

## D. of Pride 641

### Chapter 641 641- The Story Of A Certain Slave (Weretiger) (2)

It appeared that the reason they were brought here was because of the dungeon. To be used as disposables to help the adventurers clear the dungeon.

This was his chance, with the place oozing with monsters, he would have numerous opportunities to die. The weretiger was determined to his fate, but maybe somewhere in his heart, he was still unresigned.

Maybe because he still wanted revenge. To tear these bastards apart who used the demihumans especially the females as nothing but pleasure relieving tools.

A fate of a slave especially a female was very miserable. He wondered what happened to the females of his tribe who were enslaved. Maybe they have already died? Or maybe they are still living just like the ones in front of him, suffering every day?

This was a nightmare but just like everything in this world, the nightmare too came to an end one day.

"Hey you, keep on moving. if there is anything up ahead, you are to stop it with your body and buy us time. You understand?"

One of the adventurers kicked him and a Dark Elf who are currently being used as the vanguard for this expedition. Even if he said vanguard, they were just meat shields being used to slow down monsters and stop the traps.

It was a dark passageway that was filled with all sorts of traps. The adventurer guild had found a hidden passage on this floor and was currently in the midst of clearing it.

The passageway opened up to reveal a huge chamber ahead. Two huge doors were blocking their way.

"This is it, that broker was indeed speaking the truth. There really is a hidden chamber on the 58th floor that hasn't been found by any of the other adventurer guilds or parties yet. We are the first one" The adventurer who seemed to be the leader, stated excitedly.

"Then doesn't that mean nobody has gotten their hands on the treasure inside the chamber yet? We will be the first ones to discover the secrets here"

The guild eagerly entered the hidden chamber. However, what they found inside made their blood go cold.

An enormous monstrosity was waiting for them on the other side of the chamber, its crimson unfeeling eyes staring at them coldly.

THUNK... to make matters worse, the door to the chamber shut closed behind them. No matter what they did, it refused to budge. There was no doubt, they had fallen inside a trap, the whole chamber was a trap.

Left with no choice the adventurers could only fight the giant monstrosity known as the Earth Golem.

"What are you useless demihumans doing? I order you all to rush forward and stop that thing" the leader ordered.

Thanks to the collar on his and the other slave's necks, disobeying the order was impossible. Their bodies moved on their own and they rushed towards the Earth Golem. However, the difference between their strength was simply too overwhelming.

The earth golem used its enormous arms and easily swept them away. He and other slaves were sent flying and crashed into the walls of the chambers.

"Tch useless... all of you get into formation if we can't defeat this golem here, we will all die" the adventurers shouted.

For a while, the chamber echoed with the powerful explosion noises and the shouts of the adventurers before everything became silent.

The weretiger and the other slaves looked at the scene with delight. Of course, their eyes were blank and unfeeling; however, one could still see a minuscule of an emotion deep within them.

The adventurers were all killed, seeing their blood and gore littering the floor, one cannot explain how sweet of a feeling he felt at that time.

Revenge was truly sweet. With the adventurers gone, he was determined to die as well. However, the death that they expected did not come for them.

The giant earth golem became motionless after killing the adventurers. Its crimson eyes turned blue and it swiftly went back to its position.

Now left with nothing to do, he and the other slaves stood where they were all motionless. Their spirits and souls had all been broken, as such they were nothing but empty dolls inside that moved when given the command.

Therefore they simply waited for death in that chamber. However, no one would have expected that they would meet 'him' at the end of their rope.

The doors to the chamber was opened once again and a group entered. That said, the group that entered this time did not resemble humans, especially the man that was leading them.

He had dark black eyes and crimson pupils, two sturdy horns protruded from his head. He emitted a fierce demonic presence that was filled with a malevolent aura and was glaring at them unbiasedly.

Looking at those features, the weretiger arrived at a conclusion.

'A Demon!!' Although this was his first time looking at one, he had nevertheless heard about them.

"It looks like their minds have been broken. Their bodies might just as well be soulless dolls now. No wonder the Earth Golem did not kill them" the Demon muttered.

Judging by the way he unsheathed his sword, he was deliberating whether to kill them or not. Just when it seemed like their life would end from the swing of that sword and all their misery would be over, the group walking behind the demon seemed to have said something to him and changed his mind.

The demon turned towards them once again, this time there was some hesitation in his eyes. In the end, he did not kill them.

'Why? Why would he do that? Just kill me and the others already, there is no meaning to this life any more' the weretiger thought.

They were taken to a dark dreary place that seemed to be a prison and kept there for a while.

Time passed silently inside that prison, the weretiger that was determined to die, suddenly found seemed to recall the face of the demon inside his mind.

What should he do from here? Would the demon too use them as expendable slaves? Though it seemed unlikely, he could tell that the demon had no such intentions. It would be best if the other party killed them... but was that really what he wanted.

The image of his daughter and wife came into his mind, it was a happy memory. He was relishing in those memories when the scenes changed, his village that was burning, and his people were being enslaved.

He was fighting the opponents; however, he was outnumbered and was ultimately brought down. One cruel scene after another flashed inside his mind after that.

He thought that he had become unfeeling after all the suffering he had gone through, but he was wrong. His heart tightened whenever he thought about his village, his wife and his daughter.

Why did they have to suffer such a fate? It appeared that somewhere deep within his heart, he was still unresigned. If there was still any emotions left within his unfeeling body, it would be the emotions of revenge.

He cannot forgive those bastards who took everything from him and threw him into the pits of despair. Revenge!! He wanted revenge and so he spoke out the next time the demon came to visit them.

"RE.. VENGE".

"Kufufu...Revenge huh, now that's a much better answer. Had you said something as boring as wanting to live, I would have left the place without bothering to come here ever again. But you said something much more interesting".

"Hehe... Revenge, that's not something a person who has given up all hopes of living would ask for. Still, the way you are right now, you cannot take your revenge" The demon laughed at his resolve.

"He..lp... reven..ge"

It was at this moment another demihuman spoke out. The weretiger thought that all the other slaves had already become mindless dolls but it appeared that they were no different than him.

All the others were also in the same position as him, all of them wanted revenge too. After that Elf, all the other demihumans also started speaking out their intentions. However, the demon rejected helping them.

"What is it in for me?" the Demon asked, it was a normal question. Why should the demon help them when they have nothing to offer him?

"Our... every thing..."

While the weretiger was pondering, the dark elf spoke out. That's right, if it meant that he could get his revenge, then he was willing to offer everything to the demon.

Be it making a deal with the demon or whatever he was willing to do anything. The weretiger nodded his head agreeing with the Dark Elf. The other demihumans spoke one by one also agreeing with her words.

"Very well, I shall take your souls in return for bestowing you power" the demon spread his hands in a spectacular fashion and declared with a wild laugh, his crimson eyes glaring at the darkness.

Before he left the cell, he threw them a vial containing some suspicious crimson liquid and left behind some ominous words.

"Drink it. In a while, a few subordinates of mine will come here. At that time, they will bestow you with a very very special power. Do try to survive with all your might. I wonder how many of you will still be alive at the end of it all".

After the demon left, the cave became silent once again. Nevertheless, the demihuman slaves who finally saw some light at the end of this long long dark tunnel, seemed to have been given a new lease on life.

Their hollow eyes no longer looked as soulless as before. All of them glanced at the vials containing the crimson liquid that was thrown towards them.

At a glance, the liquid looked like it was blood. What would happen of them if they drink it?

Chapter 642 642- Heading For The Auction

While some were hesitating, a gulping sound rang out followed by the dropping of an empty vial. The Dark Elf drank the contents without even a moment of hesitation.

She was right, the demon had already declared that he would give them power in return for their souls. Since that was the case, the demon had no reason to plot against them who were already his pawns.

GULP... GULP...

All the other demihumans too downed the contents of their vial without thinking anything further.

After all of them drank the liquid, they realised that the crimson content was indeed blood and couldn't help but cough a few times.

However, why would the demon feed them blood? Just when the question popped inside their heads, the answer also came to them at the same instant.

CRICK... CRACK... peculiar noises started coming from their bodies and their muscles and bones start twisting in unbendable ways. All the veins in their body burst apart and blood was flowing out from all of their orifices.

There was so much blood flowing out that it quickly formed a small pool in the cell.

All of the demihumans here had suffered various sorts of torture and torment before coming to this place. As such, they were used to the pain; however, compared to the agony of having their entire body remodelled from the inside out and having their blood drained till the very last drop, all the pain that they had suffered earlier, amounted to nothing.

In front of such an outlandish pain, the weak spirits of the demihuman slaves quickly crumbled and all of them lost consciousness.

This was a trial for them, anyone that could pass it would be born anew.

.

.

"Hohh... so they drank our blood huh, it's amazing that all of them managed to survive".

"Un, they are really amazing"

How long had passed, from his blurry consciousness, the weretiger could hear the voice of some children.

"Hehe, if they couldn't even survive our blood it only meant that they were worth so much. But since they did, it is worthwhile to add them to our family" the mischievous voice of a boy sounded.

"Let's take three each, Maybell as your brother I will allow you to make the first choice"...

"Alright," the other voice was soft and shy.

