

Ark Vol 8 C 8

Chapter 8

ACT 8 Ruin Knight

“Summon release, Deimos! Roco, hold on tight!”

Ark shouted while raising his body.

“Slide!”

He used the swiftness of the boots to quickly throw a kick. And then an amazing effect was displayed. Binggul, binggul, binggul.....when he used ‘Slide’ in conjunction with a spin kick, it looked like he was one of those spinning characters from the street fighting games. Ark continuously use spin kick to hit the assassins while moving forward.

Although the assassins attacked from all directions, his resilience reduced the damage. Thanks to Roco also using Song of Recovery, Ark was able to break through the encirclement and reach Shambala’s side.

“Ark, what are you doing here?”

“W-wait a minute.....uuk!”

Since he didn’t get a chance to rest after spinning, he now felt sick. He didn’t know how the fighters in those games didn’t get nausea. After his nausea passed, Ark grinned and replied.

“I told you, I came in order to help.”

“You were definitely born with an ability to surprise people.”

Then an NPC wearing a red mask approached Shambala from behind.

“Leader, do you know him?”

“Yes, I fought with him in the Evil Silrion.”

“Then this is who Leader was talking about.....!”

The NPC stealthily stared at Ark before saying.

“I’m Isabel, an elder of the Dark Brothers.”

Ark looked at Isabel with a stupid face. He had imagined that an Elder was an elderly grandpa. But surprisingly it was a woman with a gentle voice. Ark stared with bemused eyes until Shambala muttered in an uncomfortable voice.

“What you looking at with that piercing stare?”

“Oh, no.....rather.....the situation looks bad.”

“So even you see it?”

Shambala sighed and mumbled. Ark could see that the situation inside the tower wasn’t good. He didn’t have to use Eyes of the Cat to see that the assassins’ health was low. Although they already consumed potions and herbs, most of the assassins only had 20% health left. On the other hand, thanks to Alan’s buffs and recovery magic the rebels still had 60% of their health. If it wasn’t for the barricade then the situation would’ve already been over.

“Thrust through the barricade!”

After Ark appeared, Alan pushed the rebels to attack even more. One of the barricades fell down and instantly 3~4 assassins collapsed.

“We’ll speak more later, but are all the assassins inside the tower a part of your group? Me and Roco can give some buffs.”

“You.....so you’re with Roco.....”

Shambala then noticed the reason why Ark brought Roco along. Once Ark and Roco joined, the situation completely changed.

“The most precious life, the light touch of the Mother will reach out and stroke it.....”

Roco also got over her motion sickness and began to sing. Her ‘Song of Recovery’ restored 200 health for 3 minutes. With ‘Gentle Reverberation,’ that effect overlapped 3 times and the health of the assassins inside Jaerim Tower quickly increased. Ark also wasn’t idle.

“Shambala, collect all of the assassins’ potions!”

“What?”

“I don’t have time to explain. Hurry up!”

“Pass all the remaining potions to Ark!”

When Isabel commanded, all of the assassins immediately gathered their potions. The number of potions barely exceeded 50. Ark put the potions in his bag and shouted.

“Great Sacrifice!”

50 potions rushed into the sky and a giant jar of potion appeared. It was a smaller jar than what appeared in Silvana, but the intermediate recovery effect was given to allies within 200 metres! Thanks to the combo of ‘Song of Recovery’ and ‘Great Sacrifice,’ the assassins were able to regain 80% of their health.

“T-that.....the potion from that time was because of him?”

Alan’s voice was clearly audible over at the enemy’s camp.

“Courage. We’re going to win!”

Then Ark used Nursing and raised the morale and courage of the assassins by 50%. The effect of the blessing increased various stats. These changes had a better effect than expected on the assassins who couldn’t use recovery or buffs.

“It is not time to give up yet!”

“We can’t possible turn over the Dark Brothers to traitors like them!”

“Our comrades will be coming from the outskirts. We just have to hold on a little bit more!”

“For the glory of Salrin!”

The assassins who had been pushed so far started their counterattack. The assassins in Jaerim Tower had a high level than the rebels because they were the Elder’s aides. Because they were numerically outnumbered, they couldn’t restore their health after the opponents’ persistent attacks. But the rebels were also formidable.

