

D. of Pride 56

Chapter 56: Confrontation (2)

While Gelgar and his subordinates were deliberating something, a clear clapping sound rang through the whole floor. Looking around, they quickly found the source of the sound.

A Demonic Warhorse with majestic draconic wings and a flaming body wearing ancient armour stood in the air above. Crimson flame came out of its nostrils and mouth whenever it breathed, its three pairs of eyes stared menacingly at them, and its six powerful legs exhibited enough power to trample everything. ROOOAARR... emitting a powerful presence, the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse stood on its hind legs and reared.

Looking at the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse, greed flashed across Gelgar's eyes and he couldn't help himself imagining riding on top of it. If he could acquire and ride it on a battlefield, his prowess would increase even more.

It was rank [B] familiar forget about him, even demons with higher ranking would have their eyes blinded by greed. 'After winning this dungeon war not only will I get that reward but even a [B] rank subordinate. Hehehaha looks like the fortune is shinning on me today' he thought in his mind as he deluded about the future.

Although he had suffered a huge loss after his monster army were all killed, but compared to the huge rewards that he was about to get after winning the dungeon war, the loss would amount to nothing. Just imagining about the rewards made him excited and his sour mood lightened up a little.

So what if the demon was able to get one up on him? the end result would still be the same. After all, he was a Demon Viscount and was far superior to a Demon Baron born from ample manas of this world.

But before he could continue with his thought process any further, a clear voice rang out across the floor "Hehehe you guys did quite well coming till here, honestly I must praise you all. However everything must come to an end and I believe I had said those words before 'if you want to enter my dungeon, you are rather welcome but discard all thoughts about leaving it alive' ".

The voice was not loud nonetheless every word rang out across the whole floor clearly and profoundly.

The voice came from the man riding on top of the warhorse. Black hair like that of the night which absorbed all the surrounding light and crimson pair of eyes, stared at them as if they could pierce your very soul. Two jagged horns protruded from his head and a wicked smile was plastered on his devilishly handsome face.

The man was wearing a black long coat that flapped in the air even when there was no wind. His upper half had golden black tattoos that made complicated patterns on his arms and chest that seemed to hold an infinite depth was releasing an aura of dominance whenever one stared at them.

The person riding on top of the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse and releasing an overbearing presence was none other than Simon. His face was all smiles as he looked at the uninvited guests who were staring daggers at him.

Looking at the person who arrived unnoticed, Gelgar grinded his teeth as all the humiliation, anger, and frustration that he had suppressed up until now came flooding over.

His body trembled all over as he pointed at Simon and shouted, "So you are finally willing to come out of your shell? very good saves me the trouble of dragging you out myself". His composure was all but gone and he couldn't wait to tear apart Simon as soon as he was in his sight.

Gourd, Mike, and Berd similarly had contempt in their eyes as if they were looking at a dead man and snorted at his arrogant words. 'What discard the thoughts of leaving alive? the one who was going to die was clearly him and he was still being obstinate enough to utter those words' similar thoughts were running in their minds.

Simon looked at them and smiled "You are absolutely right, it saves the trouble for both of us after all it still takes quite a bit of DP to spawn these monsters. It still pains my heart to see them dying for nothing" he mocked before laughing out.

Gelgar's face was distorted due to all the irritation and pent-up anger twisted even more after listening to Simon. The words of Simon were targeted at him who had lost all his army that he had spawned with much effort using all of his stocked up DP.

He pointed at Simon and furiously said, "Laugh as much as you want to now, later on when I tear that smile and torture you to death, I will see whether you have the ability to laugh at that time. but you can rest assured, after killing you I will take that [B] tier warhorse of yours as my own subordinate".

Right after Gelgar's words sounded out, a weird feeling arose within Simon. Just like a tiny ember in a stack of hay, the feeling started out as a minute disturbance but moments later started overtaking all other emotions and overwhelmed him.

"W-what is going on?... arrrghhh" Simon didn't know what This feeling was but it was clearly rampaging within him and he couldn't control it.

[Pride has been activated. All other emotions will be overwhelmed during this period]

Just when he was struggling to keep in check the rampaging emotions, a strange notification popped up in front of him. Overwhelmed by it, all other emotions disappeared and it quickly overtook his whole body.

