

D. of Pride 51

Chapter 51: Dungeon War (8)

On the fourth floor in an area covered by thick fog, Gelgar walked around, suddenly he waved his hand towards his side and caught the horn of the charging horned rabbit in his grip. KIIIEEEEK... its piercing scarlet eyes stared at him unceasingly and its body flailed wildly desperately trying to evade his grasp.

“Tch, the nerve of you monsters to attack me. It seems like I have been underestimated” he gripped the horn firmly and flung it towards another horned rabbit that was trying to pincer him from the side.

[Boom] the force behind the throw was so great that both the horned rabbits immediately burst into a bloody pulp that looked rather enthralling in this white space. Gelgar just finished dealing with those monsters when more and more piercing stares focused on him amidst the mist and surrounded him from all sides. KIIIEEEEK... their shrill cries rang across the area while their bodies were hidden inside the mist.

Looking at the scene with a frown, Gelgar bent down and placed his palm on the ground “As I said it is useless Earth Magic Mastery- [Destruction Great Spike]”.

A ripple passed through the ground with his palm as the epicentre. Moments later, the ground started to tremble as small cracks like spiderwebs started to appear around him and swiftly spread all around the surrounding.

Immediately after the ground burst apart and pierced the horned rabbits that were hidden inside the mist. All of the horned rabbits were impaled from the spike emerging from the ground with none being spared. Each of the earth spikes hit their marks and it was as if Gelgar knew where all of these monsters were.

The Earth Magic [Destruction Great Spike] he used could scan the area in few dozen meters around him and alert him of all the presence that have their feet planted on the ground. It was a magic that allows him to find the location of his enemies regardless of if they were visible or not. The magic also pierces the hostile entities with an earth spike that emerges from below catching them unguarded at the same time.

After defeating all the monsters surrounding him, he suddenly lifted his head and looked towards the tall ceiling covered with white mist. Other than the endlessly drifting mist, there seemed to be nothing there.

“Do you think you are hidden... snort... Wind Magic Mastery [Wind Blast]” a burst of wind bringing along a destructive might, shot forth from his extended hand and smashed on the ceiling above dispersing the mist nearby. BOOM... A shriek could be heard and a white object dropped down on the ground, the dispersed mist soon covered it and the area around.

When he used his earth magic mastery previously, not only was he able to detect the presence of hostile entities on the floor but also on the ceiling too. Though he didn't get the chance to see it, he could still tell the race of the monster from its features. Albino spiders a low-rank monster that quietly lies in wait for its prey before baring its fangs.

Turning around, he explored the areas for a while before sending a sound transmission to his subordinates “Mike, Berd how is the exploration going?... did you guys find the entrance to the next floor yet?”. During this time, he was attacked by monsters many a time but none of them were even able to reach a few meters near him much less deal any damage.

Before long a sound transmission came to him, it was from Mike “Sir Gelgar after so long I believe we have explored most of the areas of this floor and will soon be finding the entrance...”. Before Mike could complete his sentence, Berd sent a sound transmission “Sir Gelgar we have discovered the entrance to the next floor, I'll immediately send you the coordinates”.

“Very well, I shall be there shortly. You guys organize the monsters till then” he cut the transmission with his short sentence.

Before long all the monsters gathered near the entrance to the next floor and Mike and Berd could be seen commanding and organizing them. Gelgar walked through the mist and arrived at the coordinate given to him by Berd.

Seeing him arrive, the two subordinates of his immediately bowed and called out to him. He nodded and looked at his declining monster army which had decreased quite significantly from their initial numbers. His expression was so complex that nobody could tell what he was thinking.

Looking at the direction of his gaze, Mike hurriedly replied “Sir Gelgar the monster army did not have trouble killing their enemies but since the opponent was adapt to this environment, some of them got caught up and died. However, this time we immediately took action and organised the army before launching a counter-attack to wipe out all the guarding monsters”.

As if realising he was making too many excuses, Mike hurriedly kneeled and implored “your subordinate is incompetent, even though we were able to wipe out all of the enemies from their sides, our numbers were still reduced by quite a bit”.

Gelgar waved his hand and said in an annoyed manner “They are just expendables, in the end It doesn’t matter how many of them die. As long as they can fulfil their orders, their life and death isn’t a concern. That being said it is still an unpleasant sight to see our numbers declining even before we get to see that lowborn demon. I was hoping to intimidate him into submission by just our numbers.... but that’s alright once I find that turtling demon, I will make sure to pay him for all this humiliation”.

