

## Ark Vol 6 C 1

### Chapter 1

#### ACT 1 Dark Wolf

“Unbelievable.”

Shambala said coldly as he stepped through the busy crowds. From the time he had met Shambala outside the stadium until now.....a frown had continued to crease his forehead. Annoyance was buried in his glances and voice. Because he had slept in, he was late for the time of the appointment. He had made a mistake. He had really committed a sin to die for. But he wasn't so late that they missed the match so wasn't it too much to keep being angry? Ark thought with pouted lips.

“I know and I'm sorry. I said I was sorry.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Aren't you mad that I'm late? I'll be careful next time so let's just stop it here.”

Shambala stopped walking and stared at him.

“That's right, it would be better to be careful about what you say. After all, there is no second time. Because I will stick a knife if you do it a second time in the tournament.”

It was not a joke. He had forgotten for a while, but originally he had met Shambala when he stabbed Ark in the back moments after he reconnected. After he didn't like it, he was a user that could sneak up to someone and stab them while laughing. He had managed to become friendly with such a bloody guy. No, had they become familiar?

“Yes, yes. Aren't you certain? Please leave it alone now.”

“Do you want to play?”

“I understand, I don’t want to be stuck with a petulant partner who would stab me with a knife.”

Ark muttered with a laugh. Shambala gave him a sharp look before breathing out a sigh.

“You’re really.....well, I got it. It is better to relax before a match rather than being tense. Because this tournament might be more difficult than expected.”

“Huh? More difficult?”

“Like I said before, the number of people who usually participate in an Evil Silrion tournament are around 200 people. But in this tournament.....there is something weird. From what I heard, the number of people who applied is at least 5 times more. That means around 1,000 people.

“1,000 people? Then even if 1 match has 2 people, that’s 500 matches?”

Ark’s mouth widened. However, Shambala shook his head and said.

“The number’s not significant.”

“There’s only one thing that increases when there is a number of entrants.”

“I guess. But although there have been a number of times when many people have showed up, they just increased the number of tournaments. If more than 100 people apply, than the tournament would be extended to 2~3 tournaments.

Well, he tried to think about that. It was a tournament method where half the number was expected to fail. So if 100 people applied than the tournament would continue until there was one winner. However, if over 500 people signed up than it would be extended to more tournaments.

“The problem is not the number of tournaments, but the level of the players.”

Shambala emphasized in a serious voice.

“In fact, I think this tournament is insignificant. Are you listening? Since the border of the Three Kingdoms was opened not too long ago, guilds have been flocking to Nagaran. Therefore the users with high odds of winning in the Evil Silrion probably belonged to guilds. Therefore, the number of participants in this tournament with mediocre skills would be low.”

“Then all the players with skilled capabilities have gathered?”

“That’s right, the names on the application list are names that are known by everyone. Therefore, some abstained and were probably hoping to apply for a different one, but 1,000 people still remain. Can you approximately guess what I mean?”

The name of the participants in the Evil Silrion weren’t disclosed until the final registration. When the users weren’t confident in their skills, they resigned after the application list was revealed. The reason was simple. In the Evil Silrion, a system of ‘Victory Points’ existed. In other words the rank was decided by the number of victory points, just like in boxing. And of course, the higher the ranking, the more possible it was to receive suitable compensation. For example in the special tournament that had a supplementary prize, the reward was an item only sold at an exclusive store. Or there was also the right to purchase advanced game information at an affordable price.....the purpose of players coming to the Evil Silrion was to obtain those sorts of prizes. The reason Shambala originally joined the Evil Silrion was because of a job-related quest.

“Therefore, your score from the tournament could fall a lot. And if you resign after the first match begins, it is considered a loss and your points will fall. But if you resign after the registration list is announced, you won’t be able to apply for another tournament but your points won’t fall. If you subtract the players who aren’t confident in their skills from the attendance list, there would only be high level players left.”

“Say that again.”

Ark organized Shambala’s words.

“Because large guilds rushed to Nagaran, a lot of people joined the tournament hoping for huge profits. Were they thinking of saving money from this?”