'Kuhh... what is happening?' the weretiger thought as he tried to move his body. However, he realised that his body was extremely heavy right now, not only that but severe pain assaulted him every time he even tried to move a muscle.

But that was not important right now, who were these voices that were echoing inside their cell?

The weretiger slowly opened his eyes with much difficulty and at that moment, he saw the figure of a little girl slowly approaching closer to him.

"Shaerra..!?!"

At that instant, the image of the girl overlapped with the image of his daughter. But very soon, he was able to spot out the differences.

Although the two girls looked similar in age and even had the same height and figure they were nonetheless distinctly different. For starters, the girl in front of him had such dark red eyes, that it looked like they were made of blood.

The ears on her head were not real, but due to an accessory she was wearing and she did not have any tail. Apart from that she also looked very different. Additionally, she lacked other features that would make her a member of the weretiger race.

The weretiger was aware of one thing, the girl in front of him was not Shaerra. Also, the fact that she was here, meant one thing... she was sent here by the demon.

"My subordinates are going to visit you all in a while and bestow you with a very very special power" he recalled the words of the demon.

'So this girl was one of the subordinates of the demon'.

While the weretiger was busy having his own thoughts, the little girl stopped a few inches away from him. It needs to be mentioned that as a member of the weretiger race, he was huge. Even while sitting, the girl in front of him did not even reach his chest.

Even if discounting his size, he still looked scary. Though it didn't look like such things mattered to that girl, she had an unfazed expression from start to end.



The girl after stopping in front of him, pointed her finger and declared boldly "I choose you... from this point on you will be my, Maybell Bloodrite's family".

The weretiger was shocked, it was not because of the girl's haughty tone and bold words or the fact her blood coloured eyes gave him a heavy sense of suppression but because she called him her family.

'Family' one cannot tell how heavy these words were for him. He who had lost all of his family, his village and was transported to a foreign land, the word was a sore spot and at the same time the most precious to him.

As such, when the weretiger heard those words, he became momentarily stunned.

"Huh?" he only came back to his senses when he saw the cute little girl suddenly open her mouth and bite his neck with her little white fangs.

BADUMP... at that moment, he heard his heart suddenly stop beating and his vision getting covered in darkness. He lost consciousness.

----

Maybell watched as the blood in the surrounding suddenly float up and cover the weretiger in a coffin of blood. After the first weretiger, Maybell moved on to the other demihumans and declared the very same thing she did to the weretiger.

After she was done with her pick, she giddily returned back to the side of her brother.

"Two weretigers and one catkin. You really like cats don't you" Theodore commented as he saw his twin sister only pick those that have cat or cat like ears.

"Un, I like kitties" Maybell admitted touching the ear accessory on her head.

Theodore smiled at his adorable sister and stepped forward. With Maybell taking her pick, only the Elf, Dark Elf and the Cienthrope remained.

"From now on, you three will be my, Theodore Bloodrite's family. I bestow you the power of the Vecna".

Theodore declared and bared his fangs. He bit them all in their necks and just like all the other demihumans, they too were encased in a coffin of their blood.

Done with his task, the boy nodded his head and along with his sister, disappeared from the place. The next time they appeared, they were already on the Main Floor.

Knock... Knock... the twins knocked on the door and without waiting for the person inside to give their permission, they rushed inside.

"Master... Masterrr!!" the twins beamed.

Seeing them charge in, Simon flashed a helpless smile and put down the document on his hand.

"You two are here, then does that mean that the task I have given you is completed?" he asked pampering the twins a little.

"Un, we did as master told us and bestowed them the power of Vecna" Maybell replied hugging the snowman plushie.

"What?!!" the moment Simon heard that, he couldn't help but get up from his seat.

Simon walked around his study, bent down to match his eye level with the twins and asked them in confirmation.

"Did you say Vecna?".

"Yes master" the twin affirmed.

"This..." Simon's eyes shook and he couldn't help but reason "Bestowing the power of a Vecna... wouldn't they die? You could have just given them the power of Elder".

"Hehe, master does not need to be so worried. At first, Maybell and I thought of bestowing them with the powers of Elder or below. However, when we saw their bodies assimilating with our blood to such a high degree, we couldn't help but change our mind".

"It is extremely difficult to create a Vecna, they not only need to have an immense will and a high level of resilience to go through the Baptism of the Shadows, but they also need to have a high level of compatibility with our blood".

"Un, big brother is right. When we saw those demihumans adapt so well to our blood, we couldn't help but wonder if a Vecna could be created" Maybell added after her brother.

Hearing their words, Simon didn't know what to say anymore. They bestowed the power of Vecna to the demihumans while fully knowing how abysmally rare the chances of creating one were.

Heck, even one Elder emerging from those six demihumans would be a miracle. He couldn't believe that the twins gave all the six, the power of Vecna.

In Simon's mind, he was sure that all six of the demihumans would die after all, not just anyone can handle a Vecna's power. The twin should be aware of that, but for them to still go ahead and still do it could only mean that either they saw something within those demihumans or they made an error in their recklessness.

Whatever the case may be, there was nothing he could do now that the dice had been cast. He could only hope that the outcome would be in their favour.

He played with the twins for a while before Simon started busying himself with his work. After he was done with the task of a dungeon master for the day, he teleported to the [Training Floor] and started his training on magic control.

Of course, his control was as bad as ever. All of the fireballs that he cast, had varying output of mana into them.

Chapter 643 643- Heading For The Auction (2)

Simon tried to control the mana; however, the more conscious that he got of his magic, the more mana it took to cast.

That said, it was not like he was not seeing any progress. He could feel that he had a better grasp of his mana now and the fireballs that he cast, were starting to show a fixed size and shape.

If he continued to practice at this pace, it wouldn't take him too long before his magic control also improved. After another couple hours of intense training, Simon flopped down on the ground, breathing heavily.

Casting novice tier magic continuously, drained his mana and also strained him mentally. To cast any magic, one needs focus. As such, he was more mentally exhausted than physically.

Simon swiped his hand and a couple of orbs releasing beautiful blue light, appeared out of his space ring. These blue orbs are called the Mana Orbs which when consumed, restores the mana inside one's body.

They grow at the bottom of the pond of serenity inside those shiny clams and were quite a handy item. Since they were better than most mana restoring elixirs in his shop, Simon kept quite a few of them in his [Inventory] all the time.

Simon quickly gulped down these marble sized mana orbs and slowly recovered his mana. Once he felt his mana restore to a certain point, he propped himself up and started training once again.

Though this time, he didn't jump into the training that Irene set for him, but instead he did his own special training. He was on the verge of understanding a new power that might just become his new trump card.

Simon opened the [Main Menu] and clicked on a particular option.

Time passed by and soon Simon ran out of mana. Whenever that happened he would gulp down a few Mana Orbs and rest for some time before delving into his special training.

With the upcoming auction, he felt a stronger sense of urgency to make himself stronger. The magic control training was good and all, but it still needed time. Plus even if he managed to grasp the magic control, it would just be a single step forward.

There are various other basics that he needed to grasp before he could see any results. That is to say, the magic training will not have an immediate effect on his strength but that 'option' can.

That is why, Simon wanted to understand all the mysteries relating to the option and grasp its power as soon as possible.

Days passed by and soon it was the day of the auction. Many things changed during this time, one of those changes would be the chains around the gate hovering on the ceiling of his Main Floor.

The chains binding it had now disappeared; however, the door of the gate was still closed. It would only open when the auction starts and that was at midnight.

The other changes would be the confidence level of Simon which for some reason had skyrocketed. He looked more relaxed and laidback even while knowing that once he passed through the gate and went to the other end, he would be face to face once again with the highest echelons of the demon world.

Another thing of note was the attitude of his subordinates which became more enthusiastic the more closer the day of the auction came. Since he was yet to declare which two subordinates he was going to bring with him, all of his subordinates were pestering him to pick them.

Main Hall, White Palace...

Simon was deliberating something while looking at his Main Menu, when Irene from the side spoke.

"Have you decided on which two subordinates you are going to bring?"

When she asked that question, all the eyes present in the main hall immediately turned towards him. All their eyes were saying one thing... 'Pick me'.

Feeling all those gazes on him, Simon frowned his brows. This was a difficult decision since all of them showed their willingness to go. No matter who he picked, the others would get disheartened.

That is why, he had been hesitating to declare who he was going to bring with him. However, now that the auction was just around the corner, he couldn't put it back any more.

Simon was just about to nod his head and say that he had decided, when suddenly a fierce tremor hit the Main Floor.

The tea cups on the table spilled and the chandeliers on the ceiling swayed intensely.

What was going on? The tremor went on for quite a while causing a commotion among the people of the main floor.

"It came from the floors above" Irene commented looking up.

It was as she said, the epicentre of that tremor was not the Main floor, but from the upper floors. The main floor simply shook because of the spreading shockwaves.

'This magnitude of quake, did some adventurer use the Floor Buster?' it was only natural that Simon would think of that possibility. However, the answer seemed to be far from his expectation.

While all his subordinates wore various expressions of confusion, the twins however seemed surprised, their eyes wide open.

"Master"...

"Master"...

"They woke up, they passed!!"...

"It's as the brother said"

Theodore and Maybell immediately huddled around and said excitedly.

