

Descent 1531

[Chapter 1531 A Mistake?](#)

Leonel was in a state of unprecedented focus. There was no doubt that the Void Star Force came toward him at a much slower pace than the others had. His affinity with Water Force wasn't high enough to control a True State Water Force as easily as he could Dream Force or Scarlet Star Force.

In addition, when he had first formed his connection with Vital Star Force, he had been within a trial where it was quite literally the only Force around, making it far easier.

Still, while the task was slow, it wasn't impossible. It was only about 1% as fast as the formation of his other Stars, but this 1% shouldn't be underestimated. In fact, this 1% was enough for the foundation of the estate to still continue to tremble.

Leonel was able to make up with his own weaknesses with his comprehension of the Visualization that formed the core of the Fifth Dimensional layer of [Dimensional Cleanse]. By this point, he had comprehended it to the point that he could also pass it down to others without restriction.

With this comprehension, the Force Art had practically become his own, dancing and shifting to the whims of his palms as he pleased and bringing forth the Force he asked for obediently.

If it wasn't for the fact that Leonel was trying to form two Stars at once, this level of comprehension would have been enough to net him at least 10% of his maximum speed. But at this point, this no longer mattered, he had already chosen his path.

Void Star Force radiated out in the surrounding, a dense and sticky darkness fighting for a balance with Leonel's Scarlet Star Force.

Leonel pressed the feeling down. It wasn't time for them to fight yet. Right now, he needed balance.

Two kernels formed in his Ethereal Glabella, his massive Mage Core twinkling as the leaves of Water Force reacted, beginning to slowly evolve beneath the stronger currents of Force.

The moment the kernels formed, Leonel knew he had already succeeded. These were likely the infant stages of a Star, so as long as he fueled them more, they would grow to the same size as the others. And, if he wasn't them to match his Scarlet Star Force Stars, he would need to comprehend their Void Runes.

But for now, Leonel only focused on enlarging them, and that he did.

With every revolution, his affinity grew and the speed increased.

In two days, he had already caught up by half, in five, it was already at 90%. By the end of the second week...

WENG!

A ripple shot out from Leonel, a balance becoming forcefully struck between his Stars. One side of his body rolled with a dark blue, the other dancing with a red gold. Like fire and water, they twisted around and rejected one another, fighting for supremacy.

At that moment, it was surprisingly Leonel's Mage Core that took center stage, shining a bright light that forced the two to calm, settling down into a calm rhythm.

Leonel's eyes snapped open, the almost 6000 Destruction Runes in his irises slowly fading, but not before they bore a hole in the wall opposite him, only to be stopped by a hidden protection.

Leonel's eyes didn't seem to reflect happiness in the slightest. In fact, his thoughts had already turned toward the Sixth Dimensional layer of [Dimensional Cleanse].

Half of his month-long deadline had already passed. He didn't have time to waste.

He could sense people rushing toward his room, having finally gotten a chance to burst through the barrier of Force, but he completely ignored them.

In fact...

Leonel's eyes flashed, a strong Earth Force surging toward him. In just a few seconds, the room around him had become nothing more than a box of metal, fusing the doorway and windows.

Leonel had gone from someone who could hardly move the Force in this world to suddenly being able to force such an exaggerated him.

'You all wait outside obediently while I break through.'

Leonel closed his eyes once more. The difficult work had already been done. With the foundation laid, breaking into the Sixth Dimension was as easy as flipping over a palm.

However, when Leonel finally took a look at the Sixth Dimensional layer, his brows jumped.

He stayed silent for a long time before his lips suddenly curled into a smile.

It seemed that he was correct. This [Dimensional Cleanse] technique... maybe its author really was right to brag so much in their introduction.

<Dimensional Cleanse Sixth Dimension – Star Manifestation>

**

Click.

Leonel walked out of his room, his expression calm and indifferent. However, the scenery he walked into was anything but.

The guest house he had been staying in was razed to the ground. In fact, the door he had just shut close behind him slowly fell backward, collapsing with a loud thud.

Before Leonel, several individuals stood, among which was Mistress Oliidark who's eyes were narrowed.

Right now, Leonel stood like a towering pillar. He wasn't actually so tall and he hadn't even grown a single inch, but something about his presence made him feel like a mountain that had just formed.

