

Ark Vol 14 C 6

Chapter 6

ACT 6 City of the Dead

“A village!”

Two days passed before Ark managed to leave the swamp. After using the disinfectant at the appropriate time and sweeping through the zombies, Ark finally arrived at his destination. It was safe to say that Ark had come to the right conclusion. By applying the Orion constellation to the swamp, he moved from Betelgeuse to Rigel to Bellatrix and so on.....the names on the tombstone appeared in the order of brightness. It took an average of 2 hours to travel between tombstones so the threat of the Mould Zombies wasn't a problem. Then Ark finally landed on the last area which corresponded with Orion's sword. When looking at Orion, there is a nebula which includes hundreds of irregular star. This dark area was where his final destination, the City of the Dead was located.

‘Unfortunately I couldn't gather all of the necessary ingredients from the swamp.....’

But the immortality pill wasn't urgent at the moment. He wanted to find Razak and complete his profession change quest. He could return to the swamp after completing the quest and slowly gather what he needed from the Mould Zombies. Anyway, an information window appeared after he saw the village.

-City of the Dead

You have located a suspicious place where darkness and death spreads over the land. The place you have found in the swamp are ruins where ancient secrets have been kept for hundreds of years. There is an astonishing number of undead resting here. They are different from the frozen undead that are frequently seen in Seutandal. Why the undead are living together is still unknown.

20 skills points were given after his difficulty finding it! Just like the information window described, the City of the Dead was actually ruins. There was the wreckage of ancient castle walls scattered everywhere.

The residents? Monsters? At any rate, the majority of the NPCs were dead but some of them were skeletons or zombies. To be precise, zombies and skeletons are different from the dead. They literally had the impression of 'someone who just died.'

'How will I enter?'

Ark hid in a suitable place while looking through the city using Buksil's Vampire's Eyes. The information window regarding the residents wasn't red so they weren't hostile. But it wasn't blue which indicated a favourable relationship. It was grey which meant the NPCs could take both sides.

'They are grey so they won't be excessively aggressive.....'

He had learnt from his troubled experience in Dark Earth. What guarantee did he have that he wouldn't experience hostility in this village? Of course, there was the method of using 'Stealth.' However, Ark's purpose wasn't simply sneaking around. He needed to find Razak, renew the resurrection point and look for Hero Maban's hidden legacy. It wasn't possible to do that while limited by 'Stealth.'

'I need a method which won't be suspected by the residents. Ah, that's right.'

Ark deliberated for a short moment before asking Buksil.

"Buksil, have you learnt the sewing skill?"

"What does Ark-nim think of me?"

"Huh? What does that mean?"

"Sewing is a basic skill for merchants. A merchant's first step is cutting fabric and selling it as clothes to make a profit."

"Stop talking about trivial things and just tell me if you can do it."

“My level is advanced, advanced!”

Buksil arrogantly stuck his stomach out.

“Okay, then please make me some clothes out of this.”

“Ark-nim, you had fabrics? Hik, w-what it this?”

Buksil panicked and withdrew. Ark had taken some leather out of his bag. However, this wasn't ordinary leather obtained from animals. It was the leather of the Mould Zombies. Yes, the greatest difference between Ark and the residents was their appearance. Ark's group had a good complexion compared to the tattered and rotten bodies of the residents. Then the method was simple. Wouldn't he become similar if he wore clothes made out of the leather of the Mould Zombies? However, Buksil just shook his head.

“You want me to make clothes out of this?”

“You can't do it?”

“No, I can but.....”

“Shut up and just do it.”

Buksil started tearing up at Ark's growl and started stitching the leather together. Although Buksil wanted to die, the skin of the dead was still leather. Anyway, he used his sewing skill to make some clothes.

“These trivial clothes were made with advanced sewing skills. It is humiliating.”

-The Dead's Leather Clothes

Armour type: General Leather

Defense: —

Durability: 10/10)

Weight: 2

User restriction: —

It was a costume which made the wearer look like a zombie. A rotten smell drifted from the ragged clothes. It would be easy for him to be mistaken as an undead wearing these clothes. No, before that anyone who wore these clothes would be considered insane. It certainly wasn't clothes that sane people would wear. Since the leather was skinned from a corpse, the leather drooped in several places. In addition, there were poisonous moulds stuck on several places. The thought of wearing such terrible leather clothes was enough to cause goose bumps.