Three meters wide bat-like wings protruded from his back, as he jumped up from the back of his warhorse and stood in the air above. The entire aura around him changed, the golden-black tattoos that were only on his chest and shoulders, spread onto his wide wings too. His entire presence changed in a split second and he seemed to be a completely different person than before.

Chapter 57: Confrontation (3)

Gelgar and his subordinates looked at Simon who all of a sudden started behaving strangely. Since the changes incited by the pride fragment was incorporeal, they failed to notice the vast change that Simon had gone through at that moment.

Thinking that Simon was getting cold feet after all his attempts to intimidate them had failed, Gelgar smirked as he said "Why? Are you afraid now that death is this close to youahaha... but don't worry I will not kill you so easily, after all, I will make you go through so much pain and agony that even death will be a luxury to you".

He had so much pent up frustration that if he just simply killed Simon, he wouldn't be able to appease it. He wanted to make the lowborn demon experience the consequence of incurring the fury of a demon higher ranked than himself. But more than that, he wanted to indulge himself with the twisted pleasure of bullying those who were weaker than him and see them pathetically grovel at his feet.

Mike and Berd laughed at Gelgar's words while Gourd showed a brutal smile as he licked his fangs. One could tell that the Great Blood Ogre wasn't content even after massacring the entire ninth floor as he looked at Simon and the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse with obvious intent to battle.

Simon observed the bunch with clear impassive eyes, the way he was looking down at them was as if he was looking at a bunch of insects. After all of his emotions were consumed, he weirdly felt refreshed and an inborn sense of superiority was silently welling inside him.

Crick... Crack... He moved his neck and shoulders as cracking noises echoed out. His attitude displayed that Simon wasn't the least bit fazed by the words of Gelgar as he pointed a finger at him and beckoned "No matter how many words I use against you, it will clearly be wasted. Only by actions can I prove that I will be the one deciding your fates. If you are prepared then let's begin".

Overbearing and arrogant to the extreme, each word that came out of Simon was condescending and laced with egotism. Totally different from how Simon usually conducts himself.

Simon's attitude that seemed to look down on him ticked off Gelgar even more and his blatant words made his whole body tremble as flames of fury threatened to burst out of him.

He wanted to ruthlessly teach that lowborn upstart, who he should mess with and who he shouldn't. After all, he was a Demon Viscount with a Demon Earl bloodline ancestry, and never in his life has he been slighted by someone lower ranked than him.

Forget about slighting a higher ranked demon, if a lower rank demon even dares to look straight at the eyes of a demon higher ranked than itself, that demon would be instantly taught a lesson. That was how defined the rankings of the demon were, in that regard Simon was clearly an abnormality.

Just as Gelgar was about to step forward, the sound of air being torn apart could be heard as Gourd pounced over at Simon with an insane speed. the speed at which he flew towards Simon was so great that it seemed like he intended to ram himself onto him.

Simon did not even spare a glance at Gourd and it seemed like he would be rammed in the next second when a roar of a warhorse sounded out across the floor.

BOOOOMMM.....

Before Gelgar and his subordinates could comprehend what had happened, a large sound was heard as something hit the marsh at a crazy speed. SPLASH... a large volume of water dyed scarlet with blood, rose into the air and showered like rain.

Their eyes enlarged as they saw Simon hovering in the same place without even taking a step back but what was different was that a Demonic Warhorse was now standing in front of him. Nobody knew how it appeared there in an instant.

SPLASH... a figure leapt out from the marsh, when Gelgar and the duo saw who it was their eye bulged even further. Gourd came out of the marsh as he puked out a mouthful of blood, his body made a sorry figure.

The physique he was so proud of and which was previously impervious to any attacks made by lizardmen and pirodiles, now had two deeply caved hoof prints on his chest. Looking at the wound from which smoke was coming out, Gourd puked out another mouthful of blood.

He looked back at the proudly standing warhorse in front of Simon. Earlier during the clash, in that split second he caught the shadow of a warhorse flying at a breakneck speed and ramming him with its fiery hooves.