Though he had suffered no real loss, it was still unpleasant for him, a Demon Viscount to fall for all those petty traps.

Chapter 52: Great Blood Ogre

Gelgar and his army descended one floor after another and after three whole days, they reached the ninth floor of the dungeon.

The ninth floor was a vast marshland more than fifteen kilometres in area. The entire floor was lighted up by enormous phosphorescence crystals embedded on the ceiling. Huge swamps and large swaths of trees wreathed the area all around the floor.

By now the look on Gelgar’s face was quite agitated as he looked at the new floor that he arrived at. His eyes concealed a trace of uncertainty that was never there before until he started descending one floor after another. An uneasy foreboding plagued him for quite a while.

The grand monster army that he spawned using all of his DP and whose numbers were initially more than five hundred now had measly hundred or so who survived the ordeals till now. Each and every floor was laden with deadly traps and monsters that took out quite a lot of them. Plus the more they descended, the wider the floors became.

It was not only him but even his two subordinate’s faces were clouded. After descending so many floors their bodies were haggard and exhausted, traces of intense battle and blood could be seen on their bodies.

They watched the vast marshland silently, nobody knows what they were thinking. The morale of the monsters army was all-time low and their weariness and fatigue were on full display. They

didn't know how deep the dungeon went nor did they know how many more traps were lying in wait for them.

Snapping out of their daze, Mike and Berd quickly started giving commands and were ready to start the exploration once again when Gelgar spoke out. "I can sense multiple presences hidden in this floor. Don't let your guard down, I believe this should be the last floor and after passing through this we'll get to see the despairing face of that lowborn demon."

He snickered and added, "I do not believe that he has any more DP left to create another floor or spawn any monsters."

The enemy they were fighting was only a lowborn Demon Baron. No matter how much DP he had stocked up, there was no way for the dungeon to go any deeper. Gelgar was himself a dungeon master and was aware of how much DP one needed to create additional floors not to mention the cost goes up the wider the floor was. Even his dungeon which was similarly [E] rank, only had five floors. However, unlike the dungeon they were in now, the floors in his dungeon weren't as big.

After hearing Gelgar, a strange light started flickering in the lusterless eyes of Mike and Berd as renewed vigor and power started coursing through their bodies again. The more they thought about it the more it made sense after all to create all these floors of that size, an enormous amount of DP must have been used. Not to mention to spawn all those monsters to defend the dungeon also ate up quite a lot of DP.

Thinking till here, they increasingly started to believe that this was the final floor. After all, it was a newly emerged dungeon and the dungeon master was none other than a Demon Baron. They were so convinced by Gelgar that even if anybody right now told them that they haven't even descended half of the floors inside the dungeon, they wouldn't believe them. It wasn't that they were being negligent or underestimating their enemy, it was because they were aware of how much DP a low-rank dungeon could generate was why they felt that their conjecture was right. It was by no means their fault, the blame lied solely on Simon for being the odd one and breaking all the common sense.

Little did they know that Simon had a huge amount of DP that was still increasing at this very moment saved up. If he wanted to, he could create a few more floors and still have enough to go on for a while. That was how much of a DP he had generated and if Gelgar and his subordinates knew that most of the DP available to him came from them, they would have gone crazy and vomited blood by now.

During these three days, a large chunk of DP that the dungeon had generated, was due to Gelgar and his monster army that had died inside his dungeon.

With fires of hope being lit inside Mike and Berd, they started issuing out commands in a frenzy. Hordes of monsters started charging towards the marshlands with increased fervour and ferocity. Looking at the scene, a surreptitious smile crept upon Gelgar's face as he said in a voice that only he could hear "No matter what you guys are just expendables, I can just spawn you back after I kill that bastard and win the dungeon war".

His face distorted as he laughed in an uncouth manner thinking about the real reward he would get after winning the dungeon war. The real motive behind him starting all of this.

While he was caught up in his delusion, the monsters started charging towards the swamp and spread all over. Their march soon got cut as their feet got fixated on the swamp and the more they struggled to get themselves free the more they got caught up in it. The traps that were set all around the marsh were quicksand and anyone that got caught in it will be dragged inside the more they resisted.

However, the quicksand was less of their worries as the real danger lied within.