‘This looks a little intense even for me.’

However, he had wasted 30 ‘Skin of the Dead’ making the clothes. Ark swallowed down his nausea and wore the clothes over his armour. Soon a plausible undead was created.

‘Ugh, why does this uncomfortable feeling seem to pierce through to my skin? Although I feel dirty, this will definitely fool the undead.’

“Okay, create three more identical clothes.”

“Hik, do I have to wear one of those three?”

“Huh? Why else would I waste valuable leather on creating three more sets of clothes? You are the cameraman.”

“C-can’t I just stay here? The village isn’t far so using my eyeballs to take the video won’t be a problem, even with the zombies around. Then Baekgu can also stay here.”

Buksil said with a stutter.

He had a good point. In the old days, Karakul was able to use his eyeballs for surveillance so it wouldn’t be a problem if Buksil was separated from his. So there was no reason for Buksil to come along.

If the situation worsened and they had to run away, he would have to laboriously collect the Skin of the Dead again in order to make another set of clothes to enter. If he didn’t have to create it for Buksil and Baekgu then Ark would save 60 leathers.

“Okay, if there are any problems then you can contact me with the eyeball.”

When Vampire’s Eye rose to an intermediate level, it gained a communication function. Well, it already wasn’t normal with the video shooting method attached to it. Gaining an additional communication ability wasn’t that big a surprise. Therefore it was convenient even if Buksil was far away. Ark nodded and Racard quickly interrupted.

“M-Master, do I have to go too?”

“Do you want to fight?”

……They were expected words. So Ark who was wearing the leather clothes and Racard headed towards the city.

‘Won’t I see as soon as I enter? Whether they are tricked or not……I’ll have to look carefully at the atmosphere.’

Ark quickened his pace as he approached the entrance of the village. Although it was difficult to tell the entrance thanks to the ruins, there were dead soldiers standing guard like in most villages.

If the guards showed a hostile reaction then he would quickly flee. Was he lucky? Although they lingered a bit, the guards didn't show any hostile reactions. No, it was like they had no interest from the beginning. The guards just opened their mouths and stared into the sky absentmindedly.

‘What the, what is this? Then these disgusting clothes weren't necessary?’

He wore those clothes for that exact purpose, but now he felt annoyed after he was ignored. But he still wasn't careless. There was no evidence that the guards were affected by the clothes but there was also no evidence that the guards weren't affected by the clothes. There was no guarantee how they would react if he took off the clothes.

‘Well the first checkpoint has been passed.’

Ark sighed with relief after entering the village. Just like the guards, the residents didn't pay any attention to Ark and Racard. However, Ark felt a different type of tension. It was natural since there was no feelings of life in the city. Although there were many dead people wandering among the debris, it was so quiet that he would be able to hear a needle drop. They seemed more like dolls made of paper or wood. Once again he realized that it was truly the City of the Dead. The dead just continued whatever they were doing in silence. Some of them were clearing the wreckage in order to write something on the ground while others were repeatedly piling up logs. Some souls continuously bumped their head against a wall and muttered something. It was like a documentary of psychiatric patients.

“..... What the, these guys? They're strangely terrifying.”

Racard grasped the hem of Ark's clothes like a young child and muttered. They were even causing fear in a vampire.

‘How will I find Razak and Hero Maban's legacy?’

Ark explored the city while looking through the rubble at each corner. During his walk, he found many skeletons with a neutral alignment but no Razak. After 2 hours, Ark arrived at a shattered building in the centre of the village.

‘I can’t get a sense of where to look. My pet won’t move from his summoning location without a good reason. Razak is definitely somewhere in this place..... Then should I look for Hero Maban’s legacy first?’

Look for the forgotten battlefield and let the scattered pieces of the moon from the top of the best seat lead you to the resting place.

That was the second clue that he received. There was no reason to think about it. The forgotten battlefield was obviously these ruins. And obviously the best seat was the highest building in the ruins, so didn’t he have to climb it in order to look for the moon markings?

