

DUNGEON OF PRIDE, LAPLACE

Chapter 2: The Beginning

Simon opened his eyes to the gentle and fresh air tickling his skin which he had not felt for the past few years.

His body strangely felt refreshing and power surged through his muscles, clearly a contrast to his otherwise shriveled body. He tried getting up only to realize he was in a completely different place.

He looked around his surrounding in amazement “where the hell am I? I remember I was in the office in front of my computer...and then..hmm, I dozed off. Then this should be a dream...right?”

He was staring at a forest filled with tall green trees. The height of the trees could easily reach over thirty meters. The air felt refreshing to breathe, indicating that the oxygen level here was very high.

Howls and cries of wild animals could be heard intermittently among the pervading silence.

However, the most bizarre thing was not the forest filled with tall trees and grass thickets nor the tall mountain valleys that could be seen at the end of the forest.

It was the moon; No, it would be proper to say moons, there were three moons hanging high up in the sky. It was nighttime and three moons hung in the sky, the three moons were lined up together with the middle one slightly above the other two.

Another thing noteworthy was that the two moons at the left and right were crescent and the one in the middle was a full moon.

“Wow this is quite a sight to gaze at...haha to dream about all the fantasy elements, my body must have been very fatigued,” Simon said marveling at the scene

Taking a deep breath of air, the wind brushed past his body rustling his long pitch-black hair when suddenly he realized.

“Huh?... What? How did my hair grow this long..wait eh?? What happened to my voice?.. It’s so deep and heavy!!”

“Wait a minute this isn’t my body, it’s way taller and masculine than my actual body!” touching his body all over and feeling his rippling muscles, Simon shouted out in a panic.

He was stretching his body when suddenly his shoulder blades made a peculiar movement and a magnificent pair of wings protruded out from his back.

Huge wings grow starting from his shoulder and end just past his shoulder blades. The wings are scythe-shaped and scarlet black in color, thick skin and eerie bone structures make up most of the wings and small sharp tips grow from each ending like spears.

“What the hell is wrong with this body? Am I no longer human? What a peculiar dream.”

He walked past the thickets and explored the area for a while, suddenly he stopped in his tracks.

“I can hear something. The noise is coming from... that side.”

After listening for a while he started walking in the direction of the noise.

Walking for about a few minutes his body suddenly comes to halt, due to the scene that enraptured him. A few meters ahead past the thickets and oddly tall trees, lay a river.

The river runs down from one end of the forest to another, the end of which cannot be seen with naked eyes. The width of the river easily crosses two hundred meters and what lay beyond the other shore were the tall mountain valleys.

The mountains looked majestic and strong, like a gigantic sleeping dragon crisscrossing around the forest. Its height was over three thousand meters and one could easily overlook the entire forest from its peak.

Simon walked over to the shore and gazed blankly at the scene.

The moonlight lit the area and the water flowing past the river reflecting the spectacle. But before Simon could marvel at this, he was jolted awake by another peculiar scene.

Reflecting in the water was a silhouette of what looked like a demon

Pitch black hair like the night itself runs down his body till his waist. Two jagged horns adorn the oval head from two sides; both the horns were half a foot long and appeared absolutely menacing. His skin was pale white, eyebrows as sharp as a sword and a devilishly handsome face.

