

Ark Vol 6 C 5

Chapter 5

ACT 5 Frenzied Night

Ark and Shambala raised a hand to acknowledge the cheers and returned to the waiting room.

“It was quite fun.”

“The next match won’t be as fun.”

Shambala replied with a slightly stiff expression. Yes, they’ve won the tournament as planned. And in the next match, Shambala would be his opponent. In order to obtain the three clues, the two of them need to have one final battle. So far, they’ve decided to join hands and feet and fight together. That wasn’t a good thing at all. However, Shambala soon lost the tension in his face and laughed.

“Well, for the moment let’s just rejoice. We’ve managed to beat the pioneers in the Evil Silrion that many people couldn’t manage to do. We’ve earned the right to be happy.”

At that time, an administrative NPC came to the waiting room.

“Blue Sword and Dark Wolf. Can you come to the VIP room right now?”

“The VIP room?”

“Yes, an honoured guest is eager to meet the two of you.”

Ark and Shambala tilted their heads and followed the NPC to the VIP room. It was a nice room overlooking the arena and when they entered, an NPC with a chubby belly spread out his arms and welcomed them. The large number of jewellery hanging on his body shook and rattled carelessly.

“Ooh, come come! The great warriors that brightened the Evil Silrion. I’m Voltaire, the main person in charge of the Evil Silrion. I can see that your maturity is truly overflowing!”

“What can I do for you?”

Shambala asked in a brusque voice. Shambala acted quite different from the way he normally treated NPCs. Voltaire winced, but quickly smiled and nodded.

“Ha ha ha, the warrior is showing a well-suited arrogance. It’s okay, I understand. Because you showed skills that are a match for your arrogance.”

Ark hadn’t said anything but he was also treated like gold.

“I was quite impressed when watching your match, the way an ordinary foreigner managed to defeat the pioneers! It was quite boring to watch the pathetic warriors that would give up when fighting the pioneers. But you refuse to do that and faced each other beautifully. It was the first time I had seen such an admirable match. Thanks to that, the reputation of the Evil Silrion will increase even more.”

Voltaire praised them until the saliva in his mouth became dry.

“Did you call us just to say that?”

Shambala showed signs of annoyance. And Voltaire asked in a coy voice with astute eyes.

“Have you ever thought about becoming an exclusive gladiator?”

“Exclusive gladiator?”

“Yes. There are many special gladiators under contract with the Evil Silrion and sometimes they would hold special matches. Of course, the prize money and supplementary prize given to the gladiator exclusive matches cannot even be compared to the ordinary tournament prizes. There is also a separate

pay that is given every month. Anyone who knows about the Evil Silrion would covet the job. How about it?”

Once he finished talking, there was a ringing sound and two message windows popped up.

[You have received the proposal to become an ‘Exclusive Gladiator’ from Voltaire, the moderator of the Evil Silrion.

In addition to their profession job, a player is also given an opportunity to choose a sub-occupation. You can receive a sub-profession from the senior NPC once you fulfil certain conditions. These sub-professions aren’t related to your main profession. When choosing a sub-profession, it is possible to learn exclusive skills. However, if you choose to leave the sub-profession and pick another one then the exclusive skills will disappear.]

Become an Exclusive Gladiator in the Evil Silrion

Gladiators can be exclusively hired by the moderators of the Evil Silrion. Only warriors that display and excellent ability that charmed the crowd are able to choose this profession. If you become a gladiator, it is possible to receive many bonuses such as gladiator exclusive training facilities, stores and so on. They are also informed in advanced of the schedule of all the tournaments as well as the prizes, and they are also automatically seeded and receive the right to start in the round of 16. There is also a monthly pay of 30 gold per month. A special bonus for special matches will also be paid. However, it is required to play at least one tournament per month.

Would you like to accept the offer of the sub-profession ‘Exclusive Gladiator?’

“I refuse.”