"What do you mean? Who woke up?" Simon asked calming the twins down.

"Those demihumans, they passed the Trail of the Shadows. All of them" Theodore explained with wide eyes while Maybell nodded her head repeatedly.

"No way... they really became a Vecna... all of them?" even Simon was surprised. Being the creator of the twins, he knew very well what that word represented.

Vecna, the name itself symbolised strength. It wouldn't have been strange for all the six demihumans to die in the trial of the shadows. However, they not only came back alive, but all six of them also passed the trial and obtained the power of Vecna without a single one dying.

This feat was beyond impressive, especially given the fact that a Vecna appearing was one in tens or even hundreds of thousands. And here his subordinates had created not only one, but six of them in their first try and without a single failure.

If the shockwave that hit their dungeon was due to their awakening, it all made sense now.

Simon composed himself and along with his subordinates, he teleported to the [Training Floor] where the underground Prison was.

The moment they entered the place, a strong scent of blood assaulted their nose.

"Ugh... This place reeks of blood" Alice pinched her nose and commented.

The underground prison whose original colour should have been the colour of soil, was now dyed a deep red with blood fog covering the place.

As Simon and the others walked deeper towards the underground prison, they saw the place was in a mess. All the prison cells were destroyed, ground cracked and the bedrock above them had disappeared, allowing the light from the phosphorescence crystal from the ceiling above to illuminate the place.

At the centre of this destruction stood six demihumans who had changed quite a bit after being bestowed the power of Vecna.

Their skin looked smooth, all their injuries were gone and they have recovered back their lost body parts and previous appearance. However, the biggest change was not their appearance, but the aura they released.

The six demihumans who were previously covered in an air of gloom and despair when Simon found them, were now releasing a fierce, indomitable aura. They regained their soul and spirit once again which had now strengthened marginally after the transformation.

The other changes around the demihumans would be their glaring blood red eyes and sharp fangs that were hidden within their mouth.

The six of them were kneeling on one knee and bowing their head towards Simon and the others perceiving their presence beforehand.

"We great the Great Ancestors and the Master of the Dungeon," the demihumans said in unison.

Simon looked towards Theodore and Maybell and only after seeing them nod, did he acknowledge them. He brought out a couple of robes from his space ring and threw them towards the demihumans.

"Wear them" It must be mentioned that the rag tag clothes these demihumans were wearing, got disintegrated from that explosion. As such, they were completely naked.

The six demihumans did as they were told and wore the robes given to them.

"Let me ask you, who do you all serve?" Simon questioned.

"Master Theodore"...

"Miss Maybell"...

The demihumans each replied their own answer.

Satisfied by their response Simon nodded their heads and looked at the ancient mark on their necks. Those weird patterns were from the bite marks of Theodore and Maybell and were proof that these demihumans have been turned into their kindreds.

That's right, the six demihumans have now become a vampire, and not only some ordinary vampires but a True Vampire, also known as Vecna.



Ranking very high in the hierarchy of the vampires, the True Vampires were just a rank below the Antediluvian Ancestors and possess fearful abilities. They were also the direct subordinates of the Antediluvian Ancestors.

It was already beyond miracle that all six of the demihumans managed to become a Vecna when even one would have been an impossibility.

No wonder the twins bestowed them the power of a Vecna instead of an elder. Looking at the demihumans, it seemed that they were in perfect control of their powers. As such, Simon had nothing to worry about.

Also Since the blood running inside their body was from the twins, they were completely loyal to them.

Chapter 644 644- Heading For The Auction (3)

"Good... Theodore, Maybell I leave the six of them to you. From now on, you two will be responsible for them, so keep that in mind. Also after you are done here, bring them to the bathhouse. I will tell the Valkyries to prepare some clothes for them".

Leaving these instructions behind, Simon and the others left the place. Now it was only the six demihumans who have been turned into a true vampire and their masters, the twins left remaining inside the prison.

Main floor, White Palace...

"So you are telling me they are the subordinates created by those two?" Irene questioned after they teleported back.

Putting it as creating might be an overstatement when the six demihumans were a living entity to begin with. However, she who had seen the changes those six people had undergone, couldn't find any other words than that.

The six demihumans were no longer the same, whether it be their body, mind, blood and even their genetic structure, everything inside them had undergone a distinctive change. It was as if they were born anew once again.

Looking at them, no one would be able to tell that they were the same six demihumans. That was how big of a change they had gone through.

Simon expected others to be confused so he explained—"Standing at the very top of the vampire hierarchy, Theodore and Maybell possess the power to create kindred vampires. That is to say, they have the ability to make more of their kind".

"There are different ranks to a vampire with the Antediluvian Ancestors standing at the very top. After them are the Vecnas who are the True Vampires. Right after comes the Elder and so on so forth. Whenever a kindred vampire who is bestowed the power of an Elder or above is created, they have to undergo the Trials of the Shadows".

"Those who complete this trail, are born anew as a completely different being. You can also say that their bodies which is the vessel for that power is remodelled completely to hold that power".

"I see, that explains why those six demihumans' powers skyrocketed all of a sudden. If they are already this strong right after their creation, I wonder how strong they will become in the future" Irene spoke.

As she said that, her eyes turned towards the Valkyries "It looks like you all won't be able to stay relaxed any longer or else, they might overtake you".

A small smile formed on Irene's lips as she watched the Valkyries show various kinds of emotions. A look of determination flashed on Annette's and the other face. It was obvious that Irene's comment got into them. They didn't want the newbies to outdo them.

After lighting a fire under the valkyries, Irene turned her attention towards Simon who seemed to be lost while thinking something in his head.

"What are you thinking about?".

"It's nothing... just that I have decided which two subordinates I'm going to bring with me" Simon flashed a smile and answered.

Time passed by and soon midnight arrived.

"Why do I have to wear such a costly suit?" Simon spoke in annoyance. Nevertheless, he still allowed the Valkyries to fix his outfit.

He was wearing a clean shirt above, a sleek vest with six buttons and V-line on top. The coat he was wearing was a perfect for him and made him look more elegant and dignified. It was longer on the back and had vents on the either side.

The trousers he was wearing was of a different but complementary colour and created a perfect balance with his shoes.

"Master cannot say that. Clothes are one of the factors that decides how others view you. Good clothes not only make one look elegant, but it also helps to project their aura" the Valkyries protested fixing his tie.

"I know that, but why do we have to go with such a costly one? There are other suits in the shop too you know. Plus, a flashier one will only make me stand out".

The suit that Simon was currently wearing cost him around 80,000 DP. Of course, things like luxury items are always costly in the [shop]; however, it was very extravagant if you think about how the suit he purchased when he went to the Walpurgis, didnt even cost him one fourth of this suit.

"You cannot do that master, cheap clothes will only make others look down on you. We cannot have that" the Valkyries were adamant.

"They are right. I know that you intend to stay low key. However, if you are too inconspicuous, it might have a reverse effect. To mix in with the crowd, you at least need to wear some decent clothes. Even the invitation said so" Irene added in.

Simon could only smile helplessly and do as he was told.

Stepping near the gate, he waited for his two subordinates who soon showed themselves.

"Masterrr" the twins flew over from the direction of the white palace and stood in front of him. Needless to say, the two subordinates he was going to bring along with him were Theodore and Maybell.

"Are you guys all prepared?" Simon asked.

Currently, other than Irene, the twins were the strongest entity in his dungeon. But that is not the only reason he was taking them. The twins had a skill that could instantly change a disadvantageous situation in their favour. As such, for this journey, Simon felt like taking them was the best choice.

Additionally, he also had the Eon's Cube with him and in the worst case scenario, he could always use 'that'. Therefore, even if it's the Demon Duke that he was up against, he had nothing to fear.

"Yes" the twins nodded their heads telling Simon that they were all prepared.

"Use these to cover your face" Simon took out three masquerade masks, wore one and passed the other two to the twins.

When attending the Auction of the Damned, it was mandatory for all the demon nobles to come in disguise. All the demons attending the auction would be wearing masks like these to hide their identity.

The masquerade mask that Simon wore, covered his eyes and gave him an air of mystery. Maybell had a pretty one on and Theodore got a cool looking one just like he wanted.

"Alright, let us depart. I leave the dungeon to you all in my absence" Simon turned towards the Gate levitating on the ceiling.

"Leave everything here to us. You make sure to take care of yourself out there" Irene and the others bid them goodbye.

With that, the three of them stepped towards the gate whose doors slowly creaked open at this moment.

"Hehe, I wonder what kind of place we are going to" Theodore's eyes sparkled with excitement while Maybell tightly clutched her plushie in nervousness.

The inside of the gate pulsed with a dark blue light like a whirlpool that could swallow anything.

"Before we head in, let me set some ground rules" Simon turned to face the twins and said sternly "You guys shouldn't stray too far away from me. Do not talk to anyone unless they initiate a conversation with you first. Do not take any food that strangers offer you. Do not make too much noise. Do not..".

Simon continued to give one instruction after another like a parent who was worried about their child.

"Hahh!! Master we know that, so let's going already" Theodore interjected finding his words boring.

"Alright.." Simon sighed and stepped forward feeling a rush of excitement. Theodore and Maybell closely followed behind him.

