

Ark Vol 8 C 7

Chapter 7

ACT 7 Salrin's Towers

"Y-you....."

Someone was kneeling down clutching his chest which was soaked with blood. He breathed roughly while looking at the dozen bodies around him. The man's eyes were shaken. The masked assassins wearing black clothes.....death for an assassin wasn't peaceful. They had killed others. They were prepared for their deaths. Death to them was just an ordinary part of their lives. But the death reflected in his eyes was different. Until now, he had believed that the 20 masked men who killed his brothers were also his siblings. Betrayal! Since they lived in the darkness together, it was rare for them to betray each other. The man lifted his head and bared his teeth.

"You filthy traitors, aren't you ashamed of lifting your sword with those hands? We might live in the darkness but we have our own pride. We are descendants of the great Hero Salrin, a Master Assassin. Did you guys forget that while following Nabein?"

"We did not forget. It would be impossible to forget."

"That is why we cannot accept a foreigner as the leader."

"We will strike you all down to defend the pride of the clan."

".....Is that so?"

The man stared at them with piercing eyes. The assassins flinched while the man opened his mouth.

"The Elders would always say it. Although we live in the darkness, we shouldn't let the darkness inhabit our hearts. Although we cannot reach it, we should always strive towards the light. Until the day that we regain our name.....but you guys have stained your hands with your brothers' blood and have become dark. Pitiful."

“Shut up, the Elders are forcing us to do this!”

“Haven’t you grasped the situation yet?”

“Answer, number 358. Do you want to live under the glory of a new Dark Brothers or die thanks to the pitiful delusion of the past?”

“It is nonsense!”

The man snorted and raised his neck.

“If you fear death then you’re already not a Dark Brother.”

“.....It was impossible.”

The assassins simultaneously lifted their swords. At that moment a loud yell came from a dark hallway.

“Dark blade!”

A sharp sword cut through the darkness. The assassin who was hit by the sword received an extravagant amount of damage. The assassins simultaneously turned their bodies. There were more than 10 people coming from the hallway on the other side. The only people in Salrin’s Towers should be masked assassins in black clothes. But these people were dressed messily with some wearing no armour. Yes, it was Ark and the rehabilitation members who had followed the assassins’ secret passage. Of course, the assassins didn’t know their identities so the obvious question was asked.

“Who are you?”

“We’re Shambala’s friends!”

“What?”

The assassins flinched and raised their sword in unison. Then Ark smiled and spoke to JusticeMan.

“Did you see? The ones who lifted their swords are the enemy.”

“Handle all of them except for the injured assassin.”

JusticeMan lowered his upper body and using explosive acceleration, he approached the assassins. The surprised assassin brandished his sword. But JusticeMan just rotated to the side and grasped the assassin’s shoulder. No, with just his grip he threw the assassin across the room and the assassin became stuck in the wall.

“Phew, that old geezer is quite furious.”

“Are you already stronger than were you were on active duty?”

“The Tiger of the SWAT team has been revived.”

The rehabilitation members marvelled over the scene. When the level increased then it was natural to become stronger. But JusticeMan’s case was slightly different. JusticeMan was once the feared Tiger of the SWAT team. Although he did not talk about it, there were few people that could beat him in a one-on-one fight. However, his skills had become rusty after his injury and retirement. And he thought that he could never return to that condition.....JusticeMan keenly sensed that it could not be revived. In reality, his strength and speed had decreased due to age. But he could compensate for the lack of speed and strength with his stats in New World. And his experience and practical sense could be converted into combat power.

“Now, bring it on!”

JusticeMan threw the assassins like they were fish.

“We can’t be defeated by such an old geezer!”

“We were still active until recently!”

“Hahaha, let me see your skills!”

“Today I’ll catch them. Beep-and-beep- bastards!”

The rehabilitation members ran up to the assassins.

Syu, pepepepek!

Tazza has amazing dexterity and used the skill ‘Throw Dagger’ to throw 5 daggers simultaneously. Bulkkun wore steel gloves and crushed the faces of the assassins. The assassins tried to take control of the battle using their swift movements, but they stiffened thanks to Hae Gyeol-sa’s ‘Intimidation.’ But the real hit was Roco’s song.

