knowing.

What did Han Sooyoung see when she said that?

Or did she read the story of the 41st round that I ruined with [Predictive Plagiarism]?

If not…

"You still don’t know how to use [Avatar]."

Ah.

"Do you know why writers have [Avatar] skills?"