Shambala didn't even have to think about it as he replied. Voltaire sighed in disappointment and looked at Ark. He could improve his skills and earn quite a lot of money in the Evil Silrion. The conditions that Voltaire suggested were also pretty good. Aside from the salary, the other rights were quite plausible as well. However, there was a part that was quite worrisome. The provision that he would have to play at least one tournament once a month. Didn't that mean that he couldn't leave the vicinity of Selebrid? New World was quite wide and there were a number of things to do. Ark was too young (?) to sit in one place.

"I'm also not going to become an exclusive gladiator."

At the end, Ark also politely declined. Voltaire lowered his shoulders and sighed.

"Valuable. With your capacity, the reputation of the gladiators in the Evil Silrion would certainly grow.....but I can't force you. Alright. Instead, I just want to see the wonderful sight of you two again. Please participate in a tournament again when you get the chance. Can you promise that?"

"Thank you. Although I have to decline the proposal due to various circumstances, I won't forget the fact that a popular noble like Voltaire-nim thinks so deeply of me."

Ark smiled his business smile and gently answered. Voltaire fidgeted with his ring and laughed. Thanks to Shambala's indifferent attitude, Ark's kindness seemed to shine even more.

"Oh, your modest character is a wonderful thing. I would love to see thousands of warriors like you! Ah, I suddenly remembered. Although I only promised the original compensation to the winner. Thanks to you two, the Evil Silrion was unusually prosperous for the last couple of days. As a repayment for that, it isn't so great but here is a little souvenir I've prepared."

When Voltaire reached out his hand, an administration immediately handed over a box that contained a thick leather bracelet.

Gladiator's Honour (Unique, Locked)

Armour type: Leather Bracelet

Defense power: 15

Durability: 60/60

Weight: 10

User restriction: Level 100 or more

This is a symbol of honour that is given to gladiators that have fulfilled certain conditions in the Evil Silrion. It is a special compensation for the popular gladiators that have managed to draw a crowd of 10,000 spectators to the Evil Silrion. Although the Gladiator's bracelets are great, its value is more than just honour. Those who respect the honour of warriors will give you a lot of respect. The Gladiator's Honour will also have the name 'Ark' carved on the inside. This means that transferring the item to someone else is impossible.

In addition, there is no possibility of using magic or a scroll to break it.

'U-unique bracelets! Recently, I've been quite lucky?'

It was an unexpectedly huge reward. That fact that Ark had gone through a lot of trouble in the Evil Silrion to only obtain one quest item had made him feel quite dissatisfied. But he never imagined that he would receive an item for mobilization a lot of spectators, not winning the tournament. In addition, it was a unique item!

The performance of the unique bracelet was enormous. It was rare that bracelets with a defense of 15 would also increase strength, stamina and agility by 10 points. But the first thing that caught his eye was the +5% of all sword-based skills option. Thanks to the 5% increase, it was possible to make his Sword-Hand Combat grow even faster. The only downside was that the item was character locked so it

wasn't possible to sell it. But since it raised his Sword-Hand Combat growth, he wouldn't have wanted to sell it anyway. With the bracelet that he hunted in the Forest of Souls, he now had it on both arms. However, he didn't want to sell the Amulet of Vitality. Last night, the power boosted by 5 was barely enough to save him. Although it couldn't compare to the warrior's honour, it was also a useful item. Ark looked at the Warrior's honour on his right arm.

'Hu hu hu, I managed to obtain two bracelets and shoulder plates from this.'

However, he felt that he was lacking more. When he put it on, he felt like wearing it on both wrists. However, one of the bracelets was Shambala's share.

'Sheesh, if it wasn't a locked item then I would try to obtain it somehow.....'

In front of items, friendship didn't matter to Ark.

"Starting from today, a weekly magazine published by the Evil Silrion will be sent to your mailbox for free. And the offer to become an exclusive gladiator is still open so if you ever change your mind, come and see me. I'll leave my door wide open for you!"

