908 Episode 50 The World After The End (11)

"You guys are funny."

Five men, including Hwang Minhyeok, stood around us.

"Namgung Myung, I'll give you one last chance to run away."

Namgung Myung revealed his entire body without answering. He hadn't even reached the early stages of great-grade yet, which was natural, but this was the reality for the incarnations who had not joined a proper 'nebula'.

The minimum requirement to become a constellation was to accumulate 'five stories' on one's own.

If you were a narrative-grade constellation, even an incident where you choked on your meal would result in a legend of history, but for the incarnations who had not become constellations, the 'historical legends' were nothing more than a coincidence.

"Hwang Minhyeok, if you were a martial artist, you should show at least a little bit of courtesy!"

Judging from Namgung Myung's status, he had accumulated three stories so far. It was a great feat that he had grown to that level on his own without the help of the 'Giant Gate'.

"Agreement? Hahaha, if you keep that, you'll get a story?"

Hwang Minhyeok mocked and raised his status.

"You still haven't reached great-grade because you can't escape such anachronistic thoughts."

The men, including Hwang Minhyeok, had accumulated more than five 'historical stories'. However, the stories they had accumulated were not stories that they had 'purely accumulated on their own'.

「The Great Gate operates a 'Story Bus' for the incarnations of lower scenarios.」

They probably joined <Tamra Junggong> and received help from the higher constellations. They clung to their shadows, accumulated status, and received the leftover stories to become constellations.

"Is it really necessary to send them away? It wouldn't be bad to kill them both."

The employee of the 'Great Man's Later' who had read Namgung Myung's legend said. The other men’s expressions also turned fierce at those words.

"Come to think of it, this guy was a survivor of 'contamination'."

"He’s a guy who was tainted by Outer Gods’ stories, so if we catch him and make him into a potion, wouldn’t we get some D-coins?"

Namgung Myung shouted, his face turning pale.

"You guys, if you do something like that in the city—"

“"I heard from Mo Yongshin that you deceived the supervisor and gave him false information about the 'waves'?"

"That’s…!"

"The dead supervisor was from <Tamra Middle School>. The audit team will soon issue an arrest warrant for you."

"…"

"You must know what happens to the incarnations captured by the audit team. It would be better for you to die here than to be dragged to the torture chamber."

Namgung Myung thought about something for a moment at the man’s words, then turned to me with a solemn expression and said.

"Benefactor, it looks like I’m done here."

"..."

"Even if you're the benefactor, avoid me. I'll buy time somehow. Run towards the headquarters of <Tamra Junggong>. Benefactor was chosen by the Salvation Cult, so not everyone will be hostile to you. If you ask the headquarters for help, there will definitely be an officer who will help you."

Listening to Namgung Myung's determined voice, I thought of 'Asuka Ren' and 'Michio Shoji' from 'Peace Land'.

[The constellation, 'Master of Baekrokdam', is watching your choice.]

"Hahaha! What a great swordsman! Do you think we'd allow that?"

The men burst into laughter as if mocking Namgung Myung's beliefs.

There must have been many people in 'Ways of Survival' who died in this way.

"Rather run away. Rather than die a miserable death that can't even be recorded in a story...!"

That's right. Their deaths won't even be recorded in a story.

[The story, 'Recorder of Things That Will Disappear', stirs.]

But even if they weren't recorded, I liked them.

Just knowing that there was another person like this alive in a place I didn't know about—

"Gungmyung, it's over now."

I gained the strength not to give up on this story.

"Would you please step back for a moment?"

"Benefactor?"

Namgung Myung looked at me, who was surprised, as I stepped forward.

—This is not an enemy that benefactor, who hasn't achieved transcendence, can deal with! Among them, there are those who are as strong as the supervisor!

[Electrical Sound] flying into my ear.

Come to think of it, Namgung Myung remembers me as a fool who was kicked out of the Fear Realm without even achieving transcendence.

I gave Namgung Myung a light smile and walked towards the men lined up in front of me.

The men seemed to be taken aback by my actions for a moment, but soon their expressions hardened.

"Hit him."

The one who gave the order was the incarnation of the 'great man's review', probably the 'supervisor' that Namgung Myung warned about.

"Die!"

The men who said the somewhat obvious lines simultaneously took out their weapons.