Chapter 53: Great Blood Ogre (2)

The quicksand wasn't the only trouble they were faced with. The ninth floor was inhabited by a tribe of three-meter tall lizardmen called Scaly Lower Dragonlings, their unique feature was that they had a scaly armour all over their body protecting them and hundreds of Pirodile that looked like gigantic piranhas swam all across the marshlands.

Whenever the monster army got trapped inside the quicksand, they would surround it from all sides and tear the prey apart with their claws and fangs.

The huge frame and the heavy spiked outer shell of the invading Armored Drillman which allowed them to trample all the traps and monsters on the previous floors impeded their march on the ninth floor. Their heavy frame made them sink deeper into the marsh which made easy prey for the agile lizardmen and pirodiles to prey on them.

Even though they had a sturdy outer shell, their front was not as heavily guarded as their back. Hence once the pirodiles and lizardmen started clawing their front, they just became sitting ducks unable to do anything.

For the lizardmen and pirodile the marsh was the most ideal environment to hunt whereas for the lunk Armoured Drillman the worst place to be at. The feature of the Armored Drillman was their spiky outer shell which allowed them to tank through all of the attacks of their enemies. However, they were huge, slow and needed a steady footing to be of any use. All of which was absent on this floor.

The lizardmen and pirodiles swam underneath the marsh and used their sharp claws and fangs to tear their prey apart. By now most of the armoured drillman got entrapped by the quicksand and were reduced to nothing but meat shield for the guarding monsters. The other surviving monsters from the monster army weren't faring any better as they sank deeper and deeper in the quicksand.

Looking at this hellscape, Mike and Berd who had ordered the monster army to march were regretting their decision as they saw the army getting defeated one after the other. Their faces were ashen and their bodies trembled as they looked at Gelgar.

Many areas of the swamp quickly got dyed a crimson shade as chunks of meat and corpses floated here and there. Looking at the scene from up above, veins twitched and bulged all around Gelgar's face. Right now he had a murderous look on his eyes and his appearance was so distorted in rage that he looked like he could eat a person alive. Dark red bat-like wings protruded out from his back as he surveyed his surroundings from up above.

"Even if they are expendables, it still took more than a month's DP to spawn all of them. Yet they are getting butchered like pigs and cows.... You bastard if I don't kill you with my own two hands, I will not be able to appease this hatred". Three figures flew up to him and bowed slightly. They were Mike, Berd, and a muscular figure covered in tattered black robes.

Just like Gelgar, they looked around at the scene of a massacre with a shocked-laced face and aggrieved eyes. The only monsters that were spared from this one-sided slaughter are the corpse eater bird who could fly. They had pointed beaks and wings that were glowing with a metallic sheen and could use a skill called [Razor Wind], a novice tier wind magic.

But even when they dived and cast their skills to attack, the lizardmen and pirodiles would easily dodge them by diving underneath. Even though the guarding monsters had no way to attack them, the corpse eater bird similarly did not have any means to attack them while they were hiding underneath.

Those corpse eater birds that flew too close to the marsh would be pincered and dragged down by the pirodiles after that their only outcome would be a slow and excruciating death. Just like an ox clay entering the sea, they would never surface again.

Mike and Berd lowered their heads and asked “Sir Gelgar what should we do next” they were out of options now that their monster army was all but gone. Though they wanted to salvage the situation, they did not dare to move without the permission of their lord. Their bodies were cowering knowing that even if they won the dungeon war, they would be receiving heavy punishment after this.

Gelgar did not answer them and continued to watch the scene in silence for a long time. It was as if he wanted to burn this scene into his eyes. Nobody knew what he was thinking. Strangely, all of the pent up frustration and anger inside Gelgar disappeared and an eery calm took its place.

Noises of the monster army getting slaughtered everywhere rang out everywhere across the ninth floor.

It was only after a long time when the scene of the massacre completely died down that he roared out loud “Alright until now you have given me quite a bit of surprise. It would be rather unfair if I don’t give you a surprise of my own that I brought for you... GOURD”

ROAAARRRRRR

A loud roar came from the person in a black robe, the air vibrated and trembled as it released all the power it had been holding in. The force was so great that a large shockwave was generated around that blasted Mike and Berd who were near him few meters back. Due to the intense wind that was produced from unleashing all his power, the tattered robe that was covering his whole body was torn into shreds.