“Bah, they’ve only increased by two guys! Attack with full power!”

Alan pushed an assassin with his shield while overlapping various auras.

“Alan, this time you won’t get your way!”

But the buffs of a Minstrel couldn't surpass that of a Holy Knight. Although they had the momentum for a while, once Alan started pressing recklessly the assassins once started collapsing. In addition, dozens of rebels from Yaksok Tower also entered and boosted their forces. Shambala was pushed to a corner.

"Ugh, Elders.....!"

"Have strength. Salrin's Towers isn't meant to be handed over to such a person!"

However, Isabel's voice didn't have any energy. Shambala looked at Isabel and had his energy renewed.

"That bastard Alan....."

"Shambala."

Ark grabbed Shambala's shoulder and said.

"The situation is simple. The rebels are more powerful because of Alan. If we beat Alan, it is possible to endure even with lower numbers. When JusticeMan ajusshi regains Beacon Hill and takes control of the troops then this situation will be cleared up."

There was only one conclusion. Catch Alan!

"It won't be easy, but if it's you and me then isn't it possible?"

"It's not bad."

Shambala grinned and replied. That was the reason Ark navigated through the crowd to join Shambala. Anyway, the key to this fight was clearly Alan. Once they made the decision, the two of them plunged through enemy lines.

Alan also knew how important his role was. Since he didn't want to run out of mana when facing Ark, Alan stayed in the rear eating while enthusiastically spamming buffs. That meant they had to go through the rebels to get to Alan. There were dozens of them. It wasn't easy even for Ark and Shambala. But it was a different story if it was the two of them together!

"Leader, be careful. You are our last hope."

Isabel said to Shambala before he turned his body away.

"Ark, I'll go first!"

"Okay!"

They used the two pincer movements that they had developed in the Evil Silrion.

"Petrification of Blood!"

Shambala used Petrification of Blood on 3 rebels while jumping at the same time. Then Ark immediately followed with Dark Blade and took them out. Following that the two of them used 'Dark Dance' and 'Blink' continuously. As soon as Shambala created a gap then it would be followed by Ark's kick. Once they fell over from Ark's kick, Shambala would kill them with his dagger. Since it was a familiar attack pattern, there was no need for words. However, the rebels were over level 140 and if they weren't killed then the easily recovery and surrounded them.

"We don't have to deal with all of them. Just push them away!"

"I know!"

Ark used Riposte while Shambala used 'Force Punch.' When Riposte and Force Punch was used, the rebels were thrown in all directions. The only downside with these skills was the delay was greater than the attack. But when the two of them used it, the rebel army couldn't approach. They slowly penetrated the enemy's forces. Finally the white form of Alan stood out from among all the black clothes. Ark's eyes sparkled as they focused on Alan.

“There!”

“If we take too long then we’ll be hit. Quickly!”

“I know!”

Ark and Shambala split into two. Then they attacked Alan from both sides.

“These bastards, do they think I’m easy to kill? Holy Light!”

-Your dark attribute bonus has been turned off by ‘Holy Light.’

Once the ball of light appeared, Ark and Shambala’s stats quickly decreased. Alan stopped Shambala’s attack using his shield and then swung his sword at Ark. There was a sharp sound as Ark was pushed back after he blocked it.

‘Damn, I forgot.’

Since Alan had been weak for a while, he had forgotten. Alan was a Holy Knight. Ark would be able to defeat him if he was alone. But Alan now had the rebels. The more troops he had, the more bonuses would be added to his stats. In contrast, Ark’s dark attribute bonus had disappeared. He was still 20 levels higher, but Alan’s troops enabled him to surpass that 20 level difference.

‘But now I’m not alone!’

“Son of a bitch, die!”

Ark swung his sword towards Alan. While Alan was blocking his sword, Shambala’s dagger penetrated. Ark attacked again causing Alan to stagger.

“Ugh, you bastards……..!”

“Now Ark!”

“Okay!”

Ark and Shambala synchronized their behaviour and cornered Alan.

Pepepepeng, the critical hits kept on landing.

