

DUNGEON OF PRIDE, LAPLACE

Chapter 12: Grinding Dungeon Points

“Now then, how do I increase the dungeon points.”

When he thought till here, memories and information came crashing into his mind. According to it, there are various ways of increasing DP. Firstly when an intruder invades the dungeon, they provide DP every minute (the amount depends on the level and rank of the enemy).

Secondly when enemies die inside the dungeon, becoming nourishment for the dungeon (the amount depends on the level and rank of the enemy).

Thirdly when the dungeon and its master grows and rank up. And lastly, the dungeon itself produces DP every day by consuming the manas in the surrounding area.

Now that he knows how to get DP, all that is left is to start acquiring them. Standing up, he did some side bend exercise and bolted out of the dungeon. He inhaled a deep breath of air and searched for the presence of enemies nearby, luckily he found one not very far.

Charging towards the direction where he sensed the presence from, he came to a small clearance of forest. A small hill was in front of him and a wide cave entrance could be seen, a snoozing sound came from within. Clearly, the inhabitant of the cave was currently sleeping. He tried approaching near the cave but before he could get any closer, the being inside woke up and growled.

The entity inside must have felt his presence and growled at him as a warning. Telling him with its growl not to approach any further.

“Heh telling me to back off. Now I really want to see what kind of being are you!”

Without heeding its warning, Simon slowly approached the cave. At this moment a furious growl along with a wild gust of wind came charging out of the cave.

The being inside was finally in front of his eyes. It had a towering frame at about five meters, battle scars decked all over its body, and it was standing on its hind legs. Its hands reached the ground even while standing and extremely sharp claws gleaming with a sharp light protruded out from it.

GRRRRROOOWWWLLLL

The loud roar from it marked the beginning of the fight.

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[Analysis] displayed Race:- Battle Bear, Level 92, Skill [Wind Claws]

The enemy in front of him was five levels higher than him, and unlike the direwolves, it even had a skill. The Direwolves he previously fought, none of them displayed any skill.

“Wouldn’t this make you a little special than the others?” Simon gave a wide smile and said.

The battle bear swung one of its wide arms in an attempt to tear him apart. Without holding back, he met the attack with a punch of his own.

BANG

A wild gust of wind was generated when both the attacks met. The battle bear’s arm was deflected and Simon was forced a few steps back. Seeing its attack being deflected, the battle bear became increasingly frenzied. Ruthless attacks came raining down one after the other; Simon countered it with his own attacks. Forward punch, uppercut, roundhouse kick. He attacked again and again, showcasing the might of his powerful physical body.

BANG BANG BANG BANG

Fierce wind-generated whenever their attacks met. Simon’s body became a little tattered, with small bruises here and there. The battle bear became increasingly irritated seeing that it couldn’t gain any advantage in their fight.

GROOOWWWLLLL

“Damn you are quite good. Let’s continue this somewhere else shall we?”

He gave a fierce smile towards the bear, turned around, and started darting into the forest. Now that he fully captured its aggro on him, it was time for the next step of his plan.