

D. of Pride 451

451 Chapter 451

Though in the case of absurdly strong beings like Adalinda it matters not whether he took any measures or not since no tricks will be able to stop them.

"You don't have to worry now though, as time passes, your dungeon is sure to rank up. I'm sure there are different measures to counter space magic. Or else there wouldn't be any dungeon left standing in this day and age" Irene consoled reading his worries.

Simon flashed a bitter smile and nodded his head.

"I wasn't going to ask you to create a gate here on the main floor in the first place. What about the new floor I have created for them? If you want I can reposition it and make it one of the lower floors?".

Since it's much too much risk exposing the dungeon core to a bunch of beings who he still didn't trust, there was no way Simon was going to ask Irene to create a gate on the main floor in the first place.

It worked better for him too if she can open a gate on one of the new floors he created for the Deep Sea Alligator King and hundreds of lizardmen.

"That won't be a problem, as long as it's one or two floors away from the dungeon core I think I will be able to create a gate big enough for them to pass through" Irene affirmed.

Thus it was her idea that he brought Bea along with him to this northern part of the forest.

"Are you ready?" Simon asked Bea who nodded her head. She extended her hand towards the sky and surprisingly enough, the tip of her finger was able to touch the space and create a ripple as if it was made of water.

The space distorted around as if it was some kind of invisible veil and a strong spatial energy emitted out of her. She continued this for a while when suddenly an even stronger spatial fluctuation descended from an unknown place and surrounded the area.

A few meters away from Bea, the space crumbled apart to reveal a spiral gate that became bigger and bigger until it was big enough to even fit the Deep Sea Alligator King.

"S-Space Magic?!" The Deep Sea Alligator King muttered in astonishment.

"Master, it's done" Bea replied returning to Simon's side at once.

Simon looked at the huge created by Irene and Bea before turning towards the gobsmacked onlookers.

"Alright, the gate is formed. Beyond it is my dungeon and also from now on your new home". The Elder Lizardmen blinked their eyes and glanced towards their new king in apprehension. They weren't sentient enough to understand what is a gate or what space magic is.

"Before we go inside there, demon—ahem... my lord may I ask you a question?" the Deep Sea Alligator King felt a dangerous gaze directed at him from the one standing beside the demon and hurriedly changed the manner of his address.

Simon arched his chin indicating for the Deep Sea Alligator King to go on. The latter pretended to not see that gaze full of killing intent and asked his question to Simon who from this moment on was his master and lord.

"What is to happen of us?"

"Now that I have subdued you, your life belongs to me. But worry not, it's not like I want you to go out there and sacrifice yourself or something. I'm simply transporting you guys to a floor in my dungeon and expecting you to protect it and prevent any invaders from moving forward".

"Truthfully, that's all I want from you guys. Of course, if you do a good job in that and serve me faithfully, you will also be rewarded. From what I can see, the concentration of mana here is very thin thus hindering your progress from becoming a disaster class. If you stay here, you might not be able to reach that height in your lifetime. However, if you follow me to the floor I have prepared for you, you would find that it was a boon in disguise and even thank me later".

Simon declared and showed them a grand future that was waiting for them. He was not lying when he said that the Deep Sea Alligator King might not become a disaster class after all the mystical energy here compared to the western region is negligible.

The Beast clan, mostly relied on the treasure of the nature and the ample mana in the surrounding that they slowly absorb into their body to level up. Of course, it was not like they cannot hunt and level up but the beasts that fall in this category are far and few between.

The density of mystical energy in this area might be higher than in the eastern and southern regions of the forest. However, it was nowhere near the western part of the forest. Most of the mystical treasures and resources only grow at places with a high concentration of mana.

That is to say, the western region of the forest is filled with such treasures. Even if the Deep Sea Alligator King stayed here and used its long lifespan to slowly absorb the mystical energy in the surrounding, it might never reach the disaster class with the help of said treasures.

The thing that Simon mentioned, was the sore spot for the Deep Sea Alligator King. Even it knew that raising its strength here in the future might be impossible. However, it wasn't strong enough to occupy a region in the western region in fact it was defeated and chased away from there once.

So when it heard Simon envisioning him such a future, it was a little sceptical. Even if the future turned out to be completely different than what the demon told them, it had no choice right now since it was already subordinated by the latter.

The Deep Sea Alligator King can only comply with the orders of its lord. It swam to the shore and entered the huge gate that was made big thinking of its huge frame in mind and quickly disappeared inside.

Since their former king entered the huge spiralling dark gate, the Elder Lizardmen followed suit without any hesitation.

"Now then let us go inside too" after the hundreds of Elder Lizardmen went inside, the lake became completely silent. Simon turned towards his subordinates and along with them stepped inside the gate.

A wide plain lay in front of them, at the other end of the plain was an enormous lake that was more than triple or even quadruple the size of the lake in the northern region of the forest.

"W-Where is this place?" the Deep Sea Alligator king uttered marvelling at the new place it had arrived onto. Its subordinates, the Elder Lizardmen also had a similar expression as they glanced at the new surrounding they found themselves in.

"Do you like it? This is going to be your new home" Simon said coming in through the gate.

After all of them had safely entered inside his dungeon the huge gate slowly disappeared leaving behind a spatial turbulence that would need some time to settle down.

The Deep Sea Alligator King did not answer immediately, it first looked around its surroundings, felt the vast concentration of mana inside the floor before moving onwards to the lake.

Although the seed of Mana Trees sown on this floor had yet to sprout, the concentration of mystical energy is quite high here due to the proximity of the main floor and Forest spring spirit floor that had the majority of mana trees and mystical veins.

Although it wasn't exactly as high as the deeper areas of the western region; nonetheless, it was swiftly getting higher each day. On that note, the moment the mana on his main floor reached the mystical cycle, it was already on par with some of the deeper areas in the western region.

SPLASH... as the huge body of the Deep Sea Alligator King dipped inside the lake, it displaced a large volume of water. Seeing its action, Simon revealed a smile and calmly waited for him to surface back.

Though he did not know how deep the lake it used to inhabit was, the lake he created on his floor was more than two thousand meters deep. That was not all, there was also the...

SPLASH... at this moment the Deep Sea Alligator King reappeared out of the lake. Unlike a few moments ago when it had a doubting look on its face, right now its eyes were glowing. No, its dusty yellowish eyes were sparkling with excitement.

"M-My Lord that... what is that?!". Simon did not blame the latter to be out of breath after seeing that. after all, the thing that Simon had planted at the bottom of the lake was the Attribute Blossom Moss.

It was a type of algae that had grown inside his serenity pond and contained an enormous amount of pure mystical energy. It was a type of treasure that quickly grew when planted inside a water body.

However, the effects of the Attribute Blossom Moss wasn't as simple as reproducing and spreading around but increasing the affinity of a being to the water attribute. That is to say, as long as one is near the Attribute Blossom Moss or had been exposed to its effects for a long time, that individual would find their affinity with water element increase day after day.

The Deep Sea Alligator King although it was an amphibian beast, it mostly lived inside a water body. When compared its power on land and in water, it was no doubt many times stronger when inside water.

That is why, when it saw the Attribute Blossom Moss growing at the bottom of the lake and felt the effects buffing its powers, it was no doubt surprised beyond belief.

452 Chapter 452

Additionally, due to the moss containing an enormous amount of pure mystical energy, it was slowly changing the lake and increasing the concentration of mana inside it. Apart from that, the Attribute Blossom Moss was a great source of nutrients/food for the deep sea alligator king and the elder lizardmen it commanded.

All in all, the new habitat that Simon had created for them was not only better and bigger, it even had treasures of the nature that only strong beasts living inside the western region mostly enjoy.

How could the Deep Sea Alligator King who was expecting a worse living condition than in its previous habitat not be amazed after seeing all that? Heck, just the fact that it would be able to enjoy the treasure of the nature that no beasts in the northern, eastern and southern regions get to enjoy, was already blowing its mind.

Not to mention, the high concentration of mana on the floor that was many times higher than its previous place. The Deep Sea Alligator King had no doubt in its mind, if it was able to absorb all that energy and eat the attribute blossom moss on a daily basis it wouldn't be long before it stepped into the disaster class.

In its excitement, it addressed Simon as its lord without even consciously correcting its form of address this time.

"It seems you already took a liking to the floor. Good, from now on you will be living on this floor which means you also have to take care of it and defend it from all the invaders. If you are able to do your job properly, then not only the Attribute Blossom Moss, you would be able to enjoy various other treasures of the nature that would make even the beasts on the western region envy".

Simon said showing them the carrot.

This time though, the Deep Sea Alligator king looked no longer unconvinced, it had that glow in its eyes that seemed to be idolising Simon.

"My lord, it seems like I was blind to have not recognised such a blessing. Worry not, from now on I'll be guarding this floor with all of my power".

Simon nodded his head at those words of the Deep Sea Alligator King, it looked like his strategy had worked. Unlike overlords like the Lightning Draconic Serpent who were filled with pride to their bones and disliked the idea of serving under someone, the Deep Sea Alligator King was a materialistic individual who wouldn't shy away from wagging its tail or the one who provided it with the most benefit.

