

## D. of Pride 23

### Chapter 23: Walpurgis Invitation

Simon rode on top of the demonic warhorse for a while enjoying the fast-changing sceneries. They passed by numerous mountains and towering trees, hordes of monsters down below. He also saw the pond he discovered previously. Their carefree flight lasted for a while before Simon decided to level up the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse. With that decided he immediately lowered their altitude to search for suitable groups of monsters.

They flew towards the east side of the forest where the weakest monsters could be found. After searching for a while they found a group of ten orcs lazing on top of a small hill. He decided to test its strength on them. Urging the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse to fly towards them, they directly charged towards the group. Alerted by the sound of air being torn apart they started waking up. Large clouds of dust rose as the warhorse flapped its wing and roared at the orcs while landing in front of them.

Orcs were a low intelligent race that only knows how to hunt. Immediately they started charging after seeing them land. Simon looked at this scene but did not make any move. He patted the warhorse and said, "Let's see what you can do."

After the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse heard what he said, it roared at the orcs charging at them. A dark baleful aura erupted out from its body and battered at the charging orcs sending them flying backward. Black smoke started coming out of the orcs as their bodies started corroding and turning into ash. Their anguished roars filling the surroundings.

"This must be the effect of Dark Magic Mastery. Honestly, it's quite dangerous. Hmmm? When it levels up wouldn't it be quite powerful and it's still ranked as [B]?."

"Then how powerful will [A] and [S] rank be."

As he thought till here he didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He was curious as to what rank the Heroes he could summon from his [Main Menu] compared to the summon subordinates of the dungeon menu. On that note, a few days ago the dungeon finally created an emblem that it can only produce one every month.

The emblem was coin-shaped and charcoal grey. A black demon with golden tattoos and wings unfurled was carved in it. Every dungeon produces its own unique emblems that can only be used

by the dungeon master. There can never be two similar emblems produced by two different dungeons. They are used to summon subordinates for the dungeon master from the [Summon] option of the Dungeon's menu. The more emblems you use at once the higher the rank of the subordinates but the chances of a high rank is as low as the phoenix's wing and a maximum of three can be used at once.

Simon had something he wanted to try and was waiting for the dungeon to produce a total of three emblems. After a while all the orcs died due to corrosion and their only remains were a pile of grey ash. If the novice tier of dark magic was this powerful, he could only wonder how powerful the intermediate and advance tier was. Urging the warhorse they started looking for new prey as they flew across the sky.

“As expected of the four rare forms of manas, they are in a whole different league. Well since I'm a demon now shouldn't I be able to use dark magic...hmm?.”

The Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse neighed as if telling him he too will be able to use it.

#### Chapter 24: Walpurgis Invitation (2)

The Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse neighed as if telling him he too will be able to use it.

“Yeah thanks, I'll work hard to get it.” He said as he patted the warhorse. Soon they found their next prey and just like before the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse used some of its skills and made short work of them.

A week passed amidst the constant DP grinding and leveling. But unlike before when he hunted solo, this time he had a comrade with him. In these few days, the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse grew up to level 77. It was partly due to his [Mental Map] which had marked large groups of enemies living in the forest and partly due to his Pride fragment affecting the warhorse.

Simon himself had grown by 15 levels in these past few days. And most importantly he had finally gained the amalgamation skill:- [Flame-Gale Magic].

Currently, both of them were out hunting. Their prey was a colony of amenodactyl that had made a tall hollow mountain their nest. This race had a long pointed beak, bat-like wings, and a skeleton thin frame. Their levels were around 100 to 110 and each of them had a skill called [Wind Slice].

High up in the sky riding his warhorse he observed for a while and said “Alright let's do this.....” but before he could complete his sentence a small window popped in front of him.

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Walpurgis Invitation.

Demon Archduke Gareth had initiated a Walpurgis and is inviting the presence of all the demons. It will be held 7 days from now in the Castle of Avernus. A spatial gate will be formed near the invitee before the appointed time. A maximum of one subordinate can be brought along.

Enforced by Demon Archdukes:- Boros, Agares, Goliath, and Orca

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Just when he was about to begin his grinding session, a window suddenly appeared in front of him. Reading its content he had a pondering expression for while. The invitation came from the Demon Archduke Gareth and was also enforced by four other Demon Archdukes. Making the underlying intention fairly clear that the invitee's absence will not be tolerated.

Simon thought that this was unnecessary as there were no demons alive who didn't know the power and position a Demon Archduke holds.

The demon hierarchy was defined and those on top hold absolute authority over the ones below. From his inherited memories Simon knew that a Demon Archduke was the second-highest rank after the Seven Demon Lords. That is to say, there are only seven people above them. Below the Demon Archdukes are Demon Dukes, Demon Marquess, Demon Earl, Demon Viscount, and Demon Baron.

Thinking till here Simon was reminded again that he was still at the bottom of the hierarchy and had a long way to go. He was aware that a large number of demons would gather for the Walpurgis, and many would try to step over the other to showcase their might and curry-favor the ones on top. As such he wanted to level up as much as he can in these seven days before the Walpurgis began.

Clearing his thought, he once again looked at the colony of amenodactyl down below and said "Let's go." His voice had an added tinge of determination in it. The Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse neighed as if sensing his determination, its flaming body igniting brightly. A demon and a warhorse dived down among the groups of enemies, their motivation higher than before.

“Flame-Gale Magic- [Crimson Hell].”