

D. of Pride 61

Chapter 61: Might of the Advanced Magic

The sword drew a beautiful wide arc as it cut open the space itself. With their trembling eyes, Mike and Berd saw the marsh behind them cleanly split into two.

A crimson cut spread across the marsh and divided it into two, smoke continually rising from it showcasing its intense heat. Flames started surging inside the duo's body until the cut made by the sword erupted with crimson light bisecting them into two.

Their eyes slowly lost focus and became dim before their bodies split in half, blood spraying like a fountain as they fell into the marsh forever becoming the nourishment of the dungeon. Even until the moment they died, they were in disbelief, unresigned to their fate.

Gourd who was fighting the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse not far away, kept getting battered and beaten by it no matter how he tried to fight back. "UAAAAAH [Fire Breath]" he opened his jaws wide as tongues of fire sprayed out towards the warhorse.

The Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse swiftly dodged the fire breath and closed the gap before using its crimson antler-like horns to stab Gourd. The horns on its head were its real weapon so powerful that even those higher rank than it could be pierced without any resistance. However, the real use of the crimson antlers was its Bloodthorn ability.

Realising the danger within the horns, Gourd's instinct screamed at him to dodge the attack. He hurriedly flapped his wings and moved his tanky frame out of the trajectory of the attack and quickly backed off.

After distancing himself from the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse, he sighed in relief. The crimson horn of the warhorse was giving him a bad feeling and his senses continuously alerted him of danger whenever he looked at it. Though Gourd did not know if they would be able to pierce his rugged skin, he sure as hell did not want to experiment it on his body.

Not after there were two additional hoof prints on his skin.

Even though he felt indignant to admit it, he was not its match in a direct confrontation. His repeated failures to even land a blow on it, told him that. Even though Gourd was not its match, he

was still unresigned to just back out. He was from the ogre race which was known for their powerful physique and ferocity.

Not to mention he was a variant much more powerful than the average person from his tribe. His sense of pride for being someone from the ogre race would never allow him to run away from a battle.

Just when Gourd thought that he had successfully dodged the horns, a tinge of pain suddenly assaulted him. Looking at the area when the pain originated from, to his shock he immediately discovered a hole had been pierced in his abdomen.

Strange crimson markings appeared around the wound; however, no blood leaked out even though there was a big hole now in his abdomen. 'How is this possible, I clearly dodged the attack previously' he thought as he looked at the warhorse before widening his eyes to their limit.

"what the hell is that?" Gourd couldn't help but comment slack-jawed.

The crimson antlers of the Bloodthorn Demonic warhorse moved like a whip and appeared like a sentient being that had a life of its own. The antlers moved as if alive and reverted back to their original form.

While he was in a daze, two screams rang out across the whole floor. Turning around, Gourd watched as the two Demon Barons who were fighting Simon were reduced into nothing but beaten dogs howling in agony as they licked their wounds.

Before the duo could even organise themselves, he saw the enemy holding a crimson sword that appeared in his hands tearing through the space. The blade lit up with a brilliant crimson light so mighty that even gave him a sense of dread that was born from his soul as the enemy swung it in a wide arc, cleaving Mike and Berd along with the marsh in half. The scene was so terrifying that it left Gourd in a state of disbelief.

"E-Eh? Wha... you... what... puah" while he was distracted, he left a tiny opening. Utilising that, the demonic warhorse pierced him with its bloodthorns once again. Additional wounds appeared on his body but strangely no blood spurted out. How was that possible? his body was not bleeding anymore.

Gelgar was so baffled by the scene that unfolded one after the other that he couldn't believe it no matter how many times he rubbed his eyes. How can that lowborn demon be so strong... wasn't he

a mere Demon Baron? Even when he used Analysis on him, it ended up giving him no information at all.

“Analysis was blocked?” Gelgar thought that he was going insane. After entering this goddamn dungeon, everything that happened didn’t make sense anymore.

His mind spun around as he saw the corpses of his two subordinates that have served him for so many years, split in half as they fell into the marsh. Becoming one with the many corpses that littered there.

“W-what happened...? What did you do?” without even knowing, he screamed out loud. If only Gelgar could set aside his prejudice and sense the power released by Simon, you would have understood that Simon was no mere Demon Baron. However, his mind was already disorganised and wasn’t lucid enough to think clearly.

