899 Episode 50 The World After The End (2)

I looked at that sentence carefully.

The 'reunion' I wished for in this story cannot happen?

[The 'Giant Tale' stops its storytelling.]

Before I could resolve my doubts, the sentences in front of my eyes scattered.

Why did the 'Giant Tale' suddenly activate?

It wasn't a 'stage-changing' situation, nor was the power of the story artificially used.

So did the [Fourth Wall] activate and read the story without permission?

"Demon King of Salvation."

I tried calling Kim Dokja's smartphone again.

[Currently, 'call connection' is unavailable.]

What could it be? What happened inside the [Fourth Wall] again?

I took a deep breath and tried to calmly understand the situation. I read sentences that seemed like fatal foreshadowings to anyone, but just like in the main story, not all foreshadowings necessarily came true in the worst possible way.

For example, the story said that 'the reunion I wish for' would not happen, but it didn't say that 'the reunion' itself would be impossible.

Of course, I was a little anxious.

At least several months had passed since I'd seen the group. It wouldn't have been strange if something had happened.

Still, I trusted the group, and I trusted Yoo Joonghyuk, Jung Heewon, and Ji Eunyu. Even if I wasn't there, if they were there, the group would be safe.

They have to be safe.

Kikiri.

The debris of the ruined building made my feet trip. As I stepped on the debris, I recalled the memory of when I first entered the 'Fear Realm'.

Transcendent Alliance. Memories of defeating fears with Yoo Joonghyuk and Kim Anna-ssi, and wandering through the 'Time Fault'.

I also remembered the memory of checking Cheon Inho's 40th round. Come to think of it, I haven't met Cheon Inho since then. Since he's a 'Recorder of Fear', he probably didn't disappear just because the Fear Realm was destroyed.

The Evil Sophist, Cheon Inho.

The one who raised 'Kim Dokja of the Snowfield'.

What was his purpose in the end? Was he really satisfied with seeing the end of the 40th round’s 'Time Fault' through me and driving the 'Public Forum' to its end?

Even though the terrible scenarios had passed, I still had big questions.

I saw the scenery of the training ground where the Transcendents once laughed and chatted.

Kyrgios, Cheok Jungyeong... Did the teachers and the Transcendents safely board the train and escape?

I cast the Fear Realm as if I was reliving the old memories one by one. I walked through the end zone and then the middle zone.

The path that I had to risk my life on when I came in was surprisingly easy when I came out. No fear stopped me.

Now, the 'Fear Realm' had lost its regional effect. The 'Fear Realm' does not protect or isolate the otherworldly deities, nor does it provide the possibility of their existence.

In other words, 'fear' has now lost its value as 'fear'.

A world without toothy fins or alien signals.

The darkness where the story disappeared was lonely and deep. How long had it been like that? A cry was heard in the darkness.

Growl.

I instinctively moved my hand to 'Unbreakable Faith' and looked around.

A unique sensation felt on the fluff.

A divinity of the otherworld.

The entities that appeared in the dim darkness had no head or arms.

Monsters that were once terrifying, but are no longer even terrifying.

I know the names by which those guys are called.

"You."

I looked at the 'nameless things' with eyes full of pity.

"Just go. I don't want to kill you."

The reason I couldn't help but say those words was because the 'King of Fear' was inside me.

Even though I was slowly raising the stakes, the 'nameless things' did not back down. They were trembling in fear but not running away, which meant that they were not in a position to change their fate between death and running away.

I let out a light sigh and activated the 'Blade of Faith'.

By the way, why are the 'nameless things' still here?

This was no longer a 'terrible place'. In order for the 'nameless things' to spread to a place where the area effect was not activated, the scenario number of the area had to be at least 80 or higher. But is that possible?

Ohhhhhhh!

I thought as I cut down the 'nameless things' approaching. First, I had to escape from here.

"I'm sorry, but I won't let you."

Fortunately, that wasn't that difficult for me right now.

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Namgung Myung was carefully walking through the entrance to the terrifying place.

"Hey, move quickly!"