If one attack was stopped then the other side would receive a critical hit. If he blocked the top then Ark would aim at the bottom, if the bottom kick was blocked then Shambala would aim the dagger at his neck. He was a Holy Knight, but even a Holy Knight couldn't stop the two pincer attacks.

When Alan was in a crisis, the rebels immediately flocked to him. However, Ark and Shambala just used Riposte and Force Punch to clear the area of rebels and attacked Alan again. Although it was hard to concentrate because of the rebels' interference, Alan was pushed by their continuous attacks. And the small minor attacks continuously decreased his health even though Alan was a rare tank class.

‘Okay, the attacks are on track. He is too busy conserving his mana on the auras then using recovery magic. Once his health falls below 30%, I'll use Blade Storm and Shambala will use Torpedo Sword regardless if the rebels attack or not. Even if it is Alan, he won't be able to endure those attacks!’

Ark was drawing up the strategy.

“Huk!”

While fighting, Shambala glanced to one side and saw something in the distance. And he used ‘Blink’ non-stop to run back. Shambala was heading to Isabel's location. In the confusion of the battle, three rebels had approached from behind the Elder!

“Danger!”

Shambala embraced Isabel and turned his body around. At that moment, Shambala received 3 critical strikes in his back. His health had already been low from the fight with Alan and now he was in a critical condition.

“Leader-nim!”

“Back off!”

Shambala turned and rushed towards the 3 rebels. And using his tremendous skill, he killed all three before staggering to one side and kneeling. He had been poisoned when he received the critical hit. One of the effects of the poison was dizziness so Shambala couldn't even stand properly.

“What the hell is going on?”

Ark was outraged.

He had known Shambala for a while. And Ark knew that Shambala wasn't a person who would die for a NPC. Of course, Isabel was a profession related NPC but Shambala had seemed to run there instinctively. It was an incomprehensible reaction. Well, that turned out okay. The problem was Ark.

After Shambala suddenly ran off, Ark had been surrounded by Alan and the rebels.

‘God dammit.....!’

“Kukukuk, have you been forsaken?”

Alan and the rebels wildly rushed forward.

‘Dark Dance! Slide!’

Ark used Dark Dance and Slide consecutively to retreat.....

But Alan wasn't going to just stay there obediently. Alan didn't care about conserving mana anymore and battered Ark with a variety of skills. Thanks to the rebels as well, Ark's health immediately went through a large cut. Fortunately, thanks to his resilience and evasion rate bonus he still had 5% by the time he reached their camp.

"God dammit, what was that....."

Ark was about to say to Shambala before he flinched and closed his mouth. Isabel was sitting next to him with tears in her eyes so Ark couldn't say anything.

'We missed the chance to catch him!'

They had cornered Alan and were about to catch him. But now that chance was ruined. Roco tried hard and sang 'Song of Recovery,' but Roco's recovery had no immediate effect. Even if it was useful in a large-scale battle, it was difficult to restore the health of 1 person. Even if it overlapped, 'Song of Recovery' only restored 600 health for 3 minutes. Ark had 3000 health, so it would take 9 minutes to restore it to 70%. Meanwhile, Alan wouldn't wait that long.

"Now. Kill Shambala and Ark when they cannot fight!"

That guy did not betray his expectations. The rebels pushed forward while yelling. When the rebels who couldn't attack helped protect Alan, the assassins fell down like autumn leaves. But that was not the end of Ark's nightmare.

'Wait, that shield is.....!'

It was like Alan had hit Ark on the back of the head with a hammer. Surprisingly, the shield that Alan took out of his bag was the Sacred Earth Shield! It was none other than the unique shield Ark got from Colossus.

'Then I sold Alan the Sacred Earth Shield?'

When Alan went to the mailbox in Selebrid, the scrolls were not the only things he picked up. Of course, Alan didn't know that Ark was the one who sold him the shield. Alan and Ark both used different usernames on the auction site. But Alan was clearly holding the shield. Then.....

'Oh my god, if so.....?'

Ark knew about the power of the shield more than anyone!

"Sacred Protection of the Earth!"

At the moment, Alan and the rebels' bodies turned white like limestone. It was the special effect of the Sacred Earth Shield that gave 100% defense and attack for 10 minutes! When he confirmed the information, he had thought that it was a really cheat-like option. 100% meant it was doubled! So if the normal damage was 100, under the effect then they would deal 200 damage. The rebels who received the enormous buff literally crushed the assassins.

