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Not to mention it also had the key and was standing at a distance that was relatively safer from the assault of Simon.

Staking everything on it, Simon decided to use all of prowess to clear a way towards that zombie.

Fighting the horde of more than six thousand zombies which continued to spawn endlessly without the aid of his magic, was extremely strainful and exhausting. Nonetheless, he was still able to reach that peculiar zombie standing at the back of the horde.

The zombie staying true to its instinct, attacked him the moment he approached closer but was ultimately fell at is hands after an attack or two.

When the zombie was dismembered by his claws, Simon intensely observed his body which expelled no curse energy not even after a few seconds. Holding onto the key, Simon was now sure that this was the key.

He had the urge to roar and thunder out loud in triumph. However, when he saw the timer which only had 3 minutes remaining, he made haste and bolted towards the exit of the hall.

Simon did not stop even while the zombies attacked and endured their every assault with a steel like willpower and resolve.

BANG...

Simon kicked open the door without minding about any manner right now, looked at the mark on the key and the corresponding door.

The door the mark on the key matched with, was the one that was currently positioned in the top left corner and the door that he came out with was positioned directly at the middle.

BADUM... BADUMP... as he approached closer to the door, his heart started beating faster and faster. He had two tries remaining but he had staked all of his time and tries into this one key which would ultimately decide his fate.

Pushing the key into the keyhole, the door unlocked with a click and without waiting, Simon pushed it open.

DING... at that moment, a notification prompt up in front of him.

[You have opened the third Vault of numerals where Yela's crypt lies. Ozy's subordinate Fifth Finger, is on the pursuit of the crown. Defeat it before it destroys the crown].

PHEW... Simon who holding his breath until now, released a deep breath of air. The first few line had almost scared him to the death but when he read the next para, he was finally relieved.

The time limit had stopped and he was successful in locating the correct door leading to Yela's crypt.

His guess was right, the zombie with the key that did not have the curse energy within it, was the correct one. His overconfidence for thinking that the third tomb will turn out to be just like the first and the second tomb led to his negligence and almost to his failure.

It was too naïve of him to think that he had the the trails of the forbidden ground in the palm of his hand even if he could make use of some of the flaws and cheat a little.

This horrible experience had woke Simon up, there was no way he was willing to make the same mistake underestimate the trails anymore. Thinking so, Simon stepped forward and found himself in a long narrow passage that led deeper towards the tomb.

He proceeded with care and checked for any traps or setups that could possibly be there. When he reached the hall at the end of the passage, it turned out that his worry was for nothing as there was no traps placed there.

Still maintaining his vigilance, Simon stepped inside the hall and the moment he did, his whole body froze and he couldn't make even a tiny movement.

It was as if time had stopped.

Simon had felt this sensation before too, and it was none other than on this forbidden grounds, the third trial to be exact.

While he was lost in his thoughts, another notification window popped up in front of him.

[The Historia- Wrath of Ozy will now begin. Time Remaining- 2minutes 59secs].

It was another historia, a powerful advanced tier time magic that showed the events that had happened here in the past.

That is to say, whatever he would be shown, was relevant to the trial. Seconds ticked away and before long, the time was up and Simon felt his body become illusory, just like a ghost.

When he shifted his attention in the front, he saw an ethereal like beauty with shiny golden hair and pearl like skin, hastily run to the depth of the shall.

She was wearing a speckle less white dress, no it would wrong to say that since there were bloodstains on her beautiful white dress.

From how blood was coming from her mouth, it was clear that she was injured.

Multiple people wearing priestly robes, ran towards her and immediately started channelling their light or holy magic to heal her wounds. Nevertheless, a strong negative energy that held an intense aura of madness and brutality, exuded out of her body and clashed with the incoming light and holy magic.

 CHIII... the moment the two energy came in contact with each other, they started eroding one another.

But it seemed that the negative energy was clearly much stronger and denser than the magic of the priests and hence was able to completely dominate them.

PFFFT... a few of the priests fell on the ground puffing out blood from their mouth, a similar negative energy could be seen on their face and body as well.

'Çurse Energy?!!' Simon muttered internally, the moment he saw the negative energy come out of the pretty woman, he was able to immediately recognise it.

However, the curse energy that was coming off the latter was on a completely different realm than the one he had come in contact with in the tomb. Whether it be in terms of density, power, or profoundness, the residue curse energy released from the body of that women was extra-ordinary to the point where Simon felt all the hair on his body stand on air.

"Leave me be, I was exposed to the curse energy for far too long, it has now invaded deep inside my body. Conserve you mana, there is no point in using you magic on me".

The woman said, her beautiful face was slowly being masked with the anguish of the negative energy. A golden crown sat on her hair complementing her beauty to a whole new level.

It had three bright gems fixed on it. When Simon saw it, he had doubts in his mind that the gems on it was the glistering crystals he had been searching for across the tombs.

"If they really are the glistering crystals, then that means that woman is" as if answering his query, the priests that had fallen on the ground, raised themselves up and said weakly.

"Even if that is the case, we still must try, Your Eminence, Cardinal Yela. You are the only one who is capable of holding back that monster. If you fall, the entire Empyrean Empire will collapse, there will no longer be anyone who can stand up against it".

The priest that spoke up, was the youngest one amongst the all, he had curly blonde hair, thin charming face and lively hazel eyes. A gentle atmosphere surrounded him and he gave others a comforting and friendly feeling.

The pretty woman who was addressed as cardinal, looked at the boy who seemed no more than fourteen years old and said:

"That cannot be allowed to happen. This empire was left in my care after master left this place, I cannot let it fall in my watch. Listen to me carefully Royce, as the other student of my master, you must take care of the empire in my stead".

Yela said holding the cheeks of the boy whose eyes streamed with tears. She then collected her breath and stood up with a resolute expression on her face and handed him an insignia that had a golden staff and six pair of wings carved on it.

Seeing her Eminence handing out the insignia to Royce, the rest of the priests were shocked: nonetheless, no one doubted her judgement and simply accepted it.

"Elder Sister this... don't tell me you are going to..." Royce asked, his face was a mess with tears and unwillingness.

Yela knew what Royce wanted to say, when they were both under master's care she looked after him as if he was her own brother.

She understood his pain but no matter she had to do it, or else the empire her master had created would be destroyed by the hands of that Monster.

"Go now, this place is deemed to fall. Take Royce with you and use the teleportation circle at the bottom of this mausoleum, he is your Cardinal and ruler now. GO..."

Yela said with a stern voice, she turned around and refused to face her little brother.

The priests had devastated face nonetheless, they obeyed her orders and performed a last final bow before dragging the unwilling Royce away with them.

"This is good, this is the only way. With me gone, you have to charge of this beautiful empire that master had built" Yela muttered, her pretty figure painted a lonely scene.

Simon who was observing everything from a distance, narrowed his eyes when he saw the boy being dragged towards the other room of this hall.

There was no pity on his eyes and only a cold ruthless look. There was no way he would forget the name Royce uttered by that woman in white dress.

Although he looked much younger, that face wasn't something that Simon would forget, especially after what he had seen on the third trial.

What confounded him though was what this woman was trying to do and what was going on. However, it seemed that he did not have to wait long to understand what was going on.

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TREMBLE....

At this moment the whole place started shaking as if a terrible earthquake with a richter scale higher than 10 hit the place. The walls of the hall, the pillar crumbled and fell one after the other.

The statue in the middle of the hall depicting a man with six pairs of wings had numerous cracks nonetheless, it was the only thing inside that refused to fall down.

"So he has reached this place already".

As soon as Yela's voice fell, five gigantic pillars inserted themselves onto the roof of this place and tore it down like it was made of paper. With the roof gone, the night view of the sky with numerous stars twinkling came into sight.

Looking at those five huge pillars, Simon finally realised what they were. They were gigantic figures connected to a hand that was protruding out from a large tear in the sky.

Simon was tongue-tied by this astonishing and mind-boggling of a scene that he was witnessing right now. A ginormous being was extending his hands from the tear in the sky that spanned for who knew how long.

"ZiZiZiZi... I have finally found you, you should know by now that running from me is useless. Because of your pointless running and resistance, millions had to die... ZiZiZiZi" a deep grating noise that seemed to come from the abyss itself, rang out from the tear in the sky.

"Hm? It seems that you have been left behind. ZiZiZiZi... how truly noble of them. Give up little girl, every struggle you can put up is futile, you must know that you are not my match by now. I might spare your life and this empire if you obediently hand over that item".

The voice continued with a booming noise that could instantly dispirit any low levelled person. However, even in front of an enemy whose might Simon couldn't even begin to fathom, the woman stood tall and heroic.

Yela arched her head and looked up at the gigantic tear in the sky and the being that was gazing down from it. She flashed a smile and snorted at those words.

She then extended her hand and a golden sword with a sleek design appeared in her hands. At that moment, her body started floating up and the very air around her started changing.

"Hmph, you think those words are enough to cower me? I know very well that you cannot enter our world due to the restrictions placed on the laws of space. I chose to stay behind to face you and banish you from our world. You shall no longer corrupt our empire and this world with your presence".