The NPC was offering quite a lot. Was it okay to receive the unique item and a free weekly newsletter? Furthermore, he could become an exclusive gladiator anytime he wanted to.

Ark sent 'Hu hu hu, my social life is going to be like this' with a look from his eyes. Then Shambala responded 'Do you want to live?' with his eyes.

"Well, take this and go. You can receive the victory cash prize and the supplementary prize at the management office."

Voltaire smiled and shook hands with only Ark. He was quite a narrow minded guy for someone with a large bulk. Anyway, they finally went to the management office to receive their compensation.

-You have won the 186th Pairs Tournament.

Current record: 12 wins

-You have received the prize money of 200 gold for the 186th Pairs Tournament. -The supplementary prize for the 186th Pairs Tournament is Magaro's secret map.

There was a side alley next to the Evil Silrion. The hooded merchants A, B, C gnashed their teeth furiously. They had spent 24 hours crying thanks to Jewel and Duke's blackmail. They weren't poor merchants, but nevertheless 1,500 gold was a lot of money. Most of their money was tied up in trade investments, so the only cash they could move was 1,050 gold. Then they had to desperately find an extra 450 gold in 24 hours.

'We have to obtain it. This is a good investment!'

But it wasn't an easy task to find all that money. Eventually they had to sell off items piled up in warehouses for a much lower price than the market price. But they were still short 100 gold so they pledged their investments as collateral and borrowed money from high interest lenders. After all the blood and tears shed, they barely made 500 gold.....

"What the hell is this!"

Merchant A shook his fist and spat out curses.

"Those damn pioneers! They dared to bluff and raise the price only to fail! Those empty noisy cans! They should go to hell, those bastards!"

“We tried so hard to make the money that we even took out high interest loans.....”

“Huk huk huk, now we’re going to die.”

The pioneers were beaten to death in the final match. Immediately after the fight, the pioneers vanished. Indeed, why would they face their partner unless forced? Thanks to those guys, they went through all that suffering to make money and now they vanished like chickens. While he was crying, Merchant C muttered with a concerned face.

“Sniff, Hyung-nim. What do we do now? We received damage and even racked up a huge debt, but now the final clue is in their hands.”

“.....There is no other way.”

Merchant A was locked in thought for a moment before he said in a deliberate voice. Merchant B and C swallowed their spit and avoided his gaze.

“Hyung-nim, by the way.....”

“Mercenaries, should we hire mercenaries?”

“We have no choice. We are merchants after all. We shouldn’t just resign ourselves to these damages. If possible, I didn’t want to use a fearsome or vicious method.....but, Blue Sword and Dark Wolf asked for it.”

“But they are the tournament winners. Don’t you think they’re very strong?”

“Yes but they are only two people. Even including their colleagues that we saw at the main entrance, it’s only a few people. In addition, the levels of those 10 people don’t seem that high.”

Yes, although Ark was well hidden they were already aware that Dark Wolf and Ark was the same person. After listening to Ark's and Shambala's conversation, they had secretly followed them back to the main gate.

"Yes Hyung-nim! You've even grasped such a thing!"

While Merchant B and C raised their voices, Merchant A just shrugged.

"Hu hu hu, I didn't make it this far as a merchant without raising my insight. Anyway, if we hire 10 level 120 mercenaries then that should be enough to take care of them. No matter how good Blue Sword and Dark Wolf is, they wouldn't be able to defeat those number of people."

"Indeed. But our purpose isn't to kill them but to retrieve the items."

"Of course."

Merchant A smiled and took out a few scrolls. Then Merchant B and C became frightened.

"H, Hyung-nim! That surely.....!"

"I see you've figured it out. Yes, this is the rumoured chaotic scrolls [Peek] and [Robbery]. It is a fearsome item that allows someone to peek into the target's bag and steal one designated item from them. Most merchants are afraid of these scrolls but I'm different. In some cases, they should be used. I happened upon these scrolls a while ago and kept them."