Bang... The doors of the gate shut closed as soon as they stepped in.

"They left. I hope everything goes well this time" Irene muttered to herself. However, even she couldn't predict what sorts of great storm this simple auction was going to brew. An event that would encompass the entire demon continent was about to begin.

.

.

Simon flew through the spatial tunnel for a while before finding himself being pulled by gravity. He landed on the ground and stared at the peculiar space he found himself on.

The floor he was currently stepping on, looked like a giant chessboard with each square perfectly placed and alternating between black and white. The walls here were made of dark stone that seemed to absorb the light, making it impossible to see beyond a certain range.

Peculiar murals of deities and demonic beings decorated the place. No matter how one looked at it, the place looked extremely bizarre.

As Simon was observing the place, he suddenly realised that Thedorea and Maybell were not with him. What was going on? Were they teleported to a different place?

Simon tried to call out to his subordinates, he even used mental transmission. However, in this dark space, nothing seemed to work. Just as he was about to grow a little impatient, from the corner of his eyes he saw a blue flame flickering in the distance.

At first, it was just a single wisp of flame but soon, there were multiple of them. What's more, these flames appeared to be getting closer to him with each passing moment.

CLACK... CLACK... Also, he heard someone's footsteps approaching him.

"Welcome esteemed guest"... a voice sounded out. It was deep and guttural and sounded almost like a growl of a beast. A figure slowly walked out illuminated by the flickering wisps of blue flames.

They stopped a few meters away from Simon allowing the latter to get a good look at the other's appearance.

Chapter 645 645- Grimvul

Bizzare... that was the only thing that came to Simon's mind when he looked at the other party. The person; no, the thing that appeared in front of him, had the head of a goat, with half of it just being a skeleton.

What's more, one could see their internal muscles from the gaps in their skull. The thing had long twisting horns, razor sharp teeth and peculiar crossed eyes with ring shaped patterns.

They had a pale purple skin and wore a black hood over. Their arms were long and thin and held a weird staff that was made out of bones. A pungent smell of a corpse drifted from them.

"I am Merchant Grimvul, pleased to meet you" the thing introduced.

It turned out that this bizarre looking being was the Merchant Grimvul. No wonder they held the title of the Merchant of the Damned. No matter who it was, they would feel a little repulsed when looking at them for the first time.

As this was also Simon's first time meeting him in person, he was a little shocked. However, the shock in Simon's eyes was because of a whole different reason. It was because of their presence.

Although the Merchant Grimvul restrained their aura, Simon could still feel the deep and unfathomable power from them. This sort of power was completely different from the mystical energy of Althaea and was more closer to the curse energy.

That said, the two energies were different, although both of them had these malivalent and negative properties to them, the energy that Grimvul released, gave more of a cold feeling. If Simon had to put it in words, it had a dark, death like feeling.

"Shishishi... it appears that you are fascinated by the energy that I use. Hmm, why don't we make a deal? If you offer me something that I want, I won't mind telling you about the death energy and my necromancy magic" Grimvul spoke, flashing a hideous smile.

Hearing his words, an intense feeling of foreboding washed over Simon. His gut feeling was telling him that no matter what happens, he shouldn't make this deal with the other party.

Simon shook his head decisively. Although he was curious about the death energy and the necromancy magic, he wasn't going to take some unnecessary risk and strike some shady deal with this merchant who is known to be extremely crafty and scheming.

Besides, Grimvul had more or less given him the answer himself. Necromancy magic... if it was the same as what he thought, he could more or less tell what it did.

"Is that so, I'm a little disappointed. I thought you of all people who has touched the essence of another system of energy would be curious about it. Aren't I right?... possessor of the Frgament of Pride?"

Grimvul flashed that hideous smile of his and his uneven eyes fixed on Simon's figure.

"What are you talking that?" Alarmed that Grinvul knew about one of his most guarded secrets, Simon feigned ignorance while secretly circulating mana all around his body, ready to make his move at the slightest signs of danger.

However, to his surprise, he found that he was unable to emit it outside of his body. It was not only that, even the mana that was circulating inside his body disappeared as if being vaporised.

Being unable to use mana meant that he couldn't access all his skills nor his magic. What was going on? What did this merchant do?

Seeing the cautious look on Simon's face, Grinvul explained—

"ShiShiShi... there is no need to fret, you aren't the only demon noble here who is unable to use Mana here. It is a pain to deal with some high ranking demons as such, I simply prepared some countermeasures to stop them from mustering mystical energy here. You could say that this place is a special area, that is void of all mystical energy"

Only after hearing the other's explanation, did Simon calm down a little; nevertheless, he did not completely relax his guard. From his inherited memories after becoming a Demon Earl, he knew that Grinvul was a cautious fellow. He wouldn't allow those demon nobles who got scammed by him, a chance to get back at him.

As such, it was no wonder that he prepared this kind of countermeasure beforehand. That said, this did not relieve Simon. Since he was unable to use his mana here, didn't it mean that he was all powerless against this guy?

What would he do if Grinvul suddenly attacked him? Worse, this guy also seemed to be aware that he possessed the Fragment of Pride. This was a secret that only a small number of people, that is to say only his closest aides, knew about.

So how did Grinvul come across this secret of his?

Simon fell into a deep contemplation, several thoughts and ideas flashed past his mind one after another.



'Main Menu' a black screen appeared in front of him when he called it out. It appeared that the [Main Menu] was still working. If that was the case then... Simon found out that the trump card he had prepared, was still working.

This place might be void of the mystical energy, but it cannot stop the trump that he had already prepared. Finding that he still had a fighting chance, Simon regained his composure back.

"Oh? You look quite composed. Is it because of the pride fragment?" Grimvul tilted his head and observed Simon even more closely.

"How do you know that?" Simon questioned. Now that the cat was out of the bag, he wanted to know how Grimvul knew about his secret. This should be their first time meeting, so how come?

"ShiShiShi... it is a taboo for a merchant to reveal his trade secrets. However, as a sign of goodwill for our upcoming transactions I would caution you about one thing. There are a lot of high ranking demon nobles visiting this time. You should restrain the aura leaking out from those fragments you possess".

Grimvul rubbed his hands and said. Although the way he smiled and his bizarre appearance made it very creepy.

'Restrain the aura of the pride fragments' it was only now that Simon realised how the merchant was able to tell that he possessed the fragments of pride. It was because of the aura that they emitted.

Although when not activated, the fragments of pride are usually inconspicuous. However, a high levelled being or someone that possesses a keen sense would still be able to make out the faint aura that the fragments leaked.

The aura was stronger when one possesses multiple fragments. Simon who now possesses the first and second fragment of pride, could be said to giving off quite a bit of aura. It was no wonder the merchant recognised it immediately.

That being said, Simon did not know how to suppress the aura of the pride. It was a part of him now and something that he had very less understanding of. All he could do was use the Ice Phoenix Sigh that Irene gave him and further suppress his presence.

"You seem to possess some peculiar artefacts" Grimvul commented, his eyes gleamed over when he saw the items on Simon's hand.

"So... where am I? Where are my subordinates?" Simon questioned quickly keeping the item back inside his inventory.

From the knowledge he possessed of the merchant, he knew that the other party had an extremely keen eye when it came to artefacts and items. He might already know that the item in Simon's hand was no ordinary item.

"ShiShiShi... be at ease, I brought you here. Your subordinates are fine. Although they are searching for you everywhere at the gallery. Well, given their strength they should be alright" Grimvul explained.

"Why did you bring me here?"

It was a good thing that his subordinates were fine but the intentions of the merchant for bringing him here was still a mystery.

"Follow me inside, you will find out soon" Saying that, Grimvul turned around and started walking inside.

The darkness that seemed to be able to absorb all lights faded away, whenever they came across the wisps of blue flame.

"Make sure you follow behind me closely. There are many things here you do not want to meet especially in your current state... ShiShiShi" Grimvul cautioned while laughing.

Simon maintained a calm expression and silently followed behind Grimvul. He could feel terrifying presences peeking at him from the darkness. What were they? He had no idea nor did he want to find out. He felt chills all over his body just from them staring at him.

The two of them walked in this darkness for a while and soon, an enormous door appeared in front of them. Standing near the door like a guard were two imposing presences.

They were clad in jet black armour, exuded an aura of death similar to Grimvul and had huge swords strapped to their armour that seemed to have been made of metal that was grades above Mythril.

Although their face was concealed by their helmet, one could still peer inside and tell that there was no person inside that armour, but a skeleton with flickering green flame as eyes.

As Simon stepped forward, he was able to feel their might even more clearly. It was like a tidal wave, raw and primitive, crashing and destroying everything in its wake. In front of that might, Simon felt a suffocating feeling.

The moment that bizarre energy was about to crash into him, Grimvul flailed his staff.

"That's enough Death Knights, stand down" the merchant ordered.

Immediately, the oppressive energy of death subsided and was pulled back inside the two knights.

Chapter 646 646- Meeting A Familiar Face

Death Knights, that's what the merchant called them. Beings with immeasurable strength who have been brought forth from the dead, their presence induced fear in everyone that beheld them.