Yela said, her hair and clothes started shining with a brilliant golden light. Four pairs of beautiful white wings appeared behind her giving her an otherworldly angelic look.

"ZiZiZiZi... it seems that you have no intention to hand over that item. Little girl do really think the was you are now, you can stop me? Even if I can't enter this world, this single-arm of mine is enough to beat you and decimate this empire of yours... ZiZiZiZi" the eerie voice from coming from the tear bellowed.

Instantly, the gigantic hand, started moving and bore down on top of the hall they were in, bringing along an armageddon like power.

Yela moved at the same time, she positioned her golden sword perpendicular to her body and erupted forth with blinding golden energy. That was not all, ancient markings started appear on her body and a huge avatar of an angel with four pairs of wings materialised behind her.

Just as the gigantic hand of the being was about to flatten down this place, Yela extended her hand which was holding the golden sword and hacked forward. The huge avatar of the angel mimicked her movement and hacked towards the enormous hand with its sword.

CLASH...

Their attacks had not even touched yet the clash of energies was so terrifying and powerful that space was shattered apart as if it was made of glass, dozens of miles of land was instantly flattened down with earthquakes and natural disaster occurring everywhere.

And when finally the two attacks connected, there was no sound nothing. With a bright flash, everything in thousand kilometre radius had become silent.

The scene that appeared after, could only be described with one word, Armageddon. Simon who was watching the scene was awestruck by the power of the two beings.

Space fissures appeared all over the sky, with natural disasters appearing all around. The clash lasted for a while before both of the parties were pushed back.

Yela held her chest, blood leaking from the corner of her mouth. Her expression was of anguish as traces of negative energy could be seen permeating out of her body.

On the contrary, the enormous being that was peeking out from the tear in the sky, other than not expecting his hand to be pushed back, seemed completely fine.

"ZiZiZiZi... looks like my World Decaying Curse Poison is tormenting you. Do you want me to relieve you from its torment? ZiZiZiZi, hand over that item and I promise to take that poison back. Little girl, you should know by now that after being afflicted by my poison, you cannot even use thirty per cent of your power. You have no chance against me give up".

The eerie voice of the being mocked. However, even in the face of such anguish and despairing situation, Yela held onto her composure and did not falter. Her bright golden eyes which contained no mirth, glanced towards the being hiding inside the tear, a smile hanging on her lips.

p She knew that with her being afflicted by the poison, there was no way she was a match for the atrocity in front of her. Despite that, she chose to stay behind because she knew that other than her, there was no one else in the Empyrean Empire who stood a chance against the Atrocity.

If she didn't stand her ground and confront it, the empire and all the people along with it, wouldn't survive to see the next day.

The world decaying curse poison was a technique that tormented the being it was inflicted with little by little until they were truly on the gates of despair. It was so potent and powerful that even she a being with a level above 900, fell victim to it and have no way to cure it.

Although the method was a cowardly one, it more or less guaranteed her opponent the victory. However, if the atrocity thought that she would go down without a fight, it had underestimated her, way too much.

While suffering the onslaught of the poison internally, Yela's eyes continued to shine brighter and brighter. The ancient symbols on her body too ignited with a brilliant golden light.

At this moment, Yela stretched her hands and lifted the crown off her head. With one hand holding the crown and the other the sword, Yela's head turned towards a distant direction and became a little melancholic.

She closed her eyes and said. "Master was right, the nature of evil can never be changed. No matter who it is, they will fall in its grasp as long as they have an affinity with it. Begone Atrocity, I do not know of any item that you seek. For the crimes of massacring millions of innocent people of my empire, you will be punished for it".

The moment, the being inside the tear heard what she said, it couldn't help but erupt out in laughter, its grating voice was excruciating to the ears.

"ZiZiZiZi... such a naïve and foolish girl. It seems that you have lived a sheltered life all this time to not know the true colours of this world. Have your master never told you anything about it? What a hypocrite" the voice contained traces of anger towards the end.

Yela did not bother what the Atrocity was talking about, for all she care the being responsible for massacring millions of innocent life was evil through and through and she must purge it before it could extend its hands any further.

The World decaying Curse poison was so... there was no way she was falling for another of its tricks.

"Master, little brother Royce, I hope you can forgive me for being selfish, but I must see it through" Yela mumbled, a tiny droplet of tear trickled down her face.

At this moment, she did something that was completely unexpected. Simon's eyes widened to their limits, when he saw Yela stab her heart with her own sword.

He had been witnessing their conversation and knew that the pretty woman was afflicted by a power poison by the entity inside the tear and hence cannot use all of her powers. As shocking as the fact that the clash earlier was not even their full power, that was not the point.

From the way she stayed composed and even stayed behind to face it, told Simon that she had some kind of plan in mind. Never did he expect that she would suddenly stab herself in the heart in the midst of the battle.

Simon had no way of knowing what was going on inside her head nor could he tell what she was thinking doing something like that.

It was not only him, even the being inside tear seemed surprised by her action but it only lasted for a while before a jubilant voice laced with mockery rang out.

"Hmph, it seemed that you chose to end your life own on your own. A cowardly choice but one that is understandable. Being afflicted by my poison, you would have died the most horrible death there is".

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Yela stayed silent, her eyes closed as her beautiful white dress was painted with the colour of her blood. The scene had its own unique artistic charm to it.

DING... abruptly, the sound of a celestial bell rang out across the entire expanse of this vast world and resonated with the heartbeats of millions of people of the empire.

The sound of the bell was heavy and profound but what was more incredulous than that was the fact that the entire night sky at this moment seemed to be painted a colour of gold. That was not all, the huge avatar of the angel behind Yela as if spurred by an unknown power, continued to grow big until it dwarfed even the enormous hand coming out of the tear.

A heavy pressure so palpable and frightening that Simon had even difficulty breathing descended onto the land. This kind of pressure made even the powerful Ancient Titan Treant seem like an ant.

Fortunately, for him, he was inside the Historia and not present physically there or else no matter how many lives he had, it wouldn't be enough to survive the aftershock from their attacks.

While he was thinking all that, he heard the voice coming from the tear which seemed to be a little fearful now.

"That can't be... you are clearly afflicted by my most powerful poison so you shouldn't be able to use that much power. You... did you just ignite your soul along with your Ancient Symbol?".

Yela did not answer but from her silence and that abrupt power capable enough to change the phenomenon of the world, was proof enough that she had done just that.

"Evil cannot be allowed to roam freely. You shall now face your punishment Atrocity" Yela yelled out loud, her entire body started shining brighter and brighter and looked just like a star shining with one last brilliance before dying out.

There was no way she could use her entire strength with her being afflicted with the world decaying curse poison. Therefore to stop the Atrocity from destroying the entire empire she had no other choice but to ignite her soul the core of her powers.

Burning her soul and the ancient symbol on her body bestowed by her master, meant burning her life too. It might be a last resort but doing so, gave Yela so much power that stopping the Atrocity seemed no longer impossible now.

"Your sins for killing millions of innocent life will be judged. Get purged by the light that judges all Mutation Magic- [Cherubim Descent].

BOOOM...

the light from the golden sky started shining on the huge angel with four pairs of wings and in front astonished eyes of Simon and the being inside the tear, the angel finally opened its eyes.

The moment it opened its eyes, the pressure on the land multiplied by dozens of times making even the Atrocity fearful.

"Hmph, you foolish girl to think that you would even ignite your soul. Fine, I will withdraw this time but don't think that your empire will survive the onslaught of my subordinates. I won't stop Until I get that item" the voice said haphazardly.

Simon who was watching all of this from inside the mausoleum was stunned to see the abrupt change in the attitude of the entity. if he had to put it, it was as if the entity was afraid; No, it was terrified of something.

As soon as the Atrocity's voice fell, it tried to retract its hand back into the tear. However, how could Yela who had ignited her soul and staked her life for this, simply allow it to get away?

She extended her hand and commanded the gigantic avatar of the angel which was now even bigger than the entity hiding inside the tear to rush towards it.

The being sensing the approach of the angel, was clearly very afraid and hurriedly tried to retract its hand back into the tear. Nonetheless, the angel was clearly much more faster and powerful than it was.

An enormous golden sword made of light, that seemed it could even cleave the very sky in half, was brandished by the angel and swiftly sliced the hand before it could enter the tear.

CHIIIIIIII...

One could imagine what happened next when a hand as big as that, was cut down. Yes, it was a rain of violet-coloured blood flooding everywhere. But what was more shocking than the scene of blood and the entity's loud scream, was the scar in the horizon that extended as far as the eye could see.

There was a golden line on the horizon that was slowly getting bigger and bigger. One swing from that angel was enough to cleave the horizon itself and everything in its path.

ZIIIEEERRKKKKK... the entity inside the tear screamed with an ear piercing noise but Yela seemed to remain unfazed. She willed the angel once again and it immediately extended its hand into the tear to grab the being that was inside.