Everything took place in a few seconds and before his mind could even ascertain what had happened, the ramming force so great that he was rebounded back and splashed into the marsh. Looking at the deeply caved wound in his chest, Gourd's eyes turned crimson as he roared and was just about to pounce back when.

"Enough. You are not its match in a direct confrontation" Gelgar spoke out as he waved his hand to stop him. Gourd who couldn't take this humiliation lying down, roared unconvincedly "but Sir Gelgar... caNNot taKe ThiS... MusT FiGht iT".

Gelgar frowned at those words and ordered "I know you do not have brains but you can listen alright. What I'm saying is not to fight it head-on, separate it from that lowborn demon and keep it occupied for some time".

Gourd had a conflicting face and hesitated for a while before finally nodding his head. Though he was still unconvinced after that brief fight, he cannot defy the order of his master.

Gelgar sighed internally as he squinted his eyes and stared at the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse standing near Simon while clenching his fist. Gourd who was a [C] rank Great Blood Ogre and whose level was only a little lower than him had enough power to evenly match him. However, even that Gourd was not a match for that warhorse.

Name:- Gourd

Race:- Great Blood Ogre

Level:- 247

Rank:- [C]

Stats:-

Strength:- 2341

Agility:- 2835

Endurance:- 2588

Defence:- 2341

Magic:- 2588

luck:- 2111

Skills:- Fire Magic Mastery, Earth Magic Mastery, Berserk, Super Strength, Flight, Super Defence, Super Endurance, Blunt Resistance, Sharp resistance, Sense presence, Regeneration, Razor-sharp claws, Intimidation, Rugged skin

Inherent Skills:- [Ogre Blood], [Insanity], [Bloodlust]

Chapter 58: Overwhelming Pride

Leaving aside Gourd, even he would have a hard time fighting the [B] rank Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse. At that split second when Gourd was rammed by the hooves, even he was unable to fully capture the shadow of the demonic warhorse charging out.

So even if they coordinated together, Gelgar and his team would have a difficult time defeating the warhorse.

However, there was no reason for them to fight it in the first place, they could leave it behind and just go for its master who according to Gelgar was the weakest one. Once its master was gone, it would become masterless and Gelgar could easily subdue it later on.

That is why he wanted to separate them and after he defeated its master, there would be no more reason for it to fight them.

After he made his intention known, Gourd immediately started casting earth magic [Earth Spike Missiles] as sharp ten-meter long spikes started taking form out of thin air. These earth spikes were made of the very earth itself and looked very heavy and sturdy.

Shortly after all the earth spikes materialised, he flung all those earth spikes towards the warhorse and flew back himself as if trying to lure the warhorse into chasing after him. The Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse was a [B] tier subordinate and its intelligence was even comparable to a human.

If they thought that they could treat it like any other low intelligence monster, they were seriously underestimating it. Not only did it not bite into the trap, but it was also aware of what Gelgar and his subordinates were trying to do.

WHOOOSH...

The earth spikes whistled forward and travelled at a great speed but before the attack could even come any closer, the Bloodthorn demonic Warhorse flapped its draconic wings. Wild winds generated by just the flap of its wings and directly assaulted the earth spike, crashing into them just like a tidal wave.

BOOOOMMM...

A huge sound echoed out when the attacks met, as they disintegrated each other. Rock and debris accompanied by wind flew everywhere after the collision and a cloud of dust obstructed the vision. After the dust storm settled, the warhorse could be seen proudly standing in the sky and without a scratch.

Watching this scene made Gelgar click his tongue. He had honestly underestimated its power and if the warhorse stuck to its master, Gelgar would have to go all out and even get ready to incur some heavy losses in the process. That was how guarded he was against the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse and the result of Analysis solidified his reasoning even more.

But who would have guessed that the source of headache would willingly separate itself and make it easier for him. Gelgar was pretty much assured that once the demonic warhorse was out of the picture, he could easily take out Simon.

Simon was well aware of what these bunch of ruffians were thinking, he patted the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse who was loyally guarding him, and told it to target the Great Blood Ogre. Its three pairs of demonic eyes stared at Simon who was displaying an aura of overflowing confidence before nodding its head.