Simon arched his eyebrows as he finally turned around to look at Gelgar “What happened you ask?”, a crimson light flashed on his eyes as he said, “the same thing that is gonna happen to you”.

Gelgar had an incredulous look that told that he was unwilling or unable believe what happened. He bit on his lips as blood flowed inside his mouth and assaulted his sense with a taste of iron. With bulging eyes and trembling body, he pointed at Simon and barked out loud “What did you do? What kind of trickery did you use? You lowborn demon what was that sword”.

There was no way a lowborn Demon Baron like him could defeat his subordinates in a fair fight. That’s right, he must have used some underhanded methods to kill them like those mushrooms. Gelgar who suffered repeated setbacks in the hands of Simon was about to have a mental breakdown.

Chapter 62: Might of the Advanced Magic (2)

Gelgar was born of a Demon Earl mother and a Demon Marquess father but since he inherited far less pure bloodline than his siblings, he was cast aside at a young age.

Unlike humans, Demon can be birthed the proper way and also from the rich manas of the world.

For many years Gelgar was bullied by his siblings who had a higher growth rate than him and had also inherited the bloodline from their parents strongly. Compared to his limited growth, the height that they could reach was far greater.

One by one his siblings swiftly climbed up the ranks and left him in the dust as their growth accelerated. He on the other hand was marked as the loser of the family.

His siblings received the love and care of his parents and he on the other side was seen as the burden. Even the level-up crystals he received were biased and inferior compared to his siblings who enjoyed a bigger and superior share. The attention they received was what Gelgar yearned for.

Due to the constant harassment and bullying, his personality slowly started getting twisted, and as a result, he ran away from his family. In the past few decades, Gelgar made a new dungeon using his demon core, blackmailed and killed the lower-ranking demons before plundering their resources.

In a way, he was taking out all of his vexation and frustration out on the demon who were lower ranked than him. Gelgar knew that a lower-ranked demon wouldn't raise their heads in front of him thus he suppressed them unrestrainedly.

He even stole and coerced the subordinates of other demons for fun and amusement and Simon was just another prey caught up in his scheme or so he thought.

He couldn't comprehend what had happened in those last few moments. No, it would be right to say that he refused to believe what he just saw as everything was out of his expectation.

Gelgar had this weird feeling lugging at his heart from the start of this dungeon descend. And finally....

Simon stared at him indifferently and said in a tone that would give chills to anyone listening. "You ask too many questions... the answer is quite clear, you are going to die that is what is going to happen". Holding the Crimson Blazing Flame Sword in hand, a terrifying aura emitted out of him.

Listening to Simon's words, Gelgar finally blew up his fuse; after all, he could only take so much. Snarling in rage, his hair was dishevelled and the air of nobility that he carried himself with, was thrown out of the window as he roared out.

"Who do you think I am?... I am a Demon Viscount with a pure bloodline, a lowly demon like you dares to speak so outrageously to me, a higher ranking demon. Unforgivable" Yelling hysterically, his words were filled with bloodlust.

BOOM...

Like a burst dam, Gelgar released all his strength as a shockwave spread across the whole floor. Wild winds raged around him and his aura spiked up all of a sudden.

He gave a hoarse roar as his muscles started inflating, veins bulged all across his face, an effect of the [Berserk] skill. Before long, his body became a towering frame more than five meters in height.

[Berserk] was a skill that drastically increases one's stats for a short duration of time. However, the repercussions one suffered was also dire. Once activated [Berserk] continuously drains the Magic Point (MP) of the user and places a heavy burden on their body.

Gelgar never expected to utilise this skill against an opponent he previously thought was beneath him.

Feeling the rise in power, Gelgar started laughing "Hehahaha look at our power difference. The likes of you want to defeat me? Don't make me laugh". His face was masked with madness as tides of killing intent surged out of him.

Immediately after his voice rang out, Gelgar started casting earth magic [Earth Spike Missiles] and wind magic [Wind Slash]. Both were novice tier spells.

Sharp howling winds carrying terrifying sharpness and huge earth spikes started taking form in the air. After a few seconds, dozens of earth spikes and wind blades materialised before flying towards Simon at a rapid speed.

Gelgar learned two forms of novice tier magic wind and earth furthermore combined with the might of a Demon Viscount, the power displayed was far greater than what a Demon Baron could output.

However, the way he used magic was too barbaric and the output magic showed no signs of amalgamating with one another.