"Oh oh, what wonderful foresight!"

"Ohu hu hu hu, are you surprised? I'm surprised. Because the chaotic scrolls are still items that only merchants know information about. I've never dreamed that I would use these scrolls. Recently there was a hobbit merchant that was hanging around Selebrid selling these scrolls. Although the market price was a little bit high....."

Merchant A smacked his lips and murmured.

“Even if it is Blue Sword and Dark Wolf, they won’t be able to stop the scrolls. When they die, they will be robbed and any extra items can be sold as extra profit. I don’t want to kill, but if they hang onto it then it is the last resort. When threatened with the scroll then they should hand over the items.”

“As expected of Hyung-nim!”

“But don’t we need plenty of money to hire 20 mercenaries level 12?”

“You don’t have to worry.”

Merchant A replied.

“Selebrid is overflowing with tons of unemployed people.”

Unfortunately, it was an undeniable fact. In Selebrid, there were many users over level 100. However even though their levels are high, not all of them lived affluent lives. No, higher level users that had a profession other than merchant tended to be poor. Even though their health was higher, they needed deluxe wheat bread to recover it and the repair price for equipment was also no joke. The users who couldn’t manage their finances were no different to beggars after their equipment completely breaks. Naturally, if they drank potions then hardships would only increase. That wasn’t the only reason they were poor. In Selebrid, gambling thrived thanks to the Evil Silrion. And the simple warriors were weak to such temptation. They would waste all their savings in a pub binge or find a casino with high inflation until they lost so much that they were forced to mortgage their equipment. It was to the extent that with no money and no equipment, the level 100 users couldn’t even go out hunting without dying. Probably, the rehabilitation group and Roco would end up in a similar situation. It was a miscalculation to think that a high level user would earn a lot of money like Ark. He had strict money management and would even run 1 kilometres to get an extra copper or go an extra 10 kilometres to cut the cost by 1 copper. Other users had no concept of such a method of saving. Anyway, the users that have become like beggars were desperate for jobs. A job where they would clearly be paid was even more of a blessing than hunting!

“Hire level 120 users but draw the line at 50 gold for 1 day.”

“But they might have to kill someone.”

“The final blow is limited to 2~3 people with the highest level. And when they become chaotic and enter the prison, we will pay compensation for the penalty. We still have the 1,500 gold we promised to the pioneers.”

“Oh oh, it is a perfect plan!”

“Isn’t it? Hu hu hu, sometimes I’m afraid of the inside of my head as well.”

Merchant A rolled his eyes and said.

“Now, I don’t have the time. The fellow who obtains the clue can’t know that we are seeking treasure.

“I understand!”

Merchant B and C moved their short legs and disappeared into the alley.

“What now?”

At that time, Ark and Shambala faced unexpected problems. Ark and Shambala had won the Pairs Tournament so there was only one thing left to do. But before the decisive battle, they had to put the clues together first. However, Sid who had left at the beginning still hadn’t returned. He had sent a letter using the Magic Institute’s letterbox.

Ark-nim, this is taking longer than expected. You don't have to be concerned because business is still fine.

That was the letter sent to him from Sid. But there was no way to figure out why he was late from the contents of the letter.

"Maybe he forgot the items and had to return for it?"

However, Ark had no way to contact Sid straight away. Because Sid was a poor merchant so he didn't have a transfer mailbox. Of course there was a way to send general mail, but general mail had to designate a village rather than a person. However, Ark didn't even know the area that Sid was wandering around. An item was an item, but Sid was carrying thousands of gold so he was worried about him leaving behind schedule. But Ark shook his head.

'It would take a lot of time to organize the items and turn it into 5,500 gold. There are a number of significant items. Yes, my hyungs and I invested a lot of money, so even if it takes a long time, it is important to sell it at a suitable price.'

"What should we do Shambala? Sid doesn't seem to be returning for a while?"

Ark explained the truth to Shambala. Shambala looked thoughtful for a while before nodding.