The moment the angel's hand reach the Atrocity, Yela slowly clenched shut her own hands resulting in an enormous power storm generating inside the tear that managed to even affect the sky of this part of the land and make cracks appear in.

ZIEERRRKKK... another miserable howl echoed out, nobody knew if the being inside was dead or not.

As the angel retracted its hand back from the tear, there was something inside its hold. At a glance, it looked like a heart with the way it was pulsing and beating. But make no mistake, it was not any ordinary heart as it was hundreds of times bigger than an ordinary heart and looked grotesque.

After the angel pulled its hands back, the tear started healing itself and the laws of the space was back to normal.

Simon who was watching the entire scene from start to finish, felt incredulous, he marvelled at their absurd power which was enough to generate natural disaster just from a simple movement from them.

He had finally seen how the people sitting at the highest level of this world fought. Their battle was beyond his wildest imagination and was in a realm that the current him cannot even begin to imagine.

Nevertheless, he wasn't discouraged by their powers, instead, it just strengthened the yearning he had for strength even more. It could be said that after witnessing this armageddon like battle his horizons were broadened and he felt like a frog that had suddenly jumped out of its well

From the battle, it was clear who had won and who had lost, but at what cost? Can it be really called a victory? Simon did not know what it meant to ignite one's soul but from sensing how feeble Yela's life was becoming by the minute, it meant that the energy she erupted out with, was something that was from burning her life.

At the same time, it also said how powerful of an enemy the being inside the tear in the sky was to compel a person as strong as Yela to ignite her soul to defeat him.

BADUMP... BADUMP...

Just as he thought that the battle was over, the heart in the hold of the angle's hand started beating like a drum and pulsating with a negative miasma that quickly started spreading around the surroundings.

The speed and volume in which the negative miasma was spreading, was so dramatic that in a span of a few seconds it had already covered thousands of meters of area. The sky turned back to night and the huge angel seemed as if it would dissipate at any moment.

Nonetheless, with sheer will, Yela who seemed as pale as snow, held on and did not allow this negative energy to spread all across her empire.

"Even after its death, it seemed that it is unwilling to let go of its evil. Then so be it, with the last embers of my life, I will seal your heart here forever to be forgotten by the people of this land" Yela declared.

The crown on her hand, more specifically the three glistering crystals on it started shining with a brilliant light from which a bizarre and complex set of runes came out and completely covered the heart inside it.

It formed a kind of peculiar monolith around it which was then transferred deep inside one of the chambers of the mausoleum where the Historia had initially started.

"You will be forever imprisoned here for your sins," Yela said, she was just about to complete the sealing ritual when suddenly, the severed hand of the being which was exposed to the negative miasma, started moving.

It attacked right before she could completely seal the heart and sieged her repeatedly trying to break the crown in her hand.

Yela spat out a mouthful of blood, her life was fading by the second and she could no longer maintain the huge avatar of the angel.

The condition she was in, it was no longer possible for her to deal with the hand of the atrocity and complete the sealing ritual at the same time. It was her negligence to not expect the baleful intent within the heart to spread around the surroundings leading the severed hand to be possessed by it once again.

She knew that if she doesn't seal the heart, millions more would die from its corrosive aura and the possibility of other getting possessed by it. Thus she had no choice but to break the crown that was a powerful artefact and borrow the power of its three glistering jewels to complete the sealing ceremony while holding back the hand at the same time.

She divided the large mausoleum into four parts, one part held the heart, and the other three the glittering jewels, the crown and herself.

Before Yela closed her eyes and succumbed to her eternal sleep, she scattered all the four parts of the mausoleum in four different directions and sunk them deep into the ground and out of reach of the hand.

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As Simon witnessed all the scenes, he felt his body revert back to its physical self and instinctively knew that the historia had ended. He was finally aware of the events, the trail was trying to convey and at the same time got a glimpse of what had occurred here in the past.

However, even when the Historia ended, there was still a concern in him that still remained. His concern was related to none other than the hand which now had the self-consciousness of the being.

No, calling him being was inappropriate when he knew its name. Ozymandias, that should be the name of the entity that had fought with Yela and also the source of all the negative curse energy inside the tomb.

After Simon sorted out his thoughts, he finally laid his eyes on what lay in front of him. The wide pristine hall with the statue of a six winged angel in the middle, was something that he had seen in the historia.

This place was precisely where that Armageddon like battle took place.

"The Roof?" Simon muttered as he looked up towards the ceiling only to find a layer of soil replacing the wall as the ceiling. There was no mistake, this place was definitely one of the part of the mausoleum which held Yela's crown.

Simon stepped forward and started carefully observing the place. In the memories of the Historia, this place looked extremely clean, white and pristine. However, right now its condition could only be described as dilapidated with dirt and cracks spreading towards every corner of the place.

Simon kept examining the place before his steps ultimately led him towards the large statue in the middle. He did not know how or why, but the statue was the only intact thing in this place.

When Simon gazed at the vague figure of the angel in the statue, for some reason, he felt uncomfortable leading to him frowning his brows in consternation. Observing the statue carefully, he sensed a vast power that made one bow their heads in worship involuntarily, coming off from the statue.

What was the reason for it? Why was it placed here and who the person was? Simon had no idea; however, for some unknown reason, he did not have any good impression of it.

After walking past the statue, Simon saw a path at the end of the hall which led deeper towards the mausoleum. As he approached closer, he felt a terrible amount of curse energy gushing out from inside the path.

Recalling the information before the Historia started, Simon knew that whatever was inside there, was the subordinate of Ozymandias. A being who could tear the sky and cause natural disaster just by a few simple movements.

There shouldn't be any doubt that its subordinate who is on the search of Yela's crown will be extremely powerful too.

Simon took a deep breath, composed himself before walking inside the path that led deeper towards the mausoleum. The moment he was exposed to that unending, overwhelming negative curse energy, he felt all his pores open up and a sense of dread grasped his heart.

The energy kept on getting stronger the deeper he went which spoke volumes about the being inside.

After walking through a narrow dark pathway for a while, a heavy double door appeared in front of Simon. From the way it had dents and was heavily displaced, it could be seen that somebody had entered through it forcefully.

There was no need to question as to who that being and how powerful it was. Just from the mere whiff of its aura, was enough to tell Simon that its strength was beyond the capability of the current him to contend against.

His senses were on high alert screaming him to run away from here immediately; nonetheless, he suppressed those emotions and calmed his strained nerves.

No matter what, he has to complete the trail to get a transit rock to return. He had no path other than moving forward. Plus, how could he just give up when he was so close to completing the trail.

Simon thought over it for a bit before deciding on using the Ice Phoenix's sigh to cover up his presence and proceed with extreme caution. He stealthily opened the door and peeked inside only to see a grey figure banging on a barrier that lay ahead.

What was bizarre about the grey figure was that although it had a humanoid appearance, it was entirely in grey and had no eyes or mouth whatsoever. It looked so creepy that if someone called it a humanoid piece of flesh, no one would argue with that.

It could also shapeshift a part of its body creating something like a huge hammer with its hands and legs.

BANG... BANG... SPARK... it continued to slam its fist on the barrier creating intense sparks in the process.

"That must be the subordinate of Ozymandias" Simon said sensing the vast amount of curse energy it was releasing.

When he sneakily used the [Analysis] on it, he was astonished to find that the thing was called Fifth Finger. Since the entity's level was many times higher than him, his skill failed to provide any other information.

No, it would be wrong to say that it did not provide any other information, since it did tell him that the entity was currently in a weakened state right now. Though even if it was weakened it would be foolish for him to even assume that he can defeat it.

After Simon finished observing the entity, he shifted his eyes on the barrier which was holding an entity of such level, outside. It must be said that whoever created this barrier must be insanely powerful themselves.

BANG...

ZZzzTTtt... the entity named Fifth finger, shape shifted one of its arms into a huge hammer oozing out with curse energy before ramming into the barrier. Although the barrier did not break, due to the entity's relentless effort, there were some minor cracks starting to appear on the barrier.

Simon was sure that if the Fifth Finger kept on attacking the barrier like that, it would soon collapse.

Beyond the barrier, was an untouched coffin. The moment, Simon saw that coffin, he immediately knew that was where Yela's body and the crown was stored. However, what was troubling about the situation was that the entity had appeared here before him and as long as it was there, Simon had no chance to get the crown and complete the quest.

Worse, if he did nothing the barrier would break and Ozymanidas' subordinate will get the coffin where Yela's crown was before him and break it leading him to fail the trail automatically.

He cannot fight it since the power difference was just too much nor did he know if he can distract it. In the first place, even if it was possible to distract it what was he supposed to do about the barrier protecting the coffin.

No matter what he could think of, all his options seemed to be closed and completing the trail seemed almost next to impossible.

Simon was just cursing about how insanely hard the difficulty level was when suddenly he noticed that his space was starting to heat up. Searching inside the subspace of the space ring, he soon found the thing that was inducing this reaction.

At the same moment, looking at the item, he finally understood how to clear this round.