‘Is the tallest building the tower?’

Ark had occasionally seen a tower while wandering around the place. There was no doubt that the tower was the highest place in the village. Since it was in a broken state, it wasn’t an easy task to climb the tower. The stairs had large gaps in them so he was forced to just climbing gear to scale the wall. After an hour, Ark finally reached the top of the tower.

“Now, shall I look for the scattered pieces of the moon?”

After climbing the tower, he could see the city by looking down. But no matter how hard he looked, he couldn’t see anything related to the moon.

“What the? Shouldn’t I find it here?”

Ark started to feel annoyance as he looked around. He had finally reached the City of the Dead after much suffering. He couldn’t find any signs of Razak and a seemingly easy clue regarding his profession change quest had once again turned into a maze. Razak and his class change quest was definitely here but he wasn’t able to find any clues after hours of searching.

“Do I have to keep roaming around the village until I find something?”

Ark climbed down the tower and sighed. After walking towards a emptier part of the city, he suddenly saw the dead lining up on a street.

‘Eh? What’s this? Those dead people?’

Ark became curious and headed towards them. The dead were gathered in front of a pile of trash.

-Fossilized bone

The unearthed bones of an ancient monster. The intended use is unknown.

-Old and Rusty Shield

Armour type: Steel Shield

Defense: 30

Durability: 7/10

Weight: 30

User Restriction: Level 150 Warriors

It is impossible to guess what this shield is made out of. The overall shape and embossed patterns on the surface seem to indicate that it was a high quality item. However, even an excellent blacksmith can’t get rid of the products of time. It has been neglected for so long that the iron has oxidized. No warriors would entrust their lives to this shield.

‘They’re similar to the items that the zombies in the swamp dropped.’

He had collected 70 such items from the Mould Zombies. But he honestly didn't know if they would be bought at any stores. If he calculated it by the scrap iron then he would be lucky to receive 1 silver per kilogram.

There was no space in his bag so he just kept the ones worth 1 silver. But why were the dead lining up for such items? Ark was thinking that when something interrupted him.

“Going to buy.....are you going to buy.....?”

The dead stall owner spoke in a testy voice.

‘Eek? What the? This was a business? No, the dead are able to talk?’

Ark was unable to understand the sudden situation. After Ark was quiet for a while, the dead person immediately spoke in an irritated voice.

“You’re buying.....if you don’t buy.....then can you leave?”

“Oh, no, that.....you can talk?”

“What the, just now.....are you making fun of me?”

“Of course not.”

Ark hurriedly shook his head. The city was so quiet he never imagined the dead could talk. He also had preconceived ideas from the dead people he saw in Seutandal. If the dead could talk then the situation was different. Wouldn't it be easier to find clues regarding Razak and his quest? Therefore it was necessary for the dead to have a good impression of him.

“If you’re not going to buy.....then get lost.”

The dead store owner said as he raised his hand. Ark thought for a moment before speaking.

“Everything that you’re selling looks incredible. My mind didn’t know what it wanted so I unknowingly just stared at it.”

“Huhu.....you have a good eye.”

“If the items are such good quality that wouldn’t they be expensive?” But I don’t have enough right now.....”

“Boo.....for a poor person.....I have no business.”

The attitude of the dead person changed 180 degrees when Ark said he had no money. So a poor person was even ignored by the dead? Apart from that, the dead was lined up to buy miscellaneous items? What good was this stuff to the dead? No, hadn’t he seen in movies that the dead was buried with riches because they would use it in the afterlife? Probably the most engaged people in this city were the dead who engaged in trade. Ark muttered to himself before he suddenly heard Buksil’s voice coming from the eyeball.

“What are you saying? I’ll run a business even after I die. That is the nature of merchants. Ohhhh, we’re really seeing the ultimate merchant! How wonderful. I respect.....ouch!”

“What the, noisy.....an eyeball?”

The dead merchant coldly stared at the eyeball after it spoke. The atmosphere became hard to figure out.

Ark kicked the eyeball and started talking again.

“Please don’t pay attention to it. Anyway, I heard that someone I know is in this city. Have you ever heard the name Razak?”