Chapter 54: Great Blood Ogre (3)

After the tattered black robe was torn apart a bulky, masculine body came into view. Its entire body was crimson red and packed with explosive muscles. It had a demonic face with fangs protruding out from its mouth and a single horn on its forehead. Stout arms and sharp claws that looked like they could tear apart everything were releasing a dreadful aura. His entire presence was giving off a savage and bloodthirsty feeling, like that of a being who was addicted to killing.

It roared and flapped its wide bat-like wings that generated an intense burst of wind in its wake.

Watching his subordinate full of vigour and eagerness to fight, Gelgar smirked and pointed below “Kill them all”. He only spoke three short words but the intent behind was very clear and precise.

Right after his short sentence, the demonic being dived below and submerged itself into the marsh. BOOM... the momentum of his dive was so great that a huge volume of water rose up high into the sky and spoke of the great confidence the being had in its power to dive into the marshland filled with Scaly Lower Dragonlings and Pirodiles.

Mike and Berd looked at the scene with astonishment. They weren't surprised by its power nor by its reckless charge into the marsh but by the act of their lord Gelgar who deemed it necessary to release it. They were well aware of its incredible might and knew that the guarding monsters down below didn't stand a chance, heck even if it was the both of them joining hands, they would barely be able to hold him down.

The demonic being that dove below just now was the [C] rank subordinate of their lord which was summoned through the dungeon a few years ago.

It was a race called Great Blood Ogre, a superior species of the ogre tribe. The Great blood Ogre exercised so much power that even Demon Barons like them were not its match. Its bloodthirsty and berserk nature made it a very difficult subordinate to control. And its stubborn temperament which refuses to bow to those weaker than it made it so that only their lord could control it.

Even though the great blood ogre joined Gelgar's dungeon after them, its position was higher than theirs and only below their lord. That is to say that not only was the great blood ogre more powerful than them, its position was also superior to them.

Gelgar was a demon who only valued subordinates who were useful to him. It didn't matter if the subordinate was serving for a long time, if they were incompetent he would quickly discard of them. And Gelgar valued the great blood ogre more than them. Why wouldn't he? unlike them who had reached their growth limit due to their impure bloodline, the great blood ogre was a [C] tier subordinate and the heights it could reach was far higher than them.

ROOAAARRRRR a loud roar sounded from below attracting their attention. A flood of mud and water rose into the air and two shadows could be seen rising amidst it. The Great Blood Ogre named Gourd held a struggling lizardman in its claws that looked like a child compared to its tanky frame. Its mouth was munching on a lump of meat that seemed to be something out of a Pirodile.

For Mike and Berd, this scene was all too familiar to them and they knew that once Gourd starts its massacre, nobody could stop its rampage other than their lord Gelgar. In terms of brutality, he was on par with Gelgar and in terms of power, he was only slightly below him.

After swallowing the content of its mouth, the Great Blood Ogre started tearing the lizardman limb by limb with its sharp claws. The lizardmen roared in pain and writhed its body trying to get away from it's grasp but to no avail.

The scaly exterior of the lizardmen that boasted a high defense was as thin as paper in front of it. As it tormented the lizardmen, a savage smile was planted on its demonic face that showed its incisive fangs. Its hideous mouth still had the remains of blood and flesh of its last prey.

Finishing off the lizardman it dove down once again and started clawing and munching on the pirodiles and lizardmen once again. Loud shrieks and angry roars could be heard intermittently while pieces of flesh and torn limbs surfaced after every few seconds.

There was no need to even say whose piece of flesh they were as the guarding monsters were one-sidedly slaughtered. Hordes of monsters surrounded and attacked the great blood ogre from all directions but to no avail. The sharp claws and fangs of the guarding monsters which could previously tear apart the hard skin of armoured drillman and others with ease were ineffective against Gourd.

No matter how the lizardmen and pirodiles clawed him, they couldn't put a single scratch on the crimson red skin of Gourd. With a deep grating demonic sound, it laughed out loud "Uahahaha it's all useless... all your struggles are useless in front of my power... scream as you die [Berserk]". An extremely brutal aura that threatened to materialise itself, engulfed Gourd as soon he activated his skill and raised his power even further.

Great waves were rising above the surface of the marsh as large bursts of mud and water rose into the air one after the other. The already crimson swamp was dyed even more crimson from the blood of the inhabitants of the ninth floor.