"If you can't contact him then it's not possible. Since he also has to hold the items while conducting business. Then our fight will be postponed until Sid returns."

"I suppose. What else can we do?"

Ark nodded while looking at the secret map. In fact, Magaro's quest wouldn't be able to proceed even if Sid was back now. He never thought that there would be a restriction on the secret map.

[Magaro's Secret Map (Quest Starting Item)]

An old parchment with unknown letters and geometric symbols written on it. Although it shows tough terrain, it is difficult to guess the location just by looking at the map. It seems to require other clues in order to decipher the symbols and characters.

]

‘This is what Shannen means by the quest being difficult.’

Ark recalled Shannen’s words. When he gave the quest, he added that it wouldn’t be an easy one for Ark to complete. Although he didn’t pay attention at the time, now it was a small hint. This was a virtual reality game, so naturally there would be a limit restriction on an NPC’s request. If the minimum progression requirement for the quest was level 150, then if he had to guess then he would have to be level 160~180 before he could start it. However, Ark’s current level was 127. Although his skills gained a lot of experience in the Evil Silrion, he could only raise his level by 4 in the Forest of Souls. In the end, he had to be 23 levels higher in order to continue the quest. Shambala’s situation wasn’t too different from Ark’s.

“Shambala, what are you going to do?”

“Let’s see…….”

“We can wait for Sid here, or I can gain 23 levels in some decent hunting grounds and meet up again later.”

“I’ll consider the problem a little bit more. I still have a job to do in this area. But I don’t know how long it will take.”

That was when someone started hitting the both of them.

“Hey, you’ve just won the martial arts tournament so why are you giving off a bad impression? I don’t know what you guys are talking about but let me buy you a drink!”

Ark and Shambala jumped and turned around. He had turned off the transformation and Shambala had also changed his mask and cloak so they felt wary. However, Ark quickly solved the problem.

“JusticeMan ajusshi? How?”

“Ha ha ha, we heard that you were in the finals and ran here.”

“Oppa, I’ve come as well.”

Roco poked out her tongue and interrupted JusticeMan. But they weren’t alone. The rehabilitation group was also gathered. They were one of the groups cheering in the stadium while wearing a cap and holding megaphones along with Dedric.

“Ark, I saw the match.”

“Was it challenging? Also Shambala as well, they are indeed our younger siblings.”

“He he he, thanks to betting on you we earned quite a bit of money.”

“It was thrilling. To such an extent that we want to go and fight in a tournament right now.”

The anticipation caused Bul-kkun’s chest to rise as he took a deep breath.

And then Jjak-tung said in a gentle voice.

“Easy. We have more important things right now.”

“Eum, I know.”

“Yes? Something more important? Weren’t you looking for the thief, Hyung-nim?”

“We already found that guy.”

Jjak-tung smile subtly and looked at Ark.

“While solving that job, we ran into a bigger problem. Well, let’s talk about that one later. Because you’ll soon know anyway. Hu hu hu, these hyungs will probably see it again.”

“Now it is time for alcohol! You won so of course you have to drink alcohol! Come on, Ark!”

His expression became light as he shouted. New World was so realistic that they could even get drunk in the game. Because it isn’t real liquor, it would break up over time but while they were drinking it would feel like the real thing. That was the main reason the taverns in New World were always busy. People could get drunk comfortably while drinking but there would be no hangovers. If someone drank then they would get the drunk ‘condition.’ In addition, the tavern atmosphere was quaint. The alcohol tasted good and sometimes a good looking minstrel would sing. Where else could a drinker find a better environment? Thanks to that, they would often dine in the taverns in New World. The rehabilitation company was also very fond of the liquor in New World. However, Ark didn’t like drinking that much. He couldn’t understand why people would spend a lot of money on drinks.

“No, I’m a little weak to alcohol..... ”

Ark tried to refuse the drinking party. Then he became frightened as the rehabilitation group surrounded Ark.