Looking at the eyes of the Death Knight, Simon could tell that they were brutal warriors created with only one purpose. It would only take a single command for them to tear him apart immediately.

In this special area where he cannot muster any mana, he wouldn't even last a second against them. Even if he fought them at his peak condition, against opponents like the Death Knights his only victory would be in running. They weren't beings he could take on at his current level.

Simon had to admit, if it was Grimvul who raised them from the dead, than this merchant was a true master of Necromancy. His powers might be similar or even equal to one of the twelve heroes from Laplace.

On Grimvul's order, the Death Knights stepped back. The merchant walked passed them and headed in, Simon followed behind.

.

.

"This is..." He couldn't help but mutter after seeing the sight in front of him. A large hall filled with numerous artefacts, items and various kinds of things that were neatly kept for display, greeted Simon as soon as he entered.

"Welcome to the Exhibition. ShiShiShi... This is where I keep all the precious treasures that I have collected over the years. Only a few VIPs are allowed inside this hall. I can see that you have amassed quite a bit of DP, why don't you go and look around, see if you fancy anything"

Grimvul explained. He then lightly bowed towards Simon as a formality before walking out of the hall saying that he had other guests to attend to.

Simon wanted to ask some more questions, but the merchant had already disappeared. Left with no other choice, he shifted his attention back to the hall in front of him. There were numerous items on display here, each one more mysterious than the others.

"So these are the items that are going to appear in the auction huh"

Simon deduced as he slowly observed the various items Grimvul collected. Since the merchant wanted him to look around, there could only be one reason for it.

He wanted to advertise his wares to his potential buyers. That way, when the auction starts, there would be a fierce bidding for every item.

[Gauntlets of Midas]-An item that was created by the god craftsman Midas. It is said that he cut his own arms to create this unique treasure and imbue it with his divine power.

Only a true warrior can display the true powers of these grieves which can pulverise mountains and destroy lands with a single blow. The Grieves of Midas has the ability to turn its wielder into a true champion.

Rank- [S]

Abilities-

1) Empower

2) Life Drain

3) Golden Destruction.

Simon used his evolved skill [Appraisal] to look at a pair of golden gauntlets.

"Another [S] rank item huh" He muttered with some surprise in his eyes. This was the fourth item that he came across which got evaluated as a [S] rank item by the [Appraisal].

It needs to be mentioned how incredibly rare finding a [S] rank item was. Even a high ranking demon had difficulty obtaining one. The same was so for Simon, he got his [S] rank Burnt Sword only after pillaging a sea of DP and artefacts in the [Armoury].

Whenever he thought about that moment, his stomach would turn green and he had the urge to vomit out blood. That was how rare a [S] rank item was, yet here they were lying around just like that.

Of course, Simon wasn't a fool to actually think that, he knew that even though the items looked like anybody could steal them, when in fact it was not. A powerful barrier was protecting these items and it would immediately retaliate at anyone foolish enough to try to steal them.

There was no way that Grinvul who was called as the Merchant of the Damned would leave his wares so openly like that.

The only reason he was displaying his items like that, was because he had the confidence that nobody would be able to steal them.

Simon looked at the Gauntlet of Midas for a while before moving onto the next one. He must admit that Grimvul had collected some truly peculiar items, some of them looked so bizarre that Simon had to wonder if his [Appraisal] was working properly or not.

For example, there was this gooey green substance that looked like a puke of some alien. However, when he used [Appraisal] it told him that it was an [S] rank item.

Yes, his appraisal was not lying, Simon had to rub his eyes a couple of times to believe that. Then there were also the voodoo dolls, brooms, sticks, bottles and various unconventional items that one wouldn't consider a treasure at first glance.

"Seriously, are these items for real?"

Simon crossed his arms and carefully observed a bottle. If he disregarded the description of the [Appraisal], it just looked like a normal bottle of a coke that one could find everywhere in his previous world.

"Hm?" He was just about to move on to observing the other items when he felt another presence approaching closer. It was another demon noble, a very high ranking one at that.

The air seemed to distort and a formidable pressure seemed to envelop the area from just the slightest aura that they released. BADUMP... Simon's heart stopped beating and his Demon Earl bloodline started boiling for some unknown reason.

"This was..." he immediately understood what was going on. This was no natural phenomenon but an effect that was triggered simply due to the enormously vast difference between them.

This was the bloodline suppression, that made all the demon nobles unable to defy the ones ranking above them.

TAK... TAK... the sound of something solid hitting the ground sounded out in fixed intervals followed by the appearance of a Demon Noble.

They were tall, easily breaching 200 cm. Their gait was straight, like a sword and they were dressed in a three piece suit that made them look extremely dignified and enigmatic.

The Demon Noble had long ash grey coloured hair that was neatly tied behind their back, penetrating white eyes, and carried an old shillelagh with them. That solid tapping noise that echoed out, was from that stick.

The Demon Noble was extremely handsome and at a glance they appeared to be young, but make no mistake, a high ranking demon of their level had lived for more than thousands of years. At their level, hardly any changes would be noticeable in their appearance.

Additionally, the demon noble had weird markings similar to Simon's Ancestral Symbol, covering half of their face that was not covered by the mask and going all the way down to their neck.

The moment Simon glanced at that demon noble, his breath halted and he found himself rooted to his place. A vision played out in his eyes, a vast expanse of a battlefield covered in an uncountable number of corpses and blood.

No matter where one gazed there was only destroyed buildings and corpses littering the place. Amidst that battlefield, a single demon noble, walked forward.

What was going on? Simon's eyes wandered before he hurriedly snapped out of it. The vision unfolding in front of his eyes disappeared as if it had never occurred in the first place.

'A Hallucination!!' he immediately came to a realisation. The scene that played out in his vision, was a hallucination that was brought forth by the appearance of that demon. It was not like the other party did something, that hallucination formed just from the powerful residual aura that their body released naturally.

If anything it served to further clarify the vast difference in strength between.

There was no need to even think any longer, just by that hallucination and the formless pressure the demon exuded, was enough to tell Simon that the demon in front of him stood at the highest echelons of the demon hierarchy, a Demon Archduke to say.

TAK... TAK... the Demon Archduke used his shillelagh and slowly walked forward. They appeared closer and closer to Simon and the next second, they simply walked past him.

From start to end, the eyes of the Demon Archduke looked straight without deviating a little. It seemed like they did not even sense Simon when walking past him. However, it could also be that they sensed the latter was not worth their notice, and as such did not even glance towards him.

Whatever the case may be, Simon released a deep breath that he had been holding for a while. Now that that Demon Archduke had disappeared, the formless pressure that they brought with them had also disappeared.

"The bloodline suppression... it's quite an annoying thing" Simon clicked his tongue.

If he was already in this state with them just passing by him, he wondered how big of a gap was between their strengths.

Demon Archdukes stood at the peak of the Demon Noble race. If one discounted aberrants like the Demon Lords, they were the highest rank and the desire of every demon noble.

A Demon Archduke is not only ancient having lived for thousands of years or more, they are cunning and possess an impossibly pure bloodline. They are beings of incalculable power and possess authority that is incomparable to any other demon nobles.

At their level, there are hardly any beings in this world that can pose a threat to them. They are whimsical, self-centred and are only motivated by their personal desires. They would stop at nothing to get what they want.

Chapter 647 647- Meeting A Familiar Face (2)

A Demon Archduke is akin to a symbol of fear to humans since they possess enough might to bring down multiple super tier nations in a single day. It is said that in the ancient era when they waged wars, they brought forth catastrophic damage to this world.

In this day and age, It is incredibly rare to see a demon of such high rank wandering outside since most of them never leave their dungeon and mostly live a life of solitude.

They use Demon Marquess, Demon Earls and other low ranking Demon Nobles as their hands and legs while they indulge themselves in their desire.



Be that may, this was Simon's first time coming in so close contact with a Demon Archduke. He had felt the bloodline suppression before in the Walpurgis too but after experiencing that absolute gulf up close one more time, made him realise once again that there was still a sky above a sky.

He might have gotten a little content feeling the rush of power after becoming a Demon Earl. This run-in with the Demon Archduke could be called a lucky break. It did not discourage him, but rather motivated him to work even harder towards his objective.

It was like a wake up call for him. He might have become a true Demon Noble and stepped into their inner rankings. But this was just the beginning, he had only arrived at the starting line and had a long road ahead of him.

Simon clenched his hands feeling the excitement rush into his body. Grinvul had told him that only the VVIPs are allowed inside this room. No wonder he met a Demon Archduke right off the bat. There were bound to be more high ranking demons present here as well.

"Oh? Aren't you that friend I made during the Walpurigs?"

Just when Simon was sorting out his thoughts, a voice came interjecting out of nowhere. When Simon turned towards that voice, he was a little surprised to see a familiar figure.

Elegant clothes, short hair, coffee brown eyes, chubby face and plump belly. This guy, he was the very same glutton that Simon met during the Walpurgis. So he was here too.

"Hehe," the fatty approached Simon and smiled "I knew it, you would be invited here too Simon".

"Um..." This was a little awkward, the other party clearly remembered his name but he on the other hand had completely written off their name from his memories.