For it, its personal interest came first, pride and such things did not matter to it. Of course, in the case of the latter, you cannot trust them easily even if you made a blood contract with them.

However, they shouldn't be a problem in the short term as long as they are provided with adequate benefits.

"Right, I should tell you this beforehand, you aren't the only subordinates living inside my dungeon. Hurting others who belong to the same side is strictly prohibited no matter the reason. Do you understand?".

Seeing that the Deep Sea alligator king nodded its head like a puppy, Simon turned around and faced his subordinates Bea and the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse.

The former was okay with how the lizardmen and the Deep Sea Alligator King acted as long as he was okay. However, the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse had a disdainful look in its eyes as it glanced at the new additions to their dungeon.

Simon knew that the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse was a prideful individual and the most loyal one out of all of his subordinates. It naturally loathed the profiteering attitude of the Deep Sea Alligator King who changed their colours often.

Simon knew it; however, it was not his place to meddle in. The Beast have their own hierarchy, if the Bloodthorn demonic warhorse was dissatisfied with the Deep Sea Alligator King it had to do something about it itself.

Main Floor of the dungeon Laplace, inside the central hall of the white palace.

KLACK... the moment Simon opened the door and entered inside he was hugged by someone. Needless to say that someone was Cecilia who was absent for a while since she was taking care of the spirit tree in the forest spring spirit village.

"Welcome back big brother," Cecilia said as she snuggled up to his legs.

"Yeah, I'm back. How is the spirit tree? Did you take care of it properly?" Simon asked patting Cecilia's emerald green hair adoringly.

"Un, the spirit tree seemed to be crying, when I was trying to understand what it was saying, I realised that it was hungry. Thus I altered the course of some of the mystical veins present on the floor towards the tree".

The forest spring spirit had the ability to manipulate nature, this was something that Simon already knew. The reason why the forest spring spirit had to bring in Cecilia who was exceptional even amongst the race, being a royal after all to take care of the spirit tree was because the tree according to Irene was still an infant.

Thus it was very difficult to communicate with it. The fact that Cecilia was able to console the spirit tree, understand that it was hungry and redirect the course of mystical veins, told Simon that the girl in front of him was no longer that weak crybaby who was depressed after the death of her parents and clansmen.

Her powers were beginning to manifest and once all of her hidden power awakens, so will her memories from the time she was one of the incarnation of the Eight Emissaries of the Primordial Demon Lord of Pride.

It was quite the dilemma, on one hand he wanted Cecilia to move forward with her life and become stronger, on the other hand, he didn't want the shadow of the sister he was starting to see in her to fade away with the awakening of her memories.

"What about brother? How are those new people that brother went to get from the northern forest?".

Cecilia's question snapped Simon out of his conundrum. He walked with her inside the hall while explaining—

"You mean the Deep Sea Alligator King and the Elder Lizardmen? They have already gotten accustomed to their new floor, they said they liked it very much".

Inside the hall, Simon could see Irene, the Valkyries and the [Helpers] all assembled in one place. They were all seated around a set of couch conversing.

Seeing Simon enter, all of them stood up. Some observed him with their gaze scrutinising if he had any injury while others bowed their heads in welcome.

"Is something the matter?" Simon found an empty sofa to seat on, took the teacup that Annette served him and asked.

"Nothing much my lord, we were just giving our daily report to Mistress Irene," Coleus said.

In the past few months that he was absent, Irene was the one who was taking care of most of the matters in his dungeon. In a way, she was the acting dungeon master of Laplace while he was away.

It was no surprise to him that she had created an information network amongst the members of the dungeon.

Since Coleus said that the matter wasn't big enough to require his attention, Simon did not bother asking any further about it as he was assured that Irene would be able to take care of it just fine.

"Is that so? Alright, let me know when the hidden chambers are complete though".

Coleus, Fay and the others nodded their heads before exiting the hall.

"How were they, do you think you can trust them?" Irene asked, the one she was talking about was none other than the Deep Sea Alligator King.

"Although its personality is like a profiteer, we can at least trust it with defending the floor due to the blood contract being in effect. Though I would not place much hope in it for defending the floor with its life or when it meets an enemy it cannot hope to defeat. Make sure that no forest Spring spirits teleport on that floor for the time being".

Simon said cautioning his subordinates about the new additions to their dungeon.

"If master gives me some time I will make sure those ingrates who just received benefits from the master without shame be absolutely loyal to you," Bea said patting her ample chest.

Simon imagined Bea massacring and torturing the new entrants until half of their number remained or even less and couldn't help flash a helpless smile. He shook his head rejecting her idea. Even though they weren't loyal to him as long as they don't go against him and do their job properly, Simon had no qualms with them.

It would be a waste to reduce their numbers in hopes of instilling loyalty to them when he went through all the trouble to get them all the way from the distant northern forest.

"Let us watch their attitude against the dungeon for a while before deciding on their fate" Irene proposed. She knew the agreement he made with Aldebaran and knew why he was being patient with this lot of bunch.

"B-But master if they are the reason that is making you gloomy, I want them to..." Bea stared, she could see that her master was concerned over something.

When Bea mentioned that, all of the eyes present inside the hall focused on him.

Simon touched his face, was he really making a gloomy expression? He knew that the reason he was vexed was not because of the Deep Sea Alligator king and the Elder Lizardmen he brought inside his dungeon but because of something else.

However, the fact that he made even his subordinates worry for him made Simon think that he was not fit to be a leader yet. Simon glanced at the anxious face of Cecilia and felt responsible, he tried to give them an assured smile, only for their eyes to become even more dubious.

"What is it that you are hiding from us?" Irene asked. She glanced at him with those crystal blue eyes of hers that seemed to have the ability to see through one's soul.

Knowing that he would only worry them if he hid it from them, Simon came out clean and told them about what he learned from the Lightning Draconic Serpent about the last overlord that he needed to subjugate.

Hearing the thing that was on his mind, even the maids showed troubled faces.

"Master what if we help you subdue it...".

"It won't work, the agreement that master made with the lord of the ancient treants binds him to achieve it on his own strength. If we were to lend our assistance, that would be equal to Master not being able to keep his words, do you want to disgrace master like that?" before Alice complete her sentence she was reprimanded by Annette and forced to think things carefully before saying anything.

,m "N-No" Alice hurriedly shook her head. The situation where her master would have to bow his head to someone else because of her was unacceptable to her.

It was as Annette had said, the agreement that he made with Aldebaran would mean nothing if he was achieving the objective with a borrowed power and in that case, all those words he said to Aldebaran would mean nothing.

What's more, Simon had made an oath at that time so using the Valkyries power was unacceptable.

"An Elder Dragon huh... it's not like there is no way" Irene who was silent till now, opened her mouth at this moment.

"Miss Irene what do you mean? There are only a couple of months remaining before the one-year agreement is up. if an elder dragon is as powerful as the Lightning Draconic Serpent says, then master going there alone might put him in danger".

Annette voiced her complaint, this was the first time she was in disagreement with Irene.

The latter calmly took her glare and explained "I'm not telling him to go against an elder dragon, that would clearly be suicidal. Unless it is also a lower dragon like that Earth shattering Dragon, even you guys would have trouble the way you are against one. That is unless you have forgotten the aura that is inside you".

Seeing Irene's gaze turn towards him at the end of her sentence, Simon locked his brows in a frown. What was the aura she was talking about? He didn't have to think long before the memories from the past surfaced back once again.

How should he put this, it wasn't very long ago when another person asked him that very same question. That person was very unreasonable, barged inside his dungeon and didn't listen to anything that others had to say.

The petite person that loved food and spending his money, was none other than Adalinda. It was not very long ago when she barged inside his dungeon and asked him a similar question.

He realised the aura that Irene was talking about. In fact, it was because of this aura that Simon was forced by Adalinda to go along with her antics. As much as he hated this aura, it also had its own benefits and that was the technique that came along with it.

[Ancient Draconic Compel], a legacy technique that was created by Adalinda and passed onto him by Lucine. The technique also made the user exude a dragon aura whenever executing this technique.

The aura that Irene was talking about was none other than the dragon aura.

"But will it work on that Elder Dragon?" Simon needed the [Ancient Draconic Compel] to subdue the Earth Shattering Lower Dragon at that time, he would be exuding a dragon aura to bring the latter into submission.

However, was that enough to also deter the Elder Dragon, the one protecting it from the shadows? Simon was a little sceptical since he cannot exactly imagine the power level of an Elder Dragon.

"Don't worry... if anything, that sassy woman bestowed you with an incredible gift. Since it's the technique she herself created, although extremely negligible, it contains the trace of her dragon aura. Even if the opponent is a genuine Elder Sky Dragon they would have to carefully weigh their options before engaging you" Irene explained with certainty.

"How powerful is she?" Hearing her words, Simon was inevitably curious.

