

D. of Pride 901

Chapter 901- MK 3 Armor (3)

"It's not just that, his skills and abilities are all extremely high tier with no wasted movement or energy. How the hell did this demon train himself to this stage? Wasn't he just a low ranking demon when he came here?"

The Ivory Terraquake Rhino smacked his face. The situation is now out of their hand. The realisation that they might be defeated was slowly creeping into them.

"How was that? Do you all like my formation? Now although there is still some gap between our stats, it's not so much that I can't injure you" Simon made a fist while grinning demonically.

"Hmm... I see, I admit that with this you are able to fight us. However, it is still too early..."

"Don't worry, it's not over" Simon did not let Gil-Garna finish

"Oh?! It's finally here" he said while looking at an object flying here at a rapid speed.

"Hehe, rejoice. I have decided to use all of my cards that I have prepared until today on you all. From this point on, I'm done playing games".

What was the demon on about? He still had something up his sleeve? The three kings did not have to question as they saw the object flying in the sky reach the demon.

It was a black case with some red patterns like circuits running all over it. What was the case for? Simon was about to demonstrate it to them.

ZAP... as soon as Simon touched the black case, multiple red lightnings erupt forth from it. The case as if it was made up of numerous micro cubes, started disassembling and spreading from the point of contact to his entire body like some virus.

It started with his hands and quickly spread to his entire body, forming an armour that was very reminiscent of the Andromedas series.

Of course, unlike the other Andromedas, the armour that wrapped around Simon was of a different calibre. Not only was it from the Mk3 series it was also specially made for him.

After he showed Wisp a design from another war machine from the game, the former started working on it enthusiastically. What's more, the time it took Wisp to make it was similar to what it took to assemble an entire platoon of MK5 andromedas 1000 units strong.

From this one could imagine how powerful the armour was. Once fully equipped, Simon stood in the sky in front of the three kings. His previously overbearing manner and looks was enhanced manifold after he wore the armour.

The MK3 armour not only has a striking black colour scheme, but it also possessed a visually distinctive design.

The Mk 3 special armour predominantly features a dark black colour with accents of red present, adding a regal and authoritative appearance to the overall look. The armor also has an ornate and intricate design showcasing a blend of ancient and advanced techniques.

For its shape, it is far more sleek and angular showcasing sharp lines and edges. Unlike the typical Andromedas which are built much bulkier, it had a more humanoid look.

"Hohh, not bad. I can feel the power surging through my entire body. The armour is not only enhancing my powers but it is also synthesising the skills I already possess with the ones bestowed by the armour."

Simon clenched his hands feeling the armour on his body. At this moment, his entire body, from head to toe was decked out in a jet black armour. The helmet had a traditional Roman warrior look with a futuristic design.

The faceplate often has a menacing appearance, with slanted eye slits that glow with a fierce light. This gives the armour a fearsome and intimidating look, especially when his eyes glow red.

For the chest plate, it is robust and heavily armored, with intricate patterns and designs etched into the surface. The patterns resemble the tattoos that Simon has on his body as if emphasizing the mystical nature of the armor.

The pauldrons are large and segmented, providing ample protection while allowing for a range of motion. The arm guards are similarly detailed, with red accents and patterns running along the length of the forearms.

The fingers of the gauntlets are sharp and claw-like, enhancing the armor's menacing appearance. The leg armor is sturdy and designed for both protection and mobility.

Overall, the armor is designed to convey power, authority, and mysticism. It combines elements of ancient warrior design with futuristic technology, creating a unique blend of formidable appearance that is both intimidating and elegant.

"Very good... if this armor can already do this much at this stage, then the creation of those series becomes open to creation. Ah, my bad I was too occupied with myself. Now then, shall we start this?"

Simon did not wait, as soon as he spoke those words, red lightning jut forth from his armor and like a ghost, he appeared in front of Gil-Garna.

Previously, out of the three he was the most guarded against this ogre. Knowing that the fellow was quite scheming and was hiding his strength, he fought it out with him while keeping his distance.

Now, however, there was no need for that. Simon appeared in front of the ogre king, stretched his body and delivered a punch.

BOOM... His strength which was already amplified by several augmenting skills and Ancestral Symbol Ignition was further taken up a notch by the Mk 3 armor.

As the fist travelled and inched closer to Gil-garna's face, it severely distorted the air and left minute cracks behind.

At this point, the punch could no longer be said to be from a Demon Marquess but from a being of a much higher rank.

Facing the fist enlarge in his eyes, Gil-Garna had no time to react. The punch connected and the blow nearly knocked his consciousness for a split second.

GUHH!! He yelled in pain but the demon did not ease his assault and kept barraging him with multiple attacks.

Chapter 902- Orc King Berigard

In what seemed like a second, Gil-Garna was attacked more than three times and sent flying and crashing far back.

"Crystallise Energy Shield"

Soon after dealing with the Ogre King, Simon muttered those words and an energy shield appeared beside him.

CLANG... a crashing noise rang out and the harpoon that was flung towards him with all of its might was deflected back.

"Is that all you got?"...

"Don't get full of yourself just because of this"

Simon's taunt hit right at the target and Shasurna came slithering at him forgoing all of his defence.

"You puny demon, how dare you look down on me, the king of the Snakemen, lord Shasurna". Intense amount of ice energy and mist realised out of the harpoon as Shasurna repeatedly thrust his weapon.

His skills as well as the mist created the illusion of multiple ice harpoons which were very tricky and difficult to dodge.

However, against such an all out assault all Simon did was use his movement skill and powerful speed bestowed by the armour to dodge all of it. None of the attacks from Shasurna was able to connect.

"What?!! This can't be..."

Using the moment when Shasurna was caught by surprise, he grabbed onto the tail of the Snakemen and flung him around just like he did previously.

BANG... BANG... BANG... he repeatedly slammed him on the ground, making the snake king remember his previous humiliation. That said, no matter how indignant and aggrieved he felt previously, this time he had no room to spare for any such feeling.

The bashing this time was different and packed so much power that the life was almost wrung out from the poor Snakemen.