“Razak..... I’ve never heard that name before.”

“So have you seen anything that resembles fragments of the moon? Do you live in this area?”

“My memory.....I don't have any regarding that.”

The dead person shook his head at Ark's questions. Ark was unable to find a clue again and sighed before turning around. Then he suddenly heard a thud, thud, thus sound coming from his foot. The dead merchant frowned and spat out curses.

“Damn it! Again..... That bastard.....if he doesn't stop then I'll kill him!”

Everybody was already dead but the merchant had a really serious expression. Ark stopped and turned back around.

“What's wrong?”

“This noise.....I keep on hearing this noise.....I'm going crazy because of it!”

“Who is making this noise?”

“I don't know..... It seems to be the one stuck in the underground prison.....he was silent until a few months ago.....then all of a sudden he started making these noises..... Thanks to that, I'm about to go crazy!”

The dead merchant yanked at the hair on his head and looked at Ark.

“Ah, that's right..... You.....didn't you say you liked my goods? How about this..... The person making the noise.....can you make him stop? If you do.....my collection containing the best items....I'll give you one..... I'm really going crazy because of this noise..... Because of that noise.....guests won't come here!”

“Huh?”

Ark asked with a befuddled look. There was a ringing sound and the information window appeared.

-The Noise coming from Underground.

For the last few months, a merchant operating in the City of the Dead has been hearing a noise and it is causing him enormous stress. If you remove the source of the noise then the merchant has promised to give you one of his goods.

‘What the, I can get a quest from the dead as well?’

Ark read the information window with an absurd expression. Honestly, he didn’t care about the miscellaneous items he would get as a reward.

‘Still, the quest doesn’t seem that hard to settle? If I complete the quest then I might be able to get more information. If he gives me the best item from his collection then I might even receive an item for my summons.’

Anyway, Ark had nothing to do except searching the city so he accepted the quest.

“I understand.”

“Ohhh, thank you..... This is a key I previously found..... It is probably used to open the door to the prison..... Quickly go and hit that guy.”

The dead merchant said as he handed Ark a rusty key. Ark received the key and went underground to the basement. Although some of the place had collapsed, he was able to pass through. He followed the underground passage down for a short time before some prison bars appeared. The sound was clearly audible as the key opened the prison doors. The sound rang through the whole dungeon. Ark became a little tense at the noise.

‘The fellow making this noise for several months....is he an undead?’

Ark pulled out his sword and entered the prison. How far did he proceed? Ark was just walking past a jail cell when he felt something suddenly come to the bars. There was a crunching sound as something grabbed the iron windows and shaking it.

“Huk, what, what the? How surprising! That is the cause of the noise!”

Ark withdrew and raised his sword. All of a sudden, Radun became astounded and crawled up Ark’s arm to listen to the noise.

Ssak ssak? Ssak ssak ssak ssak!

“What the? Radun, what is it?”

Ssak ssak ssak? Ssak ssak ssak? Ssak ssak ssak ssak?

Clack clack clack! Clack clack clack clack clack!

There was a familiar sound coming from the cell Radun was examining.

“Eh? This sound....?”

Ark winced and focused his attention on the prison. Surprisingly, the skeleton shaking the iron window.....was Razak!

Clack clack clack, clack clack clack clack!

Razak’s face was thrilled as he saw them. But that impression immediately disappeared because of the insincere interpreter.

“I believed that Master would come.”

Racard picked his nose and murmured.

‘If he was here then it would be impossible to find him by searching the village.’

Ark met Razak and listened to the summary of his situation. The identity of the noise annoying the dead merchant for the last few months was Razak. Thanks to the special familiar’s contract, the summon couldn’t leave the place they were bound to. The place Razak was summoned from was the underground dungeon. After Ark used Pledge of Death, Razak had been forcefully recalled. From then on, Razak had waited in this dark and lonely place for Ark’s to come. However, after a few months.....that’s right, it had already been a month since he parted from Razak. And one month in reality corresponded to three months in New World. Razak felt increasingly uneasy as time passed. Was he abandoned? No, would Ark even be able to find him? Razak was unable to sit there quietly after feeling so uneasy. Although he knew it was impossible, Razak used his whole body to try to escape. That noise reached the merchant who started feeling hysterical.