Chapter 55: Confrontation

Before he could even marvel at the scene of so many monsters Simon who was lounging on his jade sofa looked at the window displaying the ninth floor. He could see Gelgar, his subordinates, and the hordes of monsters that survived the upper floors coming down to the ninth floor. Simon flashed a content smile after judging the condition of their state. Aside from Gelgar and few others, most of their army was exhausted and their spirit drained.

Everybody had a downtrodden look in their eyes and the morale was all-time low. After a while, Gelgar went up to the group and said something, he did not know what Gelgar had said since the dungeon menu only transmitted the events inside the floor and not the voice.

But he could see that the morale of the army was once again incited and all of them were ready to pit themselves against the ninth floor. The subordinates of Gelgar started giving commands to the monster army as they immediately started charging towards the marsh.

Looking at this scene, he couldn't help but knit his brows. It was a suicidal move to recklessly charge at an unknown place even before surveying the area. He shook his head at this act before commenting "These two fail as commanders. It wasn't a wise choice for you to give the rein of commanding the army to both of them Gelgar"

He watched as the invading monsters wildly dove at the marsh and easily get trapped in the quicksand that was laid for them one after the other. The scene unfolding in front of his eyes was strange, it was as if they had forgotten that it was a dungeon.

Before the monster army could even struggle free of the traps, groups of Pirodiles and Lizardmen started clawing and preying on them. These monsters that were spawned by the dungeon, were low-rank monsters but what made them dangerous was the environment of the ninth floor which made them just like a fish in water. If they were placed somewhere else, they wouldn't have achieved the same result.

It was truly the scene of a massacre where the invading monsters army couldn't even struggle much before getting killed en masse.

The entire marsh was turned crimson as blood, meat, and corpses littered everywhere. The scene continued until all the invading monsters were killed and only Gelgar and his three subordinates remained. Simon was deep in contemplation when Gelgar started shouting something again, immediately after one of the figures behind him roared and revealed its appearance.

Simon watched as that demonic figure dove down into the marsh. What happened next wasn't an intense battle or a one-sided massacre but a pure display of strength. The figure demonstrated its powerful might as it started making short work of the lizardmen and pirodiles which previously had a massive advantage over the invading monsters.

Great waves spread across the whole marsh as the demonic figure went wild inside it and slaughtered all of the Scaly Lower Dragonlings and Pirodiles inhabiting the floor. It had an exhilarated expression whenever the blood of its prey scattered onto its body and appeared just like a bloodthirsty man.

Simon silently watched as the marsh became calm after a while. The figure revealed itself once again, its crimson body bathed in crimson blood as it exposed a savage smile and laughed out loud.

He pondered for a while before standing up from his jade sofa, an intense battle intent flashing in his crimson eyes. “With their strength, there aren’t any floors that could stop them. Guess it’s finally my time to appear” Simon said after judging that the spawned monsters on the other floors would similarly be useless against the ones that were left of the invaders. The most the guardian monsters could do was to be a meat shield and delay the inevitable.

Simon patted the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse, a wicked smile on his face as he said “This is a battle we cannot afford to lose. You are allowed to go all wild, no holds barred”. The warhorse gave an energetic neigh seemingly to display its intense will to fight as the flames surrounding its body started burning with even more fervour.

Gelgar marvelled at the might of his [C] subordinate Gourd the Great Blood Ogre as it massacred all of the monsters spawned by that low-rank demon. He couldn’t help but remark “His strength has grown quite a bit since then, what a pleasant surprise... don’t you guys think so too”. He looked back at his two Demon Baron subordinates who had their mouth agape at the scene of the carnage brought forth by Gourd.

Hurriedly collecting themselves they replied “Haha as expected of the subordinate summoned by Sir Gelgar. Gourd is in a completely different league than those weaklings... hahaha” Mike flattered. Sweat continuously trickled down his skin after that display of might. “It is exactly as Mike says the strength of Sir Gelgar’s subordinate is truly immeasurable... I think that turtling demon would be cowering by now after this show of display” Berd added as he gazed at Gourd’s crimson body which did not even have a single scratch even after going through a battle where the enemy had the home-field advantage.

This wasn’t just flattery but what they truly felt. Even if it was them fighting all those monsters, they would have a very difficult time defeating those monsters in their natural environment much less coming out of it unscathed. Making it look so easy, they must admit that they were no longer its match.