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Everyone has a favorite line from a story.

「Because 'I' am, after all, made up of things that aren't me.」

That line appears in chapter 252 of the main story.

The scene where Kim Dokja proves himself by being caught up in the 'real Kim Dokja' scenario.

When asked to choose his 'favorite scene', Kyung Sein always chose that scene. Even if no one else chose it as a memorable scene or line, he always chose it as one.

Whenever he saw his own memorable scene, which often received only one vote, Kyung Sein felt as if it had been written just for him.

Why did he love that scene so much?

「"Hey, bug."」

Was it because he'd been short since childhood?

「"Aren't you going to answer?"」

Or was it because his friends bullied him for being pale and thin?

「"Hey, stop harassing Minwoo. Do you want to get suspended again?"」

Or perhaps it was because he wanted to believe that all the realities surrounding him weren't 'real'.

「Across the countless fleeing 'Kim Dokjas', there was a man who knew the 'real Kim Dokja'.」

Kyung Sein pondered over that chapter for a long time, even writing it down somewhere.

He simply loved that scene.

He couldn't quite put it into words, but at least the Kim Dokja in that scene seemed to be speaking to him.

No one knows who you really are. Only you know that.

That's why Kyung Sein, who rarely read books, read that story to the end.

It wasn't as brutal as Kim Dokja's 'Ways of Survival', but it was definitely the novel he'd read the most in his life.

After finishing it once, he picked out his favorite parts and read it again, leaving comments, something he rarely did.

—I like Jung Heewon.

Perhaps that was the first online comment he left.

He, who had been afraid to even step outside his house, finally spoke out into the world for the first time.

And perhaps that one word changed his world.

—Will you come to our community?

People who were interested in his comments responded and invited him to join the fan community.

—But is your concept just to leave Jung Heewon comments all the time?

In the community, Kyung Sein could talk with people about his favorite novels. He learned how to debate and share opinions.

—But concept comments should be fun.

Perhaps countless Kim Dokjas taught him. How to speak with consideration. How to maintain eye contact when speaking. How to listen carefully before speaking.

—And before you joke, read the other comments.

The readers there taught him the obvious things his parents and teachers hadn't taught him.

He thinks it was around that time that he started exercising.

And strangely, his body began to grow. With each push-up or squat, his muscles began to grow.

As his size grew, the friends who had bullied him naturally disappeared.

Perhaps he was too amazed by this small miracle.

From then on, Kyung Sein would post photos of his muscles and write a comment about the day on the fan community every day. It was his way of surviving a life marred by minor tragedies.

"He's alive, right?"

And now, by his side were his comrades, each surviving in their own way.

"Of course he's alive."

A gentleman, yet warm-hearted, Dansu ahjussi.

"Don't worry. If he was in danger, there's no way he wouldn't have contacted me."

Killer King Cha Sungwoo, brimming with an inexplicable confidence.

"He's alive."

Cha Yerin, blunt but caring for her comrades more than anyone else.

"A new scenario will open soon. Let's prepare in advance, readers-ssi."

Even Ye Hyunwoo, calmer than anyone else, prepared for the future. Even though he possessed a character in a novel and faced death at any moment, he thought it would be okay as long as he had his companions.

He just had to read the end of this world together once more.

That was how it was, he believed.

「That day, before the 'Great Hall' opened.」

The day the 'Great Hall' opened in the sky, and 'nameless things' poured out from within. The day the Korean Peninsula's incarnations were annihilated in a scream.

The day when great Outer Gods they could never have imagined looked down upon Earth.

Perhaps, that day, the world of Kyung Sein ended.

The despair of never seeing the end of the scenarios. The fear that this world was not the 『Omniscient Reader's Viewpoint』 they knew.

"Dokja-ssi—"

Everyone cried out a name.

They knew he wasn't the Kim Dokja they knew. Still, they believed that if he was the 'Kim Dokja' they knew, he could solve this situation.

Tsutsutsutsutsu—

Then one day, a storm raged through the vast sky of the scenarios. A meteor fell from the sky.

"The protagonist has returned."

Killer King spoke those words, his voice as if possessed by something. It was truly strange. If Kim Dokja had returned, he would have said, 'Kim Dokja has returned', or 'He has returned'.

But Killer King spoke this way, 'The protagonist has returned'.

Behind Killer King stood someone.

「Kim Dokja was there.」

His face, his expression, his clothes—it was unmistakably Kim Dokja.

But at that moment, Kyung Sein knew. The phrase he loved was speaking to him.

The Kim Dokja standing before him now was—

"My name is."