Shambala nodded.

“But the list of top ranked players being announced still doesn’t explain where 200 people abstained. There are two reasons I can think of. The first one is that the ones who remained and are unconfident would join forces. And the second reason is.....they want the supplementary reward even at the risk of losing their points.”

“That’s right.”

“Is it rare for a treasure map to be given as an supplementary prize in the Evil Silrion?”

Ark asked Shambala who shook his head.

“That’s what I don’t understand. Treasure maps are a common supplementary prize in the Evil Silrion. And there hasn’t been anyone who received a jackpot using the treasure map, it is an unpopular prize. That’s why I don’t understand why so many people have gathered just for the supplementary prize.”

An idea came to Ark after he had been folding his arms for a while. Ark had bought treasure maps several times but never found anything. Treasure maps could lead to items.

But what treasure? And how many items would be in the chest? He had grown up watching a cartoon where those that sought treasure from maps found it after much difficult and death. But the moment they opened the thick treasure chest, their expectations would turn to despair. Inside the treasure chest was at most 3~4 old jars, which didn’t even sell for 3 gold at the shops. However, it was good for Ark in its own way. He knew that maps could lead to unexpectedly high items. But if the treasure map led to a ridiculously high level hunting ground and if he happened to find empty boxes at the end then there would be a lot of trouble. Even monsters level 300 could be disguised as a treasure chest, such as the time he was surprised by a mimic.....The words luck or unlucky were often used these days. Of course there was a chance of really big items being found, but the probability was too low to hang their dreams on it. So even if they found a treasure map, there was almost no one who would invest their time and intentionally go look for it. But people have gathered for the tournament where the prize was a map.

“Rumours that Magaro’s map must lead to the location of wonderful treasure or information that it is a quest related item must have spread.”

“That’s what I think as well.”

“Yes, but it will definitely become a little troublesome.”

Ark sighed and murmured. But then he shook his head and added in a decisive voice.

“But nothing has changed. It doesn’t matter how many opponents there are, we’ll just have to do the same as we planned. To win, no?”

“Do you have confidence?”

“Are you unconfident? Do you want to quit?”

Ark smiled as he glanced at Shambala.

“If you are being courageous while ignorant.....anyway I’m good. Because it is better than a partner who is depressed from the start. And you’re right. We just have to win using whatever method possible. I won’t let them catch my ankle so easily.”

“No matter what, we’ll return the favour.”

The Pairs Tournament will be held shortly so please register as soon as possible.If you do not register 10 minutes before the start then you will be automatically disqualified. Let me say it once again. The tournament will be held after 5 minutes. Participants please register.....

At that time, the voice of a NPC resonated everywhere through a magic loudspeaker.

“Let’s go, we still have to register.”

The front office of the management was crowded with people. In front of them was a large table showing the tournament. There was 5 minutes left until the final deadline. However, more than half was still unregistered. However once you've registered, your points would be slashed if you don't win. Therefore, the people were waiting until the last minute to confirm all their rivals and determine if they should participate or not.

'Are the people that have low quality equipment also hesitating to register?'

Ark looked at all the participants in his line of vision. Everyone met the minimum level requirement of 100. Just by skimming he could tell that some were powerful. In particular, it was the range of level of equipment they carried that made his mouth water. And it was the equipment that would play a crucial factor in the outcome. In the Evil Silrion, levels were insignificant in a fight. The reason is that the levels of all the participants are adjusted to the tournament level of 100. While it sounded like a fair rule, in fact it was quite the opposite. In the Evil Silrion, it was 'only' the level that was adjusted. However, it had no effect on skills and equipment. And if their skills and equipment was at the same level, then without a doubt they would be strong. Therefore, victory or defeat in the tournament was often decided by the efficiency of the skill level and the equipment. Of course, wouldn't a user with proficient skills and better equipment have a higher rating? Between a user who had just reached level 100 and a level 200 user with a rare sword, the difference was like a bamboo sword against a real sword. In a fight, the skill difference would also be important.