Sword, spear. Each of the representative weapons of Murim.

But the stories wrapped around the weapons they took out were somewhat shocking from my perspective.

[The story, 'Nose Hair of the Sleeping Dionysus', begins its storytelling!]

I thought I smelled something bad, but it was the smell of the flying spear.

The guy who checked my expression shouted proudly.

"It seems you recognized it. It's the nose hair of the 12 gods!"

"Hahaha! It's too late to regret it now!"

I see. When I reach the 12 gods of <Olympus>, even the nose hair I pulled out will become a story of historical significance.

But I feel ashamed when I try to deal with something like that.

[The story, 'Hair of the Drunken Dionysus' begins its storytelling!]

[The story, 'Beard that Dionysus Shed While Shaving', begins its storytelling!]

I asked after easily dodging the weapons flying from three directions.

"Isn't that the <Tamra Middle School>? Why do you have the hair of the <Olympus> throne as a story?"

"Shut up!"

The fierce power contained in the story brushed my hair.

Surely, a story like that is a story, so if you learn the skill, you can apply it like magic.

But that's all.

Story is the most powerful when used appropriately for the situation.

[Exclusive skill, 'Baekcheong Ganggi Lv.???', is activated!]

Why waste a story on raising 'level' so ignorantly—

Sugagak!

There's no way you can be my opponent. Before the more serious body hair appeared, I used [Baekcheongganggi] to cut off their talismans.

The guys groaned as they watched their weapons being easily cut off.

"Oh, how could a story with the power of a constellation at the narrative-grade be like that!"

[The constellation, 'Master of Baekrokdam', is amazed at your skill proficiency!]

[The constellation, 'Lord of the Trash', shrugs their shoulders in familiar anticipation!]

In the <Star Stream>, 'combat power' is determined by 'what stories' and 'how they were built'. Even if they are of the same level, there is no comparison in actual combat between those who built their stories on their own and those who gathered scraps of stories to only increase their weight.

If these guys knew that they were of the same 'great-grade', even the 'bald guerrilla leader' would be very angry.

"Stop and kneel."

At the command containing a very light [incite], the men surrounding me all knelt down, coughing up blood.

"What, what is it...?"

"Huh-huh!"

Their expressions didn't even know what they had been hit with.

The incarnations of <Tamra Junggong> looked at me with eyes full of distrust.

However, not all incarnations were like that.

The only one who resisted my [incite]. The supervisor of 'Great Man's Review' who had been watching the battle from behind opened his mouth.

"Interesting. Were you a guy who strengthened your stories with D-coins?"

D-coins?

"You knew too much just because you were a newbie. Is he really the talent chosen by Lord Nirvana?"

The supervisor who had been talking nonsense to himself suddenly closed the distance. The 'Great Man's Review' on the board, the story that had been swung at the fist was quite impressive.

Thump!

But that was all.

Thump! The guy who got his head hit by the side of 'Unbreakable Faith' staggered.

"Kuhuk?"

I hit his head again.

Takkong! Takkong! Takkong!

"Kuaaaaak!"

Takkong! Takkong! Makkong! Takkong!

How many times did I hit his head like that? A message came from the air.

[The constellation, 'Lord of Delivery', is delighted with your strange fighting style!]

[You received 1 D-coin sponsorship!]

As expected, your taste is still the same.

"T, what is this—"

Your cabbage constellation gave a coin to me.

The bewildered guy looked up into the air with a dumbfounded expression, and then, unable to control his anger, ran towards me.

"How dare you—!"

Tteokkong! Takkong! Takkong! Takkong!

"Kuaaaaak!"

[You received 1 D-coin sponsorship!]

It's easy to make money.

Tak-kong! Tak-kong! Tak-kong!

[You received 1 D-coin sponsorship!]

"Tak-kong!"

This time, I accidentally said it out loud.

[You received 1 D-coin sponsorship!]

In that way, I quickly collected twenty D-coins and asked the staggering supervisor.

"Are you going to continue?"

Even if it's a coin event, it's difficult to tease him too much.

Anyway, the 'Lord of the Swindlers' is Bang Cheolsoo's sponsor. Since we have a short relationship, I didn't really want to kill his incarnation.

[The constellation, 'Lord of the Swindlers', is satisfied with your violence.]