A threatening shout was heard from behind. Namgung Myung frowned and hurried his steps.

"You all know your quota, right? Those who don't meet their quota today will have their heads blown off."

The expressions of the incarnations next to Namgung Myung darkened at the supervisor's voice.

"Damn, how on earth are we going to meet that damn quota?"

"You're doing this on purpose. There can't be any fragments left from the 'Fear Realm' anymore."

"Shh, be quiet. Then they'll hear you."

The grumbling incarnations were all wearing old martial arts uniforms and their faces were covered in soot. At first glance, they looked like 'collecting slaves' from the demon world. This wouldn't have happened if they were the ones from before.

Because they were the famous <First Murim>'s later rankers.

Shin Myeongjang Yeon Gisu.

So Baekho Mo Yongshin.

If the world's best later rankers competition were held, they would definitely be among the top rankers. But now, they are just puppets in charge of collecting the fragments.

"Myung-ah. What do you think? If you just jump into the Fear Realm during this exploration…"

Namgung Myung shook his head.

"No. You'll get caught."

"Don't you have any pride? Have you already thrown the dignity of the great Namgung Se family to the ground?"

Namgung Myung. He was one of the five great families that once ruled this 'Murim'. He was Namgung Myung, the head of the Namgung Se family.

"If Elder Jincheon finds out that you've become like that…"

"Gisu-ya, stop it."

In the end, Mo Yongshin, who couldn't stand it anymore, intervened.

Namgung Myung lowered his head in silence.

Un Gisu continued to speak.

"That's enough. No matter what you say, I'm going to jump this time."

"Gisu-ya."

"Let me get my hands on just one fragment from inside. Will you offer it to me as a gift? Absorb it right away…"

"Gisu-ya, stop—"

Un Gisu turned around with an annoyed expression at Mo Yongshin’s dissuasion.

"Shin Myeongchang. Un Gisu."

The supervisor with pitch-black horns sprouting from his head was there. The supervisor, who at first glance resembled a mine, tilted his head at an odd angle and glared at Un Gisu.

"Su, supervisor."

Un Gisu fell to the ground.

The supervisor looked down at Un Gisu, who was trembling, for a moment, then tapped his shoulder and helped him up.

"You take the lead in this exploration."

"Yes? But…"

"Why? You don’t like it?"

"No… I understand."

Un Gisu jumped up from his seat and quickly took the lead of the collectors.

The incarnations including Mo Yongshin looked at Un Gisu with worried eyes.

"Are you okay? If you come forward, you'll be called 'tail'."

"I know. Even if I do that, I'll only die, right?"

Even though he said that, Un Gisu's expression was pale.

The 'collectors' had already been deployed to the Fear Realm over a hundred times.

Over a hundred collections had taught them only one lesson.

「Never claim to be a 'tail'.」

The 'tail' of the collection team was bait to lure the 'nameless things'.

A nickname given to them because they would cut off the 'tail' and run away if necessary.

Un Gisu bit his lips.

He knew that the day would come when he would become a 'tail', but he never thought it would be today.

The one who comforted Un Gisu was Namgung Myung.

"Un Gisu, becoming a tail doesn't necessarily mean you'll die."

"..."

"Don't worry. I'm here. If those guys come near, I'll let you know right away."

Sogaju Namgung Myung was one of the few survivors of the previous 'Fear Realm Invasion'. He had even been contaminated by the 'Fear Realm's Otherworldly Tale', and in exchange for surviving the contamination, he was able to sense 'Otherworldly Deities' approaching from afar.

Un Gisu stared blankly at Namgung Myung and asked.

"Myeong-ah. But wouldn't it be possible with your ability?"

"What?"

"Running away into the Fear Realm."

"Are you still hearing that?"

"You can sense the otherworldly deities approaching. Then you could probably run away from them even inside the Fear Realm."

Namgung Myung, who was silent for a moment, asked.

"If you run away like that? What would change then?"

"You can look for the disappeared Transcendents."

The disappeared Transcendents.

Un Gisu's eyes were agitated.