“Ark, you aren’t trying to say that you don’t like alcohol are you?”

“Hey, your character must be really dull.”

“Please speak clearly. Do you want to drink alcohol or break off our relationship?”

“Yes? Yes? But what.....?”

Ark was confused as the attitudes of the rehabilitation group suddenly changed. However, the rehabilitation group was serious. The atmosphere seemed like it would become really serious if he refused.

“I’ll take some. I’ll drink.”

“That’s it! Ark, you’re a man as expected!”

The rehabilitation members clenched their fists firmly and cheered. Then they looked pathetically at Roco and said.

“He he he, Roco. Drinks with Ark. Because it is a celebration party. It would be worthless not to drink today, yes?”

“Ugh, really.....I understand. But only for today. In the future there will be no broth.”

“Wow, that’s it! Drinks today!”

The rehabilitation members danced joyfully before grabbing Ark and Shambala and running to the tavern. The rehabilitation members couldn’t drink the favourite drinks for several days. Of course, it was because the dictator Roco was clutching the money tightly. So the rehabilitation members had been waiting for today with bloodshot eyes. They were convinced that Roco was likely to open the wallet strings for Ark’s celebration party. And their guess was right.

“At any rate, I couldn’t stop them.”

Roco checked the wallet and sighed. However, it was for Ark. She was willing to spend money for him.

“For the champions!”

JusticeMan and the rehabilitation company lifted their glass with a happy expression. Although it had been a long time since he went to a tavern, he could hear a sound every time he drank. The reason was simple. Every time Ark drank alcohol, it was impossible to tell that Roco was accepting something from Ark underneath the table.

“Sheesh, I never thought that you would be the champion first.”

“Well, I only say the final match but it was wonderful. The audience was also hanging on to every move.”

“Yes, we contributed quite a lot to the pot for you in the final game. Because Roco was gambling, everyone bet to the upper limit.”

“Tonight we’ll drink until we’re satisfied!”

“Hey, bring 30 cups of beer here! When will the pork barbeque come out?”

If the rehabilitation group had a chance, they would drink away the whole bar. Nevertheless as the rehabilitation group had difficult pasts, their standards were different. There was yelling across the bar and some people were even getting up on the tables to dance. It was to the extent that someone could feel drunk from the atmosphere. When they started drinking, their behaviour when drunk immediately showed. When he became drunk, Jjak-tung’s attitude went through a 189 degree change.

“Hey, Ark.....Hiccup. You mean.....you know that we love? He he he, I’m really desirable. However, that.....don’t do it.....what.....it’s Roco. Eh, taken. What was I saying? Oh, so.....Because I think I do like you?”

Jjak-tung clung onto Ark and kept on repeating the same words. The bar was a part time career that was quite a tough opponent for Ark. Shambala was the only one that remained sullenly unchanged. Shambala was staring at a 1000 CC mug of beer on the table.

“Now, time for a one-shot again.”

When Bul-kkun emptied the beer mug, Shambala just glared silently at the empty mug. Shambala had a strong fighting spirit and rose to the provocation as he emptied a mug of 5,000 CC beer.

“Hu hu hu, you, do you like it? Let’s see who will give up first.”

“Drink! Drink! Drink!”

The rehabilitation members surrounding the two of them cheering while knocking on the table. Fortunately, the rehabilitation members didn’t talk about Roco becoming the leader.

“Hah, why is it noisy? Excuse me.”

“He he he, it’s okay. Isn’t a tavern the place where you drink and make noise?”

The tavern owner generously laughed and replied. However even if the NPC didn’t mind, it weighed on Roco’s mind as she took the tray.

“Give me that. I’ll take it.”

It was at that time that a problem occurred. When she carried the tray, in the eyes of the users Roco’s form became visible along with the NPC. A company of users froze and smirked as they noticed her.

“Hey, pretty lady?”

“Why don’t you sit here and I’ll give you some tips on drinking?”