"The most precious life, the Mother of all beings....."

Roco sung her 'Song of Recovery' until her throat was hoarse. Ark also used Nursing and Dedric's saved skill Defense Aura but they could do nothing against the overwhelming damage. In just 1 minute almost all the assassins had collapsed. And the rebels immediately closed in on Ark.

"Kukukuk, spending money is great."

Alan smiled warmly at the satisfactory result.

"Oh my god.....!"

Ark was stunned. Who would have guessed? He was choked by his own unique item.....

"The only thing that remains is the Elders, Shambala and Ark. Trample them!"

“Ooh oh oh oh!”

The rebel army shrieked and ran forward.

“Slime’s Time, NO1!”

He had gained Slime’s Time after eating the Slime’s Immortality Pill. It allowed him 100% defense against physical attacks for 10 minutes! After Ark used it, his body was covered with a smooth slime. In that state, Ark embraced the Elder, Shambala and Roco. Although he felt countless blows, he evaded any damage.

“Heung, is that a skill? But that skill will run out. And all the assassins are already dead. The time before they die is just extended a little bit.”

Alan said even though it was annoying. The duration of Slime’s Time was 10 minutes. Although the duration of ‘Sacred Protection of the Earth’ would also be up in 10 minutes, all the assassins had been wiped out. When Slime’s Time ran out, there would only be the 4 of them against 100 rebels.

“O-oppa.....”

“I’m sorry Ark. But.....”

Roco and Shambala murmured, There was 7 minutes left. He had recovered to 60% health, but that wouldn’t change anything.

‘Is it going to end like this?’

Ark raised his head. Suddenly he saw a giant structure on the tower ceiling. It was hundreds of tons of melted iron in the shape of an iron palm. The structure representing the Dark Brothers was hanging from the ceiling by several strands of chains.

‘Is it possible to drop that?’

But there were several problems. The first problem was that the steel palm was hanging from the ceiling 10 metres above him. There was also magic attached to the chains so it wasn't possible to attack from below. Unless he climbed up the wall, it wasn't possible to break the chains. Even if it was possible to climb up, Alan and the rebels wouldn't just watch and do nothing.

"But that is the one way. There must be some possible methods. Something....."

Then a spark flew in Ark's head.

'Yes, that's the way!'

"Dedric, fly here!"

Dedric who had been surveying the battle situation flew over at Ark's command.

"Master, you're in serious trouble. What are you going to do? Huh? You want me to do what?"

"Shut up and hold still. Summon Demon, Deimos. Transform! Dedric, take this?"

Ark summoned Deimos and shouted. Then Dedric quickly grabbed the saw blade.

"Rise! Head to there!"

Yes, the method he devised was to use his summons! There was no way for Ark to climb up to the structure. Dedric also didn't have any weapons so he couldn't break the chain. However, it was possible with Deimos as a sword. If he transformed into a small sword, Dedric would carry Deimos like he was a small pet. Dedric flew to the top of the structure and Ark shouted.

"Deimos transformation release! Break the chain!"

Ttak ttak ttak, ttak ttak ttak ttak!

Deimos fearlessly swung his sword. Kung, the structure shook from the intense shock. Alan was confused until he finally noticed Ark's intention too late.

"This, this is.....quickly leave!"

"But we're at the top of Gyeolsok Tower and the bridge has already been broken."

"Idiot, we can go to Yaksok Tower!"

"B-but the Elder's troops are entering Yaksok Tower....."

"What?" Why didn't tell me this sooner?"

"I thought we would be able to handle Shambala and the Elder before that....."

The ends of Ark's mouth rose when he heard the rebel's words.

"It seems I'm the winner once again. Alan."

"Y-you.....!"

Deimos who had been attacking the chains finally broke one. The giant structure wobbled. Without that chain, it wasn't able to withstand the weight and the other chains started breaking. Then.....the structure fell apart at a breakneck speed.

Ku ku ku kung! Kwakwang! Kwakwakwakwa!

