

DUNGEON OF PRIDE, LAPLACE

Chapter 7: Ancestral Symbol Ignition

A large patch of the forest was burning, thick clouds of smoke rose into the air lighting the night sky in a pale red hue.

In a large clearance of forest, Simon was sitting on the ground breathing disorderly. His body was covered with blood all over making it impossible to discern whether it's his own or his enemies.

A large pool of blood lay beneath, seeping out from the mountain of corpses behind him.

Fallen burnt trees could be seen everywhere in a hundred-meter radius. The ground was gouged out in many places, evident of a big battle that had occurred here.

"Dammit it took everything I had in me just to survive, I can't imagine how tough the future battles will be."

"Where is this place? It doesn't seem like a dream anymore, if it was I should have already woken up by now."

After Simon's head got flooded with new sets of memories, a large pack of more than forty Direwolves attacked him. From these memories, he knew that he was on a planet called Althaea, a world completely different from earth and filled with mythical creatures.

He also knew that he was currently in a body of a demon, a demon baron. One of the lowest ranking demon nobility, and if he wants to survive, he needs to quickly level up and raise his rank.

The enemies he was confronting were called Direwolves, a low-ranking monster. Individually they are not very strong and even a human, who has trained and leveled up a few times could defeat it. But troublesome to deal with if faced in numbers.

This species is not born with any magic, and their only weapon is to charge up to their enemies and tear them apart with their sharp fangs. They have low intelligence and are ruled by their instincts; clearly, they belong to the lowest level of hierarchy.

But to Simon, this number was a sign of impending doom. Yes, he managed to defeat one, but he was severely wounded in the process. Now faced with this number, he knew that his chances of surviving this was very slim.

From his memories, Simon hurriedly called out his status. A thin square film floated out in front of his eyes. There he could see his name, stats, titles, and everything.

Name:- Simon

Race:- Demon Baron

Titles:- Demon of Pride [Incomplete Fragment 1/5]

Level:- 17

Stats-

HP:- 3017

MP:- 7498

Strength:- 651

Defence:- 551 {Base:- 751}

Agility:- 685

Magic:- 885

Endurance:- 451 [Base:- 668]

Luck:- 434

Skills:- Language Comprehension, Analysis, Fire Magic Mastery

Inherent Skills:- [Dungeon Creation], [Main Menu], [Ancestral Symbol Ignition].

Looking at his status, his name remained the same but his race had changed to demon baron. His level was displayed 17 which must have increased when he killed the direwolf earlier. His stats were quite higher than a normal human due to his race, which had higher base stats to begin with.

All of this did not make Simon complacent because he knew that he was still in the lower hierarchy of the food chain, and it was necessary for him to quickly level up and raise his rank to survive.

He quickly went through all his skills. [Language Comprehension] allows the user to quickly comprehend a foreign language.

“This skill seems very useful. It will help out when communicating with other races in the future.”

[Analysis] allows the user to gather information from the surrounding, the higher the level of the user the more detailed the analysis.

“Alright this seems useful, let’s use it [Analysis].”

He quickly shouted the name of the skill. New sets of information started appearing in front of him wherever he looked. Thanks to that, he could see the level and skills of the direwolves surrounding him.

Most of them were around level 60-70, Some of them even surpassed level 70. The one with lots of battle scars seemed to be the leader and was the highest level among them.

Simon knew that he could handle three or four of them max, but this large of a number was clearly a problem.

With a piercing howl that rang across the whole forest, the leader of the direwolves initiated the hunt. The surrounding wolves immediately started charging towards him.

No more time to collect his thoughts, he started casting fire magic.

BANG... Bright light accompanied with intense heat erupted from his outstretched hand and all the wolves in a ten meters area around him were burnt to crisps within seconds.

Black smoke rose from the corpses as the fire burnt them into ashes. Simon looked on with wide eyes as he witnessed the destruction brought forth from the magic with his own eyes.

“Awoooooo” the leader wolf howled and immediately the surrounding wolves dispersed and started their charge from all directions. The leader wolf was quite sentient and knew how to take advantage and surround the prey with their numbers.

Simon aware of what the wolves were trying to do started running adjacent to the river. Like this at least the wolves cannot attack him from behind.

“Fire magic, Fire magic, Fire magic...Fire magic..huff..huff.”