'The absolute standard inside a game is level and equipment.'

That was the absolute truth.

"Sheesh, look at those pathetic figures checking out the notices....."

Shambala looked scornful before turning to Ark.

“Anyway, we have never thought of resigning just because of our opponent. Let’s register and warm up before we are pushed. Because eyes would be concentrated on us when registering, please wear a mask for the time being.”

“Mask?”

Ark repeated incredulously. Then Shambala’s forehead wrinkled.

“You, don’t tell me.....didn’t prepare a mask?”

“What do you mean by a mask?”

“Oh my god, I never thought you would be this ignorant!”

Shambala shook his head with a tired look. Ark looked around with a face that showed he didn’t understand. Come to think of it, he had a strange feeling since he entered the office. It was strange when he came in, but he didn’t pay that much attention to it.

But when he listened to Shambala’s words, he figured out the identity of the mysterious feeling. Except for the authorities, everyone gathered at the office was wearing a mask. Now, Ark flinched and asked with a worried look.

“Ho, is a mask needed to fight in the tournament?”

“No, your appearance doesn’t matter so it is unrelated to that. But it is better to be prepared if possible. Especially in this tournament.....”

Shambala scratched his head.

“The rewards for the winner and supplementary prize are often mixed with rare items. There are a lot of people that would desire the item. You know what I mean? For example, there are a large number of defeated participants watching from among the spectators that would desire the items.”

“Ah, I see!”

Ark said with a flash. Why had he never thought about that? One of the reasons players would participate in a tournament even though it wasted time was because they desired the supplementary prize. There were thousands of items among those cases.....which might be the goal of the user. No, it'll be the target. And an uneasy life would begin after the prize was awarded. Treasure calls for blood. It wasn't a word that was applied in reality.

“You must be really brave or ignorant.....didn't you even think about it a little bit? The people who appear in the Evil Silrion are experts in PVP. Unless it is 1 on 1. You might be able to hold out if they jump you. However if they are a member of a guild, there is a 100% chance that you would be jumped by a group. That is why everyone hides their face with a mask.”

The brave and ignorant Ark raised an objection.

“But they would know my name anyway.”

“You idiot, did you think about why the list of users who registered hasn't be shown yet? The final registration is where you make the decision to participate, but it is also the procedure to register the ring name of the contestants.”

“Ring name?”

“Yes, it is another name that is only used in the Evil Silrion.

Understandably, why the fight starts then the crowd cannot interfere in any way. This means that there is no way to discover the information to use the scrolls or a variety of magic. So if you use a mask and a ring name, then your personal information would be thoroughly hidden. Once he had applied for the battle, he instantly disconnected so Ark didn't understand the situation.

“Unbelievable. The players who flocked to this tournament are interested in the supplementary prize.....so if you become the winner without covering your face, chaotic players would swarm like bees.”

'That would be a problem.....'

Now Ark's face became serious. Why didn't he think about those things? It was not simply a matter of winning the prizes. Ark did not want to attract the attention of other players by default. Wasn't that the reason why he didn't register new dungeons discovered in the Hall of Fame? And it wasn't just 1~2 people, wouldn't thousands of spectators would be crammed into the arena to watch the tournament? And they were aiming for the supplementary prize?

'I already had trouble with my bad relationship with Andel, but if I win and receive the secret map of Magaro.....?'

He could immediately imagine it. Shambala looked at the sandglass which showed the registration deadline and was annoyed.

"Are you indifferent about your appearance when registering? If you show your face when fighting then your true identity would be revealed. Hell, and there is no time to go and buy a mask because you were late.....you don't possibly have something that could cover your face do you?"

"Such a thing....."

Ark breathed out a sigh. Rattle rattle, an idea floated in his head.

'Yes, if I have that then it isn't necessary to use a mask!'

"Shambala, just wait. I'll be right back."

"What? Are you trying to buy it now? I told you, there's no time to go out."

"I'm not going to buy a mask. Just wait for 1 minute."

"Now, wait a minute! Hey, Ark!"