His pale violet hair and eyes glowed with their own light as though coated with a fluorescent pain, his aura was intoxicating and it seemed to make his features an entire level more attractive, and on top of that... His power...

'Sixth Star...' Mistress Oliidark thought. '... All of this commotion was caused by his breakthrough?'

She wasn't here to personally witness it. In fact, she had only just come back. But this scene was enough for her to understand.

According to reports, no one had been able to step foot within 50 meters of this place for the last two weeks.

For some reason, Mistress Oliidark felt a slight warning in her heart. Had she made a mistake?

Her fingers twitched, thinking of killing Leonel right here and now. But when she remembered the meeting she had just been to, she slowly pushed down her killing intent. She still needed him.

"Bow when you see the mistress!"

A booming voice cut through the silence, a wild pressure coming toward Leonel's head.

[Chapter 1532 To The Field](#)

The voice had quite some power to it. It was as powerful as it was shocking. It was clear that his individual was just as interested in shocking Leonel as he was in displaying his might, looking to do something to break Leonel's momentum.

There were several individuals startled by the change, many of whom were much further in the Sixth Star than Leonel himself. However, what no one could have expected was for Leonel to not react in the slightest. It was as though he hadn't heard the slightest thing. He might have even given a fly buzzing around him more attention than he gave this booming voice.

Leonel's mind had already been sharp before his breakthroughs, but now he was on a completely different level. Still, even if he hadn't had these breakthroughs, the momentum someone needed to gather up to shout so loudly was too obvious.

Leonel had already caught what would happen the moment this individual took a much deeper than usual breath. By the time they actually shouted, they might as well have been nothing more than a jumping clown.

In the past, Leonel didn't really care much about kneeling. He had grown up in an Empire that practically deified his grandfather and to him he never really attached any great importance to it. It was what everyone did and it didn't have the same weight of stigma attached to it that some parts of history would lead one to believe.

However, after his time in the Camelot Zone, he had grown a distaste for it. If the person you were kneeling to didn't have any foul intentions, doing so might still be fine. However, if the person you were kneeling for wanted to use it for no other purpose than stepping over your head, it was something that could easily infuriate Leonel.

Let alone the fact he wouldn't listen to a jumping clown like that one, even if no one had said anything he would never kneel to a person like Mistress Oliidark who clearly had no regard for him.

This little outburst, though, did give Leonel a hint of information, though.

He hadn't spent very long in the Oliidark estate, but he had run into several young men who seemed intent on observing him, especially during his hour in the library. These were all young men, all around the same age, and all of which held a certain standard of talent.

It wasn't too difficult to guess what they were doing here. It was like Mistress Oliidark had built up her own little army of live-in son-in-laws for her granddaughter to pick and choose from. Such a thing was one part amusing and another part infuriating.

The one who had spoken just now was the only one that Leonel had come across that had a presence similar to or more powerful than the young man that had been by Athrae's side that day.

He had already heard talks around of a Sebastian and Slaton many times already. So he assumed that this person was one of the two of them.

Still, Leonel found it funny. These two were supposedly the strongest, and yet they were also the most happy to wag their tails and please. It made Leonel wonder if it was really their talent that made them the strongest, or if it was their boot licking that just gained them far more resources than everyone else.

Of course, while he was insulting them, Leonel thought of another more sinister possibility, and that was that Mistress Oliidark had managed to tighten a much shorter leash on these two precisely because of their talent.

If that was the case, he needed to be wary of such methods.

"Do you all need something?" Leonel asked lightly.

His voice was like a light breeze that whisked away the echoes of Sebastian's voice. It was as though the shout itself never happened, but it was precisely this that made things so embarrassing for the latter.

"You..."

Sebastian's mouth snapped close the moment Mistress Oliidark raised a hand.

By this point, Leonel's lack of respect was grating on her nerves. She might be able to find the amusement in it when it was just the two of them, but when everyone was scrutinizing her like this, it made it ten times more infuriating than it should have been.

"You destroyed all of this?" Mistress Oliidark asked.

"You never provided me with a proper training room, what else could I destroy if not this?"

Rather than becoming more infuriated, Mistress Oliidark only became calmer.