Simon watched as the storm of attacks approached him but he did not try to dodge nor get out of the range of the attack. Instead, he chose to stand his ground. If Gelgar wanted to pit heads, he found the wrong opponent.

Wild sharp winds raged as they brought along pillars of thick sharp earth spikes and struck towards Simon with a momentum of a tidal wave. Though crude, the magic released by a level 291 Demon Viscount in his berserk mode couldn't be underestimated.

With a calm face, he brandished his sword once again. But this time, he activated the one and only advance magic that the sword bestowed. "Infernal Magic Mastery- [Infernal Heatwave]" as he shouted out the name, the edges of the blade erupted in sparks by the friction and a blinding golden light covered the whole ninth floor.

Infernal Magic Mastery; the advance tier of fire magic was finally going to show its might.

An extreme heat incomparable to anything before erupted out of the sword as it met the opposing attack head-on.

BOOOOOOMMM...

A thunderous sound resounded as if a volcano had erupted spread across the whole floor as it assaulted the eardrums of everyone present.

Like molten lava, the advanced magic released by the sword vaporised everything. The howling winds, the earth pillar everything melted in an instant. There was no clash as the infernal magic devoured everything one sidedly.

—

Name:- Gelgar

Race:- Demon Viscount

Level:- 291

Stats:-

Strength:- 2173

Agility:- 2700

Endurance:- 2464

Defence:- 2250

Magic:- 2700

Luck:- 1700

Skills:- Earth Magic Mastery, Wind Magic Mastery, Flight, Berserk, Sense Presence, Body Enhancement, Regeneration, Blunt Resistance, Cut Resistance, Fire resistance, Super Defence, Super Strength, Super Endurance, Super Agility

Inherent Skills:- [Dungeon Creation]

Chapter 63: Might of the Advanced Magic (3)

In front of the might of the infernal magic, the novice tier magic that Gelgar dished out was overwhelmed in an instant. Like a truck ramming into a block of rotten wood, everything that obstructed the infernal magic was vaporized, leaving nothing behind.

The might of the advanced magic was overwhelming as it easily swept everything. However, it was just the beginning.

After overpowering the opposing attack, the momentum of the infernal magic [Infernal Heatwave] didn't even drop a notch as it charged towards its next target Gelgar.

Gelgar was shaken to the core by the might of infernal magic and was in a stunned state.

BANG...

Realising that the attack was coming towards him, Gelagr hurriedly tried to get out of the range of the attack but failed to dodge in time due to the pressure enveloping him. The battering force alone was so great that he felt like a huge mountains thousands of meters in size was pressuring him.

Though he tried to shift his body out of the way of the attack, He was still hit by the edges of the magic. The attack struck him and continued on towards the marsh.

BOOOOOOOM...

The entire floor seemed to tremble at this moment, mightly waves rolled and tumbled across the whole marsh.

Scalding smoke rose into the air for hundreds of meters and burned down the faraway trees. Half of the water in the marsh had disappeared in an instant.

“Huff... huff...” Simon who was previously as calm as the sea was now breathing in a ragged manner, perspiration rolling down his body and the manas around him in was in disorder.

Infernal magic the advanced tier form of the fire magic wasn’t something a Demon Viscount like him should have access to. If it wasn’t for the Crimson Blazing Flame Sword bestowing him with such a magic, there was no way Simon would be able to use it in his current rank.

Reaching advanced tier in any form of magic symbolises pinnacle power of that level. Plus Simon was still hanging on the intermediate tier of the fire magic and had a long way before he could reach the advanced tier.

Furthermore, it was more so unimaginable for a Demon Viscount to even use infernal magic as the skills and manas required were far complex than what a Demon Viscount could output.

“Huff... huff... huff... damn it... it ate more than half of my MP in one go, it seems that I can’t use it more than once” the infernal magic [Infernal Heatwave] took a ridiculous amount of MP to cast which made it impossible for the current him to cast it more than once. Since his MP was drained severely by that one attack, he felt a headache and his mind was dizzy.

More than half of his HP was gone and his aura had dropped by a lot. But he was quite satisfied by the might of the attack despite it being quite taxing to his body.

While he was contemplating about the magic he dished out, Gelgar flew out of the boiling marsh. His clothes was all but torn, skin burned everywhere and a cut across his back, that was burned quite badly.