Ark left the office with Shambala's voice drifting behind him. Most of the participants were already gathered in the management office, so the hallway was quiet. After entering a deep corner, Ark looked around him.

'Okay, no one is around?'

"Transformation!"

A black aura emitted from the pith. The black paint felt like slime as it crept over Ark and covered him.

-The Raccoon's Pith's special option 'Transformation' has been activated.

Yes, Ark was wearing the magical helmet that he obtained from the Underground World! It was the Raccoon's Pith that allowed him to use the special 'transformation' that had been a part of the raccoon clan for ages.

'This is the first time I've just 'Transformation' since I got it.....'

Nevertheless, he somehow knew how to use it. The black slime covered Ark and a new window popped up. It looked like the race, gender and appearance setup that appeared when he first connected to the game.

'Should I make my completely different appearance look good? Anyway, the reality is that I don't really care. But having an outrageous impression while fighting isn't bad.'

There was no time to demonstrate an artistic sense. Ark gave a straight answer every time the menu came up and created a new character. A character that looked a little evil was created but that didn't matter. Once he finished the setup, the black slime started to change Ark's appearance. Ark changed

and he looked at his unusual form. His face protruded out and his arms and legs were thick. He was over 30 cm tall and his hands were swollen like a balloon while his feet were as hard as rock.

'It was made roughly, but once seen it appears plausible?'

Ark nodded in satisfaction and went back to the office. Then he entered through the door.

"Huk, what, what the?"

One player unintentionally forced his head backwards and tried to hide as he passed. The following people turned their heads as well.

"What, what the? That man is?"

"No way.....it can't be a monster.....then that is a beast species?"

"No, it must be a joke. How can there be beasts in the capital of the Schudenberg kingdom?"

"Haven't you heard about the relaxed border restrictions?"

Everyone's eyes were concentrated on one man. The person who walked through the crowd as they parted for him like the Red Sea was Ark! He was twice the height of an average person and his chest and arms were twice the normal thickness, and every time he moved it was like his muscles were rocks. It was an overwhelming presence indeed! However, people weren't surprised because of that. His 2 metres tall muscular body was covered by black hair. But was that all? Right now, his pupils gleamed red like blood floated in it. Large fangs protruded out of his mouth as his eyes stuck out. The name that came to mind at his surprising appearance was Lycan.....also known as werewolves. However, it wasn't possible for a monster that was a werewolf to appear in the middle of Selebrid. If so, the answer must be a beast clan. Among them, the wolf tribe was the one that the user selected. However, the Wolf tribe only started in the Sinus Principality. Therefore, users in the Schudenberg Kingdom haven't seen anyone from the wolf clan yet.

'Surprisingly, the mood isn't bad?'

Normally Ark didn't like the interest of other users. But feeling such interest when he was in disguise wasn't bad. At the attention of thousands of players, Ark started to laugh.

"Kkurururu"

It was an intimidating sound that emerged from his mouth. He thought it was an attractive smile, but the people looking at it didn't seem to think so. The faces of the users were stiff. Some female users were also avoiding his eyes.

'Huhuhu, was my smile that powerful?'

When Ark changed appearance, the part of his brain with taste disappeared. Anyway, there was no time to be playing around. He looked around for Shambala who had also been staring at Ark with surprised eyes. Then he flinched and retreated as Ark approached.

"Kkururu, did you wait long? Let's quickly finish registering."

When he opened his mouth, a snarl naturally came out. Shambala tilted his head with a puzzled expression and asked.

"Are you.....?"

Shambala stuttered before he closed his mouth. Shambala was a veteran in the Evil Silrion. Even when he was confused, he didn't reveal the original name in a place where the attention of users was concentrated on them. Ark noticed the situation and nodded.

"That's right"

"Really.....you definitely have the ability to shock people. Although you only disappeared for a moment, you became this.....no, it doesn't matter. I don't know how you did it but I'll hear it at a more convenient time once we finish the registration.

Shambala dragged Ark to the NPC. The NPC was also surprised by Ark's appearance as a wolf species. When a smile stretched his face, it was an expression that caused intimidation. But after Ark's information was confirmed, a sigh of relief was released.

