

D. of Pride 29

Chapter 29: The Auction and the Glutton (2)

Simon was so angered that he wanted to lash out and punch that smug face of his. But the next words that came out of Gelgar's mouth made his eyes icy cold.

"I want that Warhorse of yours. A [B] rank Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse would make quite a steed for me wouldn't you agree. A lowborn demon like you having it would be a waste, that is you should gift it to me. I'm confident in bringing out its full potential." He said as he looked with greed at the warhorse in the garden adjacent to the hall. It currently sat there along with the other familiars brought along by the demons.

"Shut your @\$%^&* mouth trash." This man was eyeing his warhorse all along. He could no longer take it ice-cold killing intent started leaking out from his body. Gelgar who thought that Simon would immediately agree became stunned. "what did you say?." The two men behind him immediately barked out "You dare speak like that in front of sir Gelgar?," "You must be itching to die, you fool."

Simon was not worried to fight against them. He only tolerated this so far was because one of them was a level 289 Demon Viscount. But now that they have stepped on his bottom line he could no longer hold himself back. Even if he couldn't win against them, he was sure he would not be defeated plus he had his warhorse with him.

If he rode on his warhorse and flew away they had a fat chance of catching up to him. He quickly discarded the idea that was because the banquet was still going and he couldn't leave as he willed. Additionally, they couldn't start a fight in this place where the incredibly strong Demon Archdukes are having their banquet. If they did, there wouldn't even be a need for those Demon Archdukes to make a move, the other Demon nobilities present here would instantly crush them so as to curry favor the ones on top.

"You lowborn demon dare call me a fool. You think I don't dare to kill you here." Infuriated by Simon's words Gelgar's body trembled, his face flushed red. The two men behind him were also angered when their master was slighted. They glared at him like two bloodthirsty tigers.

"Yeah, leaving the matter about whether you have the ability to kill me aside. You won't dare to make a move at least not in this place." Simon said as he ignored the incurable fools and walked off towards a different table. "You have a death wish. Sir Gelgar allow me to kill him" the man named mike spoke out.

But Gelgar quickly waved his hands and stopped him “We can’t make a commotion here. He is taunting us because he knows that. Very well you insignificant lowborn demon I will remember this humiliation.” After a while, he remembered something as he flashed a cruel smile “I recall you creating a dungeon somewhere. I hope it grows well in the future hehahaha.”

“Whether it grows or not it has nothing to do with a trash like you,” Simon said as he continued his steps and did not bother with them anymore. He thought ‘trying to threaten me? You will not be able to afford the price’. It once again reminded him that without sufficient power you will only be trampled down by others. Clenching his hands tightly until veins started popping up he made his convictions anew.

After coming over to a different table he sighed in relief, he no longer has to tolerate that egotistical trash. Picking a glass of wine from the table he thought that he could finally be alone.

But his hopes were soon broken as he saw a peculiar demon from the corner of his eyes. This demon was strange no matter how one looked at him. He was gulping down the food on the table at a frightening pace and showed no signs of stopping.

Chapter 30:- Subordinates of the Seven & the Demon of Envy

This demon was strange no matter how one looked at him. He was gulping down the food on the table at a frightening pace and showed no signs of stopping. He was wearing elegant clothes that matched his short hair and coffee brown eyes, a round chubby face, and a plump belly. A beautiful demihuman woman with fluffy wolf ears wearing warrior’s clothing was following him around.

Using analysis on them as expected displayed question marks which indicated that both of their levels were much higher than him.

“You there I accidentally eavesdropped on your conversation earlier. You are quite the unusual demon aren’t you?” The fatty said while still stuffing his mouth with all the food on the table. Simon’s eyes twitched as he thought ‘Me unusual? Yeah right’.

After finishing whatever was on the table he walked up to him extended his hand, and said “I’m Oswell a Demon Marquess. It’s nice to meet you.”

“I’m Simon a Demon Baron,” he said meeting the former’s hand in a handshake. Oswell gave a wide smile and said “You really are unusual. When a lower rank demon meets a higher rank they usually cower or try to flatter them. That look of indifference as if ranks mean nothing is quite refreshing hehehe.” Simon did not say much after that and mostly kept to himself. “That look on

Gelgar's face was quite something to look at hahaha. Ahh man, I hadn't had such a good laugh in a long while."

"Snort that egoistical fool was clearly over his head," Simon couldn't help comment.

"Yeah, that is true. Demons like him love showing their bloodline superiority even though the bloodline he inherited is not pure. 'May even rank up to Demon Marquess'? my foot. The most he could reach would be a Demon Earl and that too if he is damn lucky," Oswald said as he laughed out loud again.

At this time the host of the banquet came up to the stage and spoke "I hope that everybody is enjoying the foods and the other delicacies we have prepared. Now I want to address the main issue for hosting this banquet but I have just received word that the subordinates of the esteemed Demon Lords are on their way, as such we would hold the auction till they arrive. The items we are auctioning are some of the precious items from my dungeon, and I'm sure some of them would catch your eye." He gestured with his hands and his subordinates quickly came up carrying items cloaked in a piece of cloth.

A beautiful lady in an elegant dress walked up to the stage and bowed towards Gareth after which, with a beautiful voice she started the auction. The first item that was auctioned off was a rank [B] sword, Grand Sabre, and had many skills worthy of rank [B]. it was sold off to a Demon Duke for two million DP.

Unlike humans who use a variety of currencies, demons mostly exchanged items with DP. After the sword came many [C] and [B] rank items that were quickly hoarded by the high-ranking demons for a hefty price.

Looking at this scene Simon fell into contemplation. Right now he had many [C] rank items stored up in his inventory which he got from the gacha. The auction sold each [C] rank item for around 500,000 to 800,000 DP. The 100,000 DP gacha guarantees at least one [C] rank item, which made him think that if he could auction all those items he gets from [Gacha]. He would amass quite a fortune for himself. Regrettably, he was very weak right now and would only bring disaster on himself if he suddenly dished out that many [C] rank items.

A person with a great fortune but no power to protect it would only invite trouble for himself after all.