"Even I'm not sure... however, she should be at least or more powerful than the woman you told me about in that Historia you experienced in the forbidden trail" Irene said giving an estimate. Since she hadn't actually fought against Adalinda, it was hard for her to give an exact estimate.

However, those few words were enough for Simon to get a clue as to how powerful she was. The woman that Irene was talking about was Yela who fought singlehandedly against an atrocity even while poisoned inside the [Historia].

She was powerful enough to split the horizon with the swing of her sword, collapse space and cause natural disasters all over the land.

If Irene was saying that Adalinda was as powerful as Yela, he had no reason to disagree with her. In fact, during their journey, he had been slowly suspecting that this woman was one of the pinnacle experts in this world.

If the [Ancient Draconic Compel] was created by her then she should also be from the dragon clan. Although Simon did not know how powerful an Elder Sky dragon was, they shouldn't be as powerful as Adalinda right?

If the dragon aura is somehow able to make the guardian dragon a little apprehensive to attack or even scare them away, then he might have a chance to subdue the Earth Shattering Lower Dragon.

When he thought till here, Simon felt this concern that had been troubling him all this while fade away and with that, his mood also returned to usual.

No matter what, he has to first get powerful enough to subdue the Earth Shattering Lower Dragon, he can think about it when the time comes. For now, he still had a few months, besides that he did not think that Aldebaran would try to play cheap tricks like that.

There was definitely something that he was unable to see right now. Now that he was feeling unburdened, he apologised to his subordinates for worrying them and teleported to the [Workshop].

[Workshop] was the name given to the industrial floor on which Wisp resided. This was one of the essential places alongside the Main floor and Forest spring spirit village that must be absolutely guarded against any intruders.

Although in the case of the workshop, there were hundreds of Andromedas assembled and unassembled to guard it. However, it would be an incredible loss if the assembly line or the equipments that were made with rare and precious materials, get's damaged in the aftermath.

Simon teleported to the base of the volcanic mountain where the main factory line was located. the factories here as compared to before have expanded all around the mountain and were basically on the level of a small city.

Not only that, there were also new volcanic mountains and Mineral Mountains popping up every around the floor. Although there were no factories set up there right now, it wouldn't be long before it is being used to manufacture more Andromedas.

On that note, Cecilia also came to the floor to create more Mystical veins on the floor and redirect them towards the mineral mountains. All in all, the floor had seen many changes in the past few days.

Whoosh... the moment Simon entered the factories, he felt a burst of heat slam against his body.

BAM... BAM... loud clanging noise came from everywhere and wherever he laid his eyes, he would see a fully finished or a component of an Andromeda being manufactured.

Simon enjoyed looking at how the Andromedas were processed before meeting up with Wisp. As usual, the guy (note- the concept of gender does not apply to it) was incredibly busy keeping the factories working.

[BEEP-BEEP-BEEP] the wisp floated around him trying to tell him that it was happy he came here.

"Yeah I'm happy to see you too" Simon smiled, by now he was capable of understanding this weird and unique interdimensional entity due to the link he had with it. He could also tell that the bond he had with it is only getting stronger with time and as the null elemental gaining its spirituality.

"I'm sorry to burden you with this when you are already busy but can you make all these..." Simon touched the Wisp and thought about the things he wanted it to manufacture.

Since the Null Elemental was capable of reading his memories, it could also read the thoughts that were on his mind. Through that, Simon showed it some blueprints of the weapons/heirlooms that the Valkyrie uses.

Although it was impossible to create those powerful Heirlooms without the necessary items which are incredibly scarce at this point, it might still be possible to make a cheap copy of them.

He was aware that a copy is a far cry from the original, but it would still be better than having them use a [B] tier weapon that they were not used to. Plus, the Valkyries or a Hero's strength increases manifold when they hold the Heirloom that was meant for them.

454 Chapter 454

Simon had been using [Ga??????] every day for the past couple of weeks, but he was still yet to get any heirlooms. Though he got was some decent items, it was still not what he was looking for.

From the training and from the incident that happened on the thirty-sixth floor that day, Simon understood how important it was for his subordinates to also have good weapons.

He knew the value of a good weapon since he himself was hogging an [A] tier weapon that most of the time covered up for the massive gap in stats between him and his opponents.

Since he is unable to give them the original heirlooms that they were used to right now, he wanted to at least create an imitation of it, if possible.

The Wisp became silent for a while, the light around its body pulsed frequently as if saying that it was thinking deeply. After a few seconds, it transmitted its thought back to Simon.

It said that it was unable to create such high level weapons without the appropriate materials. Even if it created an imitation from the existing materials, it would break apart after one use.

Simon thought over his options, if the imitation broke apart after just one use, it would be a waste of material and time.

"Would the imitation have the same power as the original heirloom?" Simon asked, the Wisp did say that the heirloom would break after one use however, it did not say anything about its power and other things.

[BEEP-BOOP-BEEP]...

,m "Really? How long will it take? More than a month? Fine then, just create one set of these heirlooms for now" Simon requested, the reason why he was investing his limited materials on making imitations that would break apart is because according to Wisp, it was able to create an imitation with fifty per cent of the power of the original.

The number might not seem high without understanding how powerful the heirloom is. However, Simon who was the developer of these weapons in his previous life understood how powerful these Heirlooms were.

If one had to compare the heirlooms by the standards of this world, even the most ordinary heirloom was around the tier of Crimson blade that he was using. Thus even if the imitation would only be able to output fifty percent of the power of the original heirlooms, in the hands of the Valkyries and Heroes, they would be able to display power far beyond their tiers.

Additionally, it was better to use the weapons they had mastery in since their skill gives them a buff when holding that specific weapon.

After discussing the matter he came here for, he bid goodbye to the Wisp and teleported back to his Main Floor.

The place he teleported to was the shore of Serenity Pond, the treasure that was an indispensable part of his dungeon now. The serenity pond looked as picturesque as ever with speckles of light and mist surrounding it. The light breeze that came from the pond had an added effect of calming one's mind and body, similar to the ability of the serenity stone.

Simon stood in front of the pond gazing at its deep blue water that contained an unimaginable amount of mystical energy. Ever since the mystical veins on his main floor were in their process of becoming heart veins, the serenity pond that was at the centre of all the veins, was also undergoing massive changes.

Not counting the numerous treasures that were forming at the bottom of the pond and being nourished by the abundant mystical energy, even diving inside it was an agonising yet fruitful experience.

In the past few weeks when Simon had dived inside the pond to get the numerous mutation crystals of varying attributes growing in there, he felt the high concentration of mystical energy mixed with the water electrocuting his body, seeping through his skin and attacking every part of muscles and bones.

The process was so painful that had it not been for Simon's uncanny resistance to pain, he might have lost consciousness right there. His personal record which was around three minutes before was reset back to two minutes again.

The experience of diving inside the pond might have been painful but it was not like it was without any benefits. As always, the pond of serenity provided massive assistance not only to his dungeon but also him.

The many injuries that he had suffered while fighting against his opponents be it on his trip or while defending the dungeon were all healed. The scars on his body were gone replaced by speckless skin and his physique too was slowly but surely becoming many times stronger than what a Demon Viscount should have.

Not only that, the pond also had the added effect of increasing one's aptitude and talent over the time. Simon could feel that he was inching closer to the mystery of Infernal magic and on the brink of gaining enlightenment in it.

His other elements too were showing signs of improvement whether it be his gale magic or lightning magic they all were slowly improving.

All of these qualitative changes weren't displayed in his status but Simon could genuinely feel the changes that were occurring in his body. It was all thanks to his efforts and the benefits provided by the Serenity pond.

Hence, Simon was once again here to bathe in its benefits, also to challenge his limits and see what other treasures were forming inside the pond.

BREATHE... Simon took a deep breath composed of his mana flowing inside his body before diving inside the pond.

SPLASH... the moment he dived in, his entire body started aching from the extreme amount of pain and from the mystical energy that was trying to seep inside his body like a flood. This foreign mystical energy was like a rampant beast that had to be brought under control before it starts wreaking havoc inside his body.

Simon used his [Mana Lines] and with much difficulty, circulated the energy thorough out his body. The early acquisition of the skill was what allowed him to stay inside the serenity pond for so long.

Simon opened his eyes and slowly started diving towards the bottom of the pond. He knew his limits, thus he did not waste any time reeling and agonising in pain.

Before long, the bottom of the pond appeared in front of Simon. Due to a large number of mystical veins that were interconnected with the pond, the bottom where the treasure formed was a sight to behold.

Usually, the mystical veins are something that runs through the ground and aren't something that could be easily seen. However, this place was inside of a dungeon which is located in a special plane. And amongst these special planes, Simon's dungeon was even more special due to the existence of Cecilia, the Forest Spring Royal Spirit.

Because of her heaven defying powers, the dungeon was growing at a rate that should be otherwise impossible for a low ranking dungeon.

After she started actively interacting more and more with the nature, the mystical veins on his main floor were starting to undergo an evolution to become heart veins.

Typically, a mystical vein that carries the purest form of mystical energy can be said to be the size of a rill. However, the mystical veins in Simon's dungeon were as big as a creek.