“My hometown is on a faraway mountain, where apricot blossoms and azalea flowers bloom.....”

Once Roco began to sing, the assassins’ movements immediately slowed down.

Roco’s registered song ‘My Hometown’ was played.

In the meantime, Roco had levelled up her Art stat to 250. She once again gained a new ability. So Roco was able to select a suitable song and save it as a skill.

The effects varied depending on the nature of the song. For example ‘My Hometown’ raised nostalgia for the past, making anyone with the chaotic status lose their fighting spirit.

“Damn, killing and seeing death everyday.....until when do I have to live like this?”

“Wah, I suddenly feel like seeing my mother who passed away.”

After the skill was used, the assassins immediately murmured with melancholy voices. It was like a scene where the criminals felt regret after listening to sad music. In the beginning, the Minstrel might be dismissed but it changed to a strange character after raising it. Although the skill affected the chaotic characters, it didn't make them surrender. But JusticeMan and the rehabilitation members couldn't be compared to before.

Even when they learned certain odd skills, it was still useful on the battlefield. The experience of the siege in Nagaran was also carved into their flesh and bones. In addition, they also spent a while in the secret dungeon.....no, they also raised their variety of skills by a lot. Was that all? Ark also painstakingly cooked food and raised their stats. Even though they were only level 140, it wasn't hard for them to fight against the assassins.

‘Now Hyungs have found a way to integrate their battle style perfectly.’

Ark looked at the rehabilitation members warmly. Of course, Ark didn't play around either.

“Riposte!”

Ark immediately deflected the assassin's attack. It was his counterattack skill, Riposte! The assassin was pushed back and fell down like a bowling pin.

“There's no time. I must act quickly. Snake, one sword!”

Ark exploded the sword using Blade Storm. The space was filled with turbulent sword fragments! The barrage of sharp fragments tore into the assassins like the claws of a monster. He used the experience from the time he was hunting hook bats. But the assassins weren't as easily defeated as the hook bats.

“Ugh, u-unbelievable.....!”

Through the swirl of debris some assassins swung their swords. They wanted to deal critical hits to Ark before they collapsed. However, Ark's body slid back before the swords even reached him. He used the option from the Wind Spirits' Boots, Slide!

"What, what the?"

Thanks to that, the assassins collapsed in vain. One end of Ark's mouth lifted.

"Slide kick!"

He did a high spinning kick before sliding back!

"W-what's this nonsense.....gag!"

An assassin received the kick on his upper right temple and collapsed. Ark allowed JusticeMan and the rehabilitation members to deal with the 4 remaining assassins.

"Okay, this is good enough."

The rehabilitation members spoke in a confident voice. In the old days, they wouldn't have been able to handle 3~4 assassins so it was a big development.

"Huhuhu, it was worth almost dying to raise the level."

The opponent who didn't have enough power was beaten. Of course, this also applied to reality. However, in reality it could take a few months or even years to increase their strength. In New World, they could become stronger faster. It was the reason why RPGs were the most addictive games.

".....Who on earth are you?"

The injured man asked in a confused voice. Ark was already a little bit aware of the situation.

“Are you an Elder?”

“Elder? How do you know about what’s happening here?”

“Like I said, we came to help Shambala.”

“Shambala.....Leader? To help the Leader?”

The man said with a surprised expression.

“If the Leader is called Shambala then yes. There’s no time to explain. We happened to find out by chance that Shambala is in a crisis. But we have no idea where to go since we don’t know the geography of this place. Could you help us?”

The man looked at them suspiciously. The Dark Brothers’ headquarters, Salrin’s Tower was completely isolated from the outside world. Then some strange foreigners suddenly appeared and said they would help. It wasn’t easy to believe such words. Ark also guessed what he was thinking, but in such a situation it wasn’t possible to mention the name Ark. Although the situation was strangely entangled, Ark and the Dark Brothers still had a hostile relationship. Ark contemplated for a moment before lifting his arm.

“I’m sure a Dark Brother would recognize this?”

“That.....was on the Leader’s wrist.....Gladiator’s Honour?”

“That’s right. Only two people have earned this. Shambala and I.”

