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Kyung Sein grabbed Kim Dokja's sleeve like a madman.

"Dokja-ssi."

Forgetting that she had unconsciously called the man 'Kim Dokja', Kyung Sein hurriedly pulled Kim Dokja's sleeve.

"We have to run."

The constellations hadn't discovered them yet. It wasn't too late to run. Whether using [Way of the Wind] or purchasing a scenario escape ticket from the 'Dokkaebi Bag', they had to escape from here. Otherwise—

"No, Sein-ssi."

Kim Dokja's gaze was fixed on the manor. Cha Yerin was there, currently recuperating.

Kim Dokja knew. If he left this place, those constellations would take their companions hostage.

"Please call the other companions."

Kim Dokja's words seemed to fly into her heart anew.

「Comrades.」

Kim Dokja, before him, truly considered them companions.

"You?"

"I'll buy you some time."

Kim Dokja's back was small as he turned. Just as Kyung Sein had once read, his slender torso swayed as if ready to break in the gust of wind. Watching his back sway as if ready to break in the wind, Kyung Sein realized something.

「Even if I call my companions, there's no way we can deal with those constellations.」

The constellations of <Veda>, <Olympus>, <Isgard>, and <Tamra> were there.

[A giant nebula is supporting the probability of the constellations.]

The <First Murim> was a 20th-level scenario area. A place where the original constellations could never descend.

Those constellations were revealing their true colors in a lower-level scenario, enduring enormous losses.

Each and every one of them reached the level of late-stage narrative-grade. If just one of them unleashed their full power, the party would be annihilated without a trace.

Kim Dokja was advancing, determined to confront these constellations alone. Under the pretext of calling their comrades, he gave Kyung Sein an excuse to escape, and he continued on alone.

「Just like the day he first became the 'Oldest Dream'.」

The 'Kim Dokja' he truly wanted to protect wasn't the Kim Dokja before her. Yet, he was undoubtedly Kim Dokja.

"I can't leave you alone."

Kim Dokja slowly turned his head and glanced at Kyung Sein. His eyes were slightly surprised.

"If you're Kim Dokja, then I'm Kim Dokja too."

Kim Dokja's head slowly moved at Kyung Sein's words.

"If that's so, then so be it."

Kim Dokja smiled brightly.

"Instead, whatever you see from now on, don't be surprised."

Before she could even ask what that meant, the constellations in the sky twinkled for a moment.

[Were you there?]

He took a deep breath, and four constellations appeared before his eyes.

Tsutsutsutsutsu.

Four brightly shining stars. When the constellations, who should never have descended into a lower scenario, simultaneously revealed their powers, all incarnations were plunged into a state of near-death.

The incarnations of Murim, just beginning to rebuild, collapsed to the ground, groaning. Some were even gasping for breath, foaming at the mouth.

The unconscious incarnations might have been fortunate. The moment they unleashed their immense power, Kyung Sein felt as if she were about to lose her mind.

"Ah. Aah. Aaaah..."

Kyung Sein collapsed, groaning, unable to overcome her fear.

The constellations glanced at her as if she were an insect, then turned to Kim Dokja.

[Fragment of the Oldest Dream. Why did you break your promise?]

As the omnipotent sun Apollo uttered these words, the other constellations, as if they had been waiting, began to speak.

[There was no mention of you directly interfering with the scenario, was there?]

[What brought you here? Have you forgotten our promise?]

With each successive mantra, blood flowed from Kyung Sein's ears. Her head ached as if it were going to split open. Her entire body trembled incessantly.

They were on a different level. She couldn't believe she had to fight against such things to see the scenario's conclusion.

Yet, as if he wasn't afraid of such constellations, Kim Dokja smiled and spoke.

"Let's skip unnecessary conversation. You didn't come here just to protest, did you?"

Perhaps it was the subtle condescension in his tone that caused the constellations' expressions to change.

[What did you just say?]

"You came to covet me, didn't you?"

[What did you say?]

"There's no need to try to deny it. You paid a price to descend here, so you must have thought this was your chance. Don't you?"

Kyung Sein listened blankly to Kim Dokja's words. At that moment, Kim Dokja no longer seemed like the 'Kim Dokja' she knew from the story.

"Are you going to deny that you came to thrust those ugly teeth at me?"

Kim Dokja slowly walked. One step, then two. Each time he approached the constellations, their shoulders trembled in shock.

"I have no regrets. After all, we received everything from the <Star Stream>. So, it would be right to return it to the <Star Stream>."

For a moment, the surrounding scenery seemed to change. An icy wind blew from somewhere.

Kim Dokja was walking alone along the lonely path in the snowfield.

[The story, 'Messiah of the Snowfield', begins its storytelling.]

Kyung Sein and the other constellations stared at him, as if entranced.

「All the stars in the world were shining down on him.」

At that moment, Kim Dokja's coat fell to the floor. His tie followed, and then his dress shirt. With every step he took, Kim Dokja's clothes fell to the floor.