At this moment he had a very hideous appearance as he wailed in agony, his eyes were filled with dread and despair at the attack that almost took his life.

Gelgar was severely injured. If it wasn't for him shifting his body at the last moment, he wouldn't just come out of it as severely injured. Just thinking about the last attack, his soul quaked.

If more attacks like the previous ones come hurling towards him, was there any reason for him to continue this battle? Fortunately for him, Simon was unable to dish out another attack of that calibre.

He looked at Simon who still appeared as calm as before and whose presence was so great that it filled him with terror. He pointed at Simon before roaring like a maniac "you... you... you... aaaaaaaaahhhh, you are not a Demon Baron... what is with that sword, who are youuu??".

His voice cracked at the end of his sentence and even Gelgar himself did not know whether he was still sane or not.

Simon's indifferent eyes did not have any pity on them, that was because after reincarnating in this world, he was reminded time and time again that strength reigned supreme here. And if he did not want to be squashed like an ant, he had to increase his strength.

If Simon lacked the strength in this battle, he would be on the receiving end of their attacks, suppressed and humiliated. Additionally, given Gelgar's character, his fate would be much more worse than just simply dying.

Therefore he did not show any pity for his enemies as his every attack was ruthless and filled with killing intent. These past few months in the Ghastlky Winding Forest where everything wanted to kill him, built his character.

The way Gelgar spoke and looked down on others, Simon guessed that his enemy had suppressed many demons before just like what he did to him before taking all of their possessions. A person like that disappearing would be like doing a favour to this world.

Just when he was about to charge towards Gelar whose mind was in disarray, another miserable shriek sounded across the floor. "Aaarrrggghhh" turning around he saw the huge frame of the Great Blood Ogre impaled by the crimson horns of the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse.

Gourd was besieged by holes all over his body and a strange crimson markings appeared to link all of them. Peculiarly though, no blood flowed from those wounds as his previous crimson body was now a pale ash grey.

It seemed as if all of his blood was sucked dry out of him and in contrast the crimson horn of the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse shined brightly. Mysterious auras surrounded those crimson antlers before entering inside the warhorse strengthening it even more.

Gourd was in such horrendous pain that he begged for salvation and after struggling for a while, his body stopped moving and fell from the air. The last of Gelgar's subordinates that intruded the dungeon, the level 247 Great Blood Ogre was now dead.

Chapter 64: Rewards

Gourd's lifeless body which was riddled with holes slowly fell onto the marsh. His dim eyes looked at Gelgar and his mouth moved as if trying to tell him something but ultimately failed as the last of his energy left him and his entire body became motionless. Slowly his body submerged and disappeared from view eternally.

It seemed that Gourd was trying to say something during his last breath.

A notification rang out in Simon's mind as the window displayed that the Great Blood Ogre was now dead.

[Great Blood Ogre, Gourd died, acquired 7,500,000 DP]

Looking at the amount of DP he acquired, Simon wasn't very surprised as the Demon Baron duo netted him each 3,000,000 for a total of 6,000,000 DP. The Great Blood Ogre being a [C] rank, far outclassed the duo in terms of strength and growth. Thus the DP he would provide after his death would be much higher than the likes of Mike and Berd.

From the beginning of this dungeon war, Simon had been earning every hour and from their deaths. The DP he amassed was so great that someone like Gelgar would be thunderstruck to see the total amount.

That added with the DP acquired from Gourd was just the cherry on top.

Never even in his wildest dream would Gelgar have imagined that instead of harming Simon, he had rather helped him benefit even more. A major chunk of his DP was Gelgar's generous gift.

Gelgar's mind was already in disarray as he watched the last of his subordinates die at the hands of his enemy. Gourd was the [C] rank subordinate he summoned from the [Summon] option of his dungeon menu a decade ago.

His dungeon was the lowest rank dungeon and hardly produced any dungeon emblem over the years. And the only emblem his dungeon ever produced was used on summoning Gourd. Losing him was equal to losing the guardian of the dungeon.

Gelgar wasn't confident enough that his dungeon would produce another emblem through which he could summon another [C] rank subordinate.

Blood rushed onto his head as the little bit of sanity he was holding onto disappeared. The delicate string that was holding onto his rationality finally snapped.

ROOAAARRR...