Human-like intelligence flashed from the corners of its eyes and it instantly understood the intention of its master. Immediately after it flew away and started chasing after Gourd.

Simon looked at the departing figure of the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse before shifting them towards the Gelgar trio. There was no compelling reason for him to fight together with his warhorse because if he did so, Simon felt like it wouldn't be a battle anymore.

It wasn't that Simon was being overconfident or underestimating his opponent. It was just that his sense of pride was telling him that he was superior to those in front of him and wouldn't allow him to give his enemy a reason for their defeat other than the pure difference in their strength. After his rank increased, Simon could clearly feel the vast difference between a Demon Baron and a Demon Viscount and was clearly aware of how powerful the enemy in front of him was.

Gelgar silently watched as the warhorse he was wary of, chase after Gourd, a smile of ridicule on his face. He didn't think that the warhorse would be stupid enough to leave his master alone. From his perspective, it looked quite intelligent; however, it seemed he was wrong.

Of course, he welcomed this development after all this made his work all the more easier. Hahaha he laughed and was just about to spring into action when the two Demon Baron subordinates behind him spoke out.

“Sir Gelgar there is no reason for you to waste your time and stamina on a foolish demon such as him. He is clearly not worthy of dying by such grace” Mike said as he stepped out. Wings spread wide as he looked at Simon, battle intent flashing in his eyes. He wanted to prove his usefulness to his master and this was precisely the opportunity he was looking for. How could they miss it?

“Allow us to battle him, we will show him his place and torment him for all the losses and humiliation we have suffered until he begs for his death” Berd claimed.

They looked at Gelgar as if asking for his permission. They were both peak Level 200 Demon Baron but since their bloodline wasn't pure enough, their growth was limited to their current level and would not go up any further.

No matter what, a newly born Demon Baron wouldn't be able to outgrow them. They who were born more than a few decades ago and spent all those years grinding to reach their current level. Not to mention that two of them were attacking him at once, which ensured that there would be no opening that he could exploit to regroup back with his warhorse.

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Race:- Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse

Rank- [B]

level- 180

Stats:-

Strength:- 3640

Agility:- 3900

Endurance:- 3720

Defense:-3640

Magic:- 4100

luck:- 3630

Skills:- High-Speed Flight, Flame Magic Mastery, Dark Magic Mastery, Dark Magic Resistance, Detection, Super Agility, Super Strength, Super Defence, Super Endurance, Regeneration, Blunt Resistance, Piercing resistance, Enhanced senses, Steel scale, natural recovery

Inherent Skills:- Stampede, Hundred Mountains Charge, Bloodthorn

Chapter 59: Overwhelming Pride (2)

Gelgar thought for a while before nodding “Make sure not to kill him, I want to take his life with my very own hands”. He said as he clenched his hands into fists. No matter what, he wanted to be the person delivering the last blow. The pleasure he got just from imagining it made his whole body shudder in delight.

Mike and Berd looked at each other before immediately flying towards Simon. They had a tacit understanding of each other and knew what the other party was thinking. This was a chance to show their master their usefulness and also an opportunity to amend for all the blunder they have committed until now.

Mike and Berd stopped at a few meters distance from Simon, faced him, and said “Consider yourself unlucky for incurring the wrath of Sir Gelgar... hehe. There will be no salvation for you even after death. If you want to curse someone, curse your inadequacy for not knowing what’s better for you” Mike laughed sadistically.

They both were Demon Baron with impure bloodline; however, from his perspective, Simon seemed dunce and arrogant enough to offend a higher ranking demon.

Berd chipped in “If you had sincerely bent your knees, pledged your loyalty, and gifted that warhorse of yours to Sir Gelgar at that time, you wouldn’t have to go through all this suffering. Truly a demon with a subpar intelligence”. Berd shook his shoulders and sighed exaggeratedly. Since he had seen his master oppressing many other lower-ranking demons like Simon, he could only offer his pity.

Simon with his pitch-black hair fluttering in the air, stared at them with his indifferent eyes and beckoned with his finger “Cut the crap... I don’t have the whole day to waste my time on weaklings like you. If you are prepared then get ready to meet your maker”. Simon who was under the influence of the pride fragment was unable to take even the slightest insult against him.