Now though, due to them undergoing an evolution, they were starting to become as big as a stream. When Simon laid his eyes at the bottom of the pond, he scouted numerous crisscrossing fissures along the crust from where a multi coloured energy was seeping out.

The energy that slowly dissolved with the water was so pure and potent that just by looking at it Simon felt his whole body stiffen up. He was sure that as he was now, it was clearly suicidal for him to even think about absorbing that energy or come in contact with it.

If one looked carefully through the gap in the fissures, one would be able to see the mystical veins that carried the purest form of mystical energy. They were like a wide stream of a river that interconnected with each other and spread across the entire floor.

It was due to the presence of this many mystical veins that deposited their mystical energy here, that the serenity pond was so special. Simon examined the fissures lines, he could see that some incredible treasures were forming along the borders of those cracks absorbing and getting nurtured by that energy.

Currently, those areas were out of his reach since the level of viscosity and the concentration of mana there was just too high. Therefore he decided to explore the area where there were far less fissures forming.

KUH!!... the pain and the pressure from the mystical energy, was starting to become unbearable. Simon knew that he was approaching his time limit and thus did not dilly dally any more. He hurriedly grabbed whatever treasures that were near him and started ascending back to the surface.

"PUAHH... Huff.. Huff..." as soon as he came out of the pond, Simon lied on his back taking hurried breaths of air. His body jolted time to time from the pain of straining his body to its limit. His MP was almost but out and his HP had also gone down a little.

"Two minutes ten seconds... haa... it seems that is my current limit" Simon muttered estimating the time he was inside the pond.

After composing his breathing, he found a large rock nearby to sit on before taking out the item he grabbed from the pond.

455 Chapter 455

,m The thing in his hand was a small two leaf clover. When Simon used his analysis on it, he was stunned to find that the item was a [C] rank item.

Item- Poison Detoxifying Clover, Rank- [C]—an item capable of absorbing the poison from the surrounding. It blooms into a three and four leaf once enough poison is accumulated. Once the Poison Detoxifying Clover absorbs enough poison and blooms into four leaf, it discharges poison back into the surrounding.

Poison detoxifying Clover, based on how it is used, the item can become something truly terrifying. It was smaller than grass, can be planted anywhere and was easily overlooked. Both its poison absorption and expulsion ability was a powerful weapon.

Simon kept the Poison Detoxifying Clover back inside his inventory, he made a mental note to research more about its ability later. Right now, he had something more important to do. Apart from diving inside the pond, Simon had additional two objectives in mind for coming here.

His gaze that was up until now on the item in his hand, turned towards the beautiful crystal trees around the pond. Trees of mana crystals, another treasure that was growing inside his dungeon thanks to the miraculous abilities of Cecilia.

Each of the crystals bored by the trees contained a pure amount of mystical energy that when absorbed, increases your stats thus ultimately increasing your level.

Previously, the trees of mana crystals on his main floor was a sapling and capable of only producing only Grade 1, tier [C] mana crystals. Now though, it has become a young tree capable of producing better grades of those crystals.

Simon's second objective for coming here was to absorb these crystals that have been piling up. By now, there were large heaps of mana crystals that have fallen from the branches of the tree spilled all around the place.

Simon walked towards the area and casually picked a crystal from the ground. It had a shape of a rhombus and was easily grasped within his palm. It was releasing a multi-coloured light just like all the other crystals around it evident of the pure mystical energy inside it.

When Simon used analysis on it, he nodded his head in satisfaction when he saw that the grade of the crystal was [2].

Even though it was still tier [C], a grade [2] crystal contained much more potent and pure mystical energy than what a grade [1] mana crystal does. If we compare the two, it can be said that a grade [2] crystal was ten times more potent and precious than a grade [1] crystal.

That is to say One Grade [2] mana crystal = Ten Grade [1] mana crystals.

Mana crystals only grow in places abundant in mystical energy, they can either be harvested from a tree of mana crystals or mined from a crystal field.

Since they were expendables and everybody needed them to level up, it was a precious material. The kingdom of Ellesmere might have a few quandaries from where they excavate the mana crystals from.

However, it only produces low-grade crystals. It can be seen from the availability and scarcity of the mana crystals how precious the high grade Mana crystals were.

In fact, every quandary of mana crystals that was ever found in history, was quickly occupied by a kingdom/Empire or waged war for.

In the Battle of the Finest Tournament too, there were high grade mana crystals offered as a reward to encourage the participants. And now, his dungeon was also capable of producing grade [2] mana crystals.

Simon reckoned that it wouldn't be long before the trees start producing grade [3] crystals. Simon stored a heap full of grade [2] mana crystals probable numbering in the hundreds, inside his space ring. Since the level he was in wouldn't budge even if he absorbed one or two crystals of grade [2].

Simon came back to the large rock near the pond sat cross legged on top of it, and started absorbing the mystical energy from the mana crystals. To increase the efficiency, he also shattered a serenity stone.

Simon sat on the rock for hours continuing to absorb one mana crystals after another. Before long, there were more than ten empty husks of crystals lying around the place. It was only when Simon felt his rate of improvement slow down for the day, did he open his eyes back.

Phew... he exhaled a deep breath of air and stretched his body around. When he clenched and unclenched his hands, he felt his improved strength resulting from his levelling up. After using more than sixteen crystals, Simon had levelled up a total of two times bringing his current level to 407.

Although, levelling up with mana crystals was more efficient and safer than hunting monsters, it had a limit and required a lot of resources.

It must be mentioned that an average human around Simon's level or even a Demon Viscount of his rank would never even get to see much less enjoy these many resources as brazenly as he did. The only reason he stopped was because he felt like the effectiveness of the mana crystals have dropped and using any more today would simply be wasting them.

After absorbing the mana crystals for the day, Simon moved on to his third objective for which he came here. Upgrading his dungeon, although he could do this from anywhere, due to the calming and soothing effects of the serenity pond, it felt much better to work here rather than inside his White Palace.

Besides that, since his first and second objectives needed him to be near the pond as he was planning to hole himself up here for a few days, it was more efficient that he did his work as the dungeon master here.

As soon as Simon called out, the [Main Menu] appeared in front of him. He pressed the [Dungeon] option and immediately, a three dimensional structure of his dungeon from the first floor to the fiftieth floor appeared in front of him.

Yes, the dungeon currently had fifty floors, not including the [Workshop], [Forest Spring Spirit Village] and [Main Floor] which are the heart of his dungeon. The last two floors that are the forty-ninth and fiftieth floor were termed as the boss floors by Simon.

The reason behind him calling it that was because these two floors housed the former two overlords of the northern region of the forest, the Deep Sea Alligator King and the Lightning Draconic Serpent.

At the current moment, not counting his direct subordinates, they were the strongest monsters inside the dungeon that he could rely on to defend it from any possible strong intruders. In a way, their floors are the last defence line for the dungeon Laplace.

The current progress of the adventurers leading the exploration is the thirty-sixth floor and it was none other than the Tyrant Mountain one of the big guilds from the southern region of the kingdom leading the charge.

Starting from this floor and the floors below, new monsters that Simon had mutated from the many mutation crystals start showing their face. Each of them was around level 300- 350. Apart from them, there was also the Andromeda MK 11 and 10 guarding the lower floors.

Not to mention the Fire Demon Apes which were the hidden boss of the middle floors. At a glance, the dungeon might seem very hard to conquer; however, Simon wasn't gullible enough to actually believe that.

He knew that the real powerhouse of the Kingdom, the top five guilds was yet to show up in the tower. Amongst them, the Sea God's trident was a guild that he was the most cautious of. They have spared no amount of effort to try to antagonise him, every time that they moved, they brought nothing but trouble for him.

Besides that, they were also now in possession of the information that his dungeon sheltered the Forest Spring Spirits. Simon did not know what kind of plans they were brewing right now, thus he had to be extremely careful. A moment of negligence or carelessness might even bring down this dungeon and the people he cared about.

Apart from them, there were also the shadowy groups like the Cerberus and behemoths like Adventurer's Association. Sooner or later, they were sure to turn up at his door.

Hence, it was paramount that he fortifies his dungeon at every opportunity he gets. Looking at the three dimensional structure of his dungeon, Simon started upgrading certain floors and adding new ones.

Like this, Simon spent his days around the pond dividing his time in diving inside the pond challenging his limits and collecting the Poison Detoxifying Clover, levelling up using the piles of mana crystals and using his remaining time to create new floors.

While Simon was busy doing his stuff, time flew by in the blink of an eye and a week had passed.

Currently, Simon was looking at [Main Menu] or more precisely, the three-dimensional structure of his dungeon. In the past few days, thanks to the constant influx of DP coming from the adventurers, he was able to create three floors each more than thirty kilometres big and with a wide environment.

He wanted to install some new features that were available to his dungeon but stopped when he realised that the growth of his DP was starting to show a decline for some reason. The trend was something that he noticed two days prior and it continued up until now making Simon worry.