The structure crushed dozens of rebels as it hit the ground. But that wasn't all Ark intended. He had dropped a structure weighing hundreds of tons. Even if the floor was sturdy, it couldn't endure the weight of the structure. Indeed.....it continuously broke through the floors until it reached the cliff which was 100 metres down.

"Deimos, summon release! The Elder, Shambala and Roco, quickly get on my shoulders!"

The Elder, Shambala and Roco climbed onto Ark's slime coated shoulders. At the same time, the floor broke apart and everybody in the tower fell down. And after falling for a while.....

Thud!

Ark who was coated in slime made a different sound when he hit the ground. It just the sound was heard then it would've seem disastrous, but Ark didn't even have his health decreased by 1 point. Slime's Time invalidated the falling damage by 100%. Fortunately the 3 people riding on his shoulders didn't receive any damage either.

'Huhuhu, isn't the calibre quite high?'

Ark looked at Alan and the rebels with a pleased face. While carrying 3 people, he had fallen a long distance. It was more than 100 metres, so the rebels who already had their health decreased looked like flattened rice cakes. He also expected Alan to look like that. But Ark's expectations went awry.

When Alan almost hit the ground he activated a scroll. Then he suddenly disappeared before his form appeared on the ground.

'[Warp] scroll!'

The [Warp] scroll allowed the user to move randomly. But because it was impossible to move through the sky, the only place to land was the ground. That rule also applied to being in the air. It was an incredible method to invalidate falling damage! Instead of a penalty (?), the sphere of distance possible was limited because it was used in the air. It was an ingenious idea that Ark never even imagined! Thanks to that Alan didn't receive any damage and just smiled.

"I guess your excellent idea didn't work!"

Ark threw a bemused glance at Alan and sighed.

"For someone so smart, you sure are stupid."

"What?"

"Look around before you say that."

Ark still had Alan cornered. Thanks to his experience in Nagaran, Alan had figured how a way to respond when falling.....if there was enough time then an honour student like him would easily be able to solve the problem. However, Alan's wits still lost against Ark. He couldn't understand the situation correctly.

Alan turned his face and stiffened. There was a reason he was able to last against Ark and Shambala. It was because 100 rebels followed him. But now all the rebels in Alan's vicinity were dead. In other words, Alan was once again like the King with no clothes.

"Are you aware that this area is a village?"

Ark replied with a smile. Just like most scrolls, the range of movement for the [Warp] scroll in a village was limited. Even when the scroll was used, they were only able to move in the village. Alan had been able to escape from Selebrid using the scroll because he was near the entrance. However, this was the middle of Salrin's Towers. And Salrin's Towers had already been controlled. Of course, Alan also didn't have a [Warp] scroll left.....

"Now, Shambala. Shall we clean this up?"

"Of course."

Shambala laughed. Alan didn't even have enough mana left since he blindly used it on his auras and skills. He couldn't be compared to the partners who rallied an audience of 10,000 people in the Evil Silrion. When the 2 of them joined forces, Alan was forced on the defensive.

"Ark, as long as I'm alive I won't leave you alone! I'll mobilize all my strength to make you feel true despair!"

"I'll still stop you.....Snake, give me the shabbiest sword."

Ark snorted and made the sword explode. And then Shambala ended the fight using his best move.

"Blade Storm!"

"Torpedo Sword!"

After the spectacular special effects, Alan lay abandoned on the ground. A light flashed on Alan before a helmet fell. He didn't have enough mana to use 'Replace Equipment' before he died.

Noruhein's Helmet (Rare)

Armour type: Steel helmet

Defense power: 65 (+10)

Durability: 31/80

Weight: 50

User restriction: Level 130 or higher with Warrior profession

Noruhein's helmet belonged to a legendary knight with an enormous reputation.

Noruhein was a great commander who struck down the barbarians using incredible resourcefulness and bravery. This helmet was his treasure and stayed with him until he died on the battlefield. The numerous scars carved on his helmet are proof of his prowess and bravery.

'It will be possible to receive millions of won for this.'

Ark's face wasn't that bright when he picked up the rare item. A chaotic player was guaranteed to drop equipment when he died. So Ark had inwardly been expecting 'Sacred Steel Shield' to fall.

'Anyway, I have to collect it before Shambala gets it!'

Ark quickly put the helmet inside Snake. But Shambala seemed to have no interest in the item.