"The expenses for this guest house and the surrounding damage will come directly from your merits. Until you gather enough to pay it back, the house will not give you any resources."

Mistress Oliidark expected Leonel to fly into a rage when he heard this, giving her an opportunity to suppress him further. But all she received in return was a curled lip.

Merits? Resources? After he had been through their library once, he already had all the information he needed. In fact, it wasn't just information about this that he had gathered.

After the breakthrough in his mind, Leonel believed that he had thought of a viable method to shatter the barriers of this Zone and catalyze their return home.

Of course, this would require resources that he apparently wouldn't be receiving anymore until he met some arbitrary goal he had no doubt Mistress Oliidark would inflate, but it wouldn't have been a good idea to gather said resources from this place to begin with. It would have been too suspicious.

The simple fact was that he didn't need anything this "house" could give him anymore that he wouldn't be able to get himself when they inevitably forced him to go demon hunting again.

In two more weeks, just like he said, he would leave this place.

Leonel's derisive smile and silence dug into Mistress Oliidark's nerves. However, she could only stare at him deeply before she spoke her next words.

"Everyone to the training field. Now."

[Chapter 1533 Statues](#)

It wasn't long until everyone had followed Mistress Oliidark, and when they heard what was said, their expressions formed various shades of excitement and anticipation.

According to Mistress Oliidark, she had just gone to a Gathering held by the Four Great Families. At this meeting, all Classified Families and Organizations were tasked with mandatory attendance to a second gathering, this one designed for what they called a "future investment".

Leonel had all the books of the Oliidark family in his mind, so he knew about the Four Great Families. The issue was that he didn't know anything else substantive about them. He read tales of their "feats" and "grandeur", and they were also apparently the final line of defense between the human world and the Chaos Demons, but that was all Leonel knew.

He didn't know the names of these Four Great Families, he didn't even know where they were located.

The same was the case for Mistress Oliidark as well. In truth, this "gathering" wasn't designed for everyone across the human world. It only encompassed this region, a region they called a Bubble.

As for why they called it a Bubble, it was because a Bubble wasn't decided by scope, size or even arbitrary distinctions or war like most territories were. Rather, a Bubble was a point where the Spatial Spheres of this world and the demon world met.

At every one of these points, a set of organizations and families were tasked with defending it in these positions that hung over abysses just like this city.

Depending on the contact point to the demon world, you could run into stronger or weaker demons. Likewise, just like demons, these regions were classified as Low Class, Middle Class, High Class, Human Class, Fiend Class and Chaos Class, labeling a Bubble by its threat level.

Though it was possible for a threat to appear that surpassed these threats, it wasn't too common. If such a thing ever happened, help could be called.

But it was much more likely for higher level Bubbles to request aid from lower level ones. This was what happened with Mistress Oliidark's husband and son-in-law, which left her to command the house on her own.

The Bubble that the Oliidark's defended in part was a lower end Middle Class Bubble. A Middle Class Demon would appear here once every few years and it would require Mistress Oliidark to deal with. If her husband was here, it would be his task normally.

Such battles were tough and arduous, not to mention life threatening. With what the Oliidark family had to go through, it was no wonder they were so obsessed with becoming more powerful through any means necessary.

Still, it was a bit odd to Leonel that the Oliidark family had so much trouble with heirs.

Their son-in-law was gone, but Leonel had never heard anything about Athrae's mother. Then there was the useless Athrae herself. And in this generation they had to recruit dozens of boys who clearly weren't of Oliidark blood to save them?

Something was definitely fishy, something that obviously wasn't described or detailed in their library. Leonel wasn't surprised though, why would leave such a secret in such an easily accessible place? Leonel could only shake his head, there was no use speculating.

The Four Great Families wanted to gather together the budding talents of each Class and give them an opportunity. What this opportunity was, no one quite knew. But what they did know was that the Oliidark family was given three quotas.

Mistress Oliidark wasted no time giving the first two to Sebastian and Slaton. That left just a single spot left for those that remained, a spot that she expected them all to fight for.

It was no wonder why they were all so excited. Beneath those two, the divisions of power beneath the Oliidark's family's potential son-in-laws were quite close. This meant that they all had an equal chance at claiming the final spot for themselves.

'Interesting...' Leonel thought to himself.