"Uh, you have the right to participate. It doesn't matter what form you use to participate since the entrants have freedom.....but it is really unique. Yes, registration has been finished. By the way, it seems like this is your first appearance. What ring name do you want? Please note that you cannot change the ring name once it is registered in the Evil Silrion."

"Dark Wolf."

His ring name had appeared when he confirmed his final appearance.

"Dark Wolf. Yes, it has been registered. And your partner.....Ah, you're Blue Sword.

"Blue sword!"

At the NPC's words, mutters broke out among the users who were watching. The disturbance spread through the crowd like a fire.

"Isn't Blue Sword the hero of that rumour?"

"The powerhouse that went straight into the top 10 ranking in the individual match?"

"Isn't he the one who recorded 37 straight wins?"

"Damn it, he hadn't appeared in a tournament for a while....."

Unexpectedly, Shambala was a celebrity in the Evil Silrion. But indeed, it wasn't that impossible. Ark also knew Shambala's skills. In New World, there weren't that many people who could fight Shambala in a 1 on 1 match and win. Moreover, in the Evil Silrion users competed with the rule of level equalization. It

was natural that Shambala was known to the public. But when the interest in Shambala rose, the interest in Ark fell immediately.

“Yes, the wolf probably isn’t that big a deal compared to his appearance.”

“That’s right, because he is a trivial person compared to Blue Sword. There is no fair way of winning the pairs tournament with that.”

“Then it is worth a try.”

“If it was a solo match I would have no confidence but since it is a pairs one.....”

The fact that he was acquaintances with Shambala made it worse. It seemed like he only accompanied him to allow Shambala to enter the tournament. Therefore those who knew his power disregarded Ark. Ark’s frown steadily deepened causing Shambala to laugh and whisper.

“Are you actually listening to all this talk?”

“Kkururu, I don’t care. The results will be seen soon anyway.”

“That’s right. But be vigilant because the Evil Silrion tournament isn’t a game that you can be careless with.”

Ark was angry at Shambala’s words. When it was a 1 on 1 PVP, Ark was confident. Shambala hadn’t seen his skills since they met up again. However, Shambala was treating him like a newbie and it offended his pride. With a hot temper, Ark opened his mouth.

“Hmm, is that Blue Sword that great?”

Suddenly a voice mocked from the back of the room. Shambala turned his head and flinched as he frowned.

“You’re.....Jewel!”

The other participants flinched at Shambala’s voice and paid attention. The two people wore a magician and archer outfit. They were also covering their faces with a mask that was carved with a five star design. People wore masks and used ring names to disguise their actual appearance, but in the tournament it was the mask and ring name that allowed participants to recognize their opponents. Although equipment items would frequently change, it was rare for a mask to be replaced. Shambala also used the shape of the pattern engraved to figure out the masked opponent’s name. Jewel laughed and nodded.

“You remembered.”

“There’s no way I would forget.”

“I thought it was impossible when I heard the ring name Blue Sword, but it is you. Have you developed your skills while I was in a different area? Or are the other guys just pathetic?”

“.....”

Shambala glared silently. Then Jewel turned to look at the tournament table before talking sarcastically.

“Let’s see, did you say Blue Sword and Dark Wolf? The 14th match? So you would meet us in the finals. Lucky you. Fortunately, you can become runner ups.”

“Kkururu, these children, what are they talking about?”

Ark growled. Normally when someone changes shape, even the character would immediately change. But Shambala just pulled Ark’s arm and shook his head.

“Dark Wolf, it isn’t necessary for you to deal with them.”

Jewel laughed and nodded.

“A person with experience is slightly better. They know better after having me as an opponent.”

“.....Don’t think that I’m the same as before.”

“Of course. But I expect to have the same fun as before. Come to the finals with your developed skills. I would be happy to step on you this time as well.”

Jewel laughed before returning to his original spot.

“Damn, what was that just now? The five star design. Jewel has a five star pattern drawn on his mask.”