"Huhh?! Did you perhaps forget my name? It's Oswald, OSWELL!! Aren't we friends? You should at least remember it..." the fatty introducing himself as Oswald, stated while chomping down on a drumstick.

"When did we become friends? More importantly, what do you mean that you knew I would here?" Simon locked his brows at the overly friendly mannerism of Oswald's speech and questioned.

"Sure we are, do you not remember the events of the Walpurgis? We shared a hearty conversation while munching down on plates of food, we clinked our glasses before merrily singing and becoming the best of friends. We are birds of similar feathers, so let's get along... nom... nom"...

"As if something of that sort happened. Aren't you the one who doesn't remember the events of the Walpurgis?" Simon retorted, the events that he remembered, was vastly different from the one spoken by Oswald.

"Is that so? Well, you might be right. That event was very boring anyways, no wonder I don't remember much of what happened at that time. Though I do remember you, you are the friend that I made before leaving... Hehe" Oswald spoke flailing the drumstick.

This demon as he remembered was as carefree as before. He spoke his mind put without even bothering to keep his voice down. Fortunately, the other presence in this room minded their own business and did not seem to be interested in their conversation.

"Hehe, don't worry. Those who are here, are all self centered bastards. Unless it concerned them or their interest, they would not even pay you any attention" Oswald scoffed.

"Anyways, answering the question that you asked me before, I knew you would be here because only the VVIPs are invited to the exhibition to observe the items before the auction starts. Grimvul only invites those to this room who he thinks are special or have the potential or qualification to become one. Hehe, and I believed Simon is someone special".

Hearing his reasoning, Simon couldn't help but look at Oswald in a new light. This demon was surprisingly more perceptive than he thought. He usually seemed goofy and more self centered than any of the other demons.

However, that might just be a front, a fake appearance that he puts on to deceive others.

"If we go by your reasoning, then aren't you special too?"

Simon replied. The first time he met Oswald, the latter was a Demon Marquess. However, judging by the faint aura he released every now and then, and the strong bloodline suppression Simon felt when meeting him, he could tell that the rank of this demon was at the very least the peak of Demon Marquess or maybe even a Demon Duke.

"Haha, it looks like my own words came back to bite me. Well, let's just say that we both are special in our own ways to be invited here" Oswald laughed loudly before changing the topic

"In any case did you find anything that interests you?".

It was very obvious to Simon that Oswald didn't want to delve too much into this subject and as such, changed their topic of conversation.

"I was just looking around, I haven't found anything of interest yet" It was true, although from the description of the items he could tell that they were very powerful. Till now, he was yet to find anything that interested him and made him want to possess it no matter what.

It couldn't be helped, unlike the other demon nobles, Simon's [Main Menu] was a little special. Every Demon Noble who created their own dungeon, have their own dungeon menu. However, Simon possessed two Menus since the time he was reincarnated here.

But due to a certain mistake, his [Dungeon Menu] accidentally merged with the menu of Laplace. This caused some of the options to become bugged and various unique things to appear in his dungeon.

That being said, only his [Main Menu] had the options of [Armoury] and [Ga?????]. The first option upgraded the rank of the items while the other gave him all sorts of random items when he inserted DP in it.

It was because of these options that Simon had no shortage of artefacts. No ordinary items will be able to hold his interest unless they were something like the finger of Ozymandias or like the crown of brilliance he got from the forbidden trial.

"Heh, isn't this item just another scam from that merchant" Oswald glanced at the item Simon was observing earlier and commented, "You haven't really fallen for it right?".

"What do you mean?" Simon questioned.

"I'm saying that you shouldn't blindly believe what your [Appraisal] Skill tells you. Not every treasure that you see here are real, there are a lot of junk and ordinary items mixed within. Those demons who simply follow what their [Appraisal] tells them are sure to get scammed during the auction".

"Grimvul did not receive his title without any basis. If you are not careful, he will completely scam you out of all your DP and everything"

Oswell explained trying to contain his laugh. He knew about a lot of demons who got scammed by Grimvul and harbour a grudge against him.

"Are you saying that the results from the [Appraisal] are wrong?"

Simon had this vague feeling that something was wrong. This feeling got stronger after what Oswell said. Thinking about it carefully, the thing in front of him no matter how he saw it, was just a normal soft drink bottle that one could find anywhere on earth. There was no way it would be appraised with an [A] rank.

"I'm not saying that the [Appraisal] is wrong. However, you cannot rely on that here. Grimvul is a very cunning guy. He knows that many demons tend to simply rely on their [Appraisal] skill to judge the value of an item. That is why, to take advantage of it he has tinkered with some items to make them seem like they have some value".

This bottle here for example, Jar of Affluence.. there really might be an item like that. However, this one clearly isn't that item. The result that the [Appraisal] showed you, was from the original item. Do you get me now?"

Oswell corrected. After that he made a wicked smile and looked left and right before speaking in a hushed voice.

"You know among the many fakes that I have seen here, there was this puke thing displayed as an item here. Appraisal will tell you that it is the Glutinous Glucose of the World Devouring Slime but in reality, it is just a puke of some alien being".

"Hehe, I wonder which idiot demon will buy it and consume it. I cannot wait to see" Oswell rubbed his palms in prayer and repeatedly muttered 'Please let it be a high ranking demon, a Demon Duke would be the best'.

"This guy..." Looking at that Oswell, Simon didn't know whether to laugh or cry. At the same time, he was also a little impressed. Not only he knew a lot about the auction, he was also enjoying the event to its fullest.

Thanks to the latter, he was also enlightened about the schemes of the merchant. Now he knew not to only rely on his [Appraisal] and see things for himself.

Still, to think that puke like thing was actually a puke. Grimvul really had some galls to sell it in an event where so many high ranking demons are gathered.

Chapter 648 648- Information About The Hexennacht

Simon felt like he had seen a part of the reason why this fellow was being pursued by so many demons. If you are scammed and accidentally consume that puke thinking it is the real thing, even if you are a saint you would be outraged.

At this point, Simon also found himself interested in knowing who would be the demon to purchase that disgusting thing.

"About this bottle, I knew there was something shady about it. You see, I also have something like this" Simon mentioned taking out a bottle of cola.

"This is... this shape is exactly like the one in the display. However, what is this dark brown, almost black liquid"

Oswell curiously inspected the bottle. Since there was no such thing as cola in this world, it was only to be expected.

Simon flashed a grin and urged the latter to take a sip out of the bottle.

"Hmm... alright I will drink it. I have complete faith in my friend" Saying something melodramatic, Oswell opened the cap of the bottle.

A CHIIII sound sounded out and the refreshing smell of cola came out of the bottle.

SNIFF.. "What is this, it smells so good" He just took a slight sniff, but Oswell was already hooked.

"It not only smells but also tastes good... try it" This glutton was about to taste the cola for the very first time in his life, his reaction would be priceless.

On Simon's urging, Oswald tilted the bottle and took a slight sip. Immediately, his eyes widened and his mouth started drinking the cola fiercely.

GULP... GULP... only after finishing the entire content of the bottle in one go did he stop. BURP... After that came the burp and looked at the bottle of cola as if it was the most precious thing in the world.

"W-W-W-What is this thing? How can there be something so good in this world?" With shaky hands and stars in his eyes, Oswald turned towards Simon and demanded an answer.

"Haha, I'm glad you liked it. This is called cola, one of the greatest inventions of our time" Simon smiled finding the other's reaction very much to his liking.

"Cola huh... this is the best drink I ever had in my life" Oswald exaggerated.

"Here catch" Simon passed another bottle of cola. Since he also liked cola, he was pleased by the other party's appreciation for the drink. Of course, this was also his way of showing his thanks for the information that Oswald gave him.

"Ohhh... since you are my friend I wouldn't say something as distant as thanks" Oswald didn't stand on ceremony and immediately accepted the drink. As expected of a glutton, he immediately downed one bottle and moved on to the next.

"Uwahh... thanks to this drink I'm all alive now. Hehe... come with me my friend, I'll show you where the real treasures that will appear in the auction are".

Simon did not reject Oswald's goodwill and followed him towards the inner regions of the hall. The further Simon walked, the more varied the items became.

The things that were displayed here were no longer limited to inanimate things, there were even some weird objects that were moving and twitching like a living being.

There were also some Bizzare beings and races in the display... trolls, gnomes, gargoyles, ghouls, beholders, all kinds of races and beings were in display.

There were even some extremely rare and mythical species too like the faes, dragonkins, halflings, drakes, medusas and so on and so forth.

It appeared that Grinvul dealt in all kinds of trades. Seeing all those races, it would be a lie to say that Simon did not desire them. His dungeon would become far stronger if he possessed all those races.

"How about it did you find something that interests you now?" Oswald grinned.

Of course, just like everything else in this hall, one cannot just rely on their Appraisal skill, one had to have a discerning eye. Some of the races displayed here, were clearly fake and their current appearance might be due to the effects of some item like the Trinket of Grimlock.

If you accidentally purchased them and realise that it was not what you thought it was, you would incur a great loss. There is no point in complaining later on after all Grinvul is a master of deception and scamming.

He wouldn't stick for long enough, after he was done with his business here, he would quickly vanish to who knows where. There are many who are searching for his location; however, no one is able to catch him yet.