“What?... You still dare to talk like that” Mike said as Simon’s words ignited a violent fury inside him. Had this demon truly gone mad? he wondered.

“Heh I see. He is so traumatized by the fear of death that his brain is not working properly” Berd snickered. Rationally, he thought that Simon should be afraid now that two Demon Baron like him were facing him together. However, to Berd’s surprise, he didn’t even see a trace of worry on him.

“Doesn’t matter. Our job is to torment him before throwing him in front of Sir Gelgar... Berd assist me” Mike immediately cut to the chase after seeing that he couldn’t affect Simon verbally.

“Yeah”.

They immediately started coordinating before casting a fire magic [Crimson Fireball].

CRACKLE...

A huge fireball tens of meters large took form in the air. The air started distorting as a red hue spread all over the marsh, as the temperature on the floor started to rise. Just the resulting heatwave that spread across the surrounding was hot enough to make the marsh below boil as clouds of vapour started to rise.

[Crimson Fireball] was a novice tier fire magic, which had enough power to severely injure an Armoured drillman with their high defence or even kill them.

Not to mention that the magic was being cast by the combined might of two Demon Baron who had reached the peak of their level. The resulting magic had more than quadruple the power of the original and was double the size. Looking at the fireball, they believed that this magic could even severely injure a Demon Baron until he could no longer stand.

Hahaha, Mike laughed as he roared “You will pay for your arrogance and all the humiliation you had us suffer up until now”. How could he forget all the traps that the demon had laid out for them? It was only because of him that his master Gelgar looked down on him.

MIke and Berd nodded at each other before pushing the magic towards Simon with all their might. The huge [Crimson Fireball] that looked just like a miniature sun, flew over bringing along an intense heat that seemed like it could scorch anything and everything.

Gelgar watched as the fireball which had enough might to even make him serious for a moment, engulf Simon within. BAAANNNGG... the fireball contracted before lighting up violently and exploding.

The energy storm was so great that huge waves rolled across the whole marsh. Flame spread all over the area in a few dozen meters, scorching the air and the marsh along with it. A powerful shockwave spread from the epicentre assaulted everyone along with an intense heatwave.

BANG...

Gourd who was sent flying into the marsh again by the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse surfaced from the water and watched the fireball explode onto Simon in delight.

Mike and Berd who were sent a few meters back by the aftershock reeled in satisfaction at the magic's might. Just when they thought that the demon was seriously injured, they sensed a strong presence from the place where the fireball had exploded.

They looked at each other before suddenly turning their head towards the centre of the devastation, shock plastered in their faces.

Amidst the flames, Simon was still standing in the same place, without even taking a step back. His clothes were mostly burned but other than that there was not even a scratch on his smooth skin. Even after getting blasted by the combined might of Mike and Berd, not even a trace of wound appeared on his body.

Flames still lingered over his body without doing the slightest damage and added another depth to his fierceness. He clenched and unclenched his hands as he felt the power surging through his whole body. "So this is the power of a Demon Viscount" he examined his body that took the full brunt of the magic and was still perfectly fine even after that and couldn't help but feel exhilarated.

As he had expected, the gulf between a Demon Baron and a Demon Viscount was a big one that was difficult to bridge with just skills alone. Even if he stood here the whole day, Simon guessed that Mike and Berd wouldn't be able to harm him the slightest.

Chapter 60: Overwhelming Pride (3)

After feeling the power that was brimming inside him, he arched his eyebrow and looked towards the two Demon Baron before stating. "After all that bark, is this all you have got?", he shook his head and commented "pathetic".

If it was before his rank increased, Simon definitely wouldn't have chosen to take the attack head-on and would have instead tried to dodge it. However, what Simon didn't know was that even a Demon Viscount wouldn't have taken the attack lightly, his rank up was clearly unusual and the ridiculous increase in his power after was even more so.

Simon spread his wings to their limit "Very well then, I believe it is my turn now" utilising his improved skill [High-Speed Flight] his body disappeared just as his voice rang out. Leaving behind a sonic boom in his wake, he quickly covered the distance between them. A whistling sound could be heard as his huge bat-like wings pierced through the wind barrier.

WHOOSH...