Just like always, the trail was set up in a way which always left an option for the challengers to clear the hurdle and in this case, it was the glistening crystals he had gathered from the previous two tombs. To be more exact, from the previous two parts of the mausoleum.

Simon took out the glistening crystals from his space ring and observed them using his [Analysis] skill.

Item- Glistening Crystal, Quest Item.

Just like Crimson Bead, the Analysis was only able to provide him with the most basic information. Although it did not say anything else, it was enough for Simon to understand where to use the item. And from how the crystals were reacting, he was sure of it.

The trail made him gather the first two glistening crystals before he could get the last crystal and the crown for a reason. Deciding to trust his reasoning, Simon entered through the door and disabled the effects of the item Ice Phoenix's sigh.

The moment effect of the item disappeared, his presence was immediately sensed by the entity in front of him. What's more, the pressurising aura that it released naturally was now turned towards him.

This kind of pressurising aura, was much more powerful than Davis Hall and was on par with the Ancient Titan Treant.

The Fifth finger stopped what it was doing and turned towards him. Since it had no face, Simon couldn't tell if it was staring at him or not, but from the hostility and killing intent it was releasing, it was clear that it was ready to fight.

One of its hands that was shape-shifted into a hammer changed shapes once again and became a huge blade of a scythe. The scythe radiated off a huge amount of curse energy and was incisive enough to even contend against his [A] tier Crimson Blade.

'No good' Simon thought internally, he cannot allow the entity to make the first move or else it will be game over. He had to be the one to make the first move.

Before the entity could swing that menacing scythe of its, Simon who was holding onto the glistening crystals, flashed it in front of his enemy.

At this moment, the glistening crystals which had been acting unusual all this time, released a bright golden light that clashed against the vast amount of curse energy the entity was releasing dissipating it little by little.

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Not only that, the moment the entity sensed the glistening crystals in his hand, it was as if it had gone absolutely crazy. A terrible amount of hatred and grudge flowed out of the entity and it pounced at Simon without any warning.

The speed at which it charged at Simon, was too fast for him to react even with his [High Speed thought processing] skill active. Before he knew it, the entity was already in front of him and its enormous scythe on top of its head.

Just when it seemed like Simon's head would be chopped in two, the glistening crystal erupted out with a brilliant radiance that pushed the subordinate of Ozymandias back until it slammed onto the wall.

'Chance'... Seeing the opportunity that he had been waiting for when his enemy's guard was down, Simon hurriedly ran towards the barrier.

The glistening crystal was the quest item that was absolutely necessary to have to clear this round. No matter how many teammates or subordinates one brings, one cannot clear this round without the crystals that were a part of Yela's crown.

That is why, Simon was sure that the glistening crystals had a part to play in his current trial. And he was right, the crystal was an absolute lifesaver and the only option to hold the subordinate of Ozymanidas back.

Arriving in front of the barrier, Simon flashed the crystals towards it. When the light from the glistening crystals touched the barrier, a path big enough for him to pass through, opened up in the barrier before swiftly closing.

After he was inside the barrier, Simon sighed a breath of relief. The barrier was there to protect Yela's crown from falling under the hands of Ozymandias' subordinate and from what he had seen previously, the entity wouldn't be able to break in anytime soon. Thus, giving him a moment of respite to plan his future actions.

BANG... BANG... seeing the entity swiftly get up and bang the barrier in fury further proved his deduction.

"Now then, it's time for me to clear this absurd trial. As per the information, the crown along with the last remaining glistening crystals should definitely be here" Simon said looking at the pristine white coffin that lay silently in front of him.

From what he had seen in the Historia, the body of Yela was also resting here. The woman was someone who had laid her life to protect the people of her empire and even managed to defeat and seal the heart of the being while poisoned.

Someone like her, deserved her rest and if not for the quest asking him to get the crown, he wouldn't have disturbed her sleep.

With the banging of the barrier providing a unique kind of symphony, Simon stepped near the coffin and slowly opened its lid. Inside it lay, the skeleton of someone who was a beauty when she was alive.

She was wearing that blood-stained white clothes which he had seen in the historia. Though now, with the passage of time, the colour was mostly faded. On her left hand was the item that he needed to complete the quest, the crown.

Simon did not know how many years back the event's in the historia took place, but Yela's crown, even after all this time still looked the same. Though it was missing two of the three glistering gems which were previously embedded in it.

The crown was not some decorative item but a powerful artefact capable of sealing the heart of ozymandias and dealing with the curse energy. Out of habit, Simon used [Analysis] on it only to be shocked by the results.

Item Name- Radiant Crown of Brilliance, Rank- [S] (Damaged), Buff- Magic +2000, Skills- [Divine Absolution], [Infinite Imprisonment], [Damaged], [Damaged], [Damaged].

An [S] rank artefact, this was the first time Simon had seen an artefact of that rank. Even his Crimson Blazing Flame Blade was only an [A] rank blade, how can he be not shocked. Although, it was currently damaged, Simon was sure that when it was in perfect working condition, the skills it had was many times more powerful than his Crimson Sword.

BANG... CRACK... hearing the dull cracking noise of the barrier behind, Simon snapped out of his daze and swiftly took the crown out from the coffin. He noticed that there was two depression on it meant for the glistering crystals.

As soon as he placed the crystals and completed the artefact, Simon thought that the condition of the crown would be restored back from its damaged state and he would get himself an [S] rank artefact.

However, how could it be that easy to stumble upon an [s] rank artefact that easily? All his hopes were drowned when he found out that the crown was still damaged and unusable.

SHATTER... it was at this moment, the barrier behind him was shattered and he could feel the entity's aura lock onto him. There was no time to stay dejected about a possibility that may or may not have come true in the first place.

His first priority was to complete the trial and get transit rock to return back. Simon turned towards the entity with the crown in his hand. From the heavy menacing aura it was releasing, it would not be wrong to say that it was absolutely mad at him.

How could it not? Its job was to destroy the crown but because of Simon's interference, who in its perspective was just an ant, not only he failed to get to it first, but he even allowed the latter to complete it.

If it had a mouth, it would have been spouting curses at him. Nevertheless, even in front of such heavy oppressive aura, there was not even a tinge of worry in Simon's mind. The reason for it was simple, now that he had completed the crown, he had almost but cleared the trail.

If the crown in the historia was able to suppress the heart of Ozymandias, then it should easily be able to deal with a mere subordinate in its damaged state. And he was right, as soon as the hostility of the entity was directed at him, an information window popped up in front of him.

[Do you Want to use Yela's crown to invoke [Divine Absolution] to purify the Fifth finger of all evil? YES/NO].

Yes, of course, yes. There was no reason for him to press NO unless he was a mentally retarded person. As soon as he read the information on the display, he pressed YES.

At this moment, the air around him started to ripple and an invisible energy flowed out of the crown, locking the entity in place. Next, a golden light seeped out from the crown that was so radiant that Simon had to cover his eyes with his hands.

The golden light swiftly took the form of a golden sword that drove itself inside the entity which struggled to free itself. Unlike how creatures bled when slashed or hacked, the entity in front of him, did not bleed whatsoever even when the golden sword inserted itself in its body.

Though it did not bleed, it was not like the golden sword had no effects, thick clouds of curse energy came out of its body and was swiftly being purified by the golden light.

Seeing this sight, Simon instinctively felt a little revolted. It was not due to the entity or the clouds of curse energy it was releasing, he had repulsion because of the golden light.

The reason for it was simple, the radiant light was none other than the higher form of Light and holy magic.

The entity struggled intensely under the purification of the golden sword and it continued for a couple of minutes when suddenly, something came out of the body of the entity and made a run towards the exit.

However, how could it run from a skill that was meant to purge it? Immediately, the golden sword transformed into golden chains, that kept on following its target until it was tightly bound by it. When the golden chains brought the thing that tried to escape, Simon wore a confounded face as he looked at the thing that was covered in the gas of curse energy.

It was as big as a golf ball and it continuously changed shape. Sometimes it was a ball, sometimes a cube and sometimes something unknown. Whatever it was, it was an enigma, even [Analysis] did not work on it.

The skill did not even activate when he tried to analyse the thing. While Simon was looking at the thing with consternation, another window appeared in front of him.

[Do you want to use Yela's crown to invoke [Limitless Imprisonment] to seal Ozymandias' remnant intent? YES/NO].

p "So this was a remnant intent?" Simon had an amused face. Nonetheless, he still pressed YES.

Just like in the Historia, when Simon pressed, complex sets of runes came out of the crown, binding and forming a monolith of some sort around the intent. Simon caught the monolith that was in the shape of a rhombus and as big as a tennis ball.

Inspecting the monolith which had complex carved on it, he found no signs of the intent breaking out. Relieved, Simon fell on his butt and looked around him. It was then, that he noticed the entity's body turn into a shape that looked very much familiar to him, in fact, it wasn't long since he had seen it.

After the intent left the body, the rest turned into a gigantic grey finger that was as big as a pillar. the mmoment Simon saw the finger, he was stunned, if his memory served right, it was from the gigantic hand of Ozymandias that was cut off by Yela.