It wasn't the Kim Dokja they had been waiting for.

"I'm ■■■."

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With a deep exhale, Kyung Sein woke up. Her spine clenched from the cold sweat she had shed. It was all a dream. A dream from a distant time, when it was still acceptable for Kim Dokja to be called Kim Dokja.

"Ah."

Kyung Sein stared blankly into space before opening the notebook in her arms. It was the notebook she'd often open whenever she wanted to write something down. Crooked handwriting lingered on the notebook, long since it'd been opened for the last time.

I

ultimately

was not me.

The sentences she once loved now remained only in fragments. Kyung Sein couldn't recall the original form of those sentences, what they had been like.

The stories she loved were no longer in this world.

「"Sein-ssi."」

Kim Dokja, his face as pale as snow. With a calm gaze, the protagonist, who had perfectly solved every scenario that followed, spoke to her.

「"Please stay here."」

「"Why, why can't I?"」

She knows she's lacking. She knows her attributes are ordinary compared to her colleagues, and her skill proficiency is low. She trained and trained, wanting to become a tank like Lee Hyunsung, but she knew she still couldn't keep up with him.

Still, she worked hard.

She believed that if she worked hard, they would definitely recognize it.

「"We need someone to guard this place."」

There are stories like that in the world.

Like her muscle-building post, which was particularly unpopular, there are stories that, no matter how hard she writes, are rarely read.

「"Why do you say that? You—"」

She knew why Kim Dokja wanted to leave her here.

It was because she was weak. Because she wasn't helpful to the party.

But if that was the case, she wanted him to be honest. She didn't want to be left miserably like this.

「"I can do it too."」

So Kyung Sein said.

She spoke clearly, as if commenting on a story that had changed.

「"The Kim Dokja I know doesn't talk like you. You—"」

She knew she shouldn't say that, but she insisted.

「"You're not the Kim Dokja I remember."」

The next moment, she was standing on a pristine snowfield.

Amidst the flurry of snow that covered everything, he, the protagonist, ■■■, spoke.

「"Of course. Because I have no intention of becoming like that being."」

A pure white hand slowly approached.

「"Who on earth are you?"」

Kyung Sein was terrified of the being before her. This man, who called himself Kim Dokja, this protagonist, so different from her memories, she was terrified.

「"Someone called me 'Kim Dokja of the Snowfield'."」

A cold hand touched her forehead. Her mind felt tangled, and then she felt something being sucked out of her. She felt as if something she held dear was being taken away from her.

And after a moment, he withdrew his hand.

「"Isn't every fragment useful… Then, even if you collect a hundred percent..."」

An incomprehensible murmur.

Kyung Sein slowly knelt, exhausted. She didn't know what had happened. However, the moment his hand touched her forehead, she felt something like her essence tangled.

She was no longer the same Kyung Sein as before. Soon, a bitter cold washed over her.

「"I repeat. Please remain here, Sein-ssi. You do not need to proceed to the next scenario."」

In the biting cold, Kyung Sein nodded.

「"From now on, your existence has only one purpose."」

A talisman suddenly appeared before her eyes. It was a transmission pad. An item that sent messages from lower-level scenarios to higher-level ones.

「"Someday, 'he' will appear again in the scenarios. Then tear this paper."」

Kyung Sein nodded helplessly.

「"If you complete this mission, I will send you back to your original world after all scenarios are over."」

Kyung Sein slowly flipped through her notebook. Tucked into the end of it was the transmission pad she had received that day.

As she slowly picked up the transmission pad, the note hidden behind the talisman caught her eye.

「The real Kim Dokja.」

Those narrowed eyes she'd missed so much. His signature grin, as if he'd known it would happen.

Thinking back to that face, Kyung Sein felt like she was about to burst into tears at any moment.

"Why on earth…"

The person she'd once waited for more than anyone else.

But now…

"Inho-ssi, why did you show up now?"

The person she'd hoped wouldn't show up more than anyone else.

"It's too late now. Nothing can change."

Kyung Sein slowly picked up the paper.

All she had to do was tear this up. Just tear this up and tell him the truth, and her mission would be complete.

Her story ended here.

Kyung Sein fiddled with the transmission book over and over again with trembling hands, then sighed deeply. Then, biting her lip, she folded the book neatly back up and tucked it away in her notebook.

'I know I can't change anything.'

Just because he's back now, nothing will change.

The scenario is irreversible now. The 'being' that took the name of Kim Dokja is a great being that even the constellations of that great nebula cannot approach.

The world is on the verge of ending.