‘This guy.....’

Unlike Ark, his summons felt 100% of the physical pain. But despite that, did he keep on running his body into the wall to return to Ark? In addition, it was also because Ark died and Razak shared his health that Razak was forcibly recalled. But it took one month for them to finally reunite. He felt sorry towards Razak when he thought about it. Then Racard snorted and muttered.

“Heung, are you normal? Why would you crash into the wall? And Master shouldn’t praise him. He’s living in a place like this. I always knew he had a dark side.”

“So you were in this cell when the contract initiated? But why a prison cell?”

“Well, let’s see. He died in prison. No doubt he was an incredibly bad person.”

Clack clack, clack clack clack clack!

Razak glared at Racard and protested. After a moment, Razak started looking gloomy and sighed. According to Racard's interpretation, even Razak didn't know why he was an undead in this place. He lost all memories of his past once resurrected as an undead. He had a few fragments of memories but they were vague like a dream.

"As expected, you are a bad guy. Didn't you die in prison? You're probably not even a former knight."

Clack clack clack, clack clack clack clack!

"Are you completely sure about your memory of being a knight? Don't make me laugh. Why should I believe it?"

Clack clack clack, ttadadak?

"Noisy, are you just remembering the positive things about yourself? You should address me with honorifics in the future. Huhuhu, the quality of my body is different from yours who lived in a prison. It doesn't matter if I believe your words about being a knight. Now I am an Earl. Earl Racard. Hahaha, come and show respect. I am.....ouch! What the? You just hit my head, my head."

"Then don't act like that. Do you want me to hit you?"

"Damn, you only hate me."

"That's because only you behave hatefully. Is that any way to treat a colleague you haven't seen for several months?"

"I don't care."

"If you say one more word then you'll earn the whip."

"Ouch! Okay, don't hit my head again."

Ark hit Racard's head before approaching Razak.

"Anyway, it is lucky that I've found you. "Now we have to register you."

He used the keys received from the dead merchant to open the door but Razak couldn't leave. Ark had to install the Summoning Port and registration in the prison cell.

'So one thing has finished.'

Now the only thing left was to look for clues regarding his profession change quest. But he had one thing to do before that. Although it is a simple one, a quest was still a quest. He neatly resolved it so shouldn't he receive compensation? Ark left the dungeon and went back to the dead merchant. Then he experienced something truly absurd.

"That.....What are you saying..... I requested something?"

The dead merchant asked with a puzzled look.

"Eh? No, you asked for my help a short while ago. The noise from underground was driving you crazy. Weren't you going to give me something from your collection if I stopped the noise?"

"That.....I don't know anything about that..... You're interfering with my business.....get lost."

"What, what the? What about my reward?"

"Ah, you're really loud..... The noise you're making..... How many times do I have to say it.....? I have no such memories..... So I shouldn't have to pay you and become a beggar....."

"You don't like it? Are you done speaking?"

Ark grabbed the dead merchant's collar. Ark was kind to NPCs. It was the same even if the NPC was an undead. However, the reason Ark was friendly to NPCs was because it was profitable. If the quest NPC was trying to get out of giving him compensation then he had no problems stabbing them. The merchant became puzzled by Ark's bloody attitude.

"What the! What are you doing.....? Ah, understood..... I understand..... okay..... Although the noise is unpleasant, this is still a business.....take this. Don't bother me anymore or else I won't stay calm."

The dead merchant looked through his pockets and threw a small coin.

-Dead Coin

A copper coin made hundreds of years ago. But these coins weren't used as money. In other words, they're commemorative coins made in honour of the dead. It appears to have no value as money in modern times.

-The quest has been completed.

The quest instantly completed with the dead merchant threw him the coin. He completed a quest yet he received no experience and not even one copper coin?

"This, is he treating me like a beggar?"

"Ark-nim! Behind you, behind!"

Buksil suddenly burst out as his eyeballs had been scanning the area. When he turned around, he saw that some guards were approaching.

"Son of a bitch!"