The thing that he thought was the subordinate of Ozymanida's turned out to be one of the finger of its hand.

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At the same time, it made sense why the [analysis] identified it as the fifth finger instead of its subordinate. Well in a way with Ozymandias dead it can be considered it's subordinate right?

Anyways, Simon was too tired from the events to think about anything else, so he let things be and decided that he would think over it later. Right now, he wanted to take a little break and catch his breath.

"With the sealing of the fifth finger, the fourth trail should be completed, right?" he spoke to himself.

From the corner of his eyes, he could see a teleportation circle being formed not far from him. If he guessed correctly that was the teleportation circle that would lead to the treasury where he would get his rewards, just like how it was on the third trail.

[Congratulations you have completed the fourth trial, Proceed towards the teleportation circle to receive you rewards].

He was right, it was the teleportation circle that would lead him to the treasure where the return transit rock was.

Simon did not directly leave for the teleportation circle and instead took some rest to recover some of his stamina and mana.

Right after clearing the third tomb, he had to experience the scene in historia and his encounter with the finger of Ozymandias, put a huge strain both mentally and physically on him.

If there was anything that he wanted badly right now, it would be some rest. However, Simon knew that it was not the right time and place to take a rest.

After taking a small break, he propped his body up, just as he did so, Simon noticed that he had kept the lid of the coffin open and fell into a conundrum.

This mausoleum was Yela's final resting place where she laid her life to protect the people of her empire. She in no way deserved her grave to be robbed and sacrilege by anyone like that and although Simon wanted to take this [S] tier crown away with him in hopes of restoring it one day, it was Yela's crown, her possession and something that she used to drive away a calamity from this world.

Although he knew that it was a waste to leave such a precious artefact with the dead, he still chose to keep the crown in the coffin lest he triggered some curse that would make the angered corpse of Yela, come after him.

Was he thinking too much? Well with how much curse energy this place was exposed to, was he too cautious to think that something like that might also happen?

In any case, nobody can accuse him for being a grave robber. Thus, Simon though a little unwilling still put the artefact back to where it belongs.

After that, he silently closed the lid back so that Yela could rest peacefully.

What about the monolith that had the intent of ozymandias? Of course, he was taking that with him. This was his spoil of war, something that he had achieved himself. Well, the crown aided him for the most part but he was the one that competed it, got all of its glittering jewels and went through all that struggle.

Besides, he could tell that the intent sealed inside the monolith was something special and if he could learn a thing or a two from it, it would become an incredible thing for him.

With how inquisitive his mind was, how could he just let it be? Deciding that he would take the intent to further research it, Simon stored it in his inventory.

He was just about to step foot in the teleportation circle leading to the treasury when he noticed the gigantic finger silently lying on the floor.

The hand of Ozymandias was so strong that it was able to devastate dozens of miles of land just from a simple movement.

Although the finger in front of him, was just a small part of the power of that hand, it was still so powerful that Simon felt goosebumps whenever he looked at it.

At a glance, the gigantic grey finger appeared so powerful that Simon reckoned even his [A] rank blade won't be able to make a scratch on it.

Now that the intent was removed from it, it became a powerful item without any master.

Seeing the dense amount of curse energy originating from it, he felt it was a little wasteful to just discard it here.

From this trial, Simon was aware of how powerful and beneficial the curse energy can be to him. Not only can it bolster his basic abilities by dozens of times, but it can also help him when he faced an enemy against whom he had no hopes of winning.

Looking at the finger, Simon fell into deep thought. Since the finger was not like your usual items or artefacts, it cannot be stored inside the inventory or the space ring.

If he wanted to take it away with him, he has to think of some other way.

As he was deliberating over how to take it with him, he involuntarily approached near the finger.

In the first place, why was it that he was able to store the intent in his inventory but not the finger? The finger if he generally put it, was a part of the corpse of the entity named Ozymandias, which was the reason why he was unable to store it inside his inventory.

If by that logic, shouldn't the intent should also be considered a part of Ozymandias? so then why?

As Simon mused over it, he arrived at a conclusion that it was because of the monolith that was covering the intent.

The complex layer of runes sealing the intent made it so that it was considered an item to the inventory. He who had designed the inventory knew how it worked and most of its inner details.

That is why, he could tell that it was because of the monolith that intent was recognised as an item.

This realisation brought him an idea as to how to bring back the finger with him.

If he can somehow just change the finger to be somehow recognised as an item, it wouldn't be a problem anymore to store it.

But the question was, how should he go on about doing it? he can't use the crown now because it was damaged and was just a showpiece now.

"If it needs to be a seal then..." As he thought over it for a while, Simon suddenly had this idea of using the philosopher's stone that Irene had given him.

The philosopher's stone was a mystical artefact that holds the ability to store any kind of magic for a long period of time. What's more, one can use the magic stored inside the stone without having to expend their own mana.

During this period of time he spent inside the forbidden trial, Simon was able to pry inside the Philosopher's stone and tell that the magic stored inside by Irene was a powerful Ice sealing magic.

Fundamentally, permafrost magic was different from the divine magic; however, if one compared the two elements purely in terms of having the ability to seal, Permafrost magic comes out on top.

Additionally, for some reason, Simon felt that the magic stored inside the philosopher's stone, wasn't just some advanced tier magic.

Although there was no guarantee that sealing the finger with ice magic would make the inventory recognise it as an item, it was worth a try.

Especially given that the item he would get in trade was this finger.

Deciding so, Simon took out the Philosopher's stone from his inventory.

A scarlet orb that radiated a powerful chilling aura, appeared on his hand. Using the Philosopher's stone, was simple, one just had to probe it with their mana.

"Frozen End Absolute Seal" the moment, Simon probed it with his mana and recited out the magic inside it, a bone chilling freezing energy that seemed as if it could freeze the entire world and bring ice age, erupted out from the philosopher's stone.

The magic inside the stone was so powerful that he had trouble controlling it somewhat. Nevertheless, once he directed it towards the gigantic finger at the middle of the room, he was able to relax a little seeing the two energies duke it out among themselves.

The curse energy inside the finger clashed fiercely with the magic that Irene had stored inside the philosopher's stone.

The stalemate lasted for a few seconds before the ice energy started holding absolute dominance as it froze the finger in a thick layer of ice along with the curse energy.

The Frozen End Absolute Seal magic created a coffin of ice around the finger that in a glance looked impossible to melt.

From the intensity of the magic Simon could tell that other than Irene, even the infernal magic bestowed by his sword, won't be able to melt this seal down.

Now that he was done sealing the finger, it was time to see if the inventory recognises it as an item or not.

To his delight, he was right about the loophole of his inventory, the finger was recognised as an item now and was easily stored inside.

Now that he was done taking all of the loots that rightfully belonged to him, he stepped on the teleportation circle and was teleported to someplace else.

Simon could have taken his loots and left without arranging the burial chamber, however, he did not choose to do so and left the room as it was before.

If Lucine was here, she would be amazed by his action once again. After all, the thing that had set the forbidden trials, was watching the challengers closely and every action and decision of theirs, did not go unnoticed by it.

Perhaps a few people in the world and those that have cleared one of the forbidden grounds, may know about it, but Simon was completely oblivious to it. He didn't know that every actions of his, had drastically changed the reward that he was set to get.

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The next moment, Simon opened his eyes, he found himself in a small room full of shelves with different kinds of items and treasures lining on top of it. There was no doubt in his mind, this was the treasury room of the fourth trail.

Just as he was about to move and check these items, to his surprise he realised that an invisible energy was holding him in his place and he was unable to get out of its hold.

"What is going on?" he murmured. Why would the trail stop him from getting his rewards?

He was thinking all that when suddenly a window appeared in front of him.

DING...

[The Challenger's rewards are being altered. Calculating the merit points earned during the trial].

A different kind of window, one that he hadn't seen in the third trail, appeared in front of him. Reading the notification, Simon was a little confused as to why his rewards were being altered; nonetheless, he still waited patiently for his trail to calculate.

It took a little time for Simon's contributions and actions to be calculated, since this was the very first someone had cleared a trial by themselves without the help of others.

DING... the trail finally finished calculating his merit points as a notification sound popped in his head and his rewards materialised in front of him out of thin air.

[Received, Radiant Crown of Brilliance], [10 Grade [5] mana crystals], [3 Black Corbius Stone], [1 Calamity Class Core Stone], [1 Zedar Wood Extract Elixir], [5 Blocks of Mythril Ore], [1,000,000 Empyrean Platinum coins], [1 Return Transit Rock].

Leaving the many items that he never heard of or seen aside, Simon was a little amazed when he saw that he was gifted the crown as a reward. It must be said that it was an [S] rank item, though it was damaged, it could still be repaired in the future.

Additionally, the trial information referred to it as Radiant Crown of Brilliance instead of Yela's crown which goes to show that the possession of the item no longer belong to Yela now and he can take the item without worrying about any curse going off.