“Hell, a pioneer is participating.”

“There goes my win. I’m going to postpone my registration.”

The participants sighed before gradually disappearing. Ark was puzzled at the unfamiliar words and asked.

“What the? Why would everyone do that? And what is the pioneer thing?”

“They’re beta testers.”

Shambala said. Ark also knew the words beta tester. In the past, in order to check the various systems of the online game prior to commercialization, they would pick a handful of people for the closed beta test. And New World also had a beta test before commercialization as well. A pioneer was the name of the players who participated in the test. The beta testing period for New World was two months. Of course, the raised characters of the beta testers were deleted before commercialization. It was a measure of fairness for the new users. However, they had a head start because their know-how and accumulated information couldn’t be deleted. They commercialized their exclusive information and new users couldn’t even compare to their speed of growth.

“After one month, the difference between the pioneers with commercialization and the other users was a difference of more than 40 levels. And of course, they monopolized all the early quests and rare items. But most of them started gathering in higher level hunting areas.....”

“Have you fought with a pioneer?”

Shambala replied to Ark’s question with an irritated voice.

“My record for the Evil Silrion is 37 wins and 2 losses. Of my 2 losses in the Evil Silrion, the first one was to Jewel.”

“Are his skills that great?”

“His skills are competent but.....”

Shambala sighed and shook his head.

“The biggest problem is the difference in equipment. They’re the ones with the most unique items. The level of basic attack and defense is completely different. There are also a lot of special options so you don’t know which one would be used. That makes it a challenging opponent.”

“These guys have suddenly reappeared? The situation has become more twisted.”

Really, nothing could be easily solved. The participants had suddenly increased by several times and the pioneers unexpectedly showed up.....he didn’t know what to do to make the situation better. But Shambala muttered with a motivated expression.

“It has worked out well. I won’t have another weak encounter.”

Shambala said it like that. Suddenly the horn rang and a broadcast was heard.

-That was the deadline for the final registration. The 186th Pairs Tournament will soon commence.

The determined expressions of the users waiting for the next match were seen, and there was a heavy atmosphere in the waiting room. And occasionally Ark would hear audible shouting and cries from the passageway, causing anxious eyes to flick to the wall with the tournament on the other side. Was this how athletes felt before they competed in a mixed martial arts fight? He had to just sit back and wait for the next fight even though his body was tense and sweaty. It was to the extent that he couldn't hear it when they broadcast his ring name in the hallway. He felt a strange feeling for the first time. Actually, Ark wasn't tense at all until the final registration. This was a game. It was just an event inside the game. That was what he thought. However when he entered the player anteroom, that immediately changed.

The determined expressions of the users waiting for the next match were seen, and there was a heavy atmosphere in the waiting room. And occasionally Ark would hear audible shouting and cries from the passageway, causing anxious eyes to flick to the wall with the tournament on the other side. Was this how athletes felt before they competed in a mixed martial arts fight? He had to just sit back and wait for the next fight even though his body was tense and sweaty. It was to the extent that he couldn't hear it when they broadcast his ring name in the hallway.

“What are you doing? Come out faster!”

It was only after Ark heard Shambala's voice that he stood in surprise. He walked stiffly down the hall, with his heart pounding faster.

Clink, Kkiiik!

The thick steel doors soon parted to the left and right. Ark exited through the doors onto the field with determined eyes. But all he did was look around. Although he had heard the report, he couldn't possibly imagine the real picture. His range of vision narrowed and it felt like he was in the dark. Then, all of a sudden he heard a sound like lightning striking in the sky.

-Well, now it is the 7th match. This time, the players that will fight are the 13th team Justin and Dior against the 14th team Dark Wolf and Blue Sword.

Ark jumped and lifted his head. There were odd objects floating over the stadium. Dozens of eyeballs were linked to a round circular object. It was a magic seeing eye that gave commentary on the game. The echoing voice rang out onto the field from a mouth below it.

Please welcome and applaud the brave warriors!