“Then you.....?”

“I’m Dark Wolf who paired up with Shambala at the Evil Silrion.”

“Dark Wolf!”

The man looked at Ark with shocked eyes. The whole world has heard Dark Wolf’s name, and that included the Dark Brothers. And the fact that an item called ‘Gladiator’s Honour’ belonged to them was also spread. Thanks to that, the man began to believe Ark.

“What is the situation?”

“.....It isn’t good.”

The man sighed and replied.

“Those who left the Dark Brothers knew about this opportunity and left some plans in place.....In addition, a number of Brothers collapsed because of a surprise attack by traitors.”

“Shambala?”

“Leader is still safe and sound. No matter how many elite people they have, they can’t all enter Jaerim Tower or it will collapse. But I don’t know how long we can hold out.....”

“Jaerim Tower?”

“It is where the ceremony took place.”

“Could you show the way?”

“.....Of course.”

Roco treated the man’s injuries.

“Come on, follow me. I’m called number 358.”

According to the man’s words, only people in a special position were allowed to have names. But the only person allowed to give them a name was the Master Assassin. Since there hadn’t been one for hundreds of years, the Dark Brothers were just called by numbers.

“Once Leader conquered all the trials and became the Master Assassin, he would give us our names. That is the wish of all the brothers. And finally a leader appeared after hundreds of years but Nabein.....”

In the midst of the trouble, number 358 still didn’t forget the role of an NPC. Although Ark didn’t ask, he still gave away some information on the Dark Brothers. Of course Ark wasn’t interested. However, the rehabilitation members nodded with sympathetic gazes.

“Doesn’t it seem just like Nam-ssi?”

“It must not be very pleasant to be called numbers.”

“It is just like a prison guard, calling the prisoners by number.”

“Number 358.....I somehow feel a sense of empathy with him.”

“Come on, we can talk later so hurry up.”

“I know.”

Ark’s party exited the basement after being guided by number 358. Although he imagined the assassins’ headquarters as a gloomy cave, it was actually a gorgeous tower made of obsidian.

‘It isn’t possible to see this from outside.’

When he looked through the window, he saw the cliffs surrounding it like a folding screen. The forces of nature completely concealed the three towers that stretched up several metres high.

Yaksok Tower, Jaerim Tower and Gyeolsok Tower. These three towers were secretly concealed by the Dark Brothers for hundreds of years, and were collectively known as Salrin's Towers. The place Ark's party entered was Gyeolsok's Tower.

Anyway, the top of Salrin's Towers were engulfed in confusion. Numerous assassins fighting could be seen through the open beehive windows. If the assassins fell then it was a horrible scene with blood splattering.

'Since they're dressed the same, I don't know what the situation is.'

"Is the situation bad?"

"Yes."

Number 358 moaned and pointed towards the centre tower.

"That is the top of Jaerim Tower where the ceremony was supposed to be held. The Elders and Leader are there."

A long battle was unfolding on top of Jaerim Tower. But they were too far away to grasp the battle situation.

"Summon Demon, Dedric! Check the top of the tower!"

"Understood!"

Dedric flew quickly across the sky. After a while, Dedric came back and explained what was going on in Jaerim Tower.

“Everybody is wearing the same outfit so I don’t know what is happening. It is confirmed that Alan is pressing Shambala in the tower. But he hasn’t been captured yet.....it seems pretty dangerous?”

“Alan!”

Ark growled while number 358 asked with a gloomy expression.

“You know Alan?”

“Yes, I actually knew about this because I was chasing after him.”

“That’s right. I don’t know how he appeared here but their abilities rose thanks to him. We had no time to prepare before Alan had already entered Jaerim Tower.”

“Are there any troops supporting the Elders?”

“The Elders’ troops have all been dispatched to patrol the outskirts. The Elders never imagined that there would be a secret passage. If they came then the problem would be settled.....Nabein is the elder that knows the most about Salrin’s Towers. Thanks to the surprise attack, it would take some time for the troops to reach here.”

“So for the moment we can’t expect any help.”

“Yes.”

“Then there is no time for this.”

“We can’t allow Alan to do what he wants!”