Simon stored all of the things whose value cannot be measured by money into his inventory. with the Return Transit Rock in his hand, he can now leave the Forbidden ground.

Now that he thought about it, it was almost more than a month that he had spent inside the forbidden trial grounds. Not only was this trip extremely beneficial for his growth, but he had also acquired many items and treasures that would become the foundation of his strength in the future.

Although there were many a times during this period that he was pushed back into a situation where he was about to die, Simon doggedly held on and survived all his tribulations. One could even say that he was born anew after all the hurdles he had to go through.

Grabbing the return Transit rock in his hand, he inserted some of his mana into it and immediately the air around him started rippling and a black halo enveloped him. A feeling of weightlessness grabbed hold of Simon and before he knew it, the scenery around him had changed.

Feeling the fresh air of the night sky brush past his body and a scenery different from the vast wilderness and old tombs, Simon felt refreshed.

Next, he took out a map that Cynthia had given him and checked his position. If he were to believe the map, he was not far away from the Northern outlaw forest and if he kept true, he would soon reach its borders.

Simon unfurled his wings, donned on his Trinket of Grimlock, and descended onto the land of loess. Additionally, he also wore a black robe that covered most of his body and a bamboo hat. There was no way he would forget the humiliation he had to suffer in this place.

The area where he fought the Sea God's Trident Guild was not very far away from here. Simon did not know how long had passed in the outside world thus it was better for him to mask his appearance lest there were still members of their guild searching around this place for him.

Five days later, inside the Black Town, in one of the bars located near the centre.

CREAK... a tall man donned in a black robe from head toe, entered the bar full of drunkards and rough people before finding a seat and unceremoniously seating down.

It was not unusual for a person to wear a grab like that, in fact, if you just look out you would find many such people masking their appearance like that. However, the man's height was more than enough to turn a few curious heads towards him.

The bartender approached the tall man and asked crankily "State your business and your order".

"Information" the latter tossed him a pouch which the bartender caught easily. When he looked inside the pouch, he was dumbstruck to find that the coins inside were not your silver or gold but platinum.

What's more, there were a couple of them inside the pouch. Seeing the wealth that was casually tossed out by the man, the bartender was forced to re-evaluate the latter. When he glanced at the man's crimson red eyes, his body involuntarily shuddered and his back became cold with sweat.

'This man is dangerous' The bartender thought internally before dissolving all thoughts of trickery from his mind.

"F-First floor... room 07" for some reason his voice shuddered and he had difficulty maintaining his composure.

The tall man immediately got up as soon as he heard that and started walking towards the stairs.

PHEW... the bartender sighed a breath of relief seeing the latter walk away. Room 07 was one of the soundproof rooms that was used to exchange information in this place. After all, in this place where information from all sorts of regions flowed in, information meant money.

The door to the room 07 was pushed open and a tall man in a black robe, walked in. The room wasn't very big and could only accommodate a few people at once.

At the centre of the room, were a set of table and chairs on which a person was already waiting there. He had a sly face with the right half of it burnt.

Seeing the tall man enter, the latter asked "So what is that you want to know?".

The man in black robes did not reply immediately, he walked towards the centre of the room, sat himself opposite to the other party and then opened his mouth.

"Everything you know about the event that happened in the capital city and any other thing related to it".

The scar-faced man wasn't surprised by the question of the other party on the contrary; he knew that the question would be related to that. After all, many people had come to him with the same question.

The events that had happened in the city of Ellesmere was just too big of a sensation.

"Well, are you aware of the 'Battle of the Finest' tournament that took place in the capital almost two months ago?".

The tall man had a peculiar reaction when he said that nonetheless, he nodded his head his head indicating that he was aware of it.

"It seemed that a demon noble from the demon continent snuck in at that time. He not only made a huge mess of the tournament, but also tried to assassinate the third prince and a participant from the foreign kingdom. Fortunately, Vouves the royal court magician of the Sanguine Empire was present in our kingdom at that time and sensed its presence.

"Together with Davis Hall, they discovered the identity of the Demon Noble. It was quite a surprise, the demon noble was able to morph its appearance and look just like a human. You would expect the demon to be caught when faced with titans such as Vouves and Davis Hall. But the surprising thing was that, it not only stood its ground, but also had a powerful ally capable of pushing the two of them back".

"After devastating the entire capital..." the scar-faced man stated, he was just about to continue on when the latter stopped him by saying he already knew all that and he wanted to know what happened later.

"If that is the case, then are you aware of the huge clash that took place in the sea city aqualin? It is rumoured that the Sea god's trident was chasing after the Demon Noble in full force, even their guild master is said to have been involved".

"Nevertheless, they still weren't able to catch him. In the end, though they came out empty-handed, they were at least able to identify the dungeon of the Demon Noble".

When the scar face man saw the latter show some interest in the second half of his story, he started contemplating about the origins of the man.

"The name of that demon seems to be Laplace and its dungeon is located inside the Ghastly Winding Forest. Hehe, it's not a secret anymore, and all the people of this kingdom know about it. What's more, many large guilds and factions are establishing their branch in the city of mountmend to tackle the dungeon".

"Though this information is not verified yet, but I got a report saying that the top five guilds of this kingdom are also thinking about getting involved. How about it? Did you get the information you wanted?" the scar faced man smiled and asked.

The black-robed man nodded his head, turned around and started walking towards the exit.

'All this information should be common knowledge by now to the people of this kingdom. Does that mean that he is a Foreigner or perhaps...'

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The scar faced man thought. From the moment he met the tall man, he felt like he had seen his face somewhere. He racked his brain to recall the information and that's when it suddenly dawned onto him.

A month ago, his faction sent him a poster of a person... well, saying it was a person was wrong, after all, it was the human appearance of the being that wreaked havoc in the capital, Laplace.

The scar faced man silently took out a transmission conch from his hand and was just about to contact someone through it, when suddenly the tall man who was about to exit out, stopped in front of the entrance.

"Ah I forgot to say something," the latter said.

"W-what is it?" The scar faced man asked, hiding the conch behind him.

"Nothing much, it's just that you should try to maintain a poker face when you are thinking something since your face was a giveaway to all your thoughts".

As soon those words fell, the scar faced man stood up from his seat and was just about to dash out from a hidden exit when suddenly, a flame blade bringing along an infernal amount of heat, materialised who knows when and stabbed him right at his heart.

THUD... the scar faced man fell on the floor and vomited blood, his agonising scream did not echo out from the room as the place was soundproof to begin with. After a while, the tall man exited the room and silently disappeared among the masses.

Simon who got the information that he wanted, couldn't help but worry about his dungeon. It had been a long time since he left the dungeon and he was not starting to miss it a little. Of course, he was also missing the ones who were waiting for him there.

Thus, he swiftly exited the Black Town and travelled through the forest before arriving in front of a vast foliage of trees and stopping in his place.

Why was he stopping here when he must make haste? Well, the reason for that was simple, a group of people were closely following him from a distance. Their presence were so low that if Simon wasn't being particularly alert, he would have missed them entirely.

After stopping in a place, he conjured a small fireball in his hand and sent it flying towards a tree in a particular direction. Immediately, that tree got on fire but thanks to it, a couple of figures landed down from it.

"Hehh, it seems that you are quite skilful to have sensed us. but did you really think this level of magic can kill us?".

The person who said that, was a woman who was dressed in tight black leather garb meant to showcase some features of her body. Behind her, were a few more figures dressed in light leather garbs.

Simon glanced at the people who just showed themselves before shifting his gaze to their right and asking "Is the ones over there not going to show themselves?".

"Hahaha, to have detected the presence of all of us, you are indeed not bad. Zena, there is no point in me continue hiding when he has already spotted us is there?" A man dressed as an assassin slowly manifested himself out of thin air as he addressed the woman in black leather garb.

"There are always some fool who think too highly of their powers and mess with those that they cannot dare to often. Did you really think you can just kill a member of our organisation and just leave?" the woman named Zena criticized him in a condescending tone.

Simon did not reply, his face was the very definition of calm. From this conversation, he at least knew that the other party wasn't aware of his identity and was only here to avenge the guy he had killed not so long ago.

The trinket of Grimlock, although a powerful artefact, also had its own shortcomings. To state a few, it could be said that it was an artefact that was heavily dependent on a steady supply of mana. If you are out of mana, it naturally means that the effect of the artefact would also dissipate.

Additionally, skills such as [Disruption] which induces the mana in the surroundings to become turbulent, can also dissipate the effect of the skill. He was painfully made aware of that when the Royal Court Magician, Vouves used the skill against him.

The other shortcomings of the artefact would be that once you have chosen your transformation, you cannot change it again. That is to say, Simon who had decided on his transformation as a human, cannot change it again.

In this forte, the trinket of Grimlock was a far cry against his Elixir of Metamorphosis. Each had its own shortcomings. Nevertheless, the trinket of Grimlock allowed him to fight even while under metamorphosis which made it a better choice to use than his elixir whose effects dissipated the moment he took damage or attacked.

