

After Ten Millennia in Hell

#Chapter 1 - The Lord of the Nine Hells Returns to Earth (1) - Read After Ten Millennia in Hell Chapter 1 - The Lord of the Nine Hells Returns to Earth (1)

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The Ninth Hell was said to be a place where only the strongest demons were gathered. Undying flames covered the distorted landscape under a blood-red sky. There, demons battled against each other for all eternity. They weren't fighting to see who was the strongest; all of the battles over the last ten millennia had already made that clear.

The demon king, who was considered the pinnacle of all evil, lived in an out-of-place castle in the desolate land at the heart of the Ninth Hell. He had managed to unify Hell, which had been divided into seven factions.

A young man with black hair sat on a giant white throne made with the bones of the seven princes of Hell. Although he was sitting there with his eyes closed, a breathtakingly strong demonic energy emanated from him, terrifying the thousands of demons kneeling on one knee in front of him.

One of the kneeling demons got up and walked slowly toward the throne. He was a demon over five meters tall. The demon had skin covered in red fur, a muscular body as sturdy as stone, horns resembling those of a goat on his forehead, sharp and protruding molars, and giant bat wings on his back.

He, who had the typical appearance of a demon, kneeled before the demon king and said, "My king..."

His name was Balrog. Despite being unmatched in the Nine Hells except against the seven princes, he called out to the young man in fear. It was bizarre to see Balrog, who was a monster in appearance, so afraid of someone who looked like a human being, but every single kneeling demon perfectly understood his fear.

The demon king had been an insignificant human when he fell into Hell ten millennia ago, but he had used his Authority of Predation to devour other demons.

After ten millennia, the human, who had grown by eating demons from the First to the Ninth Hell, became the lord of Hell. Hundreds of thousands of demons were eaten by his Authority. In the end, even the seven princes of Hell, who had been incapable of killing one another because they had each been too powerful, kneeled before him.

So, it was understandable that even the fearless Balrog would fear the pinnacle of all evil, the monster who had devoured countless demons of the Nine Hells.

"Why are you trying to go back? You already have everything that you could possibly desire here in Hell," Balrog asked while trembling in fear.

The young man slowly opened his eyes, and even stronger demonic energy surged from him.

"I have everything? Like what?"

"..."

Oh Kang-Woo's voice echoed from his figure on the throne as his face distorted in rage.

"There's nothing for me to have here. Enlighten me on what exactly there is here for me to have."

One could hear the clear depression in his voice.

"There's nothing to eat, and there's no form of entertainment. I'm not sure what this damn place has that makes you say I have everything."

There was nothing but a desolate landscape, a red sky, and undying flames in these nine Hells.

Balrog's eyes widened as he asked, "Were you hungry? I just recently obtained food worthy of my king. Guys! Bring that out!"

"Yes, sir!"

A group of demons brought out a giant plate at Balrog's command. On it was the head of a demon that was spouting out blood.

"We recently defeated Focalor, the one leading the largest remnant force of the seven princes. My king, although this may not satisfy you since you have already devoured countless demons, please accept this offering from your loyal underling!"

Kang-Woo scowled at Focalor's grotesque head, saying, "I don't need it, dumbass."

Shatter!

He threw the plate containing Focalor's head to the ground and stomped his feet hard on the floor with his fists clenched.

"I don't want to eat something so grotesque and tasteless! I... I...!"

Kang-Woo's fists trembled.

He then said desperately, "Kimchi stew... I want to eat Kimchi stew."

"Kimchi stew!"

"The ultimate food that the Emperor of Predation desires!"

"A food full of blood and meat!"

"No... No, you idiots!" Kang-Woo cried out while clenching his fists.

Although meat was an ingredient of kimchi stew, it probably wasn't anything close to what the demons were imagining.

Balrog looked at Kang-Woo with eyes blazing with loyalty. "Which being's head is it made of? Or maybe an organ? Please just say the word, and I will tear anyone and anything apart and offer it to my king."

"Kimchi stew isn't that kind of food..." Kang-Woo expressed while suppressing his frustration. They were driving him to the edge of madness.

Explaining what food was to a demon didn't make sense from the beginning. After all, food for demons was nothing more than the right they held over the loser if they won a battle.

"And there's no entertainment...? It seems that you have gotten bored of slaughter after killing the seven princes."

"As expected of the demon king..."

"The Emperor of Blood and Slaughter!"

"I was talking about manhwas and novels," Kang-Woo stated.

Balrog slammed his fists on the floor in anger with himself, crushing the castle's floor. "I cannot satisfy your demands because of my weakness... So, please, kill me...!!"

"Please, listen to what I'm saying." Kang-Woo sat back on the throne in exasperation. "If there was at least a woman..."

"Oh? But if we're talking about women, you have me, Lilith."

"Lilith!"

"The succubus queen!"

"The most beautiful woman in Hell!"

One of the kneeling demons approached Kang-Woo.

"Is my affection not enough for you, my king?" Lilith asked seductively as she caressed Kang-Woo's arm with dozens of her tentacles.

The eighteen eyes covering her entire face radiated a mellow atmosphere.

"..."

Eighteen eyes, dozens of squirming tentacles coming out from all over her body, and a snake tongue... Kang-Woo laid his hand on his forehead as if he was getting a headache from looking at Lilith, who was considered the most beautiful woman in Hell.

"Why... Why does a succubus look like... Just why..." Kang-Woo muttered.

The succubi that lived by absorbing a male's sexual energy had been far from the beautiful women that Kang-Woo had known them to be. From his point of view, Lilith looked more grotesque than Balrog. It wasn't just Lilith; the rest of the succubi also looked like her.

"I will come join you in your chambers tonight."

"No... Please don't."

"Oh, my. Fufu. Don't be so embarrassed. How could you call yourself the lord of the Nine Hells like that?"

"You'd better not come..."

"My, how cute. Fufu, you don't need to be so embarrassed. I, Lilith, will forever serve you by your side."

"Please, just leave me alone..."

Kang-Woo hung his head forward and covered his face with his hands. He wasn't the kind of person to judge people based on their appearance, nor did he believe that appearance was an important factor in love. Still...

'This is too much.'

This wasn't a matter of whether she was pretty or ugly; her appearance just didn't fit human aesthetic standards.

"Earth..." Kang-Woo muttered while clenching his fists in desperation. "I must return to Earth..."

His subordinates could not change his mind. It actually only made his decision firmer.

'I'm going back.'

A few days ago, Kang-Woo managed to devour Bael, the last remaining prince of Hell standing against him. With that, Kang-Woo managed to become the demon king.

All the preparations were now complete. It was time for him to be rewarded for his ten millennia of suffering.