"[Granite Spinebuster], [Terraquake Takedown]" At that instant Yverza appeared behind Simon out of nowhere and initiated his attack only to be repelled by the powerful automatic discharge of the armor.

"These kinds of attacks won't work on me" Simon smirked and pointed at the rhino king "Ah right, you are the fellow who takes pride in his body right? Come let me shatter that pride of yours today".

Saying that, he started lashing out with punches at the Ivory Terraquake Rhino. The latter also responded in kind without backing down. Thus started a head on fistfight with no tricks or magic.

A pure gruelling fist fight where muscles and armour pitted against each other in a manly and bloody display of violent power.

HAAAA!!! Yverza gave a loud war cry to ignite his spirits. Head on fights, especially physical was his strong forte. Blessed by a strong physique and the endogenous armour of the Terraquake rhino clan since birth, he polished his weapons to the point where no one from his clan could match him any longer.

Using the ancient beast inheritance he became a variant which further improved his physical abilities. Much less the terraquake rhino clan, there was hardly any opponent that could match him in the entire forest.

Even the seven kings couldn't match him when it came to pure physical fights. Naturally, he took pride in his body. It was also the reason why he was surprised to see the demon challenge him into a physical fight.

However, as time went on, the surprise changed into pure disbelief and even horror as he saw the demon not only keeping up with his attacks but even pressuring him on multiple occasions.

This went on for a short while until Yverza found himself being suppressed. He was being crushed in an area that was supposed to be his forte.

What was going on?

BAM... BAM... BAM... BAM... BAM... multiple punches landed on his face, chest, solar plexus and dug into his armour.

BANG... lastly with a solid jab on his jaw, that almost dislocated it, the rhino kind was sent flying like the other two kings.

SILENCE... an absolute silence descended onto the battlefield as the onlookers glanced at the surreal scene that was occurring in front of them.

The Seven Kings, the beings who stood at the pinnacle of power in the ghastly winding forest, beings who had long surpassed the realm of the ordinary and reached a stage where every move of theirs caused serious aftereffects around the environment.

The beings who hailed in their own territories of the forest as kings were at this moment getting their ass handed to them while absolutely being crushed by their opponent.

How could such a scene not surprise them to the point of disbelief? Many among the three tribes even rubbed their eyes seemingly wanting to confirm if what they saw was real or not.

Such a thorough and overwhelming beating, this was the first time in several hundred years that something like this happened.

Meanwhile, the enemy was on the verge of losing their moral, the orcs side was getting stronger by the momentum. By now, the battlefield had turned deep red from all the blood that was shed during

the battle and the numbers of the invaders had been cut down to a mere fraction of what it was before.

The three clans no longer looked as impressive and grand as they did when entering the dungeon.

The contrast was so much that, even combined no one would say that they were formerly the three kings clans of the forest.

"Spiral Thunder"

Thunder spiralling like a coil, dropped down from the sky and attacked a black Ogre with an indigo horn. The latter hurriedly moved away from the place and barely managed to avoid it.

However, this was a move that was anticipated by his enemy as multiple magic could be seen already taking form and ready to be hurled towards him.

The black ogre with the indigo horn was unable to do anything and was forced to ask for his comrade's help. Another black ogre with an indigo horn appeared beside the one to offset the attack.

Together the two of them managed to put a match against their opponent, the orc with an extremely human like appearance.

Chapter 903- Orc King Berigard (2)

Decked out in a high grade robe, staff and bone fragments around his locket, he was none other than Berigard, the new king of the orcs.

After evolving to Bloodfang Warchief, the already small physique of his condensed further and now he looked no different from an average human. That is if one overlooked his skin colour and the fact that he possessed sharp fangs that protruded from his mouth.

His ears and eyes also looked a little different and are the only aspects that told others that he was an orc.

"Spatial Shift" incanting a spell silently, Berigard disappeared from his place, deftly avoiding the attack of his enemies and appearing at a distance. He swung his staff and quickly cast several intermediate tier magic and moved away from his place once again.

Like this, he kept his enemies at bay while simultaneously diverting his attention to conjure another magic. A powerful Amalgamation of advanced magic that took the form of a gigantic rock golem.

If Simon saw the golem, he would no doubt recognise the spell after all, it was the very same spell he had seen Berigard cast for the very first time he met the orc. At that time, the latter was fighting the Lightning Draconic Serpent using the rock golem.

Had it not been for his intervention, the Lightning Draconic Serpent might have been killed by the orc. From this one could understand how powerful the magic being cast was.

That said, the information was from the past. The current rock golem being conjured was magnitudes apart from the past. Not only was it bigger, mean looking and sturdier, it was made from the amalgamation of multiple advanced magic.

That alone spoke volumes of how powerful the rock golem was going to be. The opponent black ogres must have also realised it as they grit their teeth in frustration.

"That rock golem is giving me a bad omen. Gish-Bor, let's quickly finish this battle"...

"Who do you think you are giving orders to? I already know that dammit"

The latter clenched their weapon. Even among the clan of black ogres, only a handful were capable of reaching the indigo horn which was considered to be a special and powerful rank under the ogre king.

As such, it stands to reason that every single ogre that managed to reach this stage were crucial fighting power of the black ogre clan and the direct subordinates of the ogre king.

In this battle, the ones fighting against Berigard were none other than Gish-Bor and Gish-Nar.

Sensing the threat the rock golem represented, they quickly joined hands and attacked Berigard together. However, he was very slippery and annoying opponent who knew his weakness and strength well. Dealing with him was not going to be easy.

"How the hell did the orcs become so strong? Weren't they lowly weaklings we could easily trample a few years ago?"

Gish-Nar complained deflecting a huge column of earth with his own magic.

"It must be because of the dungeon. It must be what strengthened them. Now wonder lord Gil-Garna wants to take the place under his control. Once we capture the dungeon, our black ogre clan shall rule the world"

Gish-Bor answered. His eyes were shining from the prospectus of being able to conquer the dungeon which was filled with treasures and unknown mystery.

