

I wanted power.

The power to change my destiny.

The power to resist arrogant violence.

The power to defeat Tri-Edge.

- who stole the person who I hold dearest. That's why I sacrificed everything in order to attain power.. I fought for hours on end, seeking fight after fight after fight...

I must've seemed like a complete **idiot** to those who play only for adventure.

It was those same people that became the **prey** of Player Killers.

What made me like **this?**Was it because I was PK'd on my first login?
It couldn't be as simple as that.

I'll give it to you straight.

I was jealous.

Those bastards who **killed** me with **smiles** on their faces—their **cruelty** filled me like a fire.

It was sometime after that everything changed. By the time I realized, I had completely transformed.

My third form.
My wrath
made manifest.

I went to the Forest of Pain seeking power, but I'm not sure what happened inside. That was the first time I attained my third form.

Its protrusions tipped red like poisonous nodes, the armour itself a hard spiky shell—a combination that brought scorpions or reptiles to mind.

A brutish form.

PCs stare agape at me as I wander through town. Promises to gather rare items, parties in the making—all these conversations stop to gaze upon me as I pass by.

"It's Haseo!"

"The PKK?"

"I heard he's killed over a hundred people!!"

"That armour is freaky."

"So creepy..."

Insults and fear alike fill my chat window.

Private messages increase tenfold.

As I feel the fear pass through the network and graze my skin,

A smile appears on my face.

It feels good.

A beast on the hunt for Tri-Edge, so goes the rumour amongst fear-stricken PKers.

A fitting title for this new form.

I had a nightmare where I was crucified. I was enveloped in fear, unable to move even a single finger. Before long the darkness that surrounded me solidified into a giant black figure in the shape of a person.

It lifted its right hand slowly, aiming at my heart. Unrelenting light unleashed from it, piercing straight through my body.

My entire being was stolen from me.

The figure began to shrink, smaller and smaller until it was the size of a clay doll and then became a mirror image of myself.

Its wicked eyes gazed deep into my soul and let out an evil laugh.

YOU... ARE... ME...

As soon as he said this, I woke up drenched in sweat.

I can see memories I don't remember. But somewhere in my heart, I knew those memories were reality. Since that dream, I could feel another version of myself deep within me.

What started all this?

It may have begun when I was Data Drained by Tri-Edge at the Hulle Granz Cathedral. His Data Drain didn't only take my PC data, but transmitted **someone** into my soul as well.

"Betray them,"

whispers my other self.

When my heart is weak and I lose myself, my other self awakens. It seeks to tear down everything I've worked so hard to build up.

It was almost as if the higher my level got, the stronger his own existence grew. I once thought this was all in my head, but I know now that's not the case.

I couldn't deny him what he wanted.

I knew I needed this power to reach my goals.

Back in the Arena, in the midst of all my fear and hatred, I formed a contract with him.

—Skeith.

I sold my soul to the devil in exchange for power.

The first time I awoke to Skeith,
I felt our **connection** deep within me.

This wasn't something as simple as an Epitaph embedded in my PC body. It felt like a connection that ran far deeper into my past.

That nightmare of mine, there must be some kind of hint hidden within it.

In that dream, it was as if Skeith **consumed** me. At the same time, it felt like I had consumed Skeith.

YOU... ARE... ME... said Skeith.

If that's true, then Skeith is also me.

The past I can't recall, the past in which I met Skeith — what is it I feel within it?

Just what is Skeith looking for now that we've become connected?

Will there ever come a day where I can ask him myself..?

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