A grating voice that seemed to come from the depths of hell sounded out. Gelgar roared like an angered beast as all the reasoning flew out of his mind and his eyes turned entirely crimson. His body which was already buffed by the [Berserk] skill expanded even more as the power inside him wreaked havoc.

Like a maddened beast that only knows how to slaughter, he charged towards Simon with a momentum of a mountain as if trying to smash him into bits even at the cost of his life.

"...." Simon on the other hand looked at the current Gelgar and snorted. When Gelgar had survived the infernal magic, even he was surprised. The next moment his eyes turned gloomy thinking that it would be hard to achieve victory. However, who would have thought that Gelgar would sink his own boat.

Now that his rationality was gone, he became much less of a threat than before. A beast that only knows how to kill brutally, had no way of defeating Simon.

With a wild charge, Gelgar started throwing a storm of punches at him. BANG... BANG... BANG... Each of his punches contained an extreme amount of energy and produced sonic booms

whenever he punched out. Simon used the skill [Sword Mastery] to easily deflected all the attacks and countered with a slash of his own.

RIPP...

Like a cloth being ripped apart, the sword slashed through the defence of a Demon Viscount and sent Gelgar reeling back. The Crimson Blazing Flame Sword was a [A] rank weapon, the edges of the blade glimmered with unparalleled sharpness.

Even without using the skill provided by the sword, it was powerful enough to completely neglect the defence stat of Demon Viscount. Even Simon felt his skin tingling whenever he looked at the sheen of the blade.

Drip... Drip... A large gash dripping with blood appeared on the already burned flesh of Gelgar that made him look even more horrendous. But without even mending to his wound or lurching in pain, he charged at Simon once again.

Just like a beast that wouldn't stop before killing his enemy, Gelgar completely disregarded his life as he forsook all his defence to attack continuously.

Wild attacks that had no intent other than to tear his opponent apart was continuously dished out by Gelgar. [Earth Spike Missiles], [Wind Slash], [Wind Cutter], [Earth Boulders]... he used a barrage of magic one after another without reserving any of his mana.

BOOM... BOOM... BOOM...

The floor quaked and trembled wherever the magic landed. It was as if the only thing he wanted right now was to destroy and devastate everything. Huge earthen boulders, sharp earthen pillars accompanied by piercing winds rained down across the ninth floor for hundreds of meters.

The scene was as if a great calamity had occurred as the entire marsh toppled and tumbled. The might of maddened Demon Viscount was on full display. Although Simon was aware that Gelgar wouldn't be able to keep this outburst of attack for long, but before that his ninth floor would be wrecked. He wasn't just going to let Gelgar run rampant on his dungeon.

Utilising his Gale Magic Mastery and his [High-Speed Flight] skill, Simon cut a path through the onrushing storm of attacks and appeared in front of Gelgar.

The moment Simon appeared, a wild jab was already on its way towards him, but he swiftly sidestepped the attack and the punch penetrated through his afterimage. Swinging his crimson sword vertically, he immediately cut apart Gelgar's outstretched hand.

SHIING...

ROAR... Blood spurted out like a fountain from the sliced hand as Gelgar gave out a beastly roar and immediately threw a kick towards Simon. Crimson eyes masked with madness and insanity, locked into Simon. Even when his hand got chopped, Gelgar didn't show any signs of being in pain nor waking up from his trance.

Just when the kick came flying towards him, the blade in his hand lit with crimson light as the sword and the kick met.

SPURT...

Chapter 65: Rewards (2)

SPURT...

As the attacks met, there was seemingly no resistance. Like a hot knife cutting through butter, the sword swiftly sliced Gelgar's leg.

Blood sprayed like a fountain painting a beguiling picture.

What surprised Simon was that even after losing a foot and a hand; Gelgar showed no sign of pain or discomfort. Right after losing his foot, Gelgar swung his other remaining hand towards him.

Simon who was startled for a moment, hurriedly defended with his arms crossed. The fist that came flying had an enormous amount of energy poured into it.

BANG... Like a cannonball, Simon rocketed back and smashed into the marsh. The speed of his fall was so great that a huge column of water rose into the air showcasing the might behind the punch.

Though Gelgar paid a great price by losing his sanity, the strength he acquired was no joke. “Pfff..ugh... huff... huff... damn it. A level difference of 79 is no joke” Simon spurted out a mouthful of blood and his entire arm became numb after he received the impact from the punch.