“What?”

When Roco raised an eyebrow, the boys giggled.

“Ho oh, why do you look even more attractive when you’re angry?”

“A woman that prickly would have more passion at night.”

“Hu hu hu, the director knows a bit about women.”

If you go to a bar then there are humans just like this one. The humans which would unnecessarily tease a woman. New world was a place where many types of people gathered. But today they picked the wrong opponent. The atmosphere of the rehabilitation group that was laughing instantly became chilly.

“Hey, you. What did you say just now?”

They lowered their glasses angrily. It wasn’t enough. JusticeMan, Hae Gyeol-sa, Yapsab and even Jjak-tung stood up and glared at them. Although they lived a new life, they were rehabilitated children of the darkness. Even though they were in a game, their bloodthirsty impression was no joke. The director of the group of men stuttered.

“What, what the. Who are you? A gang?”

“Say one more word if you want to go scuba diving into cement off the coast of Incheon.”

“I don’t know what you are but do you know who I am?”

“You’ve just decided your fate with your answer. As fish food.”

The guy flinched away frightened from their rage. However, it was a slow game. The users drinking alcohol in Selebrid were quite high level. Furthermore, the company numbered 10 people. Anyway, thanks to the rehabilitation members the atmosphere had become quite tense. However, the tavern owner just looked at it with a pained expression. Although he wanted to intervene, he didn't have the courage. However, his salvation was soon offered from an unexpected place.

"Oppas, please have some moderation!"

Roco banged on the rehabilitation group's table who instantly became like rabbits.

What is this? You're adults with advanced capabilities! Do you know how unsightly it is to start a fight in a bar? You also made the owner nervous."

"Eh? W-we just....."

"That's enough. Don't prolong it."

Roco turned to JusticeMan who cleared his throat.

"Hmm hmm, yes, Roco is right. Well, the tavern isn't the place for this. Let's just drink."

In the end, the rehabilitation members sat dejectedly in their seats. And the other company started chatting with tense faces.

"Sheesh, what the? They started trembling just because of a girl."

"Right. It is unexpected for fellows that look like that."

"Anyway, that is the problem these days. Those sort of guys just run wild. They would probably be forced into the corner of a room when playing a game. Those fools, the only ones that would probably understand them for the rest of their lives are their parents."

“Just by looking at them, I can tell that they’re the type to play roughly.”

“They probably haven’t even stepped through the threshold of a university.”

“They’re probably punks or delinquents.”

Every time the guys in the company spoke, an angry vein would throb on the foreheads of the rehabilitation members. They were sticking pins into the painful parts of the rehabilitation members. Roco also felt the same. However, Roco ground her teeth and shook her head.

“It’s okay. Oppa, don’t bother with them.”

“Kyaak, what are you doing?”

Suddenly a sharp scream could be heard from one side of the tavern. The eyes of the rehabilitation group immediately looked over there. There are several female users over there chatting. Then one of the guys from the company went over there and stroked a body. Jjak-tung’s eyes flashed as he immediately grasped the situation.

“A lady is in a crisis!”

“If you’re a true South Korean man then you can’t enough such a thing!”

Bul-kkun stood up with a happy face. That’s when Roco suddenly banged the table. They jumped and turned to see Roco staring angrily at them before she said.

“Those uncles, get them!”

That was enough to sort out the whole situation. The rehabilitation members shouted with joy before rushing towards the company of men. In fact, Ark had also been annoyed by their words earlier. Since he knew how the rehabilitation members’ lives used to be, Ark couldn’t forgive them for those words.

“Dark blade!”

Ark made a scene as he jumped over the table and used his special move. The director of the company screamed and rolled onto the ground. As he cursed and tried to pull out his sword, JusticeMan grabbed his throat and threw him. The company was definitely higher level than them. However, when it was a fight in a bar they were no match for the rehabilitation members. They were also attacked by surprise so they couldn't get their swords out in time. After a few moments, they were all stretched out bruised on the ground. Then the guy that was the director shouted.