Ark ground his teeth together and pushed the dead merchant away. Of course he didn't forget to collect the Dead Coin which fell to the floor. It was still a reward no matter how trivial it was. Who wouldn't become angry?

"Let's leave, that damn bastard!"

Although he avoided the shop because of the guards, his anger wasn't easily soothed. A NPC trying to get out of giving a quest reward? What kind of nonsense was that? Then Racard who had been talking to Razak sighed and approached.

Clack clack? Clack clack clack clack? Clack clack clack clack.

Ark felt like he had been slapped on the head at Racard's ensuing interpretation.

"Master, Razak said that the dead merchant wasn't trying to trick you."

"Wasn't trying to trick me?" Didn't you see it? He definitely asked me for help."

"That.....the merchant really didn't remember the deal."

"He couldn't remember something that happened only 10 minutes before?"

Razak sighed at Ark's words and explained. When someone died, they would go to heaven. Well, he actually didn't know what the heavens was like in New World. However, those with a strong lingering regret when dying would be unable to go to heaven and become an undead. And the dead living in this city had significant regrets. That's why the merchant continued to sell japtem and the guards defended the city for hundreds of years. In Razak's case, his regret was 'losing the target of his loyalty.' That's why Skull swore his allegiance to Ark the first time he was summoned. If Ark hadn't summoned Razak then he would probably still be stuck in the underground prison with his regrets.

"The dead currently exist here but they've repeating their lives for hundreds of years."

Yes, that was the problem. The dead were an existence of the past. Ark might share the same space but he was a living human being of another time. So while the dead remembered the other existences from the same time as them, they couldn't remember Ark who was from a different time. It was the boundaries between the living and the dead! The only exception to this was Ark and Razak due to their bond. Ark felt empty after hearing the explanation.

“What the? Then accepting the quests means nothing?”

It was fortunate that he even received the coin from it. Anyway, he had no intention of staying here long.

“Sheesh, I found Razak so I should quickly complete my profession quest.”

Ark complained and stood up. However, the dead merchant's quest actually gave surprising benefits to Ark. The first one was that he found Razak in the underground dungeon. The second benefit was that he figured out a way to complete his profession change quest.

‘I was wrong. The best seat didn't mean the highest place.’

Ark had thought that the City of the Dead was merely ruins. However, he heard from the dead merchant that an ancient king used to rule here. The dungeon and castle were located in the city centre. Yes, the best seat wasn't the tower but the symbolic King's throne. Ark stood up and immediately went to the castle. Unlike the underground dungeon, the upper levels had a lot of guards gathered. These soldiers were there to prevent the intrusion of outsiders. Ark was able to understand these soldiers after listening to Razak. The guards outside were to prevent outsiders entering the city. Meanwhile, the soldiers lingered in order to protect the closest thing to their king.

Ark used 'Stealth' to break into the upper levels. When he reached the top floor, the hall where the King's throne was located appeared. On the throne, the King was sitting blankly with a crown on his head.

‘Even the King has lingered here? What is the place he is staring at? Does that place have anything to do with the King's lingering spirit? What is the King's regret that is keeping him on earth? Eh, that is?’

Ark followed the King's gaze with curiosity and his eyes widened. The place the King was staring at was the front balcony. From that angle, he could see the top of the tower and a panoramic view of the city with a lot of debris.

'If that building wasn't broken.....?'

The moon. While debris was scattered all over the place, a building shaped like a crescent moon was visible. Perhaps the building would form a full moon if it was intact. And the shape could only be seen if looked from above this building.

'This is why the clue said to look for the scattered moon at the best seat!'

Ark opened his mouth, checked the location of the building and sneaked out. When he checked his mouth and visited the place, the building seemed to be a temple. It wasn't that big but a strange object occupied the middle of the temple. It was a huge sarcophagus with a dead warrior holding a sword carved into it.

"Sarcophagus..... This is slightly unexpected? Didn't the clue say to find the resting place after following the scattered pieces of the moon? If so, then I have to search this place for another clue.....but the only thing here is the sarcophagus."

"Hehehe. Ark-nim, look at this."