So even if his face was known, as long as he hid it with a robe or hat, he would still be able to pass through some of the cities without a problem. But it seemed that he had underestimated the events that had happened in the capital, his face seemed to have become widespread everywhere.

Although he hates the chain of events that started because of it, Simon doesn't regret killing the information broker from before, after all, he was done with people who wanted to backstab him.

Seeing that the black robed man was unfazed even when outnumbered and surrounded Zena was a little alerted. She wasn't an amateur who had lived in the Black town all those years for nothing.

Usually, a person would only remain calm in this situation if they were a truly strong person or a madman whose overinflated ego got the better of him. When she conversed with the black robed man, he did not strike her as someone who would do something reckless unless he had confidence in his abilities.

'Which is it?' Zena pondered internally before looking towards the man who was recently hired as a hitman by their organisation, Levin.

"How about we work together and share the credits this time?" Zena asked. The assassin Levin thought over the proposal before nodding his head.

He did not know what his chances were against the black robed man, but from the aura that was naturally released by him, he could tell that the other party wasn't an easy opponent to pick.

"Alright" Levin said taking out his [C] rank shortsword buckled on his belt and rushing towards Simon. He was a level 389 [Night Killer] with a rare assassin class, it was only natural for him to believe that he could test the other party's skills without using his full power.

Seeing Levin rush towards the black robed man, Zena ordered her subordinates to provide backup and block all the escape routes of their opponent. However, before she could complete giving out orders, she heard a spurt sound and a dull noise of something falling on the ground.

When she shifted her gaze back towards the place where the black robed man was, her eyes widened to their limits and her body started shuddering nonstop.

The reason for it was because of the scene that lay in front of her. The Black robed man was still standing where he was without moving even a step. However, what was different about him was the head that he was holding in his hand.

The head belonged to none other than the now dead Levin whose body laid on the ground, blood spurting out from his neck.

'What happened?!' her brain couldn't comprehend what had happened in the few seconds she shifted her eyes from the front. She wanted somebody to tell her what exactly had happened but just like her, her subordinates too were frozen in fear.

Yes, the feeling that was spreading all across their body, straining their nerves and making their blood run cold, was none other than fear.

The black robed man in front of them took out Levin, someone who had made a name for himself in the black town. His strength was beyond an ordinary adventurer and he would be recognised as an elite no matter which region or guild he wanted to join.

Even their faction leader was extremely careful when dealing with him. However, now that very person was lying on the ground dead. The shock these people got at that instant, could only be imagined.

Simon tossed the head in his hand before throwing it away as if it was some worthless rock. After that, his crimson eyes below his bamboo hat, set their sights on the people in front of him.

The moment he did, those people shuddered intensely. He might not have realised it, but after the mental and physical transformation he had gone through in these couple of months he spent inside the trial, his body now carried a ruthless blood thirst so dense and distressing that it was capable of demoralising a person just from getting exposed to it.

Feeling that vast demonic aura coming from that black robed person, Zena immediately realised which of the earlier two categories he belonged to.

This was a huge mistake, they had made a terrible mistake by coming after him. the moment she realised this, it was already too late. Before she knew it, at some unknown point in time dozens of flame spears and lighting spears had manifested in the air.

BOOOM... BOOOM...

Simon extended his index finger and pointed it down. Immediately, a rain of flames and lightning started dropping from the sky wreaking havoc in this part of the forest.

There was no need to even ask what happened to the pursuers that were following after him. After that attack from him, not even their ashes would be left behind.

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Simon turned around and swiftly left the scene. It took him a total of thirteen days to traverse the vast northern outlaw forest. During this period of time, he encountered many bandits and monsters that came after him. Though, all of them were swiftly disposed of by him.

After another day or two, Simon was in front of a vast field that spanned dozens of miles. To his front, in the distance, he could see a black gloomy forest that was like a dark line on the horizon and behind him on top of a mountain fortified by tall ramparts, the city of Mountmend.

He was back, after that trip that took him more than five months, he was finally back.

Simon flapped his wings, increased his speed even further and darted towards the distant forest. The moment he approached near the forest, he was alerted of a stream of foreign presence that was constantly coming and going out of the forest.

Needless to say, these foreign presences belonged to the same race. What's more, Simon could see that the majority of them were coming from the direction his dungeon was located in... i.e... the eastern region of the forest.

A little concerned, a little excited, Simon descend onto the ground, masked his appearance with the trinket, robe and hat before following the stream of humans that were diving inside the forest.

To his amazement, the line of adventurers he saw, only got bigger as he approached closer to his dungeon. And when he finally reached the location, Simon was stunned to find a small booming town around his dungeon.

Wherever he laid his eyes, he could see a steady flow of adventurers, buildings being made, line-up of wagons and so on and so forth.

Looking at the scene that lay in front of him, Simon was completely gobsmacked. The last time he had seen this place, it was not that big and could hardly be called a town. Now though, it was so large with building sprouting up everywhere, that it could hardly be recognised.

Adventurers, merchants, simple workers or ordinary people, the town had all sorts of people coming from different walks of life walking around the town. At the centre of the town lay a huge tower that had grown even more since the last time Simon had seen it.

As he walked around on the road randomly, he was approached by a few people in adventurer's garb. The leader of the group of adventurers that approached him seemed to be a person named Bolan.

He did not have any particular feature that would make one remember him nor was his presence strong enough to give a lasting impression. The word average seemed to be the perfect word to describe him.

Bolan approached him because they were looking for a person or rather an adventurer who could join them in their endeavour to the eighth floor of the dungeon.

After the adventurer's association set up a small building here, they established a set of rules and regulations that one must follow to enter the dungeon. And one of them was the necessary headcount of adventurers, or their rank to be equivalent to the standards they have set for each floor.

Since Bolan's party members were all [D] rank adventurers, they needed a total of six members to tackle the floor. However, they only had five members on their team and were looking around for someone who could fill up that last spot.

As they were a low rank party, they did not have much incentive or money to offer a strong adventurer thus seeing Simon's shady yet ordinary clothes, they thought he might be a rookie adventurer who appeared in the tower town for the first time and thus approached him.

Listening to their story, Simon fell into contemplation. Looking at them, it does not seem like they recognise him nor did they act in a way that made him suspicious. Them not recognising his face, could only mean that his face hadn't spread to this part of the land yet.

What he couldn't understand was why though? The news that the demon who was the master of the dungeon located in the ghastly winding forest should have spread every part of the kingdom by now so why weren't these adventurers able to recognise his face?

Were they two low levelled to know that or was there some other reason. No matter what it was, Simon decided that he needed to know what was going on and acquire more information about the past few months he was absent from here.

"Alright, I accept your offer," Simon said.

"Oh" Bolan who thought that he would be rejected once again, was surprised to hear the other party agree. Though the next second his eyes got clouded with doubt.

"Heh, it's good that you have agreed but are you even an adventurer?" He asked.

Simon smiled before casually taking out the provisional adventurer's card from his space ring. The card was something that he had gotten from the old man of the adventurer's association branch in the city of Mountmend.

Simon had his own motive behind handing them his adventurer's card, he wanted to try and see if this could induce ant reaction from them. Although he did get a reaction from Bolan and his team, but not the one that he was expecting of.

Bolan looked at the other party's adventurer's card and immediately made a disappointed face.

"What the hell?! Ye are a provisional adventurer? No wonder ye just readily agreed without hearing the compensation and reward. Forget what I said before, we don't have time to carry a total newbie with us".

With that said, Bolan turned around and was about to move away when one of his teammates hurriedly stopped him and started reasoning with him. Although they were whispering in a voice so that the provisional adventurer couldn't hear them, how could it escape Simon's acute senses?

"Bolan wait, I know it is extremely risky to bring a greenhorn with us but if you think about it carefully we got no one else with us and if we do not bring another person with us we might not be able to complete the commission".

"Besides bringing a greenhorn has its own advantages. We could simply give him less share of the reward in return for carrying him all the way to the eighth floor."

Hearing what his teammate has to say, Bolan made a thoughtful face and nodded his head in understanding. It was true that bringing a total greenhorn with them would be a considerable risk, but they were a team that was able to clear up till the 7th floor amidst with some difficulty themselves.

It shouldn't be too hard to bring a greenhorn with them to the 8th floor, besides just like his teammate told him, taking a greenhorn in their team had its own benefits. Thus, Bolan turned around and addressed the black robed man behind him.

"Alright, ye can come with us newbie, but ye won't be getting a cut of the loot that we gonna farm from the dungeon. Instead, ye will get a few percentage of the money we gonna get after completing the commission. Ye fine with that?".

Simon nodded his head, he did not care about the reward or the loot these people were talking about. With that out of the way, the six of them started walking towards the huge tower.

As he walked around the town, he noticed that there were many high levelled adventurers wearing different insignia that denoted their guild, walking around.

Seeing the newbie's gaze roam all across the place, Bolan smirked and explained "There is no need to be so surprised; this dungeon is pretty famous now. I'm sure you have also come here after hearing all the rumours. Haha, the Laplace's dungeon is the talk of the town now".