“Th-these guys! This is Selebrid! Do you think you'll get away with killing us?”

That's a problem. A grey name was quickly restored but if they became chaotic then it was a much larger problem. It was at that time. Shambala sat up and murmured in a sleepy voice.

“Death's Agent.....”

Death's Agent! It was the special skill of the Saint Assassin where they received permission for certain actions from the Death God, so even if he killed someone then he wouldn't become chaotic! Shambala looked at the ceiling while idling watching the director shout.

“I don't like these guys either. Ark, tell the hyungs to surround these guys. If others see then it would become difficult.”

Ark and the rehabilitation members laughed as they turned and made a wall. That was because Death's Agent would be ineffective if seen by other NPCs or users. Soon, an awful ringing sound was heard and the guys became corpses. After Shambala took care of it, the rehabilitation members went back to eating and drinking like nothing had happened. After a while, the tavern owner approached with an appetizers.

“That lady bought these for you.”

“Eh?”

The rehabilitation members looked over in surprise and saw the female user wink.

“You were cool, scary ajusshi.”

“L-lady.”

Bul-kkun trembled and muttered.

“I.....New world is very good.”

Roco also felt pretty good and laughed as she said.

“Okay. Since the noisy ajusshi is in this state, let’s drink all night.”

“Oh oh oh, all night!”

“Yes! Roco!”

The rehabilitation members shouted and began to enthusiastically order alcohol. Ark was confused at the change in Roco that he never imagined. Then Roco stumbled as she moved back into place. Ark quickly caught her before she fell and held Roco’s head.

“Hehehe, Ark oppa.....today you were pretty cool.”

He could quickly smell the alcohol coming from her.

“Roco, how much alcohol did you drink?”

“Drink, I drank one earlier because I was upset about those guys oooooh.”

Roco's tongue curled as she answered.

"Oppa, oppa, listen when I talk. Do you remember the guy at work I told you about before? That guy started teasing me again yesterday. I really dislike those kind of people. So I slapped him on the cheek. Hehehe, I did well right? If oppa saw me off every day then that wouldn't happen.....and I'll get to see oppa every day.....Roco is sad."

From the side, Shambala looked at Ark with sympathetic eyes.

"What a flashy brother, able to put her to sleep with one word.....Ark, I can roughly see your future."

"Damn, noisy,"

At that time, the noise from the drinking party inside the tavern was at its peak. The still in debt Merchants A, B and C were still on the corner of an alley, shivering from the cold wind. Just like reality, New World also had pretty cold nights.

"Ooh, Hyung-nim. It is cold."

Merchant C murmured with a tearful voice.

"Please hang in there. We don't know if they will go to another place. There must be eyes on them at all times."

“B-but.....cold.....cough!”

“Damn, wouldn’t those guys be drunk and happy by now?”

Merchant B glared at the tavern.

“Huk, while we had to live on wheat bread to hire the mercenaries.....”

Merchant C was close to tears as he chewed on a wheat bread.

“Don’t cry. Stop crying!”

Merchant A started to become angry. But he was the leader so he clenched his fist firmly with a resolute face.

“Although we are cold and hungry, in the end we will be the final winner. At the end of the quest, we will rent out an entire tavern and idle for many days. Then we can laugh freely at those guys. Okay? So for now just endure it. Although it is difficult, endure it.”

“Whimper, yes, Hyung-nim. But it is too cold.”

“My younger brothers. I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to be. It’s not Hyung-nim’s fault!”

“That’s right. Those guys are the bad ones!”

“Younger brothers!”

Hyung-nim!”

As the icy winds blew through a dark alley, it looked like Merchants A, B and C was re-enacting a drama. And in another alley, two pairs of eyes were also looking at the tavern.

“I found those guys. I’ll report it to the top.”

The masked man disappearing into the darkness was stamped with a red palm.