JusticeMan and the rehabilitation members shouted. Selecting number 358 to guide Ark was the perfect choice. No matter what the appearance, Salrin's Towers was still the hiding place of assassins. In contrast to the outside, the interior was a complex maze. Ark and his companions arrived so late because of that. It took them a while to reach the basement after exiting the secret passage. In addition, they came to help but the Dark Brothers were chaotic NPCs. Ark couldn't tell who was on Alan's side because they looked identical. But with number 358 guiding them, such problems were easily settled. When they arrived at a group of assassins fighting, number 358 shouted.

"All the followers of Salrin rip one sleeve off!"

Some of those who were fighting tore off their sleeve.

"The targets are those without ripped sleeves!"

"Well, that is convenient. Let's go!"

JusticeMan and the rehabilitation members jumped into the rough fight. Although the assassins with shredded sleeves were losing, when Ark's party joined the situation immediately changed. They rushed forward like a wolf pack. The 10 of them used their various skills and easily took care of the assassins. Once the battle was over, the assassins with ripped sleeves approached.

"Huk huk huk, number 358. Who are these foreigners?"

Number 358 had quite a high position among the assassins.

"They're friends of Leader and have come to help."

"The Leader?"

When the situation was explained the assassins immediately lost their wariness. They probably would've been attacked if number 358 wasn't there.

“They’re skilful, just like what we expect from a colleague of Leader. Although it is shameful, we will receive your help.”

“Wait.”

Ark ran and blocked the assassins.

“It looks like I’ll have to reorganize the party.”

During the last battle, there were 20 assassins with ripped sleeves. But afterwards, only 13 of them survived. If they weren’t in the party, then the chaotic NPCs wouldn’t receive the effects of Roco’s songs or Ark’s Nursing. But if the chaotic NPC were in the same group then the buff effect would be applied. If they became a part of the group then it was also easier to increase the combat power by applying tactics.

“That sounds better in my opinion.”

“Understood. Although you are foreigners, since the purpose is the same then there is no reason to be reluctant.”

JusticeMan, the rehabilitation members and the assassins nodded and agreed. Ark dismissed his party and reorganized it to include the assassins. The effect definitely showed. In fact, the melee combat taking place on top of Salrin’s Towers was very strange. There were hundreds of people engaged in sporadic battles throughout the tower. Fresh blood and fire flew everywhere. Even so, he did not hear one scream. It was to the extent that it seemed like he was looking at a war film on mute. The reason was because they were assassins who were trained not to scream even if their heads were cut off. The assassins also had a keen sense of the action on the battlefield. If they were running then a sword would suddenly appear out of nowhere. It was the assassins who hid using ‘Stealth’ or ‘Ambush.’

If it was only the rehabilitation members then they probably would’ve received a lot of damage. But the risk of that fell thanks to the assassins.

“These guys, using such clumsy deception in Salrin’s Towers!”

Number 358 and the assassins instinctively blocked the glittering sword. They could detect 'Stealth' if the level wasn't that much higher than them. However, the response speed of the assassins to the opponents' attack couldn't be compared to the rehabilitation members. The assassin specialized in coping with a crisis. The assassins were taken by surprise and 'Stealth' was deactivated. But they died after Ark and the rehabilitation members attacked without bothering to confirm the features. The assassins were chaotic NPCs. Chaotic users had a much higher probability of dropping items. And since the assassins were rebels, Ark and the rehabilitation members could pretend ignorance and take the items.

'The assassins are quite high levelled so I'm pleased.'

While going up the tower, they saved quite a number of senior assassins from a crisis and increased their numbers. Roco's songs also had a huge effect. Usually the opponents were equipped with items that would contain debuffs or buffs that would increase resistance, but the enemies were all assassins. They couldn't apply buffs or recovery magic outside of potions or herbs. The difference in a group battle was extravagant. As the battle continued it became more profitable. By the time they reached the top floor, their numbers had already grown to 80 assassins.

"We can reach Jaerim Tower once we get to the top!"

Number 358 yelled as he ran up the stairs.

"What, what the? Who are these guys?"

"Did those guys down there die?"

"Stop them, there's not a lot left anymore!"

"If we kill the Elders and the Leader then it is our victory!"