Just when he starting to think if something was wrong, the space behind suddenly trembled and the sunning figure of Bea appeared.

The moment she appeared, she got down on her knee and greeted— "Master...".

Seeing that she took the trouble of teleporting to where he was, Simon immediately realised that something was wrong. He wrapped up whatever he was doing and turned towards Bea.

"Master... Miss Irene and the [Helpers] are awaiting your presence in the main hall".

Adventurer's guild, Tower Town.

Currently, there was a large group of adventurers gathered at the hall. At a glance, their numbers were more than fifty people gathered inside. Since the adventurer's association building was small to accommodate these many people at once, the hall felt quite congested.

Usually, there wouldn't be this big of a crowd gathering inside, but today was different than usual. Thirty percent of the adventurer that was currently inside the hall, were wrapped in bandages, some looked extremely worn down with big and small injuries on their body.

The staffs of the associations were busy running around and tending to the wounded. The mood in the hall was heated with different teams and guilds arguing with each other.

"Are you suggesting that we leave them to die? You bastard are you a coward?" An adventurer with an injury in his head said barking out loud. You could even see some bloodstain on his armour and pants evident that he just came back from a difficult battle.

"Huh? Then are you saying that we all die? Screw you... there is no way I'm risking my life or those guys" Another adventurer said. His name was Ruke and he was a [C] rank adventurer belonging to a small guild from the city of mountmend called the Ivory Bow.

However, at this moment other than him, there was no other adventurer from the Ivory Bow inside the hall.

The man with an injury on his head had it enough, in his anger he grabbed Ruke's collar and lifted him above the ground.

"Wait Bastian—put him down, even if we fight amongst ourselves it doesn't help the situation. We must all contact our main guild in the city and asked them for backup" A man with a whitebeard holding a staff made of some unknown material said.

He was the eldest person currently gathered and his words seemed to hold quite some weight even amongst the other adventurers as they immediately stopped their own bickering and turned towards him.

The man with the head injury who was referred to as Bastian, loosened his clutch against Ruke and put him down.

"What should we guild master Mason? The town is completely ransacked and destroyed, there are more than hundreds of civilian casualties and unidentifiable amounts of death with many captured. If we just leave it like that, how can we call ourselves adventurers?".

Mason was a well known person here who led one of the powerful guilds from the city of Mountmend called Moonlight Guild. Thus Bastian felt it appropriate to ask for his advice even though he belonged to a different guild.

Mason caressed his beard as he observed more like glared at Bastian and Ruke who were just about to fight right inside the adventurer's association. After he turned the two into submission with his fierce eyes, he turned towards the receptionist who seemed to be unable to control the situation.

"Miss would you fill me up as to what had happened here? As you know, we just came out of the dungeon today thus we don't know much of what had happened".

Mason's Moonlight Guild, mostly explored the lower-Middle Floors. Therefore it was not unusual for them to spend a few days to a week or till they were out of resources inside the dungeon.

The receptionist recounted the whole story to them. About how two days ago, an adventurer team spotted a group of Orcs roaming around the eastern region of the forest. Needless to say, the orcs were wiped out by the adventurers; however, it seemed that the group was just a scout as many more adventurers started to spot groups of orcs coming closer to the tower.

Things escalated fast and the news was brought to the ears of the adventurers association who issued a commission to wipe out the orcs lurking near the town. However, it seemed that the adventurers remaining above ground weren't a match for the orcs as many teams were wiped out.

The ones who were fortunate enough to survive reported the information to the tower town. That was when all hell broke loose, the civilians, merchants, workers and other professions that had nothing to do with adventuring, started panicking and leaving the city in hurry.

Nevertheless, it was already too late as the orcs had already discovered the town and were starting to be seen around it. Those that fled from the town, disappeared in the darkness their scream like an omen filled the wild.

The adventurer association realising the danger barred anyone from leaving the confines of the town and send messengers inside the dungeon to notify the other adventurers. But surrounding the town was only just the start for the orcs as they started marching and breaking inside the town.

The remaining adventurers and people resisted with all their might, they hanged on until the other adventurer came out of the dungeon. Nonetheless, the town was still devastated in the process with many lives lost and building broken.

This was what happened two days ago. Yesterday, after receiving the emergency notice from the messengers, more than fifty percent of the adventurer came out of the dungeon. They formed a temporary alliance with the other teams and guilds and led the charge against the orcs.

They were successful in driving the orcs away from the vicinity of the town. Perhaps this victory had gotten inside their head, they tried to investigate the reason behind the appearance of the orcs and dived deeper into the forest.

Their alliance comprised of a majority of the adventurers that were aboveground at that time. But since the time they dived deeper towards the forest, there was no more communication with them.

The tension in the town was at its peak, people started arguing with each other as fear gripped hold of their hearts. As the only authority in the town that can rally the group, the adventurers association steeled their nerves and sent a few people inside the forest to investigate what had happened to the alliance.

Fortunately, those people were able to find some adventurers who were still alive and bring them back to the town.

Amongst the ones who were brought in are the currently fighting Bastian and Ruke. When the adventurer's association asked what had happened to their alliance, they were horrified to realise that the entire group was ambushed and wiped out by the orcs.

Some of them were killed at the site, some were captured and others ran away in different directions, their situation unknown.

A heavy silence settled onto the room after the receptionist finished reciting the events. Every eye was currently focused on Mason and the Moonlight Guild that he led.

Mason mused for a while before asking in a frown "This does not add up, even if the opponent were orcs with the level of the adventurers of this town, it shouldn't be a problem to defeat them".

"About that... the opponents were not only orcs, but high orcs were also in the mix too. Even if the enemy had High Orcs, it would still have been fine. However, the ones that ambushed us were clearly very sentient and were highly coordinated. Our Alliance which was a makeshift group of different teams and guilds to begin with, was not their match" Bastian replied gritting his teeth at the end of his sentence.

The members of the Moonlight guild who were currently the strongest adventurers aboveground, narrowed their eyes hearing Bastian's words. One of them even got up from his seat and approached Bastian with a question.

"The ones that ambushed you, were they taller than even the high orcs? Were their skin crimson in colour? Tell me, were they all holding a unique kind of weapon?".

Bastian was taken aback by the sudden interrogation; nonetheless, he still answered their question with a nod of his head.

"It was as you described... by any chance do you recognise them?".

The man did not answer and turned towards Mason with a grave expression on his face. "Guild Master... it seems that the enemies are not just high orcs but Diluvian High Orcs".

Mason did not say anything but the expression on his face was enough to tell everyone that the name Diluvian High Orcs was enough to cower even a guild as powerful as theirs. The other adventurers may not have heard about the Diluvian High Orcs.

However, how could Mason and his guild members not know about one of the fearsome monsters from the western region of the forest? The Diluvian High Orcs were the next evolution of the High Orcs, they are blessed with a powerful physique that made even the high orcs look small, have excellent coordination and are extremely intelligent.

Coupled with the peculiar weapons made of bone that they hold, they were a force that any powerful guild from the city of Mountmend knows about.

"If it's the Diluvian High Orcs, then we have no other options than to wait for the other powerful guilds to come back up before diving inside the forest. Miss, I want you to also inform the association branch in the neighbouring cities of this predicament we are in and to hastily send reinforcements".

"You all, please do the same if you want to survive. The orcs might have retreated for the moment, but now that they have gotten the taste of human blood and seen the city, they will keep on sieging it until all of us are captured or dead".

457 Chapter 457

Mason turned towards the receptionist, and the staff of the adventurers association before addressing the masses.

"Keh..." Ruke made a derisive smile while Bastian couldn't believe what he heard.

"W-wait a moment guild master Mason. You... are you telling us to do nothing and wait for the adventurers inside the dungeon and discard the comrades who have been captured by the orcs. How can we as the adventurers do that? My friends, my guild were all there... if we don't do anything soon they might..".

"Enough" Bastian tried to speak out but he was soon silenced by Mason who glared at him with menace.

"I'm not stopping anyone who wants to go there and fight. But know that even if you go out, you don't stand a chance against them. The enemies we are facing is unlike any other monsters you have faced inside the dungeon".

"They are extremely intelligent, highly coordinated and are powerful enough to hold a level 300 adventurer on their own. The enemies we are facing are Diluvian High Orcs, a race that should be deep inside the western region of the forest. I don't know why they have come all the way to the eastern region of the forest but I can tell you one thing, even if we form another alliance like the one before, we are still not their match. We don't stand a chance even more if we go out in the forest which is essentially their territory".

Nobody dared to utter a sound, these adventurers even if they came from different cities, they were all aware of how dangerous the Ghastly Winding Forest was. Even if they did not see it themselves, they have at least heard about the western part of the forest being full of strong and dreadful monsters.

Thus when Mason pointed out that the monsters they were facing were from the western region of the forest, none of them dared to go against his words.

"I appreciate your feelings to want to save your comrades. However, going out there at this time of the night is clearly suicidal. I can only give you my sympathy" Mason said towards Bastian who seemed to be unresigned even after that.