Originally, he wanted to just bide his time for the next week then find time to escape once he had solidified his standing. But this seemed like an interesting opportunity and it might help him gather what he needed to help everyone escape this Zone faster.

With that thought, Leonel had already decided that he would show however much strength he needed to claim this final spot for himself. Clearly, Mistress Oliidark already expected him to do so. If it wasn't for his rudeness, she might have directly given it to him to begin with.

"This battle will be a battle royale. Fights against demons will never be organized and when in their world you must always remain alert. Show me your awareness and resourcefulness.

"Clear the grounds!" She bellowed.

The elders, Mistress Oliidark, and the mischievous Athrae all moved back, giving the 20 or so young men who remained enough space to battle.

Just as she was about to signal the start, Sebastian suddenly spoke again.

"You had such a powerful breakthrough into the Sixth Star and you're equally as arrogant. I hope that you don't disappoint me."

Sebastian's words seemed like he was levying a challenge toward Leonel, but what he was really doing was reminding everyone of the forcefulness of Leonel's breakthrough.

At that moment, a realization came over the other young men. They had felt that their odds were relatively equal before, but remembering what had happened the last couple weeks, they felt that they had almost missed something huge.

Their greatest threat might very well be this young man they knew so little about.

On top of that, Mistress Oliidark had actually tolerated his disrespect and didn't say anything! With the Mistress' temper, they would have been skinned alive for less.

Suddenly, several intents locked onto Leonel.

Mistress Oliidark didn't say a word, but her gaze flickered with amusement. She still expected Leonel to win, but making him work harder wasn't a bad result either. He just might restrain himself a bit.

"Begin."

Her voice descended as she signaled the start of the battle. However, what they didn't notice until this moment was that Leonel's hands were still lazily in his pockets, a light smile on his face.

Even as a wave of young men suddenly surged toward him, he only lightly raised his foot and pressed it down.

At that moment, a wave of blue energy rippled out like a tsunami.

When it cleared, the only one who remained standing was Leonel.

Well, there were others standing as well...

About 20 ice statues worth.

[Chapter 1534 Bronze](#)

Leonel sat in silence, his legs crossed and his mind focused as though he relished in an awkward atmosphere.

Currently, the group was on the back of an enormous flying bird, likely the largest creature that Leonel had ever seen with a wingspan of at least 50 meters. There were three boxes strapped to the back of this bird in a line down its spine and one of these boxes was shared by Leonel, Slaton and Sebastian.

Of his interactions with these people, all of them had been hostile.

First he had a clash with Slaton about the unicorn demon corpse. And then there was the clash with Sebastian twice regarding things that were quite frankly small matters in Leonel's eyes.

Slaton was an odd one. He continued to smile and hum as though nothing at all had happened. He had even pleasantly chatted with Leonel earlier as though he couldn't remember a thing. Though, to his surprise, Leonel seemed able to smile and talk as though nothing at all had happened as well, something that was quite rare among youths his age that he had met.

The one who was truly making the atmosphere "awkward" was Sebastian whose temper was nowhere near as amiable. He seemed to want to swallow Leonel alive, but unfortunately there wasn't much he could do at all.

If he kill Leonel, he wouldn't just be fulfilling his wish, but he would be offending Mistress Oliidark. If the Oliidark family showed up without three seeds, what would the people say? The prestige of a family was far too important, it saved them from a lot of the infighting that might happen.

Even if those that challenged you were ants and easily dealt with, if you constantly had to deal with such things again and again and again, then it would eventually wear down your resources as a family.

As such, prestige and looking impregnable, at least from the outside, was very important. It saved the family experts, resources and time. This way, you could put everything toward the real threats.

Sebastian was an obedient dog of the Oliidark's, how could he not place their wellbeing first?

Right this moment, though, Leonel didn't care much about Sebastian's state of might. He was more so thinking about the size of this bird. Just how could such a large creature exist?

There were too many secrets about this world that he still didn't understand. He had been in a Mythological Zone before, and though it took some liberties with the creation of its own version of the demon race, it was nothing like this.

Of course, the Camelot Zone had been much lower class and level, but Leonel wasn't sure if this was enough to explain things.

He had met Sixth Dimensional creatures before, he had even fought them. They were still the size of normal animals, give or two a few meters. But dozens of meters like this? That was too exaggerated.