Dozens of rebels blocked the stairs.

"Those damn traitors.....!"

Number 358 was in front and received some damage. Then Ark stepped on number 358's shoulders, jumped and shattered his sword.

"Blade Storm!"

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The sword debris swirled fiercely around the rebels. Ark fell between the rebels. As soon as attacks flew from all sides, Ark evaded using Dark Dance and followed up with Dark Blade and his chain skill Dark Strike. The reason that Ark was able to attack so recklessly was because of their weapons. The assassin had two main weapons. The dagger that was associated with assassins and a blackjack, which was a blunt weapon. A blackjack was a blunt weapon with a leather pouch that was filled with iron powder. Because of its power, it had a high probability of inflicting 'Stun' or 'Faint' once hit. While assassins in medieval times killed without leaving a trace, the blackjack was a historical weapon often used. But Ark was rather fortunate.

-Thanks to Resilience, the damage of Blackjack has been reduced by 20%.

Because of his resilience, he didn't get stunned.

'It was worth the effort of raising it!'

Ark used his spare time in Nagaran to raise his resilience. Unlike other stats, it was a stat that would increase if he was hit. Because Ark almost died fighting a monster with a blunt instrument, he called Dedric and had him beat Ark up. So in a fortnight he raised his resilience to 200 points! So it unconditionally alleviated the damage of blunt weapons by 20%. Since he also evaded attacks using Dark Dance, he didn't receive a lot of damage.

Pepepeng!

Once Ark invoked his skills, the assassins' formation collapsed. Then the rehabilitation members and assassins attacked the rebels, cleaning them up in an instant. When they reached the top of the stairs and exited, there was a bridge which connected to Jaerim Tower. Nabein's army of rebels already controlled it. The Elders and Shambala were trapped inside Jaerim Tower.

“Penetrate it!”

“Eh? You?”

Ark’s party entered the bridge crowded with rebels. However, the width of the bridge was only 5 metres. Although there were a number of enemies, only 3~4 of them could fight at the same time! When Ark and the rehabilitation members ran onto the bridge, they immediately pushed the rebels.

“Riposte!”

Ark repelled the rebels and reached the middle of the bridge. Then he saw a flash of shiny armour from among the assassins standing in front of Jaerim Tower.

“Alan!”

“Ark, how did you get here.....?”

Alan reflexively flinched after he turned his head.

“I came for you!”

“Did you wipe out all the assassins trying to take over Gyeolsok Tower?”

Alan figured out the situation after seeing all the assassins behind Ark. For a moment Alan was confused, before a cold smile flashed on his face.

“Luckily I prepared for this.”

Alan clapped his hands and the rebels retreated.

‘What the?’

Ark looked at Alan strangely. Then the rebels turned and looked at numerous scrolls attached to the railing. At that moment an icy sensation slid down his back.

‘The [Explosion] scroll!’

It was a scroll that he had seen many times. Ark suspected Alan’s plan and started to scream.

“Stop, retreat!”

“It’s too late!”

Alan smiled and activated a scroll. Flames started spewing along the railing of the bridge.
Then.....!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The hundreds of scrolls caught fire in a chain. The scrolls activated at the same time and there was a huge shock wave. In fact, [Bomb] was not a very powerful scroll. It only did 40~50 damage. But if hundreds exploded at the same time then the damage was unimaginable. The solid bridge broke into pieces. Roco screamed as the bridge burst into flames.

“Oppa!”

Ark was in the front and had caught the main blast of the explosion.

‘Oh my God!’

Ark bit his lips tightly. Since the target of [Bomb] was the bridge, Ark didn't receive a lot of damage. He was enveloped in flames but thanks to the 50% fire resistance of his 'Veil of Fire,' his damage was cut in half. The problem was that only JusticeMan and the rehabilitation members managed to get off the bridge before it collapsed. Of course, he could reduce falling damage by 80% so he wouldn't die. But he would drop into the rebel infested tower alone.

'And it won't be possible to stop Alan!'

As he was thinking, his body started to fall down. At that moment Ark suddenly came up with an idea.

"Summon Demon, Deimos! Transform!"