When the announcer's introduction was over, the stadium was filled with loud cries. It wasn't for him so Ark timidly took a deep breath before withdrawing to the side. "Wah ah ah!"

The popularity of Shambala was unthinkable. In the Evil Silrion, most of the spectators who bet money on winning or losing would watch the tournament. They were naturally interested in the warriors with a high winning percentage, but the higher the chances of victory, the lower the profit would be. However, it is small odds so many people would bet. This meant that the players who would give profit were clear. But that wasn't the only reason for Shambala's popularity. Even though it was a martial arts game, the system of Evil Silrion meant that fighting depended on equipment and skills. However unlike the other users, Shambala was famous for showing powerful martial arts. Therefore, there were quite a few pure fans. They all rose from their seats and shouted at Shambala's appearance.

"Blue Sword, this time I also walked to you!"

"Take care of the hottest fight!"

"Blue Sword oppa, please look over here!"

Even placards saying the Oppa troops were seen. On the other hand, cynical comments flowed about Ark.

"Hey, Blue Sword. Did you take a dog to fight this time?"

"If you cause Blue Sword difficulty then I'll grab your ankle!"

"Dark Wolf, don't pay any attention to the nonsense shouted by the crowd."

"Eh? Uh-huh."

Ark carelessly answered but he couldn't even understand what Shambala was talking about. The reason was that he couldn't hear Shambala's voice above the noise from the crowd.

It was reasonable. In fact, Ark had never been in front of so many people in his whole life. In school he spent time as the cleaning supervisor and even though he learnt taekwondo, he had never gone to a match. He never even had a dream of making announcements in front of other people. Therefore, he was surprisingly timid in the corner. Then Ark was suddenly dropped into the stadium where thousands of spectators gathered. Thanks to that, Ark felt a sense of tension so extreme it was almost like a panic attack. Ark hadn't even been aware of his weakness and now he was here. During the event quest he had only led dozens of users while he commanded hundreds of raccoons in the Underground World. But most of them were NPCs, while the spectators were mainly users.

Even if the appearance was similar, the difference was huge.

'It's terrible.'

But since Shambala didn't know that, an exclamation rose in his heart.

'He's changed into someone who acts from a Korean War veteran. And he doesn't seem to hear my voice or the audience anymore. Is he concentrating to such a degree?'

Although he thought Ark was just concerned and nervous about his surroundings, the actual situation was different to what was in Shambala's head. Because Shambala never even considered that Ark would have a panic attack. Meanwhile, the forms of two users were shown from the other side exit. Justin and Dior. Justin was a warrior armed in steel armour while Dior was a magician with a robe. They were a group that was quite strong in the Evil Silrion, so they also received many cheers.

-Okay, now we will draw the lots!

Soon the eyes of the circular object rolled round and round. And after a while, the pupils all changed to green.

-The swamp has been selected for this match in the tournament! Then let's begin!

Ku-Kung!

At the same time, there was a roaring sound and the tournament changed to a completely different world. Green plants started forming while the swamp reached their ankles.

How had the entire stadium managed to be replaced? Well, he didn't even want to know. After all, it was a dynamic game in progress so strategies that planned for different terrains must be necessary. It was an interesting system, and it quickly released Ark from his mental state.

"What, what the? Where are we?"

Ark scratched his head and looked around surprised. He didn't understand why he was surrounded by lush forests with his ankle locked in a swamp. At that time, the voice of the magician was heard from the other side.

"Chain of delusion!"

Kkieeeeeek! There was an unearthly sound effect as a ghostly object flew off. The attack by the magician started the active fight commentary.

-The magician has used a long-ranged magic as a pre-emptive attack. When hit by the chain of delusion, they won't be able to move for a while. It is just a few seconds, but that could be deadly in a fighting tournament. But because it is a slow attack, the chances that it would hit are low. It is some kind of warning shot?

"Hung, the shape shown isn't that creative?"