[The constellation, 'Lord of the Swindlers', is looking at you closely!]

[The constellation, 'Lord of the Swindlers', asks if he has seen you somewhere.]

As expected, the 'Lord of the Swindlers' has not yet recognized me.

I thought it was probably because of my unique status as a constellation with the body of an incarnation, as Han Sooyoung said.

I wanted to ask about Bang Cheolsoo's well-being, but now was not the right time.

"I will let you off the hook because of your sponsor, so get out of here."

Bang Cheolsoo is Bang Cheolsoo, but if these guys are a group like 'Nirvana', it would be difficult to push them too hard.

I've had enough of scolding at this point.

"Su, supervisor, I think it's time to leave for today."

The men who hurriedly got up from their seats ran away, supporting the bloody supervisor. The supervisor, who had not yet properly recognized my true colors, did not forget to say a word as he ran away.

"I will never forget this debt."

[The constellation, 'Lord of the Swindlers', likes the noir spirit of the incarnation.]

I don't know where the Lord of the Swindlers can find such stereotypes of incarnations.

After the short coin event, Namgung Myung, who had been watching me, approached me.

"Benefactor... Are you okay?"

"Yes."

I was confident that I could deal with a truckload of guys who had only raised the level of of stories so clumsily.

"You got involved in this because of me. I'm sorry."

"No. They were after me from the beginning."

"They will never back down from here."

"Of course."

That was a bit of a concern for me too. I thought about using [Incite] when I sent them, but I left them alone just in case.

[The constellation, 'Master of Baekrokdam', is looking at you closely.]

Because the guy who looked like the constellation of Tamra had been observing me since a while ago.

"Since the supervisor failed to capture me, the audit team will definitely be dispatched next time. If the audit team comes, there is a high possibility that it will include 'executives'. Since you helped me, maybe now the benefactor…"

Executives.

So does that mean Reinheit, Jo Jincheol, or Nirvana will come?

"It's okay. If it's necessary, we can ask for help too."

"Help?"

"Doesn't Gungmyung-ssi have a company?"

I poked Namgung Myung's back, who was making a stupid expression, and said.

"I'd like to take a look around Gungmyung-ssi's company."

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Namgung Myung led me straight to his company headquarters.

"I never thought that the benefactor would be interested in our company…"

"But how exactly do you pronounce that company name?"

"It’s such an unpleasant name now… It’s hard for me to tell you the exact pronunciation."

An unpleasant name?

Why?

"They say that beings above the narrative-grade can pronounce it without the unpleasantness contained in the name, but I still have trouble with that."

I don’t know what he meant, but I nodded.

"By the way, are you really thinking of joining our company?"

"For now."

"You might regret it."

"Why? Because it’s a small business?"

"That’s true, too…"

Normally, it would be normal to welcome the increase in employees, but Namgung Myung seemed genuinely worried about me.

"Our company currently has four employees… no, only three."

"Three?"

"There used to be a lot more members. Among the ascendants of our company, there are some really powerful incarnations. But now… To be honest, it's not a proper company. We might have to file for bankruptcy soon…"

Financial bankruptcy?

"Oh, that's our company's 'head office' over there."

A building too small to be called the head office. No, it was embarrassing to even call it a building, but it was located in a place I knew very well.

I stood in front of the place with trembling steps.

「Breaking the Sky Inspection.」

As I entered the place where the signboard had fallen, a house that had turned into ruins appeared. A dog was sitting in the yard of the house. It was a dog with one arm and leg replaced with a prosthetic limb.

The dog kept asking, and someone appeared from behind the ruined house.

"Sorry, Shin-gun. Are you hungry?"

A woman wearing a shabby uniform squatted down toward the dog and held out a small hamburger from her bosom.

King!

"No. There are no more dumplings. I have to eat this to survive."

Wow!

I watched the backs of the dog and the woman for a moment, then cautiously made a sound.

"Over there."

The woman, who flinched and shook her shoulders, looked back at me. Her eyes, which had seen my face, were filled with emotions. From question to surprise, and from surprise to shock again.

Her lips slowly parted.

"Ah."

Eight years had passed. Perhaps it was enough time to forget someone, but she recognized me.

I waved at her and said.

"It's been a long time, Kyung Sein-ssi."