"Since it has come to this, let's use that"

Gish-Bor spoke. He didn't wait for an answer and immediately started running. His speed was fast but not enough for Berigard to miss him.

The latter hurriedly tried to move away from his place using the very same technique [Spatial Shift]. One of the bone fragments on his necklace shone and the space around him distorted teleporting his body away.

However, the moment Berigard appeared at a distance, he realised that he had fallen for his enemy's trap. Flaming axe that covered a large area dropped down on him cutting off all of his exit.

Now that he had already used the [Spatial Shift] there was no way he could dodge this. Even if he could cancel the magic with his own, there was still Gish-Bor who was hot on his tail. A single mistake could decide the battle.

"I see, I guess I can't win this without that... [Impenetrable Orc Rampart]" Berigard muttered something under his breath right before the magic and attacks from Gish-Bor.

BOOM... the attacks of two level 600 black ogres at full strength was terrifying. Powerful shockwaves hit the area and everyone and everything that was near the area was blown back several dozen meters in the air.

"That should do it right?"

Gish-Nor looked at the unmoving rock golem. If that thing started moving, then even with him joining hands with Gish-Bor he wasn't confident that he could take it down. Especially now that their stats have been suppressed.

'That damn formation' Gish-Nor cursed. Gish-Bor beside him was also keeping a close eye on the battlefield. The appearance of the formation was unexpected and had taken the three clans by surprise.

Suppressing stats was a nasty move, not to mention there were also other afflictions imposed on them. Even with the three clans' strength, it was impossible to fully contain the orcs any longer.

Gish-Bor's eyes were grim as he glanced at the battlefield. Thankfully, in terms of quality, they had the upper hand.

The opponent only had a single orc above level 600. Whereas, their three clans still had four people who had surpassed level 600. Even if he and Gish-Nor were tied down here, it still left Gish-Bor and Grom unchecked.

Thanks to them, they can still somehow manage to break even from this tight situation. And as long as they could hold out until their kings won, it would be their victory or so he had thought.

However, when his attention was drawn over towards the area where the three kings and the demon were fighting, his expression along with his hopes and expectations were crushed completely.

Chapter 904- First Ability of the Celestial Ocularis

A beating so thorough that it left no question. The scene that Gish-Bor saw was no fight but an abuse of power.

They were being thrown, hurled in the air, slammed into the ground, used as a club and more. Basically, they were being humiliated in every way imaginable.

It was a scene that evoked fear, awe and deterrence for the one who managed to pull off this feat. However, Gish-Bor was unable to feel any such feelings other than the first because the one being brutally humiliated was not the demon, but the side of the three kings.

What kind of bullshit was that? How could the kings be suppressed and beaten like that?

There was no doubt that each party was fighting with their full strength, yet they still cannot win against the demon?

The enemy was a single demon not to mention all three kings were fighting him together yet this was the outcome?

For a moment, he felt like he was a fool who came to watch the circus since there was no other way to explain the event that was going on right now.

"Dammit Gish-Bor, pay attention. Our opponent is not dead yet!!" From the side, came the warning from his comrade.

When Gish-Bor turned around to see, he noticed that the orc he was fighting, was still alive. Amidst the clouds of dust that rose, his figure could be seen standing still and straight like a mountain.

There were hardly any scratches or wounds on his body even after taking their combined attacks. What was there was instead a tall red fortress that covered the body of the orc in it.

There was no doubt, the fortress was what stopped their attacks. "A defensive skill?" it was only natural for him to be surprised after all, the skill used by the orc was no ordinary skill but a high tier rare defensive skill.

Furthermore, a skill that can create a defensive like a fortress was a skill that should be exclusive to warriors. Yet the orc who obviously evolved in a way that maximised his power and diversity of magic, was using a skill that all warriors dream of.

How did that make any sense?

"Up until now the orc was only using magic attacks and that peculiar movement skill of his... could it be that he was still not going all out against us?"

At this moment, Gish-Bor realised that he had severely underestimated his enemy. It was only the demon but even the army he commanded under him was not something that they could offend.

Was this entire crusade to conquer the dungeon a mistake?

Just as that thought arrived inside his mind, he heard a loud bang behind him and the grunts of three people whose voices were much too familiar to him.

On the battlefield where the three kings were fighting the demon, something must have occurred there. He was sure that the three kings were on edge and needed help.

However, he did not have the time nor the leisure to look behind him since in front of him he could see the gigantic rock golem starting to move.

The Amalgamation magic was complete. From the side, he could see Gish-Bagh and the other making their move.

Gritting his teeth and making up his mind, he spoke "Gish-Nor leave this to me and join with Gish-Bagh and the other. Aid lord Gil-Garna to defeat the demon".

Gish-Nor looked at him and confirmed in a grim tone "Are you sure? The opponent has been hiding his strength. Even if we both work together, that rock golem..."

"Just go!! In order to make sure that we win this battle, we need to defeat the demon. That is the only way. We can't get tied down here"

Gish-Bor roared. In the distance, the rock golem made noise. It opened its huge mouth and gave a grating roar.

Berigard stood on top of the rock golem and looked down at the retreating black ogre. At that instant, the eyes of the rock golem shone brightly and it swung its ginormous fist.

Air burst and ripples spread in the air as its fist moved towards the black ogre.

Just when it seemed like the latter would be squashed into pulp, the other ogre stood in between the attack and took it for them. Using all of their strength, skill and momentum, they barely managed to deflect the attack to miss them by a slight margin.

BOOM... the fist crashed on the ground rising dust and destroying the land. Using this chance when the rock golem was immobile the other black ogre who never stopped running fled from the battlefield and joined with the others.

Berigard looked at them and spoke in a serious tone "I will not let you interfere with lord Simon's battle".

The rock golem answering his call, took a step forward and started moving towards Gish-Bagh and the others.

"Your opponent is me!! ... [Blood Conversion]" Gish-Bor stood between the rock golem and his comrades and activated his skill. The difference between his and the golem's size was so stark that one can't even compare them.

An ant trying to stand his ground against an elephant, that's what it looked like. Yet it was this ant who released a blood red aura which made it hard for Berigard to ignore him.