"We’re going to find humanity’s last hope. You know? They’ll never turn away from us. If they see what Murim has become, if they see what those giant nebula guys have done, they’ll never—"

"Gisu-ya, forget it."

Namgung Myeong’s voice, as heavy as his heart, his gaze wandering through the darkness of the Fear Realm was recalling a scene from the distant past.

"Even that Breaking The Sky Sword Master was defeated."

"…"

"Even the Murim gods we thought were stronger than anyone else were defeated by those guys."

"So you’re saying we should give up here? There are many other transcendents besides Breaking The Sky Sword Master. If we can find even one of them…"

"It’s been a long time since the Fear Realm met its end. And yet no one besides Breaking the Sky Sword Master has come to help us. What do you think that means?"

Un Gisu, who had been biting his lips as if he didn’t want to admit it, spoke again.

"I don’t know. There could be some circumstances. And. Breaking The Sky Sword Master-nim didn’t lose to them. Breaking The Sky Sword Master-nim just—"

"Un Gisu, here he comes."

Un Gisu turned around in front at Namgung Myeong’s signal. Although it wasn’t in his sight yet, he could feel the darkness stirring.

Namgung Myeong quickly added.

"Hold on to the Sananghyang and run to the darkness diagonally to the right. Make a big circle in that direction, then run east, count to 30 minutes, and then return following the scent."

Un Gisu nodded. Namgung Myeong had just told him the only way to survive from the 'nameless things'.

"Let’s meet alive."

Un Gisu jumped into the darkness with those words. His goal was to draw the attention of the 'nameless things' until the first collection was over.

But at that moment, a ray of light flew in from behind the group.

"Ahhh!"

With a scream, Un Gisu was seen rolling on the floor.

A sharp beam of light was piercing Un Gisu's thigh.

It was clear who had thrown the spear.

"Shin Myeongchang Un Gisu did not meet half of his quota at the last party."

The supervisor was saying.

"If you don’t fill up the quota, that’s what’s going to happen."

The limping Un Gisu screamed.

Then something emerged from the darkness. It was Nameless Things. They rushed straight to Un Gisu and started tearing at his flesh.

"S-save me—"

The few remaining post-war survivors in Murim died in an instant.

Namgung Myeong, who confirmed his friend’s death, turned his head toward the supervisor.

"Supervisor, he was bait."

"So?"

"If the bait is already dead, the mortality rate of the remaining members will increase."

"We won’t consider mortality rates from this exploration. We’ll hunt the Nameless Things that appear and advance deeper. There’s nothing to gain from the entrance area anymore."

The supervisor said that and started to lead the way. Every time the dazzling sword pierced through the darkness, the 'nameless things' fell one by one.

The incarnations who were watching the scene from behind sighed.

"Oh my god, I didn’t know the supervisor was that strong…"

"I heard that they received fragments of debris from a giant nebula."

Fragments of debris.

「The 'pieces' left behind by the 'King of Fear' as it disappeared.」

A divine being that could gain power comparable to a 'constellation' with just a single small fragment.

The reason they came to the 'Fear Realm' right now was precisely to collect the fragments of that King of Fear.

After killing three or four more 'nameless things,' the supervisor turned around and asked.

"Namgung Myung, how many more are left?"

"About ten."

"What's the rank?"

"The lowest rank."

"That's worth a try. Everyone, wake up and follow me. Today, we're going to the 'middle region'."

The supervisor, who had only recently gained strength, seemed to want to test his own strength.

When the supervisor, who was swinging his sword recklessly, had advanced a certain distance, Namgung Myung quietly whispered to Murong Xin behind him.

"Murong Xin, count to ten and run away."

"What? What nonsense are you talking about? Didn't you see the rider die earlier?"

Anyone who runs away gets killed. That's the rule of this 'exploration team'.

But Namgung Myung shook his head.

"This exploration will fail."

In Namgung Myung's left eye, which was strangely shining, a story of another world was shining.

Mo Yongshin muttered in a voice of shock.

"Myung-ah, you wouldn't..."