After saying everything that he needed to say to settle down the crowd, the guild master of the Moonlight guild turned towards the staff of the adventurer's association.

"May I know till which floor the messengers you sent to notify the adventurers were able to get?" His Moonlight guild were exploring the twenty-fifth floor. The fact that they did not get any such message when the association sent a messenger could only mean that the messengers weren't able to dive deep.

"Eighteenth floor... that was the limit their strength could take them to" the staff replied. Mason nodded his head and fell into thought.

It was as he had thought, he couldn't see any high levelled adventurers aboveground. Since the messengers weren't able to get to the middle and lower floors to relay the message. Most of the strong adventurers who were inside the dungeon were unaware of it.

If they wanted to resist the Diluvian High Orcs, they needed the help of other strong guilds. Especially the ones exploring the lower floors and even then, it was not guaranteed that they would be able to win; after all, monsters from the western region of the forest were that dreadful.

This issue was already beyond their capability, if nothing is done, the town might need to be abandoned permanently.

"I guess it can't be helped. I will be sending some of the members of my Moonlight Guild back inside to relay this message to other adventurers" Mason pointed at the twenty or so people behind him.

Main Hall, Dungeon Laplace.

Simon walked inside followed by Bea. Everybody was already present and were waiting for him.

"What is the matter?" Simon did not mask any words and directly got to the point as soon as he entered.

Coleus, the leader of the [helpers] stepped forward and reported— "My lord it looks like the tower town is besieged by monsters. The adventurers and the ordinary people aboveground have suffered heavy casualties and the town is more or less destroyed".

"Currently, the adventurer's association branch in the town is sending messengers to notify every other adventurer inside of the situation with the town. Even the ones that are on the lower floors are ascending back up. I believe that the association is trying to mount a resistance against the monsters by rallying up all the adventurers together".

After Coleus finished his report, a silence descended onto the hall. The situation this time was different from the time when their dungeon was in danger. It did not directly threaten their safety; however, the town and the adventurers who were their source of DP, being in danger indirectly affected their dungeon.

The matter was of importance but in a whole different way when their guild was invaded by the Seven swords Guild. All the eyes present in the hall focused on Simon.

As the dungeon master, it fell upon him to make the decision. Simon mused for a while, from Coleus's words he finally understood why the DP he was getting was on a declining trend for a while.

It happened that most of the adventurers were coming out of the dungeon to address the issue that was going on in the town. If he left the situation to the adventurers to solve on their own, everything would come back to normal if they won.

However, in the case that they lost to whatever that was threatening them, the town might be destroyed which will severely affect his DP earnings.

This was something that Simon cannot allow to happen especially at this point when his dungeon heavily needed all these DP to upgrade itself. In the first place, it would be bad if these adventurers aka his money making pawns went and died outside.

Thus there was only one choice he could take from the beginning and that was to meddle in the issue that was happening at the tower town.

"Coleus, you said that it was monsters that were besieging the town? In that case do you know which race they belonged to?"

Coleus turned towards Birch who came forward and replied "Reporting to my Lord, the monsters seemed to be from a race called Diluvian High Orcs. It was around two days ago that they approached near the eastern region of the forest and started probing and attacking the town".

"They have completely surrounded the place not allowing anyone to get away and have already wiped out multiple groups of adventurers that tried to resist against them. I have also found out that the monsters did not just kill the adventurers but also captured them".

"The survivors in the town seemed to be in an upheaval and are hurriedly trying to contact all the powerful adventurers inside the dungeon and around the cities. Since I couldn't approach them any further due to some of the adventurers having sharp senses, that is all the information that I could gather".

"You have gathered plenty of information, you did well not approaching them any further" Simon praised.

The forest spring spirit had the ability to become one with the nature which allows them to mask their presence to a minimum and become invisible to an ordinary eye just like a chameleon.

As amazing as it sounded, it was not like the ability was without any flaw. The ability to become invisible only works when the Forest Spring spirit is in contact with a tree or is around a place full of flora and fauna.

It immediately breaks when a person is too close to the place where the forest spirit is hidden or when they are attacked. Birch had already taken a great amount of danger upon himself by approaching so close to the adventurers and gathering all that information. Any more than that, would be asking too much from him.

"What do you plan to do?" Irene asked, she hadn't voiced anything up until now because she wanted to know his opinion and what he was thinking.

Everyone present here was his subordinates, therefore no matter what decision he would take, they would respect that.

"I cannot allow the orcs to simply wipe out the town aboveground. Putting aside the fact that the town and its vicinity are my territory, the adventurers are a precious source of DP from my dungeon. Losing them will be a big blow... thus we retaliate" Simon made his decision.

Irene and the others all nodded their head without a word, they were already prepared to accept whatever decision he took.

"Although we have decided to fight, do you know how powerful the enemy is?" Irene asked, she could see that Simon didn't take this decision without taking anything into account.

"Right, I more or less know how powerful the opponents we are facing this time are. The Diluvian High Orcs are a race that lives inside the western region of the forest. Most of them are generally around level 350-400 and amongst them, there are certain ranks like the Orc Commanders and Orc Generals".

"The Orc Commanders are all above or closer to level 400 while the Orc generals are powerful enough to contend against the Lightning Draconic Serpent before it became a disaster class. The race of Diluvian High Orc is led by an Orc King who should have the highest level among them".

Simon said recalling what he knew about the Diluvian High Orcs. He dived inside their territory quite a few times and fought with their warriors thus he knew how powerful they were.

458 Chapter 458

He has also seen one of their generals bringing an army to the northern territory of the forest to subdue the Lightning Draconic serpent. It was also around that time that he encountered Lucine who was hiding her presence watching every one of them.

"Since the Diluvian High Orcs came all the way to the eastern region of the forest, it must mean that they are under the orders of Orc King or at least the Orc general. They have already spotted the dungeon and the town above, there is no way they are going to leave the place alone. Since they dared to come to my territory, I as the master must let them know who they are up against".

Simon stared at the ceiling more precisely at the town aboveground. A few hours later, Simon along with Annette, Bianca and Alice teleported near the vicinity of the tower town.

To not get spotted by the humans, he did not bring the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse with him. As usual, Simon masked his appearance with the trinket of Grimlock so even if they do get spotted by the adventurers, they would look just like humans.

Though some might doubt what maids were wearing armours doing here, there was nothing Simon could do about that.

"Let's go..." He used his mental map skill and using the darkness of the night, they sprinted towards the area where he could sense some monsters gathering.

On the side note, the Valkyries were perfectly able to see in the darkness thus moving at night was not a problem to them.

RUSTLE... RUSTLE... a group of seven high orcs and one Diluvian High Orcs, came out of the bushes. They used their sharp noses to sniff around the surroundings searching for any humans that tried to come out of the town.

Sniff... Sniff...

Suddenly, the group of orcs smelled a particular scent coming not far away from here and quickly gave chase towards their direction. They ran across the forest and soon appeared in front of a small clearance that was clearly human-made.

"Guga?" Seeing that there was no one, the high orcs tilted their heads in confusion and communicated with each other. The scene went on for a few seconds before the towering Diluvian High Orc, pushed the others aside and used its snout to track the scent.

A Diluvian High Orc's sense of smell was many times stronger than an ordinary orc thus it was quickly able to identify the location of their opponent.

The Diluvian High Orc quickly took out its peculiar butcher knife made of bones and parried the numerous flame spears that came from the top of the tree.

BOOM... BOOOM...

the Diluvian High Orc was pushed back by the might of the flame spears and even suffered some severe burns around its arms. Nevertheless, it was able to parry all the attacks targeting its body.

Though, the high Orcs around it weren't as fortunate. Unable to grasp the hidden attack, they were instantly skewered by the flame spears and exploded into bloody gores.

"Guga?!!" Surprised at the might of the enemy, the Diluvian High Orc tried to turn tail and run; however, at that moment a shadow crept up behind it, grabbed its huge body and lifted it above the ground like it was a sack of potato.

BAM... the next second the shadow slammed the body of the Diluvian High Orc onto the ground creating a small depression in the process.

The one who effortlessly picked up a body multiple times bigger than her was none other than Bianca. She looked at the terrified diluvian high orc with her emotionless eyes and was just about to step on its head with her heels and pop it like a watermelon, when Simon stopped her.

Bianca immediately retracted her foot and as always, stood motionless like a doll near it. Simon, Annette and Alice came out of their hiding spot and surrounded the wounded orc.

"Oi... can you understand us? if so then tell me what are you all doing here?" Simon pointed the blade of his crimson sword right between its eyes.

The Diluvian High Orc reeled in fear and spouted out some garbled words that did not evoke any response from his [Language Comprehension] skill.

"Master it seems like it's not intelligent enough to converse with a different race" Annette remarked.

"Right, I guess this guy is just a foot soldier. If we want to know more about their objectives, we need to capture someone higher in ranking" Simon stated losing interest immediately.

He nodded towards Bianca and along with Annette and Alice disappeared into the bushes. The fallen Diluvian High Orc thought it was safe when a heel inserted into its face creating a small hole through its skull.