Mike who couldn't believe what he saw said in a fluster "What... You...how did you... burgh" but before he could even complete his sentence, he was punched in the guts and was sent flying into the marsh with a bang. His eyes failed to register the insane speed at which Simon moved and he didn't even know how he got attacked before everything started spinning and he smashed into the marsh.

Berd who was still in a daze after seeing their combined attack failed to even scratch their target, couldn't comprehend how Simon had appeared in front of them like a ghost. His irises contracted to their limit after seeing that Simon was already upon him.

Time seemed to halt to a crawl as he looked on with wide eyes as Simon's foot came smashing down on his face. CRACK... A crack sound was heard as the foot caved on his face and sent him plummeting into the ground. His nasal cavity was smashed and blood continuously trickled down from it.

SPLASH... SPLASH...

Two shadows smashed into the marsh at a rapid speed and displaced large volumes of mud and water that had been dyed crimson with blood into the air.

After sending the two of them flying, Simon flashed a cheeky smile and without giving them a moment of respite, he shot towards the two of them again.

“Bffft... uwwargh. Huff huff... what just happened” coming out of the water, Mike looked around as he asked. The clash a moment ago was so fast that his brain failed to comprehend what happened as shock and disbelief was plastered on his face.

“Blurgh... urgh” a sound came from near him as he hurriedly turned towards it and saw Berd holding his face which had caved in, blood was spilling from all of his orifices.

“W-What Berd are you alright?” Mike was just about to fly over when he saw Simon shooting towards them at an unbelievable speed from the corner of his eyes.

“You, what are planni... gugh” without even getting to complete his sentence, his face was squarely grabbed by Simon and flung around like a sack of potatoes. From the edges of his vision, Mike saw the demon he had been underestimating all along, flashing a wicked smile while baring his fangs. Simon had an expression of absolute joy as he felt the power surging through every corner of his body.

He grabbed Mike’s face with his palm and flung him towards Berd who was still lurching in pain from the kick he delivered earlier. BANG... CREAK... a muffled sound rang out as the two were blasted to the side.

Painful noises and wailing sounds rang out across the whole floor as the two of them reeled in pain.

Mike was holding his head as he screamed out loud “Aarrgghh”. His head was bleeding and was in so much pain that it felt as if someone had cracked his skull open. Touching behind his head, he could feel that something was wedged inside his skull as blood continuously came out of it.

On the other hand, Berd’s face which got caved quite a lot after getting kicked in the face deformed even more after getting smashed by Mike’s head.

His front teeth were all missing and right now his face was in so much pain that he wanted to curse out loud but what came out of his mouth were instead his remaining teeth and blood.

Simon did not give them any time to collect themselves. After sending them flying to the side, he opened his inventory and brought the Crimson Blazing Flame Blade out. A two meter long and three inches wide piercing scarlet blade appeared as if tearing through the fragment of space and landed on his hand.

The moment the blade appeared all the eyes present inside the floor gathered onto it as a blazing heat so powerful that it could even scorch one's soul, radiated out of it. "W-what is that sword?" Gelgar asked in a trembling voice, even the scattered heat emitting out of the sword was enough to make his soul shudder.

Holding the sword in his hand, Simon felt his stats rising drastically from the buff provided by it. The sword bestowed an additional +600 to all his stats and +1000 to magic added to his increased stats after the rank up, Simon felt invincible.

Feeling the power rising in his body, he drew the sword and brandished it in a full swing towards the dumbfounded duo. The crimson blade of the sword lit up in a piercing light that was so blinding that the very floor brightened for a second and wherever the blade passed through, a crimson line would be left behind as if slashing through space itself. if one looked carefully they would be able to see the very fragment of space was scorched in a straight line.

Mike and Berd looked on with their wide-open eyes as the crimson sword drew an arc across their body making a neat line. Everything happened in a few seconds and the beautiful light of the blade was forever imprinted in their memories.

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Crimson Blazing Infernal Sword – Rank [A] – Refinement Level 1- All Stats +600 – Magic +1000

Skills:- Infernal Magic Mastery, Sword Mastery, Super Cutting Enhancement, Super Piercing Enhancement, Immolation, Crimson Blazing Infernal Body.