As soon as Deimos was summoned he transformed into a sword. Ark immediately changed it into a whip and closed it around an intact railing. It was an action similar to Indiana Jones that he came up with last time while climbing Colossus. When it changed into a sword again, the blade decreased and Ark's body rose. But before he could breathe a sigh of relief, he felt a weight on his body. The rebel caught in the explosion was holding one of his legs.

"I won't die alone!"

The rebel went for his dagger. In this state, there was a 100% chance that he would die.

"Don't quit, you beep-beep-beep bastard!"

Ark used 'Intimidation' on the rebel who flinched and stiffened. However it only lasted for a moment before the assassin swung his dagger. At that moment, something flew through the cloud of dust towards the rebel.

"Master!"

"Dedric!"

“Master, I’m here to help! This guy, take this and this! Fall!”

“Ugh, you damn bat.....!”

The rebel swore and swung his dagger but couldn’t hit Dedric. Dedric avoided the attack while stepping firmly on the guy’s head and nose. The rebel slipped a little bit every time until he eventually fell. Ark barely managed to creep back over the bridge.

“Oppa!”

Roco ran up to him with a tearful voice and used Song of Recovery.

“Hahaha, what do you say Master? Are you thankful? Eung, are you thankful?”

Ark sighed in relief while Dedric kept on bragging. He had to admit the truth. But he wasn’t going to praise him.

‘Damn.....!’

Ark looked at Jaerim Tower with a furious face. The bridge had been disconnected because of the explosion. The only way to get to Jaerim Tower from Gyeolsok Tower had disappeared.

“Number 358, is there any other way around?”

“Jaerim Tower has a separate entrance. The only bridge remaining is from the top of Yaksok Tower. But.....”

Nabein’s side had already captured Yaksok Tower. It will take a lot of time to defeat them while climbing up to the bridge. There was no guarantee that Shambala would hold out until then. No, after seeing the atmosphere he would only be able to hold up for 10~20 minutes.

‘Have I come all this way just to give up?’

While Alan was dealing with the Elders and Shambala, Ark was stranded. And he would be mercilessly attacked by the Dark Brothers.

‘That bastard Alan.....!’

He already couldn’t see Alan on the other side. He had no interest in Ark’s life or death. Since he cut off the bridge, there was no way for Ark to interfere. And if Alan succeeded in the rebellion of the Dark Brothers then Ark would die anyway. There was no reason to be impatient now.

‘It is the worst situation but there must be a way I can join Shambala.....’

But no matter how hard he thought, Ark couldn’t come up with a way to cross the bridge. And even if there was a way, Alan controlled the entrance to Jaerim Tower. Ark wouldn’t be able to reach Shambala.

‘Anything is good. I have to somehow find a way.’

“There is only one way left.”

At that time, number 358 spoke.

“Since there is no way to save Leader and the Elders at the moment, we must quickly call the troops back. If our troops come then we’ll be able to recapture Beacon Hill from Nabein’s forces.

“How long will it take to recapture Beacon Hill and reorganize the troops?”

“It’ll take approximately 1 and a half hour to recapture.”

1 and a half hour was 30 minutes in reality.....and it wasn’t just taking control of the troops. They also had to knock out Nabein’s forces. But he was convinced that Shambala wouldn’t be able to last that

long. Then the roof of Jaerim Tower suddenly caught his eye. It was a sharp roof with the end pointed into the sky! An absurd scene appeared in Ark's head. Ark turned his head and looked at Jaerim Tower again before swallowing his saliva.

'Perhaps.....no, there is only a small probability of success.....but if it succeeds then there is a way to get to the top of Jaerim Tower. But I won't be much help to Shambala if I go alone. If I take someone else.....'

Roco came to Ark's attention. Because Alan was a Holy Knight who could use recovery and various buffs, the previous battles had been difficult. It made an incredible difference since assassins normally relied on potions or herbs for recovery. However Ark also had a user who could use recovery and buffs. It was Roco! What if it was Ark and Roco helping Shambala? Although they might not be able to beat all of Alan's forces, there was a high possibility of holding out until the Elders' troops arrived.

'If 2 people try the success rate is low, but this is the only way!'

Ark decided and explained the plan to Roco.

"M-me?"