Over at the distance, Gish-Bagh and the other quickly defeated the opponents standing in front of them and rushed towards their lord. However, their path was blocked by a couple of people who stood in front of them at an unknown point.

"How shall we do this? Do we each take one opponent to play with?" Bea asked with a lively smile.

"Hoh? Are you saying that you can't take them all on your own? I guess it can't be helped then, I shall lend you a hand. Attacking these underlings hardly befits my status as a queen but I guess I have no choice here" Melinda brushed her hair aside haughtily.

"What did you say you, you vixen!!" the two butted heads.

Chapter 905- First Ability of the Celestial Ocularis (2)

While the two were busy quarrelling between themselves, Mars stepped forward and declared aloofly—

"I shall take them all on my own".

He did not wait for a reply and quickly engaged with the enemy. While this happened, the two also came back to their senses.

"Hey, who gave you the permission to take them all on your own? Dammit, I wanted to play with the intruders too" Bea shouted, displeased.

"Well, I have no qualms if you want to take them all... but will he be alright?" Melinda turn towards Irene and asked a question.

Just like always, she was calm and unruffled by everything happening around her. Irene's crystal blue eyes which were closely monitoring Simon, landed on Mars for a second as she answered.

"He will be alright. As someone who aims to become the spear of that man, he will not fall no matter what".

That was the impression she had of him. As someone who had known the Bloodthorn Demonic Warhorse the longest after Simon, she understood its traits and disposition very well.

It was because she understood that, she knew that the Warhorse would not stand for anyone trying to disturb the battle of his master.

"Tch, as much as I wanted to play with those bastards, I will relent this time and give it to him. I'm sure even if we leave him be, he will take care of it in the quickest way possible" Bea grunted, settling down.

The Warhorse Demonic Warhorse had already stepped into the realms of level 700 and although he was yet to reach the peak of his rank his strength was not any weaker than the Seven Kings.

Forget about a few level 600+ opponents, even if there were dozens or hundreds of them, they were still not his match.

However, Melinda did not know that and was up for some surprise when Mars slowly released his aura. Dense flame that took the form of black thunder slowly spread with him as the centre. The menacing ancient armour he wore slowly lit up with a crimson light.

"Level 700+?! No wonder..."

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"Get out of the way" When Gish-Bagh and the others saw Mars standing in front of them, they cursed out and lashed out with all their strength.

Full power attacks of three beings who surpassed level 600 rained down on him. However, like a sturdy tree that refused to go down even against the most dastardly of storms, his figure took the full brunt of the attacks without even moving an inch.

"Just with that ability and you dare to fight against my master? Know you place weaklings"

Mars roared. He extended his hands and tore off his horns to make two spears from it. The spears were long, crimson in colour and had a unique shape to it.

These spears when clashed against the weapons of the black ogres and terraquake rhino, were easily able to overwhelm them after all, these spears were no ordinary spears but something that were made out of the bloodthorn on its body.

Be it in terms of durability or effectiveness, they were comparable to even [S] tier weapons. Mars fended off the three direct subordinates of the kings while at the same time cornering them like cornered animals unable to fight back or retaliate.

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Be it in terms of durability or effectiveness, they were comparable to even [S] tier weapons. Mars fended off the three direct subordinates of the kings while at the same time cornering them like cornered animals unable to fight back or retaliate.

Whether it be speed, strength, abilities or the level of their skills, he had them completely outmatched.

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While Mars was holding off Gish-Bagh and the others, Simon was completely dominating his battle. Equipped with the MK3 armor along with his numerous powerful skills and abilities, the three kings could hardly keep up with him.

BANG... a powerful blow landed sending Shasurna reeling back. The next instant before Simon could take a breath, Yverza got behind him and tightly grabbed him with his grip.

"What are you planning?" ...

"Just hurry up and die!!... [Bone Crushing Suplex]" ...

BOOM... with a force to crush a mountain, Yverza slammed Simon on the ground. Dust rose as high as the ceiling and created a deep pit whose depth couldn't be seen.

This was the Wrestling skill the [Bone Crushing Suplex] that he employed and was a move that completely crushed an opponent's back and skeleton whole. Even if it was the demon, he wouldn't be able to get up from that move.

Assured of his victory, Yverza grinned.

"This should be enough to kill the demon... huh" just as he was muttering that to himself, his eyes looked at the depth of the pit and froze for a good while.

Why would it not after all, when the dust settled and it was visible to see what was stuck inside the pit, it was revealed that the thing rooted on the ground was not the demon but instead, the grey humanoid thing that took his lariat the first time.

This!! What?! How?! The demon couldn't have avoided the attack. Yverza was in disbelief.

"This is impossible, nobody can dodge that move. How did he do it?"

The [Bone Crushing Suplex] was a surprise attack that could be activated in a split second and packed enough power to crush even opponents of level 700. Unless one avoided getting caught by surprise entirely there was no dodging the attack.

"Nobody can dodge that move? Aren't you being way too cocky? Well, I'll admit that suplex move was powerful. However, it means nothing if it doesn't connect. And besides I, can't let you scratch my new shiny armour, you see there are still a lot of things I want to experiment with it"

Simon retorted grinning from the distance. There one could see him flying in the air with his wide bat like wings unfurled without a scratch.

"Huff... for a second there my breath got stuck in my throat. As expected of master, he won't let his guard down so easily" Bea patted her ample chest sighing in relief after the big scare she got earlier.

"It's good that he is well but how did he dodge that attack? Even with my Clairvoyance I couldn't see how he did it?" Melinda questioned.

Chapter 906- Lava Magic, Spatial Strength

"Huff, it looks like he finally managed to grasp some of the mysteries of his left eye" Irene commented. Out of the three, she was the only one who perceived what happened.

Simon's left eye that he brought back from the Auction of the Damned, the eye called the Celestial Ocularis was finally displaying a portion of its incredible abilities.

The ability to instantly swap places with two targets in a specific range... [Swap]. That was the ability of the eye.