As such, it all boils down to one's ability and maybe luck.

"Yeah" Simon answered. He then looked towards Oswald and asked him the same question "How about you, have you already decided on the item that you want to purchase?"

"Hmm... about that, the thing that I want might not be that easy to get" Oswald's tone became serious all of a sudden.

"What do you mean?"...

"Im saying that I'm not the only one interested in that item. Do you remember Gareth the Demon Archduke who initiated the Walpurgis? He was also here a few moments ago. That guy was also

eyeing the thing that I wanted. It would be tough; nevertheless, I won't give up so easily" Oswald swore clenching his hand.

Indeed, if an item that was also eyed by a demon archduke won't be so easy to get. Firstly, the DP that they possessed, was higher than all the other demons. Secondly, no sane demon would ever dare to go against a demon archduke.

Even if they somehow get the item, making an enemy out of a demon archduke was not worth the deal. The aforementioned reason were only some of the reasons. There might be even more that Simon was not aware of.

"Alright, let's go see more. There are more items at the inner section of the hall that even I haven't seen yet" Oswald stated.

With that, the two of them started walking further inside the hall. Of course, the more inside they went, the more presences they detected. There were a lot of auras in the inner regions of the hall that was no less powerful than the Demon Archduke that he met earlier.

That being said, Simon and Oswald did not mind them and continued with their own business. The same was true for the other high ranking demons. They paid no attention to anything that did not interest them.

The two demons who were an outcast and special in their own way observed all the items that the auction had to offer, before coming to a stop.

"Sigh... I'm completely sold, I have to say this Damned Merchant knows his stuff. Where in the world did he collect all these things from? There are some things that even I do not understand. However, I can tell that they are definitely the most precious treasures here. The other demons must have also noticed that too, I guess a fierce bidding war is inevitable"

Oswald sighed as he complained. Though the smile hanging on his face said otherwise.

"It's going to be quite an interesting event than the last time".

Simon was of the same mind, the last Walpurgis was all about the Demon Lord of Envy and there was hardly anything interesting. However, this event was going to be unlike anything else.



The Auction of the Damned was going to be filled with danger, uncertainty, betrayal and all sorts of treacherous mechanisation. But amidst that mayhem only can one find the true treasures.

A feeling of exhilaration overwhelmed Simon, he couldn't wait for the auction to start.

"Hm? What's that?" Simon suddenly noticed a peculiar item that was kept at the centre of the hall.

What was peculiar about the item was that it was the only thing there, all the other items were kept on display quite far away from it. Not only that, a powerful barrier and several layers of arrays were laid around that item making it almost impossible to get too close to the item.

Additionally, since the colour of the barrier was different it was impossible to peer through it. Nor was it possible to use one's [Analysis] or [Appraisal] on it. One could only vaguely make out its shape.

The thing protected by that barrier seemed to be some kind of rectangular box the size of a briefcase. Other than that, it was hard to make out anything else.

Simon tried using his Abstruce Demonic Eyes whose one of the functions allows him to see through things. However, even that was blocked by the arrays that were laid around the item.

That being said, one thing was certain. Whatever that thing was, it was exceptionally precious and worth more than any item here in this hall. Or else, Grimvul wouldn't have laid so many protecting barriers and arrays around it.

"That is the showcase of this year's auction. Nobody knows what's in there or what sort of thing it is but it is bound to be a supreme treasure. Grimvul is very selective when it comes to such things".

"The showcase of the previous auction was also a supreme treasure and the same was true for the one and the one before it. As such you can look forward to it"

The one to answer him wasn't Oswell, but another demon who crept near them even without them noticing. Swiftly, Simon turned towards that demon.

They had hair as white as snow, violet eyes and a beautiful androgynous face. Their long white hair was bound by a pin and they had a pair of wide ram like horn adorning their head.

#### Chapter 649 649- Information About The Hexennacht (2)

Also, the clothes that they were wearing was very unique, it was embellished with luxurious violet linings and gave off an ancient cultural impression. They also carried a golden fan in their hand.

"If it isn't lord Belial, I couldn't sense you coming at all" Oswald slightly bowed his head and greeted the other party.

That's right, the androgynous demon in front of them was none other than the Demon Archduke from the Walpurgis who had been recently chosen by the Fragment of Envy thus becoming one of the Demon Lords.

Belial lightly nodded his head and glanced towards Simon before quickly losing interest. From his point of view, there was nothing extraordinary about this demon. He was only here to meet Oswald.

"To what do I owe the pleasure for the Demon Lord of Envy to greet me personally?" Oswald asked.

Simon who got to understand this glutton from their short interaction, knew that this was a front that Oswald puts in front of the other demons who he didn't want to get closer to.

"I just wanted to ask if you will be attending the Hexennacht after this?" Belial posed a question with a smile on his face.

"Of course, I will be attending. Why is lord Belial asking me this?" Oswald locked his brows in confusion.

The smile on Belial's face deepened as he answered: "Hehe, I guess you didn't know, but this year the host of the Hexennacht is me. As such, it will be in my domain, the Asphodel Meadows. Since you said you are going to attend, I will meet you then".

After saying all that he needed to, the Demon Lord of Envy casually walked away. He was planning to meet with the other high ranking demons.

"Are you alright?" Oswald asked looking towards Simon. One could imagine the kind of pressure someone who was once a demon archduke naturally exuded. The bloodline suppression of having such a high ranking demon appear so close to you was immense.

Simon nodded his head before shifting his eyes between the departing back of the demon lord and Oswald. Even the demon lord of Envy was interested in this guy, there is no way this glutton wasn't special.

"Haha, you don't have to look at me like that. The demon lord was only interested in me because of my vast wealth and my dungeon" Oswald said awkwardly.

"Your vast wealth? What does that mean?" the more Simon interacted with this demon the more he felt how mysterious the latter was.

"Hmm it might sound like I'm bragging when I say this myself but I'm extremely rich. My dungeon is one of the most famous ones in the Demon Continent and a large number of adventurers dive there".

"The DP that it generates me is greater than most of the Demon Archduke's dungeon. This is the reason why the demon lord of envy spoke to me personally. He must be wanting to get me in his faction"

Oswald explained. He then shook his head and muttered in annoyance 'These high ranking demon and their schemes'.

So that was the reason, Simon was a little surprised. He did not think that the dungeon of this glutton would be so famous as to even outdo the dungeon of the Demon Archdukes. No wonder the Demon Lord of Envy tried to get him on his side.

That said... "I didn't know your dungeon was this famous" Simon commented. His dungeon Laplace was also growing steadily. However, it still had a long way to go when compared to the high ranking dungeons.

"This... it's all thanks the hard work of my subordinates" Oswald seemed a little proud when mentioning his subordinates.

"Oh that's right, you will be coming to the Hexennacht right? There is no way a special demon like you doesn't have his own dungeon right?"

"About that, what is a Hexennacht?" Simon inquired.

Oswell blinked his eyes a couple of times before realising something "Ah my bad, let me explain what Hexennacht is. The Hexennacht is an event where demon nobbles who have created their own dungeon, gather to discuss about the various important issues of the demon world, settle disputes and allocate territories".

"It is usually held every ten years and usually goes on for a couple of days to a week. It was supposed to be held a little earlier; however, due to the Auction of the Damned it was postponed. Since you have your own dungeon, you must attend it too".

Simon nodded his head at Oswell's explanation. He had no idea that there was an event like that for the Demon Nobles.

Anyways... "Hexennacht huh... Why didn't I get any invitation for it?" Simon questioned. During the Walpurgis, he got an invitation telling him about the gate and destination of the event.

However, this time there was no such invitation given. Heck, if not for Oswell or the Demon Lord of Envy bringing this subject up, he wouldn't even know about it.

"About that... Hexennacht is not like the Walpurgis where it is mandatory for every demon noble to attend. As I told you earlier only those demons who have created their own dungeon attend it. Perhaps the reason why you didn't get any invitation is because your dungeon is relatively new and not that well known yet" Oswell answered.

His guess was spot on, it hadn't been more than three years since Simon created his dungeon. Usually, it takes a long time for a dungeon to evolve and become well known. The dungeon master too attends several events and interacts with different demon nobles during this time to spread the name of their dungeon.

However, Simon's dungeon had grown at an unprecedented rate and the Walpurgis was the only event that had taken place during this period of time. As such, the society of the demon nobles was still mostly unaware of the dungeon Laplace or about him for the large part.

If he wanted his dungeon to be recognised, Simon had to attend this Hexennacht.

"When is this Hexennacht event going to take place?"...

"It's going to be held after this auction. The host of the event this time is the demon lord of envy, as such it will be held in his domain, the Asphodel Meadows which is located in the southern region of the demon continent".

"All the demons will head over there as soon as the auction ends. If you are planning to attend the Hexennacht why don't we head over there together?" Oswald offered.

Simon did not answer immediately, he silently deliberated his options. His gut feeling was telling him that he shouldn't miss this event or else he would surely come to regret it later. It was a peculiar feeling given the fact that he had never attended the Hexennacht before.

In any case, let's say that he went with his gut feeling and attended the event. However, was he prepared adequately for it? Putting aside the Auction of the Damned, the Hexennacht was going to be held in the domain of another Demon Lord. It would be far more dangerous.