"Leonel, if you don't mind me asking, what's your Force Star?" Slaton's eyes shone as he looked toward Leonel. "Mine is related to Water Force as well so we're somewhat destined in that regard. My Force Star is the Sacred Water Star."

Force Star was the term people in this world used to refer to their affinities. Usually, if they had a strong affinity for an element, it would be born within their Stars at birth, thus the reason for the name.

The Sacred Water Star, or rather Sacred Water Force, was a Water and Light Force fusion. It wasn't a True State Force, but it couldn't be considered bad as well.

It was ranked about similarly to the Luxnix family's Snow Force on the Light Force rankings, and on the Water Force rankings, it was ranked around the 60's to 70's. It was quite good, but nowhere near the best.

Leonel smiled. If he were to tell the truth, he would say Void Star Force, but he obviously couldn't do that. Of course, this wouldn't exactly be the truth either since he had forced this Force Star into existence.

Instead, Leonel replied: "Dark Ice."

Slaton's brows jumped, this wasn't because Leonel's Force Star was powerful, but rather because it was the direct opposite. Dark Ice Force combined Water Force and Dark Force, which was nice. But it was nowhere near top 100 in Dark Forces and it didn't crack the top 100 in Water Force either.

This made sense, of course. The Dark Ice Ore that Leonel used to form the foundation for this was a Fifth Dimensional Ore, it was only made somewhat more powerful by Leonel fusing it with Evolution Ores.

Since it could naturally exist in a Fifth Dimensional State, its power was definitely lacking.

This was why Slaton was so shocked. How could such a low level Force possibly create such a strong effect? Slaton couldn't help but inwardly narrow his eyes. Was Leonel lying to him? Or was he telling the truth and had other secrets?

Sebastian snorted at that moment, clearly taking the opportunity to look down on Leonel. Even if he had thought of what Slaton had, so what? It made him feel better to do things like this.

What these two didn't know was that any Force in a large enough quantity and concentration could have miraculous effects. Under the boost given to his Water Force affinity by his two newly formed Stars, the amount of Dark Ice Force Leonel could use was astronomical. Weak or not, when it was concentrated to a point, even a powerful enemy would suffer.

At that moment, the three felt the bird descending with great speed. Just minutes later, it touched the ground, jolting the box carriage they sat in.

By a tacit agreement, the three stood all at once, stepping out to be hit with a wall of noise. All sorts of creatures and people could be found around, each seemingly from another Middle Class power and many with strengths that made even Sebastian's brow furrow.

Up ahead, there was a city with enormous bronze walls that towered hundreds of meters into the sky. It almost felt as though a giant had dropped a brass ring into an ant colony, and now they were all forced to look up at it in awe.

There was no doubt that this was their destination, the location even a bird with a 50 meter wingspan hadn't dared fly into.

[Chapter 1535 Fardan](#)

Leonel's eyes sparkled. The last time he had felt this level of awe was when he faced the gates of the Void Palace. Though, he could only remember feeling it four times in his lifetime.

The first time was when he faced the walls of Valiant City. The second time was when he saw the Capital of Earth. The third time was when he laid eyes on the Vital Star of the [Dimensional Cleanse] trial. And the final was, of course, when he saw the Void Palace.

Leonel had seen a lot by now and it took greater and greater feats to shock him, but this definitely met the necessary criteria.

"Maltalia? Hoho, I didn't expect that your Oliidark family would actually show its face."

A chuckling hoarse feminine voice caught Leonel's attention, but he didn't bother to look over. It was clear that this person had ill-will for the Oliidark family, or maybe there was a rivalry of sorts, but Leonel didn't care about the face or prestige of the Oliidark family, and he certainly wouldn't be stepping in to help them protect it.

Regardless of Leonel's reaction, though, an older woman sauntered over, wearing a dress that was maybe much too... modern for her age. It clung to her chest, hips and waist, leading down to a slit that revealed her right leg and the tall heels she was wearing.

Though, despite the fact her style of dress didn't quite match her age, one had to admit that she was still quite the beauty all things considered. Despite the clearly venomous words she was speaking, her smile was still elegant and refined as three youths followed to her back.