It was no wonder that the three kings as powerful as they were, are unable to figure out the way Simon escaped from their attacks twice.

With this ability of the Celestial Ocularis, he changed places with the finger of Ozymandias at the very last second thus avoiding all damage that should have been suffered by him after taking on that attack.

That being said, [Swap] was just one of the abilities of the celestial ocularis. If he could master all of them, then handling the three kings would be child's play for him.

"Hehe, I don't understand but it's the master we are talking about, anything is possible for him" Bea added enamoured by his pompous and bold attitude.

Haaaa!!

"This is a hassle, come at me all together". The MK3 armour made a noise and an EMP blaster rose off from each of his shoulders.

[Voltaic Surge] a powerful blast of electrical energy that was manipulated at an astounding level targeted the three kings.

Usually, such kinds of attacks wouldn't even be able to reach anywhere near the three kings and would have simply dispersed by the powerful mana they subconsciously exuded.

However, the [Voltaic surge] was no ordinary attack but a futuristic accumulation of power and technology that has been harnessed to its limits.

Even in the game [Rise of the Demolishers] a Mk3 Andromeda was a force that made numerous players cry. Guilds would be forced to send their elite teams to raid one if one was sent by the empire or risk losing their average players.

It was a force that needed a mid to large raid groups of elite players just to defeat a Mk3 Andromeda. So one could imagine its power now that it had integrated with Simon a powerful Demon Marquess of his own.

The battle prowess displayed by the armor was leagues above what he could usually display and was more than enough to bypass the defences of the three kings and hurt them.

"Dammit!! I can't move. This is... paralysis!!"

The [Voltaic Surge] was not only capable of delivering devastating amounts of damage, but it could also paralyse the nerves of the targets.

[Elemental Fusion Cannons], [Quantum Blade Forge], [Inferno Overdrive Core]... like a child who received his early Christmas gift, Simon was relentless, attacking and splurging all kinds of new abilities of his new armour.

His figure from the observers' eyes was truly demon like. A being of immense dark powers and magic. A cunning and notorious being whose personality leans towards ruthlessness and ambition.

Who takes indulgence in chaos and suffering, a perverse pleasure that makes the core of them. And at this moment, Simon be consciously or subconsciously, appeared the very definition of one.

[[Demon Marquess of Pride]].

In front of that demon, who toppled rationality on its head, the three kings were reduced to nothing but mere punch bags, something that was only good for taking hits.

HAAARRGHHH!!! Gil-Garna roared: "Don't you dare forget your place demon!! I am the king of the Black Ogres, a violet horn aberrant... GIL-GARNA!!"

With a soul stirring roar, the ogre king broke away from the barrage of attacks. His skin turned a dark red and his already big frame grew even bigger.

[Dark Gaia's Blessing], a lost ancient skill that Gil-Garna acquired after inheriting the powers of an ancient beast. But that was not all, he extended his hands towards Simon and at that instant, the latter came to a stop.

Alarm bells rang inside his head!! Something was wrong, the air around him suddenly had become solid hampering his body and movements.

As if an invisible barrier was cast around Simon, he was unable to move. No, it was more like something was blocking him rather than him not being able to move.

Forced to increase his aura, he found out that although he was now able to move, doing so took more strength and energy from him.

"!!!" Once again trusting his senses sharpened by the years of training and intuition, he positioned his centre of balance and flapped his bat like wings at the very last moment.

SWOOSH... Simultaneously, the thrusters located around the arms and legs of the armor activated, enhancing his mobility and flight at a zipping speed.

Simon barely managed to dodge the incoming attack that erupted from under the ground that he was just a second ago.

"Inferno!!" the thing that popped out of the ground like a geyser was none other than hot boiling lava.

RUMBLE... RUMBLE... under the manipulations of Gil-Garna, multiple lava eruptions burst out of the ground seeming to want to melt the demon.

"This!! He... when did he reach such a level?" ...

"He was not serious at all when fighting before. He completely hid his strength from all of us until now"

Barely managing to react themselves, the Ivory Terraquake Rhino and the Emerald Viperlord grimaced at the strength difference.

The demon of the dungeon turned out to be much more stronger than they bargained for. Heck, he was suppressing them instead.

Even after putting down their pride and fighting together, they were barely able to hold on. Yet now Gil-Garna was fighting that demon alone. If this wasn't slapping their face and telling them they were never his equals, then what was?

Mutation Magic.... pinnacle of magical mastery, transcending novice, intermediate, and advanced tiers. The realm where ordinary becomes extraordinary.

A realm above the advanced tier that grants the user a profound control over the magical genome of their magic. Thus altering the fundamental structure in ways that defy conventional limits.

Chapter 907- Lava Magic, Spatial Strength (2)

The ability to wield powers that adapt, evolve, and mutate, creating effects that are both unpredictable and immensely powerful is generally regarded as the Mutation Magic.

Only a small percentage of people in the world can attain this level of magic as it demands unparalleled skill and understanding. Next is Spatial Strength, a step into the extraordinary, an elusive realm that remains out of reach for most of the population of the world. An ability that can manipulate the very fabric of space, create impenetrable barrier to protect or lock someone in place.

Spatial Strength is the illusionary ability that only those who have stepped into the unknown level 800 realm can display.

Traversing skies as if walking on solid ground, creating spatial pockets or gouging something into oblivion, the illusory ability that grants an unparalleled strength and advantage, making its users near invincible in combat.

To display not one but two extraordinary abilities, one could see how intimidating Gil-Garna's strength had reached.

HAHAHA... DIE... DIE... The Ogre King grinned, drowned by his powers he let loose a relentless barrage of attacks on the demon.

Swaths of boiling lava whose heat had reached an unimaginable level, shot out of the ground at an unimaginable speed, scorching and melting everything in a few meters area around them.

It appeared everywhere where the demon travelled and even chased after him.

"Mutation Magic huh, this will be troublesome" Simon muttered, destroying a lava python that tried to latch onto him.

Eighth meters wide and the size of titanoboa, not even a level 700+ being could underestimate them. Simon had to use quite a bit of effort to deal with them.