"Are you alright?"

"Yes, thank you."

Isabel grasped Shambala's hand and replied as she stood up. Ark was the one that saved her so why was she so thankful to Shambala? When Ark made a slightly dissatisfied face, Roco smiled and approached.

"Oppa, you were wonderful."

Well, he should be happy because he got to monopolize the item thanks to that. Ark turned his head and looked at Alan lying on the ground.

'So he'll be moving to jail soon? I have a month without seeing him. No, I might not see him forever.....heh, goodbye.'

Ark stepped on Alan's head. The rehabilitation members came too late but dropped a ladder so Ark's party could climb out. Once they went outside the entire situation had been sorted out. The subdued rebels were in prison while Nabein quickly had his neck slashed.

That was how the Dark Brothers rebellion ended.

'Why haven't I been forced to exit?'

Alan watched the scene where Ark and his companions disappeared with surprise. When a chaotic player died, the unit was usually forcibly shut down. The rule was that they couldn't connect for 24 hours. But even after a large amount of time had passed, it hadn't been shut down yet. But there were exceptions.

'That Ark bastard, he must've registered as a bounty hunter.'

If a hunter or guard killed a chaotic player, after a period of time they were automatically resurrected in the prison. And the length of imprisonment was according to the bounty amount. If he died because of a hunter, it wasn't possible to reduce the time or apply for bail. He was forced to spend a month in jail.

'Like this.....is this the end?'

If he was a month behind then it wasn't necessary for him to look at the test results. All his efforts would be for nothing.

"Ark.....!"

Unbelievable anger rose in his chest. Until recently, he had just considered Ark as a trivial human not worth worrying about. But now he had been killed 4 times by that bastard. It was something that he didn't want to admit. Losing Silvana, experience or stats wasn't a problem. His pride which he though

was more important than his life had been trampled on and muddied. If he gave up his revenge then he would be carrying the stigma of a loser for the rest of his life.

‘I can’t give up! I’ll kill him. Even if I have to pour everything into it, I’ll kill him!’

Alan vowed revenge and engraved it into his heart. And then a message window popped into his head.

A new stat ‘Hatred’ has been created.

Hatred (+ 10): The most powerful emotion a human can have is hate. Even if you have to use everything you have or lose your own comfort, hate is the most appropriate power to get revenge.

‘Hatred.....this stat is also possible?’

Alan laughed. He was trapped in jail for a month yet this stat was his only consolation? At that time. There was a weak vibration in the vicinity of his chest. A black aura began to form around the ‘Blessing Pendant’ that he received after changing to a Holy Knight.

‘What’s this? While is there a black aura around a Holy Knight item?’

Once again a new message window popped up.

A special item has been triggered.

You have met the criteria of the Hatred stat and have activated the pendant.

Thanks to the special effect of the item you can now resurrect in a hidden location, the 'Ancient Altar of Evil.'

Would you like to accept?

'What the? It didn't have this information when I viewed the item.....'

Alan struggled for a while but he had to accept the resurrection. The name was 'Ancient Altar of Evil' but anywhere was better than prison. Alan's body was already deteriorating. Once he accepted the resurrection his body was enveloped in a red light. He appeared in a gloomy area and his vision gradually brightened. Alan blinked his eyes a few times until he saw an old man. It was difficult to guess the age from that elderly face. But surprisingly it was a familiar face. Alan jumped after he saw the face of the old man.

"You!"

"I knew you would come."

The old man smiled and nodded. Alan sharply declared.

"You knew I would come? That sounds like.....! Did you think you could use me for your purpose?"

"It's not my fault. You chose this result."

"What?"

"Didn't you accept the will of the darkness?"

"Will of the darkness? What nonsense....."

"You're the one that didn't say no."

The old man chuckled and pointed towards Alan's necklace.

"The only evidence I need is that you triggered the power of the necklace."

"Necklace....."

Alan fidgeted with the necklace and thought back on the situation. This necklace needed the Hatred stat to work. Hatred was a stat that only chaotic players could get and it increased when your chaotic alignment increased. In other words, the old man had expected Alan to be chaotic from the time he was given the necklace?

"You were the one who gave me this necklace! Was this all a part of your plan?"