And yet.

"This kind of scene doesn't exist…"

Kyung Sein staggered to her feet. She had to see him again. She had to tell him. He had to leave this city immediately, and that he shouldn't be promoted to a higher-level scenario. She had to tell him that.

Kugugugugu!

A sudden seismic wave. The house shook precariously.

"Executive!"

Namgung Myung, who had hurriedly opened the door and entered, had a pale complexion.

Kyung Sein nodded and stepped outside. A group of incarnations had gathered in front of the building.

"Is this the right place?"

"I'm sure. I heard he joined here."

"He's crazy. Of all the companies…"

The moment she saw them, she realized.

<Veda Biotech>.

They were incarnations of a major corporation.

"Be careful. They say the supervisor at <Tamra Heavy Industries> was taken by that guy."

"That must be because their supervisors are terrible."

"Oh, there you are."

The incarnations' attention focused on Kyung Sein's presence.

Kyung Sein took a deep breath and spoke.

"Great Heroes, what brings you here?"

"Huh, are you trying to play it safe?"

No matter how small the company was, Kyung Sein was still an executive. Yet, their attitude lacked the slightest respect for executives. The Pacheonshin Army, who had been lying on the floor, growled and stood up at the sight of such rudeness.

A man who appeared to be a supervisor from Veda Biotech stepped forward and said,

"Give me back the D-coins you stole."

"What are you talking about?"

Kyung Sein wondered what he was talking about.

"You're not trying to play it safe, are you? I'm talking about the D-coins you obtained by exploiting a bug during the day! Because of that, I couldn't receive my ranking reward."

"I don't know what you're saying, but I think there's been a misunderstanding."

"You don't seem to understand."

The one who spoke was a man standing at the back of the group.

As the man slowly approached, the incarnations in the area parted like waves. The moment he confirmed the energy emanating from the man's entire body, Kyung Sein swallowed involuntarily.

'Executive level.'

There was no doubt. The being before him was an executive of Veda Biotech.

A being with a high degree of attunement to the 'narrative-grade sponsor', or perhaps a level comparable to the initial narrative-grade.

In her current state, he was an opponent she could not face even if she were to revive from death.

"What happened for a Vedas executive…"

"I was harmed by an employee of your company at the daytime auction house. I demand compensation for the damages."

As expected.

Kyung Sein asked, her expression hardening.

"Compensation, how much…?"

"50,000 D Coins."

Kyung Sein gaped at the unrealistic sum.

Why would they demand such a large amount of D Coins as 'compensation'? What kind of 'damage' would have to be incurred to justify such a large amount?

Perhaps that was why.

"Why are you laughing?"

Kyung Sein began to chuckle. The laughter soon grew louder, then more exaggerated.

"I asked why you were laughing."

Kyung Sein couldn't explain why she was laughing either. Perhaps she knew that this laughter would lead her to her death, yet she couldn't stop.

A strange sense of déjà vu kept creeping up on her. A premonition that something major was about to happen.

She knew this feeling well.

"I feel a strange sense of nostalgia."

It was fine if this was nothing more than a vain hope. Simply experiencing this sensation once more was enough.

"If you laugh one more time—"

"Why would someone laugh?"

It wasn't Kyung Sein who spoke those words. When did it start? A man stood on the fence of a house.

"She's laughing because you're funny."

It was a man with a narrowed-eyed smile, one that Kyung Sein knew very well.

—Inho-ssi.

Gyeongsein stopped laughing and sent a [telephone].

—Run now. We must get out of this city.

But the man leaped lightly from the fence and landed beside her.

He saw the incarnations before him whispering.

"It's him."

"Really?"

The officer slowly raised his right hand.

"Deal with it."

And a terrifying wave of energy swept over the area. Before she could react, the executive-level entity bombarded them.

Kyung Sein screamed and stepped forward.

But a lantern blocked her path.

Surprisingly, the owner of the lantern easily deflected the executive-level bombardment.

The officers and employees shouted in shock.

The man, still not turning around, spoke.

"Don't worry, Sein-ssi."

It was clearly the back of the head Kyung Sein remembered. Nevertheless, the moment she saw it up close, Kyung Sein flinched slightly.

Even the automatically repairable 'Infinite Dimensional Subspace Coat' couldn't heal the sword marks.

Countless scars remained on his coat.

"Eight years."

Kyung Sein finally realized.

Just as eight years had passed for them, the man before him had also survived eight years somewhere. And finally, he returned to this story.

"I'm quite strong now."

The expression of the protagonist she had loved was there.