In the past hundred or so explorations, Namgung Myung had only made a few expressions like that. The last time he made an expression like that, the 'natural disaster level fear' 'Toothed Fin' descended.

"You can run away now. The supervisor went too deep because he was drunk on his own power."

"And you? What about you?"

Namgung Myung silently pointed to his neck. Unlike the other incarnations, he was wearing a black belt that reminded him of a dog collar.

"If I run away, the supervisor will notice."

"..."

"The rider is dead. I can't lose you too."

Mo Yongshin pursed his lips several times toward his friend. Then he bowed his head and said.

"I'm sorry, Myeong-ah."

Mo Yongshin immediately started running backwards with those words. The other incarnations, sensing something strange, also noticed and followed Mo Yongshin.

When more than half of the collection team had run away, the supervisor, who belatedly noticed the situation, shouted.

"What? Where did everyone go?"

The grumbling supervisor approached Namgung Myung. Then Namgung Myung said.

"Supervisor."

"What?"

"Coming."

With those words, a group of 'nameless things' appeared from behind and attacked the supervisor.

"These damn things—"

Oooooooh!

"This kind of thing, this kind of thing—"

In an instant, five or six nameless things rushed in and bit the supervisor's arms and legs.

They shook them off, cut them, and stabbed them.

However, when one died, another one appeared and lifted the supervisor.

"Didn't you say ten, ten!"

The supervisor, whose body was now dripping with tears, shouted at Namgung Myung in a bloodshot voice.

"You bastard—"

A giant baby appeared from behind and swung its arms and cut off the supervisor's neck.

It was a vain end considering the fear it had caused the later indices.

Namgung Myung smiled in vain as he watched the monsters.

Were there still so many 'nameless things' hiding?

Namgung Myung knelt down and slowly sank to his knees in front of the approaching disaster.

He lost his father, and the Breaking The Sky Sword Master he respected. And now even his old friend had left him.

There was no hope for him to survive like this.

His Murim had already been destroyed.

The day that would come someday had simply come a little earlier.

Then, the 'nameless things' that surged in covered his entire body. The sensation of them brushing past his shoulders, torso, and head.

But why?

The gods of the other world did not attack him.

Was it because he did not react to the attack? Or was it because of the 'story of the other world' that was embedded in him?

He could not tell for sure which.

He slowly opened his eyes and looked, and the 'nameless things' were a little strange.

Their movements were strangely different from usual, as if they were ignoring him. Namgung Myung, who always ran away, immediately noticed their state. He noticed.

'Running away from something.'

Something was walking towards the end of the waves of 'nameless things'.

He didn't know for sure, but if it was enough to make the 'nameless things' terrified, it must be a powerful Outer God comparable to a 'natural disaster'.

Namgung Myung shouted with a trembling voice.

"Outer God! I will make a contract with you!"

He continued to speak with his eyes tightly shut. He knew that the Outer God wouldn't understand his language. He knew that they would burst his existence like a bug. But this was all he could do.

"I will offer up all the stories I have! Please destroy this world! Those damned constellations, all the constellations—"

He wanted to convey his despair to the outsider, even if it was just a single word.

But.

"Excuse me."

The outsider answered.

When he slowly opened his eyes, a man was standing before his eyes.

At first, he thought he was a monster in the form of a person, but something was different. He could definitely feel the aura of a person, but at the same time, there was a certain aura he could feel from him.

It was the aura that Namgung Myung had longed for, the 'arrogance' that only those who had trained in the 'Time Fault' for a long time could exude.

"Now, just hearing the words 'destruction' or 'contract' gives me goosebumps."

Namgung Myung blankly looked up at the man. The words that had escaped his throat lingered on the tip of his tongue for a long time.

"Could it be... Are you a member of the Transcendent Alliance?"

Then the man smiled brightly and said.

"Yes, I am the youngest of them."

"Why, why did you come now?"

"That's it."

It had been a long time.

But it seemed to be the same for the man too.

"There are still too many stories I don't know."

Eight years after the destruction of the Fear Realm.

The last survivor of the Transcendent Alliance finally returned to the scenario area.