Alan raised his voice and glared at the old man. Yes, the old man was the archbishop of the Asyeosu church, Maseutyu! No, he was a follower of Ankh, god of Death. After he disappeared from Selebrid he had hidden here. In the past, before Alan switched professions to a Holy Knight, he was the one who personally sent an invitation to Alan. And he was the one who gave him the unique 'Blessing Pendant' necklace. Thus it wasn't unreasonable to suspect that this was all a plot.

"Not at all, I did not do anything."

Maseutyu shook his head.

"But I knew. As a foreigner, you seemed satisfied with the glory of a Holy Knight. But from the beginning, I guessed that you weren't as holy as you seemed. That's why I tested you. If you could kill and deceive the world by acting as a Holy Knight forever. My guess was right but you exceeded my expectations. You wouldn't be able to keep up the facade of a saint forever. I just had to wait until you threw off the mask of hypocrisy."

Maseutyu said as he stared at Alan.

"I'm not trying to blame you. You have a way to obtain even greater glory. And you don't have to worry about the fame that affected a Holy Knight because you are a delegate of the Great Darkness."

"Delegate of the darkness?"

"That's right. It is the evil that is stronger than everyone! We have been waiting for the delegate of darkness."

Maseutyu shouted while his blood pressure increased. However, Alan's reaction was cold.

"Stronger than whom? Ha, you avoided the soldiers and ran away yet you claim to have power?"

"Run away?"

Maseutyu giggled at his provocative words.

"I was just waiting for you and then it will be time."

"For what?"

"For darkness to cover the entire world!"

Maseutyu spread his arms and smiled while thousands of red lights appeared around him. Alan only noticed what it was after his eyes focused on it. It was a deformed creation that looked like it climbed up from hell! The demonic strength they gave off couldn't even be compared to the demon like monsters that wandered outside.

"T-these are....."

"This is power of Darkness. And you'll be the one leading them."

“M-me?”

“That’s right. You overcame a number of trials and that will become a part of your strength.”

Alan stared blankly at a demon and stuttered.

“Just now, you are being serious?”

“You’ve lacked the most important thing until now.”

“What is it?”

“Didn’t I say so? Something that could never dwell inside a saint. Hatred.....”

Maseutyu confirmed as he slowly looked at Alan.

“You have learned the most important thing to become a dark delegate. Betrayal and death of trusted colleagues. And you came to know the presence of an enemy that you absolutely can’t allow to exist. Now choose. You can keep the appearance of a Holy Knight and be derided by everyone who sees you or you can be baptized and join the Great Darkness, where you will get the power to destroy everyone who ever criticized you.....”

At the same time a message window popped up.

You have obtained information about the ‘Dark Delegate’ from the Archbishop of the church of Ankh, God of Death.

You have the chance to be a dark delegate. If you receive the baptism then it is possible to change profession to a ‘Ruin Knight.’

If you do then your former profession 'Holy Knight' will be automatically cancelled and all skills and characteristics reset except for your level and stats.

In addition, if you cancel the Ruin Knight profession then it will be impossible for you to obtain a special profession again as Ruin Knight is the dominant profession in this category.

If you change to a Ruin Knight then you will receive a special bonus and obtain an extra 50% to your experience and skills.

Would you like to accept?

Alan looked at the profession information carefully. It would be difficult because he would have to learn all his skills and special abilities again. However just like its name, the Ruin Knight was different from the Holy Knight and it had a strong inclination to attack. If he raised it again to a certain level then it would definitely exceed the Holy Knight. It was a way for Alan to defeat Ark.....

'Anyway, it is impossible for me to obtain the second stage profession of Holy Knight anymore.'

"I accept."

"An excellent choice."

Maseutyu let out a dark aura as he smiled with satisfaction. At the moment, Alan's white armour became black like a raven.

-You have been baptized in the Darkness and became a Ruin Knight.

Alan just smiled as he saw the information window. As predicted, it was powerful.....no, the ability was more than he expected.

'Ark, I won't die just like this! Even if I have to discard everything, as long as I destroy you.....!'

Then he heard Maseutyu's low voice in his ear.

"It's not time yet. But before long you will show the glory of Darkness to the world."