After the python was blown into smithereens, he glanced at the giant volcano that was summoned by the Ogre King. That thing was jutting out large volumes of lava all around the place, quickly devouring everything in its path.

If nothing was done, the entire floor would be soon covered in lava. At that point, even Simon wasn't sure that he would be able to win against the three kings.

Tch... Clicking his tongue, he increased his speed even further. The MK3 armor as if responding to his wishes, increased its performance.

SWISH... SWISH... SWISH... Simon's speed was so extreme that he left afterimages behind. Even though spatial strength was robbing of much of his mana, he did not care about it at this moment and roused his strength to its limit.

Thousands and thousands of swords attacked Gil-Garna from every direction. Like rivers, they flowed and meandered in various ways.

"It's useless!! Now that I have used my mutation magic you won't be able to reach me anymore"

Shouted the Ogre king. He flipped his palm and thick columns of lava rose from underneath him and blocked the rivers of sword, melting even some.

Using his spatial strength to apply pressure and hamper the movements of his opponent, lava to attack and defend, he was practically untouchable.

Or so he thought.

"Don't get full of yourself" a coarse voice reminded the ogre king that he was not invisible. Right after, a sword slash came diagonally from his right.

[Core Overdrive]... [Burnt Sword Mastery]— [Downward Ascension]. RIP... ARGHH... blood and an arm flew, Gil-Garna managed to escape with his life intact by sacrificing his left arm.

"Hehe, this was your chance but you failed to kill me. You won't get an opportunity like that again".

Saying that he strengthened the space around the demon and opened some distance. Thick volumes of lava coiled around him forming a defensive field. Lava and spatial strength, against his powers the demon was insignificant...

"AARRGHH!!" Before Gil-Garna could complete his thought, he screamed out once again. Blood sprayed and multiple wounds appeared on his body.

What was going on? A couple of swords managed to penetrate his body. The barrier was up so how?

Blood trickled down his nose and fell onto one of the swords. That was when he realised!! These swords, they were not just any ordinary swords but high ranked [S] tier swords. Every single one that stabbed into his body, all of them were [S] ranked.

This!! Gil-Garna's eyes widened amongst the pain. [S] ranked weapons, each and every one of them was considered an extremely rare treasure. No matter where they appeared in the world they would create chaos of people wanting to possess them.

Even the Wyvern blade which was made of a Wyvern's fang in his possession and was comparable to [S] tier, was something he acquired after much difficulty.

It was common sense that a weapon as unique and rare as the [S] tier wouldn't appear often. Yet as if wanting to topple that understanding in its head, multiple high ranking weapons appeared on the demon.

What's more, he was even using them as sumptuously as if they were not any high ranking treasures but some vegetables you can just buy from the market.

How could one not be envious and baffled by this display? However, no matter how many times he questioned the event, the proof was right in front of him stabbing into his body.

BURST... BURST... BURST... as if saying that it was not the end, multiple more swords penetrated through the lava sphere surrounding him and came for his life.

Spatial Strength... relying on that illusory ability of his once again, Gil-Garna managed to somehow stop the attacks and move out of the way. However, the demon was already tracking every movement of his and ready with his next move by then.

"Tch, he realised"

The ogre king grit his teeth parrying all the attacks and magic thrown at him. Even though he was able to use Spatial Strength, it was not a complete mastery.

No matter how powerful and talented he was, in essence he was still level 799. He had yet to step into level 800. What he possessed could only be said to be Quasi Mastery. The ability to manipulate space... had it been the true mastery of Spatial Strength, the demon wouldn't have been able to break the space as easily.

Chapter 908- Surrender of the Ivory Terraquake Rhino and Emerald Viperlord.

The demon must have also realised this or perhaps was undaunted or uncaring about this fact, but he was pressing on with his attacks more fiercely.

"ARRRGHH!!" Gil-Garna roared in frustration. The limbs that he had regenerated with [Ultra High Regeneration], were cut off so fast that he was unable to keep up.

Finally, after a while, he was even running out of mana. He who could replenish his mana by drawing the natural mystical energy from the surrounding, was losing to someone who had to even reach level 700.

One could imagine how much Gil-Garna was being overwhelmed.

A Demon Noble who wasn't even a Demon Duke yet, fought opponents far more powerful than him by jumping across levels. Wouldn't he become more powerful if he was allowed to grow?

'No, this demon cannot be allowed to live'...

For the first time, Gil-Garna felt threatened by someone below his level who couldn't even be considered an ant from his view.

The lofty pedestal he was standing on was starting to crumble, falling apart from the fist of the demon who was only around level 600+. He had to kill this demon no matter what or else he will become a great threat in the future.

At this moment the thought of conquering the dungeon completely slipped away from his mind. All he cared about was killing the demon.

Yverza and Shasurna watching the battle from the distance, grit their teeth in defeat and unresignation. The battle between the demon and the ogre king had reached a level where even they couldn't intervene.

Victory or defeat would be revealed soon.

BANG...

That moment came much sooner than expected. Gil-Garna who was annoyed by the constant barrage of attacks slowly draining him, decided to stake it all with his final and most powerful move.

The skill no being below level 800 could survive. Bending space, he opened a large distance between them and started conjuring his ultimate attack.

[Violet Resurgence] The violet horn on his head started shining with a glaring light. [Great Volcanic Eruption] His Mutated Magic erupted.

In front of the might of his skill, the world around him was quickly dyed in a violet and crimson light. Even the false sky above became distorted by the vast amount of mana surging from the attack.

Facing him Simon realised his opponent's intention and started preparing for his own big move.

The MK3 Armor and several augmentation skills and Ancestral Symbols allowed him to fight opponents by jumping across levels but it also imposed an unimaginable level of physical burden on his body.

Just the Ancestral Symbol alone causes a pain akin to one's muscles and nerves tearing, what would happen now that he superimposed it with other augmentation skills and even used MK3 armor on top of that?

The backlash would be outlandish and he wasn't sure that he would be able to stay standing after that. Which is why, he must finish this battle fast.

The opponent's decision also aligned with him. This move will decide it all.