After finding the first group of orcs, Simon and his team using the cover of the night, lured multiple teams of orcs towards them. Some of the groups were carrying captured humans who were indirectly saved due to Simon clearing the groups of orcs.

All the Diluvian high orcs that he met, were mere foot soldiers and incapable of communicating with them. After defeating more than ten groups and saving more than fifteen humans, Simon and his team started moving away from the vicinity of the tower town.

Of course, when fighting these groups, Simon did not directly show his face and only appeared when the captured humans ran away. That way, even if they went back to the town and reported what was going on, nobody would be able to connect it with him.

"Master, there is a large group of orcs swiftly approaching this place" After walking a few distances away from the town, finally a big group of orcs took the bait.

"How many of them are there? Are there carrying any captured humans?" Simon asked back.

Alice who had the ability to scout things from far away and was currently their eyes and nose, reported "There are more than twenty five orcs, five of which are Diluvian High Orcs... no humans spotted".

Simon's crimson eyes blazed a glaring red when he heard that there were five Diluvian high Orcs on that group. If there were five in that group, there was a high chance that there was an orc commander or an orc captain leading them.

Tremble... Tremble... the ground trembled with the march of this many orcs rushing together at once. If one asked why these orcs were all running towards the same place, the answer for it would be because they have smelled the scent of their prey.

The numerous orcs led by the Diluvian High Orcs, swiftly traversed through the forest and appeared in front of the prey whose scent they sensed from miles away. There were four humans in front of them, one male and three females.

ROAARRR... the Diluvian High Orc in the lead, roared trying to intimidate and break the fighting spirit of its enemies. With his roar, the surrounding orcs started encircling the four humans in the centre.

"GUGAGA... more puny humans came out of their cave it seems. Looks like the lesson earlier when we massacred their group did not get across their small brains" the leader Diluvian High Orc laughed.

It was carrying a huge hammer made of bones on his back. The other diluvian orcs laughed at the joke made by their leader and stared at the rooted humans menacingly. From their perspective, the four in front of them looked just like the human adventurers they have ambushed a while back.

Given the power of the orcs and their successful hunt these past few days, it was only natural that the group was overflowing with confidence and eager to shed blood. From what they could see, the four humans were rooted in their place because they were paralysed with fear.

The leader orc revealed a hideous smile, he was just about to give the command to capture them, when suddenly he realised that the four facing them were not at all afraid nor did they show any emotions in front of their numbers.

Usually, when the orcs hunted, their prey most often than not would either try to run away or show an intense emotion of fear in front of them. The same was the case with the earlier group of humans that came out of the town.

After they were ambushed, they were so afraid that some of them even ran in different directions leaving the rest to die. The Leader Diluvian High Orc thought the same would be the case this time. However, to his surprise, it couldn't sense any sort of fear from his opponent.

While it was thinking such, it saw the male human finally reveal a wicked smile that even gave it chills.

"We finally found one that can talk properly. Leaving that one, kill the rest" the man pointed out nonchalantly. The leader Diluvian High Orc realised something was very very wrong; however it was already too late, the die had already rolled.

The moment Simon gave that order Bianca like a fierce beast, pounced on the high orcs and started tearing them apart one after another. She was so fast that the high orcs weren't even able to get any vision of her before they are blasted apart into smithereens by a punch or a kick.

Bianca may seem a little dozy and her method of killing may look messy and gruesome. However, she was meticulous enough to not let even a droplet of blood stain her clothes.

GUGA... the high orcs were being butchered left and right, none of them were a match for Bianca.

Seeing this, the Diluvian Orcs except for the leader charged towards the Valkyrie in attempt to hold her down. But how could a level 699 [Imperial Aegis Knight] be stopped by some mere Diluvian High Orcs whose level were only around level 350?

459 Chapter 459

Their heads popped from their shoulders like watermelons before they even got a chance to pull out their weapons. Except for the leader orcs, the rest of the orcs soon dropped down onto the ground killed by a single maid within the time frame of half a minute.

Forget about the last remaining orc, even Simon the one who gave the order was looking at the scene with gobsmacked eyes.

"She... She is pretty brutal isn't she?" Simon couldn't help but remark looking at Bianca's spotless doll like face which did not even flinch from the start.

"Fifth sister is just doing her duty" Annette commented, it looks like the scene was nothing unusual for her. Alice was of the same opinion, she did not look fazed even when her elder sister single handedly defeated the line-up of enemy.

Seeing them like that, Simon felt embarrassed that he was the only one who was thrown aback by the scene when he was the one who designed them in the first place.

GUGHI...

Simon snapped out of his thoughts when he saw the leader Diluvian High Orc make a run towards the forest. He glanced at Alice beside him who nodded her head and took a bow from the space ring that Simon had provided her.

Of course, he did not buy these space rings as all of them were dropped by the adventurers who were foolish enough to try to conquer his dungeon. Since his inventory had more than ten thousand slots, storage was never a problem for him.

Additionally, he also had an emerald space ring on his hand that he got from Laris. Thus, he provided the additional space rings that he got from the adventurers, to his subordinates.

Space rings might be out of reach for ordinary adventurers; however elite and strong adventures always had these with them. Diving inside the dungeon would be much more hectic if not for these space rings which helps them store their loots.

In any case, Simon had equipped all of his subordinates with these space rings.

PENG...

An arrow that was made of highly condensed mana released out of the bow that Alice was holding and instantly blew up one of the legs of the leader Diluvian High Orc that was trying to run away.

GUGAAA!! The Diluvian High Orc losing its balance fell onto the ground and screamed in agony. It tried to crawl away from here only to be stopped by a foot wearing a heel that bore down on it like a mountain.

Bianca after finishing the rest of the orcs, stepped onto the back of the leader orc and stopped it from moving altogether. She could just snap the life out of the latter by applying a little more pressure on her foot.

However, she didn't do so because she understood that her master needed this one alive to get the information out of it.

GUGAAA!! The leader Diluvian High Orc squealed like a pig that was about to be butchered.

"Oi... Oi... don't squeal so much, you are making it look like we are the bad guys" Simon initiated a conversation slowly approaching closer to the orc with his company.

"GUGA??".

"Hm? There is no point in pretending, I know you can understand us" he immediately narrowed his eyes when he saw the orc was planning to play ignorant.

"What do you want human?" the Diluvian High Orc finally spoke in a language that activated Simon's [Language Comprehension] skill.

"Yes, that's how it should be. Guessing from your level, you should be an Orc Commander right?" judging from the information that analysis showed, the Diluvian High orc was level 390. Simon remembered that the orc commanders he had met back inside the high orc territory, were around this level. Thus he took a guess only to get a surprised look from the orc.

"How does a human know that? Don't tell me you have connections with that kingdom? You incorrigible humans, we orcs will never forgive you... GUGA!!".

"Hey now, stop spouting things that don't make sense and only answer the question I ask you" Simon kicked the orc and stopped it from spouting nonsense. He extended his index finger and asked—

"First Question, what are you orcs doing here when your territory should be in the far end of the western region of the forest?".

CRACK... sounds of bones being broken could be heard as Bianca applied more pressure on her foot that was boring on down on the orc. The Diluvian High Orc squealed and instantly gave up any resistance it had in mind.

"We.. we are here on orders by our general. I don't know why but he seems to be interested in that town and that peculiar tower".

Simon's brows twitched for a second when he heard that an orc general was here. Unlike the orc commanders, an orc general's power was on a whole different level.

The Orc General Berigard for example, was a being who was able to manipulate more than two elements of mystical energy and contend against the Lightning Draconic Serpent of that time.

"Why is an orc general interested in the town?" Simon asked.

The diluvian High Orc was silent, when exerted more pressure, it hurriedly cried out. "I-I don't know, none of us commanders were made aware of what is there and why we are attacking the town. We are simply following the orders because we hate the humans".

"Master, it doesn't seem like he is lying. Perhaps, it is as he had said" Annette observed finding no lies in its behaviour.

Simon mused, he glared at the Diluvian High Orc with his [Demonic Eyes] activated and pulled out his second finger.

"Second question, who and where is your orc general?".

"That..." the orc hesitated but when it felt the foot that was like a mountain bearing down on it, it babbled out all the information.

"Our general is Berimal, he is currently near a small pond where we have set our camp". A small pond! Simon remembered that there was one such place a little far from his dungeon. If one could deal with the aquatic monsters living in that pond, it would be quite an ideal place to set up a camp.

Simon extended his third finger— "Next question, why are you hunting the humans and where are you taking the captured humans".

The diluvian High Orc finally showed a different emotion other than fear on its face when he asked it that question.

"It's because we hate you humans. You have always tried to suppress and take advantage of us. Now you have even reached the forest where our home is and expect us to stay silent?... GUGHA". The

Diluvian High orc radiated intense hatred as it glared at them, it wanted to struggle free but was pressured with so much force that even the ground caved in a little.

Simon did not know why the race of orcs was so hostile towards humans; however, since it didn't concern him, he did not press for an answer.