It was like a ten-ton hammer had hit him on the hand. Fortunately, his rank had increased to a Demon Viscount, if he was still in his previous rank, even his bones would have been crushed by that blow.

Even if Simon used the weapons and other secondary items to temporarily boost his stats, in the end, he was still a level 212 Demon Viscount. Whereas Gelgar was at level 291, an all-out attack from him still shaved a marginal amount of his HP.

The weapon can boost his strength but it was ultimately a borrowed power and not his own. Feeling the difference in their strength, Simon was once again reminded how important strength was. If he wasn't lucky and upgraded a [A] rank weapon, he wouldn't have been Gelgar's match.

Collecting his thoughts with [Thought Processing], Simon fixated all his attention on his enemy. Currently, Gelgar had a menacing aura around him and a pressure so solid that it bore down on everyone flooded out of his body.

Even if his opponent outclassed him in levels, he could still bridge the difference with his weapon and his skills.

Simon inhaled a deep breath of air and focused. His mind became clear and all the unnecessary thoughts disappeared. “Body enhancement, sword mastery, super cutting enhancement, super piercing enhancement, super strength..haaaaaahhhh..”.

His veins bulged, muscles trembled as a huge amount of energy that threatened to destroy his body circulated within him. No matter how overwhelming the energy was, Simon still resiliently endured it all with his immense willpower and charged towards Gelgar.

Activating these many skills at once took an immense toll on his body as blood started dripping from his nose and mouth. Since he didn't have enough Magic Points (MP) to dish out another attack of that level, he could only use the risky manner of activating all of his skills at once to bolster his prowess.

The enemy clearly had the intention of taking him out along with him. How can he go down just like that? There was no way Simon was willing to die here.

With a flap of his wide wings, he appeared a few meters above Gelgar and dished out the attack he once used to overpower and make swiss cheese out of the Killer Worker Bees.

“[Thousand Piercing Sword Storm] Haaaaaaaaaaa” with an empowering shout, Simon hacked at Gelgar innumerable times with an immense speed that was impossible to see with naked eyes. Thousands of crimson blade shadows rained down on Gelgar like a storm.

The attack packed an enormous amount of might plus with the unparalleled sharpness of the Crimson Blazing Flame Sword, there was no defence that cannot be pierced.

Gelgar who was akin to a beast was unbothered by the onrushing storm of blades and charged towards Simon with a loud roar. “A beast that has no mind of its own is no longer threatening” Simon commented after he saw that Gelgar willingly jumped into the storm of attacks.

RIP... RIP... RIP... RIP...

The terrifying power behind each sword shadows easily surpassed any defence a Demon Viscount could put up and tore through Gelgar’s body. Even before he could reach Simon, hundreds of sword shadows dotted his body full of holes.

“GUUuaarrgghh” a disturbingly loud roar of anguish finally came out of Gelgar’s mouth as his life was swiftly being drained away amidst the rain.

The terrifying might behind the [Thousand Piercing Sword Storm] did not stop there, after piercing through Gelgar’s body, they rained on the marsh with a momentum of a meteor shower.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOOM... frightening sounds continuously echoed out across the whole floor for a while as the whole ninth floor trembled. The very topography of the floor changed as the skill devastated everywhere.

Simon was dumbfounded. he was trying to minimise the damage dealt to the floor, but he ended up dealing most of the damage himself. Amidst the wreckage and clouds of dust, a notification silently popped up in front of him.

[Ding] even without reading the message, Simon knew that it ringing indicated that all of this was over. He was able to save his dungeon, save his life. He had won the dungeon war. Just as the realisation hit him, the repercussions from activating all of the skills at once came flooding onto his body and he was barely able to stay conscious.

After the onrushing storms of attacks settled and clouds of dust blew away, a disfigured body appeared at the bottom of the marsh. The figure was completely indiscernible and was missing all of its limbs. Even if one examined the body carefully, no one would be able to link it with Gelgar.

Looking at the figure, Simon sighed in relief as a flood of exhaustion overtook him, and the strange feeling that overwhelmed him swiftly disappeared.

[Demon Viscount Gelgar died, acquired 8,250,000 DP]

“Huff..huff..huff... ugh” without any strength left to support his flight, his body rapidly fell below. But before he could hit the ground, he was swiftly caught by something. Opening his heavy eyelids, Simon found himself on the back of his demonic warhorse before dizziness overwhelmed him and he passed out.