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In the distance, Gil-Garna was almost done conjuring his attack. The air around him crackled with an intense heat, the ground beneath his feet melting into bubbling pools of magma.

The lava spiralled upwards intertwining with the energy emanating from his horn, forming a colossal vortex of fiery destruction.

"Lava Sun" the ogre king shouted and everything around the floor was covered in its brilliance.

"Dark Magic Mastery" At the same instant just as the enormous boiling lava sun was about to devour Simon, his lips moved and a stream of dark black energy exuded out of him.

[Quantum Blade Forge]... a blade began to form, drawing all the energy from the MK3 core. When combined with the Dark magic, a pitch black blade so dark that it seemed to be capable of even devouring light, manifested in the world for an instant.

SLASH... Simon slashed forward... and the next second the scene changed.

There was no ground shaking, earth-shattering clash. The black blade, as if meeting no resistance, easily cut through the lava sun.

The incandescent sphere was split cleanly, the dark magic devouring its power. The clash was over before it could even begin, the overwhelming heat and radiance of the lava sun swallowed by the dark abyss of Simon's blade.

The 90th floor stood in silence, everyone whether they be from the enemy faction or the ones watching the battle from the [Main Floor], all were frozen still.

Gil-Garna stood wide eyed at the utterly unbelievable thing that just happened. The world seemed to slow as he registered the impossibility of the event.

Where was the lava sun? What was that black blade? Everything seemed inconceivable. That black blade cut through his magic in an instant and devoured it.

Pffttt... a mouthful of blood spewed out of his mouth and he gazed down at his chest. He felt a sharp, burning pain from there.

Sure enough, there was a big gash cutting him diagonally from his shoulder to his stomach. The wound was deep, and the blood that oozed out was black as night.

The dark energy from the black blade had not only cut through his physical form but also attacked his very essence. AH!! At that moment, he realised that he had lost the battle.

Gil-Garna staggered and fell on the ground and with that, the battle also came to a close. Of course, not all of it.

As he stood tall, Simon glared at the two standing kings with his cold unyielding eyes. The black blade had already disappeared; however, the aura around him had become even more darker and oppressive.

Facing that kind of bloodlust and evil head on, the two kinds no longer dared to resist. They immediately surrendered and fell on their knees so as to save their lives.

WOOOAAHHHH!! Seeing this scene, the crowd reacted in two ways. One side, the three tribe alliance were devastated and coping up with the loss while the other side, the inhabitants of the dungeon, rejoiced at the victory of their master...

Chapter 909- Surrender of the Ivory Terraquake Rhino and Emerald Viperlord (2)

The air was filled with mixed emotions, the atmosphere heavy with tension and relief.

The victory of Simon changed the course of life for the three tribes completely. The dungeon's inhabitants cheered, their voices echoing through the cavernous hallways, celebrating their master's triumph.

"Please don't kill me, I surrender" Yverza's voice trembled, his eyes wide with fear as he threw himself to the ground.

The powerful Ivory Terraquake Rhino, once a towering symbol of strength and pride, now grovelled in the dirt, begging for mercy.

"That's right, I was a fool to attack your dungeon. I am willing to give you everything, please just spare my life. If you want, I am even willing to pledge loyalty to you" Shasurna added, his serpentine form coiled in submission.

With the defeat of the Ogre King and realising that they were never the demon's match to begin with, they fell on their knees and started begging for their lives.

The two kings, who had entered the dungeon with an air of invincibility and arrogance, had shed all dignity and pompousness they arrived with.

In the presence of absolute strength, they instantly fell on their knees and changed sides just to save their lives.

Looking at them now, no one would have believed that they were two of the seven kings who had ruled in the Ghastly Winding Forest for hundreds of years, becoming legendary existences in the hearts and myths of the people around.

"What are you going to do with them?"

Melinda asked. Although she knew her master the demon had his own ambition, she didn't know what it was and could never guess the agreement between him and the Ancient Titan Treant.

Standing tall and without any weakness, Simon looked down at the grovelling kings with a mix of disdain and amusement. After some silence to let their defeat and fallen pride to sink in, he opened his mouth.

"Your loyalty?" his voice cold, eyes narrowed "Do you think pledging your loyalty now, after you've been defeated, holds any value?"

The two kings trembled, their eyes darting nervously. They knew they had no leverage, no bargaining power. They who were the defeated dogs had no right to even bark.

As bitter as the realisation was, it was a pill that they had to swallow.

"We...we can still be useful to you, our knowledge of the Forest, our armies—everything can be yours. We just...we just want to live."

"Useful..." Simon repeated, his voice dripping with contempt.

"You seem to be mistaken, now that you have lost, your treasures, army, territory, everything is mine. Hmph, you speak of usefulness now, when you've lost everything. Pathetic."

Simon did not hesitate to tear their pride into pieces and let them know their place. Everything that belonged to the loser, was the trophy of the victor.

A dog eat dog rule that forged the person he was right now. In an environment like the Ghastly Winding Forest and the demon society where if you show even the slightest weakness, you become the prey and pawn of someone higher than you.

Raised in such an environment where you either die and lose everything or fight and win big,

Simon wasn't going to go fall for such tactless pedge. His eyes flicked to the gathered inhabitants of the dungeon, their faces alight with admiration and loyalty.

None of them questioned his power or ruling for he is the absolute existence in this dungeon and the lord and benefactor.

"Very well," That said, there was a reason why he manipulated the event to this point. Simon never believed that the seven kings would be truly loyal to him. However, due to the agreement he made with Aldebaran, he needed to subdue them.

"I will spare your lives. But know this: your loyalty is not freely given. It will be bought with blood and servitude. To ensure your obedience, I offer you a Blood Soul Contract."

A contract with the demon, the Ivory Terraquake Rhino and Emerald Viperlord's eyes widened in horror. It was said that those bound by such a contract would have their very essence controlled by the master, able to manipulate their minds and actions to some extent.

Although they didn't know what a Blood Soul contract was, it didn't need a genius to understand that it was something evil.