Bolan felt as if he was a senior who was showing the ways to his junior.

"Laplace's Dungeon?!" Although he didn't wish for it to come out loud, Simon couldn't control his volume when he heard the other party.

"What? Don't tell me ye haven't heard the name of the demon that wreaked havoc in the capital? Which boonie of a region did ye pop up from?" Bolan asked, surprised that the provisional adventurer did not even know that.

Simon gave him a random excuse and shifted the conversation. Though he would be lying if he said that he wasn't curious as to how his name became Laplace when he did not even reveal it? In the first place, it was the dungeon that he named Laplace and not the other way round. It seemed that people had mistakenly associated the name of his dungeon with himself.

"Was there always this many adventurers here?" As they approached a building which was eye-catching compared to all the other ones around it, Simon asked.

"Hmm? This village of yours you mentioned, the news does not circulate there easily I believe. Well, never mind that, the town was not like this from the start. It all started three months ago when the top guild of the city of Mountmend was handed a disappointing result with them having to retreat after reaching the twentieth floor and losing a few of their members in the process."

"When the adventurer's association received a letter from them, a peculiar rumour started to spread around this part of the land. Later, the various other guilds from the surrounding regions tried their luck and further proved the fact that there really were strong entities inside guarding the dungeon. Not only that, as new floors were explored, more treasures and monsters to challenge surfaced" Bolan explained.

The six of them entered the building which was the adventurer association's newly established branch and each handed their adventurer's card.

The receptionist at the front desk checked their cards and inserted into a peculiar instrument before handing them back.

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Simon was watching the receptionist all this while, seeing that she had no reaction whatsoever after checking his adventurer's card surprised him a little.

"Did the adventurer's association not find my identity as a provisional adventurer yet? No there is no way that can be true" Simon was confounded, the more he thought about it, the more confused he became.

After taking their adventurer's card, Bolan discussed his commission with the receptionist before moving towards the dungeon. Unlike the last time he had left the dungeon, there were too many changes there now.

The size of the tower was so, but even the carvings and paintings around the wall of the tower was more detailed and dynamic.

A flood of adventurers could be seen going and coming out of the dungeon. The six of them entered the huge tower and were met with a huge hall at the end of which was an enormous open gate that led towards the dungeon underground.

The hall was populated with adventurers, huge monster corpses, loots and various other things. Even after that, the place was still so enormously big that it could still contain dozen times the population there was now.

Simon was a little amazed, the entrance to the dungeon had grown so much bigger than before. Misunderstanding his emotions, Bolan declared boisterously.

"Is this your first time entering a dungeon? Don't ye worry newbie, our team is powerful enough to tackle the lower floors... Hahaha".

Although Simon found his constant chattering and boastful words a little annoying; Bolan was a punctilious person and paid attention to the mood of his teammate. This little joke from him, raised the morale of his team and at the same time uplifted the atmosphere around his team. Though it cannot be said he was good yet, he was a decent leader.

With that, the team descended the stairs and arrived on the first floor of the dungeon, a huge maze that kept on changing and messed with your sense of direction.

"Hehe, this is the first floor of the dungeon, the maze. The walls and the floors around here are ever-changing so if you don't have any navigation skills like pathfinder, you will just roam around in circles and take a long time to find the exit or hope to stumble upon a different adventurer team and hope that they take you with them".

"Well the case that they take you with them is very unlikely though. Fortunately, we have an assassin in our team with the navigational skill. Normally, this floor is for newbie adventurers like you since the monsters that spawn here are all around level 50"

. Bolan explained, it seems that he really believed that Simon was a Novice adventurer.

'So she already sensed me huh' Simon smiled, the moment he stepped inside the dungeon, it looked like his aura had been locked.

The group didn't take long to navigate through the maze and arrived on the second floor in an hour or two. The monsters that spawned on the first few floors were goblins and hobgoblins, the ideal monsters for newbies to hunt.

There was no way, it could stop Bolan and his team which had years of experience hunting them. Although it took their team a while, they slowly but surely proceeded towards their destination, the eighth floor.

"All of you brace yourself, the White Horned Rabbits are coming. Attack on my mark" Bolan said, taking out a simple-looking shield and sword. Around him, were his teammates who were similarly warriors with the exception of one assassin.

where is a mage? There was no way they who barely earned their keep every day would be able to afford the cost of employing a mage in their team. After all, a warrior can take only a few opponents at once whereas a single mage's spell is powerful enough to sweep through a horde of enemies.

Anyways, Bolan's team did not have a mage and was mostly comprised of melee warriors. [Forward Slash] executing a warrior's basic normal skill, Bolan managed to cut the last of the five white horned rabbits down.

HUFF... HUFF... sprawled onto the ground, Bolan and his teammates huffed. The corpse of the white horned rabbits lay around them. Currently, they were on the Seventh floor or otherwise labelled by the adventurers as the mining floors.

Floors sixth to eight were cavernous floors with a dense amount of mystical energy filling every corner of the place. Thanks to that, it grew ores such as WhiteSilver, and Bronze inside them.

The commission that Bolan and his team undertook from the adventurer's association this time was to mine the whitesilver ores on the eighth floor.

Why the eighth floor? The reason for that was simple, the deeper and the more closer the floor is to the dungeon core, the more dense the mystical energy it is exposed to. It was common knowledge for the adventurers of this town that the quality of ores was far better on floor eight than on the upper floors.

That is, if one could fend away these pesky white horned rabbits and the albino spiders that hide inside the mist. Even Bolan and his team were quite wary of these monsters which could really injure them given that their guard was down.

"Haa... that should have cleared the area of monsters, we can relax for a while. Take your potions if ye are injured, we will soon descend onto the eighth floor" Bolan said, the average level of the monster here was above level 80-100, something that they cannot afford to look down onto.

In a dungeon, the deeper the floor one descends to, the stronger the monster. The group nodded their heads and took out potions from their bag. Since not everyone can afford to buy a space ring, they bring their own bags large enough to store their equipments and any moderate size loot they find.

However, this time, their job was to mine the ores from the eighth floor thus the bags they brought with them were quite big.

As the group was resting for a while, one of Bolan's teammates came near him and whispered something near his ears.

"Hey Bolan do you see that? Don't you find the atmosphere around the newbie a little strange? He is not even tired after reaching the seventh floor and from that time, he had been grinning and taking it easy for some reason".

Bolan did not have to hear it from his teammate to notice the provisional adventurer's unusualness. That guy since the moment he entered the dungeon, he acted carefree and undisturbed as if he was out for a stroll.

Although he was a little strong, capable enough to hold a horned rabbit or two on his own, he was just acting way too casual. A typical mistake that all newbie did and which led to their untimely demise.

Being a full-fledged adventurer and all, Bolan felt it was his responsibility to make the greenhorn aware of some of the rules of the dungeon.

"Oi newbie... why are ye acting all dazed? Ye do know where we are right?" Bolan asked approaching the provisional adventurer who was silently sitting on the floor looking at the air in a daze.

In reality, Simon wasn't in a daze, he was just looking at his [Main Menu] and the changes that have occurred to his dungeon. Being called out, Simon snapped out of his thoughts and stood up.

When the provisional adventurer stood up, he almost dwarfed Bolan who for a human was quite tall. Seeing the intimidating stature of the newbie, Bolan coughed once before shaking the thought of his head.

"Listen here man, ye can't act like you own this place. Do you even know what this place is? This is a dungeon, a place filled with dangers at every step, if you are not careful enough, you will become its food. I know this is your first time and the reality might not hit you, but act a little more carefully will ya?" Bolan said patting him on his shoulders.

After resting for a while, Bolan and his party prepared to descend to the eighth floor. On their way, they defeated a few more monsters before finally arriving at their destination.

A thick white fog lingered endlessly and hampered their vision. Bolan took out the commission parchment from his bag and looked all around him.

"According to the commission, we need to go a little more deeper to get the best quality WhiteSilver ores".

The team nodded, then proceeded forward amidst the mist and culled down any monster that approached. When they finally arrived at the location, they saw a few teams already mining that place.

Since this place was a dungeon, the ores grew here many times faster than in any other mines. However, it did not mean that there was no friction among the parties that wanted to mine the place.

This was the first time that Bolan and his party arrived on this floor, naturally, they were fazed by the crowd which was already there. But since there were plenty of areas for them to mine the ores from, they did not mind the presence of other parties much.

"Hoh isn't that Bolan and his team? So you guys finally reached the eighth floor... huh" Out of nowhere, a person from one of the teams already presents here started talking with them.

It seemed that Bolan knew the other party but from how his face was twitching with irritation, it was clear that he wasn't very fond of the latter.

"So it is you Harris... I did not think you would be on this floor too".

"Haha, you are right, our team has already reached the ninth floor. The complexity of the floor and the strength of the monsters there isn't something that your team can tackle right now. Well, I guess by the time we clear new floors you will be able to reach the ninth... hahaha" the man named Harris said with a smug face.