Ark had been scratching his head with confusion. Then he turned around as he heard Buksil's voice. There were three holes present on the warrior carved into the sarcophagus, one on the two eyes and one on the mouth. Buksil's two eyeballs were hovering over the warrior's eyes and turning around. The sight of the eyeballs on the warrior's solemn face was quite funny.

"Please stop that. I'm trying to search."

Ark muttered before he realized something strange.

‘Wait? That is a sarcophagus. If this temple was built to house the sarcophagus then why would there be holes in the eyes and mouth? Perhaps.....?’

A scene he had previously seen in a movie about the Middle Ages appeared in his head. He couldn’t remember exactly, but the movie was about the ancient Greeks or Romans. In the movie, three coins would be placed on the eyes and mouth of a warrior who died in battle before he was placed into the sarcophagus. During those times, the people believed that the dead needed to pay 3 coins to cross the river and enter the other world.

“Ohhh, that’s why a person should study these things. “Hey Buksil, come out of there!”

“Ugh, you don’t have to grip so hard! Those are my eyeballs!”

Ark pulled the eyeballs from the sarcophagus and tried to insert a coin. But the hole was too small for his coin to be inserted.

“Eh? What the? These coins don’t work? Then.....?”

Ark retrieved the small coin he received from the dead merchant earlier. Didn’t it make perfect sense? Ark once again viewed the information window regarding the Dead Coin.

‘The Dead Coin was a commemorative coin for the dead!

The problem was that he needed 3 Dead Coins to unravel the sarcophagus’ mystery. However, that problem was easily solved by Ark.

“Huhuhu, this is a chance to get revenge on the merchant!”

Thump, thump, thump, thump!

“Aaaaah! Again.....it is starting again.....that stupid noise.....!”

The dead merchant yanked at his hair furiously as the floor started ringing with the noise. Then Ark approached and asked quickly.

“Shall I settle the problem?”

“Huh? You.....who are you?”

As expected, the dead merchant hadn't remembered his earlier argument with Ark.

“You don't need to know that. Do you want me to solve this problem?”

“Oh, really.....! Then I'll ask you..... Get rid of that noise.....I'll give you an item from my best collection..... Oh, you'll need this key to get there..... Huh? I clearly left that key here.....”

“The key is not needed.”

Ark accepted the quest and quickly headed to the dungeon. Yes, Ark was planning to trick the dead merchant who had short term amnesia. The merchant couldn't remember anything related to Ark. In other words, he couldn't remember that Ark had solved the noise problem. So he made Razak go back to the dungeon to make noise while he went and accepted the quest from the merchant. Of course, the merchant also forgot that he had given the quest in the first place. Therefore wouldn't it be better if he grabbed the merchant's collar and threatened him from the beginning? Thus Ark continuously threatened the dead merchant. However, he wouldn't receive the quest if he used the 'Intimidation' skill. Ark started to understand that the merchant's reactions was a part of the system. Although he originally thought he wouldn't receive a quest reward, this quest reward was designed to be received when Ark treated the merchant in a horrible manner. If the merchant refused then he would just have Razak make noise again. If he wasn't threatened using Intimidation then he would throw something.

“This.....you really seem like a beggar.....how pitiful.....take this and get lost.”

This time the dead merchant threw a bone. He had repeated the quest many times as the merchant threw random items. Skin of the Dead, a broken jug, a lost shield.....they were all items that had been thrown. After Ark repeated it 10 times, he finally collected 3 Dead Coins.

‘Phew, the repetitive quest in order to receive goods has finished. Now I’ve collected all three. I can insert the coins like a vending machine and find a clue.....’

Ku ku ku ku ku!

After inserting the three coins into the warrior, there was a mechanical sound and the sarcophagus started vibrating. Then it moved sideways as a dark space appeared. Suddenly a message window appeared in front of Ark.

-The Underground Crypt.

You’ve found the underground crypt hidden in the City of the Dead. The residents here feared death and worshipped it since ancient times. Everybody was equal despite good or bad, wrong or right, or status. So this temple was created in the heart of the city as a refuge. Once again, this is a resting place for the dead. If a person with greedy desires steps foot in here then they’ll have to pay the price.

Seek the scattered pieces of the moon and find the resting place.

That was when his second clue for his profession change quest was solved.