Additionally, he had told Irene and the others, he would come back after the auction ends. They didn't know anything about the Hexennacht. As such, they would worry if he didn't come back from that gate.

What should he do? From what he learned from Oswald, it seemed to be an important event, not attending it was not an option either.

While Simon was lost in his thoughts, a circular formation appeared around him and his body started glowing.

"Oh? It looks like the Auction is about to start" Oswald commented.

He wasn't the only one whose body started glowing, similar phenomenon started appearing around all the demons who were here. This was the indication that the auction was about to start.

Well, there was no point in brooding over the Hexennacht now, he could just decide later on, right now he focused his attention on the event that was right in front of him.

The auction of the damned was about to start—with these thoughts in his mind, Simon's body teleported away from the hall.

The next time he appeared, he was already inside a large chamber. All around him, there were numerous demon nobles in fancy clothing in attendance. Some were quiet, some were chatting with the other fellow demons and some maintained their distance.

"Master!!"

While Simon was looking around and observing the mass, a jubilant voice that seemed to be of a child, rang out and two figures quickly cut through the crowd and ran towards him. Who could these adorable figures be other than Theodore and Maybell?

"Master, where were you? We searched for you everywhere. Didn't master say that we aren't allowed to stray too far away from you? And yet you are the one who went and disappeared?"...

"Master we were worried"

The twins complained.

Hearing them, Simon flashed a helpless smile. He didn't separate from them on his own will rather it was the mechanisation of Grimvul who brought him to a different place. Thanks to that, he was able to observe all the items that are going to appear on the auction giving him an edge over the other demons.

Also, he was able to learn about the Hexennacht from Oswell.

"Haha, I'm sorry. Did I make you wait too long?" Simon apologised patting their heads.

"Hehe... it doesn't matter as long as master is here. But there is one thing..." Theodore's eyes suddenly became serious, there was a look of annoyance in his eyes.

"What happened?" It was only now that Simon noticed that Theodore was clutching the hands of his sister as if running away from something.

## Chapter 650 650- The Auction Of The Damned

"There is this really persistent and obnoxious guy. He wouldn't leave Maybell and I alone no matter how many times I tried to talk with him. Sigh... master I'm tired, if not because you told me to restrain myself in the auction I would have already killed that fellow. The nerve of him to touch my sister".

When Simon heard that somebody tried to lay their hands on Maybell, anger flashed deep with his crimson eyes. He looked at Maybell who was tightly clutching her plushie. It seemed that this little girl was bothered by that guy quite a bit.

"Ah please wait, why are you running away? I have something important to discuss with you two".

Just as Simon wondered who that guy was, the persistent and obnoxious person presented himself in front of him.

They wore a tailcoat, a black vest and a neat bow tie. Looking at their attire, one could immediately tell that they were a butler of some other high ranking demon.

The person himself was also a demon and from the aura that they released which was similar to his own, Simon guessed that the other party was also a Demon Earl.

"Master it's that guy" Theodore pointed "You are here again? You are really persistent, leave us alone already".

"Haha... don't be like this, I have something important to talk to your two..." the Demon Earl didn't get finish his words as Simon stepped in between him and the twins.

"Can't you see that they are annoyed? They don't want anything to do with you so just leave them alone".

"Who are you?" The Demon Earl questioned.

"You don't need to know. Don't follow them again" Simon warned, turned towards the twins and started walking away from the Demon Earl. However, the latter still followed them ignoring his warning.

"I don't know who you are, but don't get in between this. I need to talk with those two children".

"Get Lost!!" Theodore was about lose it and unleash some of his might, when Simon stopped him.

The latter stepped forward and asked "What do you want to talk with them, I'll hear it out for them".

The Demon Earl glanced at the twins and then at Simon before speaking out nonetheless.

"Hmph, I don't know who you are, but you better not get in my master's way. Those twins, they are very special, my master has taken a liking to them and desires to possess them. He sent me forth to talk to these children and convince them to join his side. Especially that girl, I'm told to bring her with me no matter what".

After the Demon Earl was done talking, Simon had quite an amused face. His creased brows, twitching lips and his annoyed expression was saying 'Not this again'.

A demon noble gaining an interest in his subordinate, something like that also happened during the last event that he attended. At that time, a Demon Viscount wanted the Bloodthron Demonic Warhorse that he brought with him.

This time, it was a Demon Earl who came to take possession of the twins. Seriously, why did all these annoying things have to happen to him?

"Sigh... Go and tell whoever your master is, that these children are already someone's subordinate and not for possession" Simon spat a few words to quickly end this conversation.

However, before he could turn around, the demon earl spoke once again.

"That is not a problem, my master is willing to buy them from their current master. He is offering 10 million DP for each of them. I'm sure that their master will surely..."



"Listen here, I don't care who your master is, but tell them that the twins are not for sale" Simon who had been trying to restrain himself. Finally had enough when the other party mentioned buying them.

The twins were not only his subordinates but characters from the game that he created by pouring out his heart and soul. In a way, they represented the company and friends he sought at a certain point in time in his previous life when he forsake everything and became all alone.

There was no way he was going to sell them even if hell froze over. They were not his underlings or minions but like a family to him.

And what's this, Ten Million DP? A puny sum like that... is the other party mocking him?

Hearing the condescension in Simon's words, the Demon Earl was immediately offended. "You dare insult my Master, a Demon Duke? Who do you think you are?" He released his aura, the powerful might of the Demon Earl quickly engulfed the place.

Now that the talk had failed, he was intending to use force. Unfortunately for him, Simon who had up until now only fought enemies stronger than himself, did not even bat an eye in front of that pressure.

Simon had nothing to fear even if the opponent was one rank above him, forget about someone in the same rank. He was confident that he could easily triumph over the other party if it really came to a fight.

Besides, this place was void of any mystical energy. That is to say, the Demon Earl in front of him won't be able to display even ten per cent of his power. While he on the other hand could always use 'that' option.

Furthermore, he brought Theodore and Maybell with him as such, even a Demon Duke did not represent much of a threat to him.

That being said, there was no need for Simon to fight because... "Are you really sure you want to start a fight now? The auction is just about to start. Will your master, the Demon Duke allow that I wonder?" Simon commented.

Even though they made such a commotion, no demon noble paid any attention to them. All of their interest was currently towards the auction as they started moving towards the Main Hall.

It appeared that Simon had hit the nail, the Demon Earl weirdly became all silent. They retracted their aura, glared at Simon before spouting 'You will regret this' and walking away.

"Master" Maybell tucked his clothes, looking at him with concern.

Simon smiled and assured the little girl "It's alright, let us head in too".

Simon followed by Theodore and Maybell headed inside the Main Hall. The room was massive, with a high ceiling that seemed to disappear into the darkness above. The walls here were made of some strange and odd material and had a very unique sense of taste to it.

The seating arrangement here was in a semi circular formation. The invitees are to sit with their subordinates around a table that was booked for them.

The front rows are booked for high ranking demons and gave an excellent view of the stage in front. The rows of tables behind them were for the demon nobles ranking after them. That said, these seats also provided exceptional view while allowing the attendees to immerse themselves in the excitement of the bidding process.

However, the true essence of exclusivity lies on the floor above, the private rooms reserved exclusively for the highest ranking demon nobles.

The VIP section boasts only a limited number of rooms and the best view out of all the places. There were also attendants placed to guide the guests to their allotted tables.

Simon along with Theodore and Maybell walked forward towards one of the attendants.

"Welcome esteemed guest, I'm Lich Gudura. I will show you to your seats" the attendant voiced. It turned out that the attendants were lich, a creature possessing death attribute just like those two death knights he had seen earlier.

Simon thought that he would be escorted to the middle rows of tables. However, to his surprise, he was instead led towards the floor above that should have been reserved only for the highest echelons of the demon world.

"This way esteemed guest".

Needless to say, he garnered various sorts of attention from the other demon nobles around him who were astonished, confused and jealous at the same time. It was a good thing everyone was wearing a mask, no one was aware of the other's identity.

"This is your assigned room. I will be waiting outside, if you ever need anything please don't hesitate to call me" the Lich Gudura showed them their room.

"Oh?" Just when Simon was about to open the door and head inside his VIP room, a familiar voice sounded out next to him. It was Oswald, next to him stood a pretty lady with golden hair and traditional white clothing.

She emitted an aura that was similar to Annette's original form. Simon reckoned that she was from the spirit race or a part of it.

"Hehe, it looks like our rooms are adjacent. Let us meet again after the auction is over my friend" saying that, Oswald headed inside his room.

Simon wasn't surprised to see Oswald here, he more or less knew that the guy was special as such, it was only natural for him to receive the VIP treatment. Simon did not dilly dally longer and also headed inside his room.

"Wow" The moment they entered the room, Theodore opened his mouth and praised the room.

Lavish furniture that exudes an aura of exclusivity, sturdy walls that were further reinforced with several barriers and arrays to ensure privacy and protection of the guest. A big glass view that provided an unobstructed view of the auction floor below.

From this vantage point, the VIPs could enjoy a bird's eye view of the auction items and their intricate details. The VIP room truly gave one a sense of grandeur and prestige.