

D. of Pride 27

Chapter 27: Demon Archdukes and the Banquet (2)

While Simon was looking around gathering information, a group of three demons came near him. The man in front seemed like the leader of the trio. He was wearing a suit that screamed they were expensive. His short black hair reached up to his shoulders and his pair of red eyes contained a tinge of haughtiness. The two men behind were decked in similar clothing as him. While he was observing them the trio was also observing him. After a while, the man in front introduced himself.

“Im Gelgar a Demon Viscount. I have never seen you in the previous gatherings, you must be a newborn demon.”

“Yeah, I was born a month back. I’m Simon a Demon Baron.”

Demons unlike humans can also be born by the ample manas in the world. Demons born like that are always low ranked and are looked down upon by those birthed by proper high-ranked demons.

“You fool, you should bow your head when speaking towards sir Gelgar.” The man behind Gelgar’s right barked out. “It’s alright Mike, there are always demons that do not know their place,” Gelgar said as he raised his hand towards the man called Mike preventing him from saying anything more.

The words that came out of Gelgar’s mouth were filled with mockery that annoyed Simon a little bit but he chose to ignore them. After a short while, many Demon Archdukes started appearing. Their mere presence was enough to display that they were on a completely different level than those present here.

When Simon looked at them, a primal fear that originated from his bloodline made him aware of the vast difference between them. Even when restrained, each of them exuded a tyrannic aura that made everybody present in the banquet silent. They went in front of the hall and sat comfortably on the elegant seats reserved for them.

After seeing quite a number of Demon Archdukes gather. Five Demon Archdukes rose from their seats and addressed the crowd.

“Everyone I’m very pleased to see quite a number of you gather today and would like to show my gratitude by starting this banquet...” the man in the middle spoke for the rest of the group and went

on and on with his words addressing the crowd. Simon had no interest in his speech so he focused his attention on the food.

“I guess a lowborn demon baron like you does not know who that exalted person is. He is lord Gareth one of the supreme Demon Archdukes and also the host for today’s banquet.” Seeing Simon’s disinterest Gelgar couldn’t help but speak out, his voice contained extreme reverence. The man he pointed out was the one who was giving the speech.

Gareth looked like a middle-aged man with short black hair with some whites mixed in between. He had scarlet red eyes and some wrinkles around the corner. His handsome face still retained some youthfulness and decked with luxurious clothes that matched his presence.

“It is rumored that he had lived for more than six thousand years and had survived the Second Apex War. The man to his immediate right is lord Boros and the man next to him is sir Agares. To sir Gareth’s left is lord Orca and lord Goliath.” Gelgar went on and on with his monologue.

Simon silently listened to this new information. The man named Boros was a fairly handsome man with curly brown hair, a crafty-looking face, and a pair of green eyes. Looking at his face reminded him of a snake.

Agares had flaming red hair and a pair of matching red clothes, his entire being was giving off a wild unbridled aura.

Chapter 28: The Auction and the Glutton

Orca was a short-statured fat man giving off a gentle aura but hidden beneath his eyelids were crimson eyes as sharp as a sword contradicting his bearing. Goliath was a tall bald man with a body brimming with muscles which even his clothes couldn’t hide. He had a thick mustache on his face and was giving off a sturdy presence.

Simon analysed them from the corner of his eyes and as expected the results were all question marks. Seeing the indifference in his eyes Gelgar couldn’t help but comment “Well a lowborn like you wouldn’t know the difference between heaven and earth.” He laughed for a while before suddenly frowning “Hmm? Hey you why can’t I sense the presence of a demon orb from you.”

He looked at him as if he figured out something. “Don’t tell me you created your own dungeon?. Haha...ahahahaha a lowborn demon like you created his own dungeon I can’t believe this.” He laughed out loud as if he had seen the most funniest thing in the world. The two men behind Gelgar also sneered at this.

“So what? It is my orb and I get to decide what to do with it.” Simon was clearly very irritated by his words and was starting to lose his patience. Did this man come here to irritate him?. “Hmm? Truly the words of a demon who does not know his limits.” After giving him a derisive smile, Gelgar said “Do you know why a low-rank demon always stays as a low rank?. That is because the blood in them is tainted and no matter how much they work hard and level up they will never rank up.” After saying that his face displayed unconcealed superiority as he added “And I the son of a Demon Marquess have far pure bloodline than lowborns like you.”

Blood in this world held a special meaning. Those who had inherited the bloodline of their ancestors strongly would most certainly reach a high rank, and even their starting point was much higher than those of impure blood. This applied to all the creatures living on the planet, an unwritten law. The bloodline does always make a person strong but there are always cases of irregularities.

There are cases when a person ranks up a few times even while possessing an impure bloodline. But the cases are few and far between and takes an extraordinary amount of willpower and dedication to achieve. Simon was aware of his impure demon bloodline but that did not mean that he would never be able to rank up. He had his own way of doing things and had a few tricks up his sleeves. The unwritten law of the world? he did not care about it. If his impure bloodline is obstructing his rank up then he just needs to find a way to overcome that.

Looking at the brooding expression of Simon, Gelgar’s smile became even wider. “You don’t have to be so despondent. As I said earlier I possess a far purer bloodline than lowborns like you and may even have a chance to rank up to a Demon Marquess one day. What do you say isn’t that amazing? And that’s not all. When I rank up my subordinates’ position would also increase among the demons.”

He grandly explained how he was league’s above lowborn demons and his Demon Marquess ancestry. Simon was totally fed up with this guy shamelessly boasting. The two men behind Gelgar had their head held high clearly they have been enticed by his honeyed words.

“And here is the catch. Be honored that I’m giving you a chance to become one of my subordinates. If you kneel before me and pledge your loyalty forever then I can forgive your previous transgressions and make it so that when I bask in the glory you too shall receive some of it with me.”

The words that came out of this egotistical man, made Simon stunned. Anger flashing in the depths of his Crimson eyes. He was just about to speak when Gelgar raised his hand and said “Well I know that this is a heaven-sent opportunity for you and that you cannot contain your eagerness to kneel and swear your loyalty. But I have a condition that I want to make clear.” Gelgar smiled as if

everything was going all according to plan. Simon was so angered that he wanted to lash out and punch that smug face of his.

But the next words that came out of Gelgar's mouth made his eyes icy cold.