Roco freaked out when she heard the explanation. JusticeMan and the rehabilitation members also had worried expressions.

"No matter what.....isn't it too dangerous?"

"But if Alan joins with the Dark Brothers then there is no future for us. If even one person reaches Jaerim Tower then the situation might change."

"Even so....."

JusticeMan sighed. Roco looked at Ark and grasped his hand as she decided something.

“Understood. I don’t care if I die as long as it’s with Oppa.”

If it wasn’t for the situation, that confession would be quite shocking.

“Thank you.”

Ark gripped her hand tightly, causing Roco to blush and nod.

“Well, there’s no choice but to try it. If you succeed then we can hold up a little bit longer. We’ll also recapture Beacon Hill and recall the troops as quickly as possible.”

JusticeMan, the rehabilitation members, number 358 and the assassins quickly headed towards Beacon Hill.

The slope of the spire roof exceeded 60 degrees. It was 100 metres in the air while he could clearly see the cliffs stretched out below. He was also carrying Roco.

“S-sorry. Oppa, am I heavy? I wish I dieted.....”

In the situation such a conversation made sense.

“No, you’re not heavy.”

Ark panted while sweat was dripping down his face. After a while, Ark arrived at the lightning rod attached to the top of the spire. When he grasped the lightning rod and looked down, Ark became distracted. The reason why people with high imagination were afraid of heights was because they could imagine themselves falling. Just because it was a game didn’t mean that the fear would shrink.

'I have to brace myself tightly. If this fails then everything will end!'

"Hold on tight Roco."

"U-understood."

Roco closed her eyes and tightly clung to Ark's waist. Ark plunged the saw blade tightly into the roof with clenched teeth.

"Deimos, transformation off!"

Tadak, tadadadak!

Deimos once again returned to his original appearance. A skeleton holding a sword and a large shield.

"Deimos, lay out the shield on the ground."

Tadadak?

Deimos doubted Ark's command. However he obeyed the order and spread the shield on the ground. Ark ordered Deimos to stay in the centre and got on the shield. And he clenched his teeth tightly before letting go of the lightning rod. The shield started sliding down the slope at an amazing speed. This was the method that Ark thought of. Use the shield like a snowboard and accelerate down the slope. And then jump over the broken bridge with a ski jump. If he controlled the angle well then he would be able to enter Jaerim Tower instantly.

'I've seen a lot of snowboarding!'

The wind blew against him like a blade but Ark kept his eyes forward. There was only one chance.....if he missed the timing of the jump then it would be a useless death. Ark, Roco and Deimos on the shield instantly flew over the edge.

“Now Dedric!”

“Damn, you promise? I am exempt for food torture 3 times!”

If they slipped then their bodies would instantly be driven into the ground. They needed something to change the momentum of the acceleration so that they could fly. The one undertaking that role was Dedric. Dedric cursed and stuck to the spire’s edge. When the shield touched his back, Dedric instantly rose up.

“Aaaak! H-Hot! My back! My head!”

Dedric had the hair on the back of his head stripped off because of the friction. But thanks to Dedric’s sacrifice, the shield flew through the sky just like Ark planned. It was a strange feeling as all the sounds around them disappeared. However Ark couldn’t afford to enjoy the flight. Jaerim Tower that was in the distance approached in an instant. If they hit the wall then they would be crushed like a frog!

“Deimos, Roco. Move your body to the right!”

When they twisted their bodies, the orbit changed to a window.

“Lower your body and prepare for impact!”

Wajachang! Tatong, Kurururu.....

The shield broke the window and entered the tower. There was an intense sound as the shield slid on the ground before suddenly hitting the wall.

“What, what the?”

The assassins who had been fighting stopped their movements and looked at the scene. The dust gradually dissipated until the blurry form of Ark and Roco was seen. Ark emerged from one side and surveyed the quiet battlefield.

“Ah, Ark?”

The person who spoke was none other than Shambala.

“Hey, Shambala. I came to help.”

“H-how.....never mind, you’re in the enemy camp you idiot!”

“What?”

Ark looked back and saw Alan.

“Ark.....kill him! Kill the bastard!”

The assassins who were watching dumbly suddenly rushed towards him.