Shambala laughed and quickly moved his body. The repeated movements were so light that it looked like he was warping. This was due to Shambala's evasion skill Blink! Shambala used the movement to avoid the magic attack while taking out his weapon. A blue aura was ejected from the dagger, which was the Saint Assassin profession weapon 'Black Frost Blade' that Ark previously had. Incidentally, Shambala had gotten the ring name Blue Sword from his dagger. Shambala's mouth had the same cold smile as the dagger.

"Huhuhu, trying to take care of us with such low grade magic.....eeek?"

The smile disappeared from Shambala's mouth. While he had avoided the attack, Ark was struggling against the chains of delusion wrapped around him.

“No, no-way that guy.....”

It was then that Shambala noticed Ark’s condition. However, it was already too late. When Ark hadn’t expected a magic attack, Dior was delighted and called out a long order.

“It took! Well that guy was just a scarecrow. The cursed soul that was abandoned in a deep, dark place, come out and let your fury curse everything in your path!”

“That order.....Dior is a necromancer?”

Shambala urgently ran up to Dior. However it was a pairs match and Justin, Dior’s partner, wasn’t just watching. Justin immediately raised his shield and rushed Shambala. With an intense clash, Shambala was pushed back a few steps. Shambala’s face was contorted with frustration.

‘Hell! This child is strangely huge.....the warrior was doping!’

A warrior could dope themselves with a potion that would raise their stats. During this tournament, there was a rule that consumption items were prohibited. However, there was one blind spot. During the match you couldn’t use a consumption potion but it was possible to use it before the match! Justin had drugged himself with a huge amount just before the game started. He raised his stamina by 20% using the ‘Troll Elixir,’ his strength by 15 using ‘Lion Power,’ his attack and defense was raised by 30 thanks to ‘Troll Leap,’ for 5 minutes his health was restored by 10 every 20 seconds thanks to the ‘Holy water of revival’.....if he was in the Olympics then he would be immediately disqualified for taking drugs. Thanks to such drugs, Justin’s arena level of 100 was raised to around level 130~140.Indeed, the drug’s power was awesome. Every time Justin wielded his sword, Shambala was pushed back a few metres. Meanwhile, Dior’s spell was completed.

“Possession of Bing!

At the moment, a huge ghost hit Ark’s form. His body stiffened before a message window popped up.

-You were hit with ‘Possession of Bing.’

Ark tried to struggle against the flashing spirit. However, it was already too late and the voice of the magic eye was heard.

-Ah, the Necromancer's skill Possession of Bing was completed! It is a magic that is hardly ever used these days. Because it was used in combination with Chains of Delusion, it couldn't be avoided. In the end, the Dark Wolf player is holding back Blue Sword just like everyone expected. Pathetic!

"You black dog child, Blue Sword is losing because of you!"

The crowd erupted with swearing. However, in this situation it wasn't even possible to call 100. Under the Possession of Bing, Ark's body moved selfishly. He started to attack Shambala under Dior's control, just like a puppet. Thanks to the necromancer, Ark and the doped warrior, the fight had become 3 against 1. Shambala's health decreased as he was attacked by swords and magic from all directions.

"This stupid child!"

"I'm sorry."

"You're saying sorry while trying to cut me?"

Shambala avoided Ark's attack and started attacking again. He had felt like hiding inside a deep rat hole. However the situation wasn't that bad. While his body was being moved around selfishly, Ark was able to not pay any attention and organize the surrounding circumstances.

"Shambala, hold on a little. I'll somehow make up for Bing's possession."

"Bah, OK. This has to be seen to be believed, Width!"

Shambala kicked the ground forcefully. At the moment, the muddy water of swamp flew up and obstructed the view. Shambala used Blink successively to gain some distance. While Ark was possessed by Bing, he gave up on attacking from the beginning and only concentrated on reducing the damage. However, even Shambala couldn't avoid everything and his health was reduced to 40% by the time Bing's possession finished.

“Have you finished being stupid?”

“I’m sorry. My spirit is steady now.

“I don’t want any of those thousand people to get the share of the prize.”

“That’s right.”

Ark glared at Dior while wiping his face of the mud that was covering it. His anger had been firmly pushed down during the 3 minutes and now it bubbled over.