While Leonel didn't pay much attention to the interaction, he did take a look at where they had come from. However when he didn't find anything of interest outside of another oversized beast, he turned back. If it wasn't for the fact he needed to be registered with the Oliidark family, he would have long since left.

Mistress Oliidark, or rather, Maltalia, turned an indifferent gaze over. However, her granddaughter was just as disappointing as usual. Unable to hide her emotions, Athrae couldn't help but snarl when she saw who was coming over, her every reaction being written on her sleeve.

The truth was that the departure of her grandfather and father was related to these people. While fighting against the demons was a burden everyone shared, it was just the nature of humans to look out for their own interests first.

They had their own families to protect, their own lands, their own resources. They wouldn't easily leave their territory unless they were forced to.

Such a thing was usually decided on a rotation or by a lottery where the winner was actually the loser. In addition to this, there were, of course, some placements that were better than others.

Years ago, it was under the machination of this Fardan family that the two pillars of the Oliidark family were shipped away to a High Class Bubble that was being overrun. Since then, they hadn't been heard from. The interference between clashing points in space and Bubbles made it difficult to communicate over long distances, especially when it was a separation between a large divide like Middle and High Class.

The only family that didn't seem to have any limits on their communication at all were the Four Great Families.

Qivyre Fardan chuckled when she saw Athrae's reaction, a girl to her back looking toward the useless heiress with a look of clear derision. Words probably couldn't explain how much she looked down upon this flower in a vase.

"We don't welcome you here, you may leave."

Mistress Oliidark had, at first, planned to display nonchalance and indifference, but her granddaughter's reaction made keeping that façade difficult. As such, she could only calmly say these words. However, it was as though Mistress Fardan hadn't heard them at all.

"Maltalia, I see you've come within quite a few weeks. I assume that your precious granddaughter is participating?"

Athrae's expression wavered with some apprehension. Not only did she know that the answer was no, but she actually showed a hint of fear at the prospect. It was hard to imagine that there could be a woman more useless.

"Who is participating for my Oliidark family has nothing to do with you."

Mistress Oliidark was beginning to lose her patience, but Mistress Fardan only continued to laugh lightly.

"So these boys? I remember that your family's men didn't have strong seeds so they could only birth weak women, so these must be the new recruits you've scrounged up? A few more impotent orphans to birth more weak women for your family? How long do you think that cycle can continue?"

Mistress Oliidark's expression darkened.

Sebastian looked as though his head was about to fly from his shoulders when he heard this, but Slaton continued to smile without a word. He didn't seem to be capable of reacting with anything else.

At that moment, Leonel yawned.

"Are we going to stand here all day? This conversation is boring."

For maybe the first time, Mistress Oliidark felt grateful for words Leonel had spoken.

"Boring, indeed," she said lightly. "You three enter the city now, the hopes of the Oliidark family will be on your shoulders."

Qivyre seemed to finally shift from her baseline, her gaze shifting toward Leonel. But he never looked at her from start to finish.

The young heiress of the Fardan family, Valra, narrowed her eyes when she looked at Leonel, but by that point, he and the others were already moving toward the city. At the same time, Mistress Oliidark, her granddaughter and the elders had already eagerly returned to the large bird, prepared to leave for a new destination.

"Valra."

"Yes, grandmother!"

"Kill the three of them when there's an opportunity. You two, support her."

"Yes, Mistress!"

Qivyre's eyes narrowed. There was something odd about that boy. It was best to kill him while he was still in the beginning stages of the Sixth Star. As for the other two, the hate between the Fardan and Oliidarks was already irreconcilable. It was best to cripple their next generation entirely.

[Chapter 1536 Shock And Silence](#)

The inside of the city was unlike what Leonel had expected. Or, it was more accurate to say that this so-called gathering was completely unlike what he expected.

He could sense several Force Arts in the surroundings designed purely for monitoring. This meant that they were being watched from all sides. Leonel concluded that since Mistress Oliidark and the others hadn't followed them into the city, they were using this method instead to check for progress.

Leonel had expected a tournament of some sort, but what he got instead was probably akin to hell on earth.

When they entered the city, they found themselves enveloped by a bubble of energy. All around them was what looked like a normal city with stores, residences and even sky rises. However, the issue was that all of these things were surrounded by demons.