"Answer my other question, where did you take the captured humans?"

"GUGH... we have taken them to our camp. Hehe, by now our general might be putting slave seal on them" the Diluvian High Orc answered with a hideous smile.

Simon was unfazed, he moved on to his next question "Then answer this last, did you invade this part of the forest knowing fully well that it is someone else's territory?"

The orc looked confused nonetheless, it answered truthfully "The general might know something, but we orc commanders weren't given any other information other than attacking the town".

PHEW... "I see" Simon exhaled a deep breath, took out his crimson sword and stabbed the immobile orc in its head. Since it would be a waste of experience to let it go, he decided to kill the orc commander himself.

"Let's go and greet that orc general".

A little north of the tower town inside the eastern region of the forest, was a small pond surrounded by towering trees and grass that reached up to the waist of an average human.

The place isn't usually visited by other monsters because of the presence of the native creatures living inside the pond. They would attack anyone regardless of who approached the pond.

The creatures that lived here, was a race of monster called the Tortacosta. It has dreadful fangs, huge claws and had the appearance of a tortoise.

Right now, the bodies of the hundreds of Tortacosta were floating above the surface of the lake and their blood dyed the pond a colour of red.

A few Diluvian High Orcs could be seen at the shore of the pond drinking the water. Other than that, a large number of trees had been felled to clear the area and to set up crudely made camps.

At a glance, there were more than five hundred orcs that could be seen roaming inside the camp. A large prison was set up in the centre of the camp where humans were kept in captivity. The area around this place was bloody with numerous dead bodies lying around the place that helped serve as an example and to demoralise the spirits of the ones inside the prison.

The atmosphere surrounding the prison and the prisoners inside it gave off the feeling of despair.

"We are all going to die".

"This is the end... haha" murmurs like that came from every corner of the prison.

"Ugh... Kuh—where am I?" Bolan who was amongst the adventurers who had been captured, finally opened his eyes while feeling severe pain run all across his body.

460 Chapter 460

"You are up leader?" a man called out to him.

"Huh? Bargo, you are here too?" Bolan looked at Bargo who was his teammate and also his friend.

"We are here too" the other members of his team, Norr, Ken and Dridon said from the sides.

"Huh? You all?! where are we?" Bolan asked pressing his hand on his head that hurt very much.

"You don't remember leader? The alliance we were in, was ambushed by multiple groups of orcs in the middle of the forest. Most of the members were killed while the rest that were injured and unconscious were taken captive. The Alliance lost, quite horribly that is and now we are in the enemy's camp".

Bargo restated the events that had happened after the alliance made of multiple groups of adventurer teams and guilds, went inside the forest to defeat the orcs that were threatening the safety of the town.

"Kuh... how did we lose so badly, I remember defeating some of the orcs when... ahhhh!!" Bolan jolted in pain when he tried to sit back up.

"Leader, please stay still, your body is heavily injured. If you move too much, your wounds will open up again" His teammates told him not to move too much.

It was only now that Bolan realised that he was covered in bandages, with a hideous wound over his stomach. The blood was still fresh which meant that no healing potions were applied to him.

"All of our things were taken, we do not have our weapons and armours nor do we have any potions to heal our wounds. So leader please do not try to move as much as you can" Being told such, Bolan gave up on trying to move and looked around him.

"This is their camp? How many of us survived?" as Bolan was knocked out for most of the part, he did not know much.

Bargo, Norr and the rest of the teammates who heard his question, flashed a depressed smile.

"Our alliance that was initially about two hundred men strong, was massacred. Some fought, some escaped others were killed on the spot. Only a few numbers of us remain alive who were brought back after being captured. If I have to say, there was around forty of us inside the prison".

"Was?" Bolan asked back.

His teammates did not reply and glanced out of the prison. Bolan matched their gaze and immediately realised what they meant by 'was'.

Bolan creased his brows and looked away from the bloody scene outside. He then turned towards his teammates, he was just about to move his gaze away when he realised that their numbers didn't add up.

Including him, there was only five of them inside the prison! His old teammates were all here which meant that—

"Where is the newbie?" Bolan asked even though he knew the answer.

They were [D] rank adventurers with levels around 150, if they grouped up against a single orc they might be able to triumph against it albeit facing a little challenge.

However, the newbie adventurer that their group recently added to their team was different. His level was below them and more so, he was lacking in experience. His chances of surviving against a monster such as an orc who were known for their powerful physique was already very low.

In the first place, it was already an incredible miracle that all of his old teammates managed to survive.

"Leader... please don't blame yourself like last time. It was nobody's fault. Everybody was given a choice and Lovis agreed to join despite that. I believe when you become an adventurer, you shoulder the responsibility of your own life" Bargo said in an attempt to not make his leader feel guilty.

"You don't need to console me. Anyways, tell me how we got here. Even if our opponents are an army of orcs, our alliance have people over level 350. We shouldn't have gone down so easily" Bolan asked trying to remember what happened to them after they got out of the town.

As far as he could remember, after getting out of the vicinity of the town, their alliance was attacked by multiple groups of orcs that came charging at them after finding their smell, typical of what orcs excel in.

Their alliance wiped out multiple groups of orcs, everything was going smoothly when suddenly orcs that were taller than your ordinary orcs came out of the forest in droves and a chaotic battle ensued in the middle of the forest.

Bolan and his group also fought one such monster but due to them outnumbering their enemy, they were somehow able to hold on. After that... his memory seemed to be jumbled up.

"Leader, do not strain yourself let me tell you what happened. After we engaged with a new enemy, we learned that the race of the monster is called High Orc. High Orcs are the evolution of orcs and are multiple times sentient and stronger than the latter.

There were more than fifty orcs that came out of the forest. Needless to say, our alliance was hard pressed, our enemies could see at night while most of us do not have the skill to do so. Coupled with the fact that they were exceptionally good at cooperating with one another, our alliance suffered some casualties.

Up until here, it was all fine. Even if some of the adventurers from the alliance died to the high orcs, the captains of the alliance that were leading us were all above level 350. Some of them were even leaders of their guild, thus they could easily command a large number of people.

The high orcs weren't a problem, even our team could barely keep a high orc that was above level 200 in check. That is before they came.." Bargo pointed at a particular kind of orc who was unique to be called even a high orc.

The orc that Bargo was pointing at was head and shoulders tall of a high orc which already had a huge frame, not to mention their peculiar colour of skin which was totally different from an ordinary orc.

The moment, Bolan laid his eyes on one of them, his body started shaking uncontrollably as fear grabbed hold of his heart. Skin as red as blood, powerful muscles, terrifying looks and carrying a weapon made out of some entity's bone.

The orc released a berserk aura that made ordinary or low levelled people cower in front of it. Bolan was afraid; No, he was terrified and the reason for that was because there were not just one or two of those red orcs, but more than fifty of them.

Bargo continued eyeing the red orcs in fear... "Our team was able to fight against the high orcs; however, it all changed when they showed up. Each of those orc's power is so strong that forget about fighting them, our alliance was completely suppressed by them."

"The guild leaders of the alliance were able to keep a few in check but with more than fifty of them charging at us, there was no way we could have won. Our number advantage quickly dwindled, people were getting killed here and there. The high orc we managed to somehow managed to keep in check somehow got out of our formation and knocked out our team one after another".

"Sensing the situation, leader you tried to take on the high orc by yourself and ordered us to retreat. However, our opponents didn't seem like they would go easy on us for us to escape. You were severely injured while facing the high orc and were rendered unconscious".

"We tried to take your unconscious body with us and retreat but failed. Before I lost consciousness by an attack from the high orc, I saw our alliance scattered, formation broken and blood strewing everywhere. After that... you can just see for yourself".

An eerie silence descended, nobody said anything. The noise that came was the groans from the injured and despair filled words from the adventurers whose spirits were broken.

Bolan and his team knew, the outcome was obvious, their alliance lost, utterly destroyed. Those that were not here, were probably killed or ran away. And they too, would soon die or would be forced to experience a fate that was worse than death.

It was laughable that in front of absolute strength all they could do was sit here in silence waiting for their turn to be butchered.

CHATTER... CHATTER... suddenly, there was some commotion amongst the orcs. Every single one of them opened a path or got out of the way, thus clearing a path for a single red orc to walk in.

The orc that commanded such fear from its fellow red orcs was somehow different from the others. Its physique might be similar; however, it was distinctively different from the others.

To state it accurately, the aura it released was far more brutal and powerful than the others around it. It looked far more dreadful wearing pelts and armours made of bones and its eyes glowed with a human like intelligence.

That red orc, came near the prison causing the humans inside it to panic and instinctively back away. Seeing that, the red orc smiled, that smile was a smile of derision that one used when looking down at others. It then bent down in front of the prison and observed the prisoners.

"Tsk... tsk... it seems like the humans in that town were only this strong" the red orc opened its hideous mouth and spoke in a common language.

"Even though I sent hordes after hordes in that town, that guy is yet to show up. It looks like I need to destroy that town completely to bring him out. But before that, what should I do with you humans?".