A pact of high order that would forever bind their lives and souls with the demon. The latter would be able to control their life and death.

Seeing the extended hand before them, they truly saw the demon incarnate. With his mouth twisted in a wicked grin, the blood red eyes that seemed to be taking pleasure in their misfortune and their overwhelming presence.

"Decide"...

Dark energy released from his palm and began to swirl and coalesce into a pulsating, crimson orb.

"Place your hands on the orb and forge a Blood Soul contract with me. Reject it and you will face a fate worse than death" Simon commanded.

The two kings shuddered, realising their fate. Wanted as they much to change the course of their past, what transpired had already transpired.

They had attacked the dungeon and lost. The outcome cannot be changed no matter how much they regret it now.

Yverza and Shaurna after hesitating for a while, extended their hands and placed them on the crimson orb.

FLASH... As soon as the contact occurred, the orb flared brightly, tendrils of energy wrapped around their arms and sunk into their flesh. The pain was excruciating, like molten iron searing their veins, but they gritted their teeth and endured it.

The contract was forged, binding their souls to the demon's will.

"Your lives are mine to command, your souls are mine to control. Obey, and you shall live. Defy me, and you shall suffer."

The words seemed to vibrate in the air, seeping into the very fabric of their beings. The orb pulsed one final time, leaving a faint, glowing mark on their forearms—a symbol of their subjugation.

Yverza and Shasurna bowed their heads, their fate sealed.

Chapter 910- Gil-Garna Captured, the Black Ogre Clan Admits Defeat.

Simon smiled, a cruel, satisfied expression on his face.

"Now, you belong to me. Your strength, your knowledge, your very existence—everything you are will serve my purpose. Remember, I can feel your thoughts, and control your actions if necessary. Betrayal is not an option."

The two kings nodded their heads weakly. They were kings no more, just pawns in the demon's grand scheme.

"Good, now organise your clans. From this point on there is much to be done, you guys sure made a mess inside my dungeon. I will give you your first orders, and I expect you to fulfil your roles without fail"

"If you want to achieve success beyond your wildest imagination or fall into darkness, the choice is yours"

Leaving behind his command for the two kings, Simon turned his attention towards the one fallen on the ground.

The ogre king who was still alive but had lost consciousness.

"Capture him and throw him into the prison. The black ogre clan are also to be imprisoned".

Their king and many of the high ranking warriors defeated and with the other two tribes changing sides, the black ogre tribe had no choice but to follow the strong.

Orc army came forward and handcuffed the remaining ogres. These special handcuffs which were one of the many loots of the Forbidden Grounds, could suppress one's powers and restrict them from using skills and abilities.

Even the Black ogre clan who were proud of their strength, could not break the handcuffs. Of course, the high ranking members were detained inside special formations and taken to the prison below the training grounds.

Having finished everything that he needed to do here, Simon did not remain on the floor and teleported away.

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Inside the main hall of the white palace, Simon was given a warm and respectful welcome as he entered through the door.

Everyone was abuzz as they held the strong and oppressed figure who had just wiped the ground with his opponent in the battle. They had all witnessed the scene happening on the 90th floor from here and were in awe at his powers.

Their trust which was already bordering blind faith, became even more solidified after today's event.

Although they knew their master was strong and he had repeatedly fended off invaders in the many years they had taken residence in the dungeon, this was the first time they actually saw him in action.

His unwavering confidence, cunningness and strength was etched in their eyes. He who was their lord, master and benefactor was akin to a big tree that shielded them from all the storms and harm.

It was only due to his existence that they were able to take shelter underneath his shadow. Simon nodded and smiled at the crowd.

After discussing their next set of actions, he dismissed the crowd, watching them file out of the hall with a sense of grim satisfaction.

The moment the last person left and the heavy doors closed behind them, the facade crumbled. Simon groaned, his body sagging against the wall for support.

The repercussions of superimposing so many powerful skills at once and pushing his body to its absolute limits had finally caught up with him. Pain radiated through his muscles and bones, a drops of sweat poured down his face, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

He knew the backlash would be severe, far worse than anything he had experienced before. He wasn't sure he could handle it without external aid.

"I need to move to the Pond of Serenity"

As such, he quickly tried to move to the pond of serenity. Summoning every ounce of willpower, Simon forced himself to move.

Each step was a battle, the pain intensifying with every movement. His vision blurred, and black spots danced before his eyes. Due to suppressing the repercussions for too long, the fallout was much stronger than he expected.

His body was tearing itself apart from the inside, muscles and nerves screaming in protest. The hallway seemed to stretch on forever. Still, through sheer determination, he refused to fall.

He used his hands and brushed against the cool stone walls, using them as a guide as he dragged his body forward.

Slowly, he made his way over to the pondside.

'Just a little more' asking his body to hang in there, he took another step forward when his body reached its absolute limit. Excruciating pain that was difficult to even imagine ran through his body and he lost his footing.

Just as his body was about to fall, a fair hand supported him from the front, stopping that prideful body from falling. A beautiful scent drifted in the air soothing and invigorating one's soul.

"You're pushing yourself too hard".

He did not need to question as to who the speaker was. Even without his eyes, he could tell it was Irene. Her presence was both cold and tender.

"It was... necessary"

Simon spoke standing straight. Gathering all his strength once again, he willed his body forward.

"I don't understand. Does appearing unbeatable and invincible really that important to you?"

She was a woman and from her view, it was an extremely foolish move. Fighting all three tribe leaders was one thing but not even using the Fingers of Ozymandias and only relying upon one's abilities.

To top it off, he also suppressed his injuries and backlash from all of them... Was maintaining his pride that important to him?

Simon did not answer and limped closer to the pond. He was about to immerse his body in the pond when he turned around and spoke.

"It's not just that, the forest spring spirit, the inhabitants of the dungeon needed a symbol, a symbol of strength that they can believe in, a symbol that will never fall no matter what. I wanted everyone to give that kind of assurance..."

"But more so than that, I wanted to assure myself that I am capable of leading them. Call me petty or selfish, but I wanted to prove myself"

Even if it meant pushing his body to its very limits.