The constellations watched him, holding their breath. Kim Dokja, now stripped of even his shoes, stood before the constellations. His naked body was exposed to the sunlight.

The moment she saw that white back, Kyung Sein was thrown into confusion. While clearly a human body, Kim Dokja's body didn't feel human at all. No, it wasn't flesh in the first place. In other words, it was—

「A story about a story. A myth about a myth.」

Kim Dokja, shining brightly in the starlight, was there.

Apollo, the omnipotent sun, Vidar, the end of war, and the master of Baekrokdam were all kneeling.

A single image formed on their empty retinas.

The single being that filled their universe commanded:

"Take whatever you wish."

The moment permission was granted, the constellations rose from their seats.

Apollo was the first to move. A harsh mantra burst from his lips.

[M, my— I— What I'm going to do— that's right—]

His eyes, which had been struggling to reject the legend in front of him, slowly began to turn red. His out-of-focus pupils shook, and a wild beast-like noise came out of his mouth.

[Geuaaaaa!]

There were only sick constellations, greedy for the story before them.

Apollo bit Kim Dokja's shoulder greedily, and Vidar tore Kim Dokja's arm. Then, the master of Baekrokdam bent down and bit Kim Dokja's ankle.

[Ooooooo—]

A single story pierced their souls.

A story that violently overwhelmed the soul of the reader.

A story dominated their souls.

As if he admired such constellations, Kim Dokja smiled and offered his flesh.

And then, until the very end, he gazed upon the one constellation that resisted his story.

"Agni. Come closer."

The only constellation that had not torn his flesh, Agni, the 'Flame of Purification', was there.

Agni, who had set fire to his entire body and burned himself, resisted his own desires with bloodshot eyes.

[I am, the great, Lokapala.]

A story spilled from his pale, trembling lips. Agni, who had struck his own head with an axe, roared and declared,

[I, will not eat.]

Finally, Agni, still holding onto his pride, let out a sorrowful howl and fled the scenario.

Kim Dokja stared silently at the spot where Agni had disappeared.

The other three constellations, startled, knelt as if in apology.

[I apologize, 'Oldest Dream'.]

Kim Dokja spoke to the constellations, who had prostrated themselves as if worshipping a god.

"No."

Then, looking up at the sky with an expression of unwavering calm, he added,

"Eventually, <Veda> will come."

[It will.]

Kyung Sein was confused. She couldn't comprehend the scene unfolding before her eyes.

Why did Kim Dokja speak like that? Why had he given his body to the constellations? She couldn't understand. She couldn't understand anything. However, one thing was certain: the moment Kyung Sein laid eyes on Kim Dokja's naked body, a terrible thought gripped her.

「I want to become one.」

Even though he knew it was a thought worthy of Nirvana, Kyung Sein couldn't stop it the moment she laid eyes on Kim Dokja.

The thought finally stopped after Kim Dokja picked up the clothes that had fallen on the floor and put them on.

"I have entrusted my blood and flesh to you, so one day I will come back to find myself."

The constellations bowed their heads in embarrassment at Kim Dokja's words.

Looking down at the crowns of the constellations, Kim Dokja continued,

"It will be a long road. It may be a road that will never end. But like my brother, I too will walk that road. And thus, I will complete the ■■ of this worldline."

The constellations sighed. The three constellations answered simultaneously.

[I will illuminate your footsteps.]

"Until I reclaim myself, what I have given you is yours. In exchange—"

A piercing light flashed in Kim Dokja's eyes. Reflecting the light of the constellations, it warned them.

"You will rebuild this ruined city."

The divine command fell, and the constellations, raising their heads, trembled.

"In the fertile land of fear, coins made of my blood will spring forth."

The constellations, obeying that command, howled simultaneously. A bright light erupted from their bodies. The constellations' omens moved according to the covenant.

「The blessings of the stars will bloom and scatter over the city. And so, with the blood and flesh of dreams, the reconstruction of a new heaven and a new earth will begin.」

As the constellations of <Olympus>, <Asgard>, and <Tamra> illuminated the entire city, the dying trees began to rise again.

It began to regain its vitality.

Kim Dokja continued,

"You will prosper the city until my brother arrives here. Thus, you will prepare the final story of the <Star Stream>."

「This place will become a forest of fear. It will become a cradle where the flesh and blood of dreams will be gathered to create a single god.」

Growing trees formed a forest. Above the ruined Murim, structures symbolizing each constellation rose like the Tower of Babel.

Kim Dokja and the constellations gazed upon the new city for a long time.

The incarnations, filled with joy and emotion, gathered before the constellations' structures.

Apollo, seeing this, smiled with satisfaction and opened his mouth.

[The humble servant of the story asks the name of this land.]

Kim Dokja answered,

"From now on, this place will be called the 'New Murim District'."