Every group that entered the city was given a protective bubble of energy and could only watch in horror as large numbers of demons tried to scratch and claw at them, only to fail. It suddenly became very obvious that this protective bubble and the tall city walls didn't exist to protect those from the outside from coming in. Rather, it was the exact opposite. They were designed to keep these demons in.

In fact, when Leonel turned back, he couldn't even see the city walls any longer. Just like when he had entered the demon world, it was as though he had entered an all new space completely separate from the outside world.

At that moment, an automated message played in Leonel's mind explaining the proceedings. Then, with an unceremonious POP! his energy bubble vanished and he was dropped into a sea of demons.

Leonel raised an eyebrow as several demons swept at him. They were clearly only Low Class Demons and didn't pose much of a threat to him, but there were several others around Leonel who were instantly overwhelmed, being unceremoniously shredded to pieces.

Leonel dodged out of the way of a claw and stepped forward at the same time. His arm shot forward parallel to the arm of a wolf man demon and his fingers tapped its forehead.

In one moment, the wolf man was just fine, but in the next, its head was shredded to pieces. It was as though Leonel didn't need to try to kill Low Class demons in the slightest.

The strongest demon Leonel had faced until this point was the unicorn demon and it was a middle Low Class Demon. Back then, he had been forced to use 30% of strength. And, against the lower Low Class Demons, he probably had to use 10%.

Now, against the lower Low Class Demon, he didn't even have to bring out his spear, let alone use so much strength.

According to the voice that Leonel had just heard, the city was actually divided into Bubble Classes. Because they were Middle Class participants, they were directly transported to the Middle Class region.

This city was filled with nothing but participants and demons were their currency. Only by killing demons could they buy safety, rest, food and resources. In addition, if they performed extremely well, rather than just making enough to survive until the time period, they could exchange exactly this "currency" they had made for special prizes that would bolster their strength.

The names of the participants would be ranked on a leaderboard and the cities with the best performing triplet teams would gain prizes directly from the Four Great Families. These were the rewards the cities and the families that controlled them were most looking forward to.

These prizes would include relief from the Great Families, immunity from lottery draws to be drafted to needed areas, and a larger quota of resources for the next coming years.

It was the first time that the Four Great Families were doing such a thing, but even if it was the first time, it made those hopefuls no less wanting.

It was no wonder Mistress Oliidark was willing to swallow her grievances and put forward the best candidates. If she could bring her husband and son-in-law back home, then suffering a small bit of disrespect from Leonel wasn't a big deal at all.

Leonel's eyes glowed. As expected, this was a great opportunity.

The prizes the cities would get weren't intriguing to him. After all, they were designed to only be useful to large powers to begin with.

The prizes that he could earn himself by using and spending his Demon Points was a different matter entirely.

Leonel completely ignored Slaton and Sebastian, not even trying to team up with them like the other groups had. He had no interest in such things, they would only drag him down. In addition, there was very clearly a hidden rule here that most would be eyeing.

Killing demons would get your Demon Points... But so would killing those with the Demon Points to begin with.

Leonel had no way of knowing what Mistress Oliidark had secretly whispered into their ears, but he had no plans to give his back to these people to protect. Leonel didn't believe for an instant that Mistress Oliidark had left him in the dark about the rules by accident.

Leonel's Absolute Spear Domain flourished to life, shredding apart every demon that stepped without five meters of him. His pace of killing was mind numbing. In just a few seconds, he had already left those that had spawned with him in the dust.

There was something else about these rules that greatly intrigued Leonel as his ranking quickly shot up.

It emphasized that he had been spawned into the Middle Class region. Did that mean that there was a chance to exchange his Demon Points to enter a higher region? And if there was, he had a feeling that there would be even better prizes to exchange for there...

...

In a location high in the sky, floating in a cloud above, a gathering of elders, family heads and organization heads came together. Several leaderboards could be seen and various groups found their own and intently focused on it.

On the side, several screens of live action played, but they mostly focused on high rankers or interesting life and death situations.

When the new arrivals came, without pause, they all moved forward to greet the same man sitting high on a throne.

He had a head of vibrant blue hair and just as blue eyes, his aura wafting outward in suffocating waves. Everything about his air screams majestic and mighty, not to mention impregnable.

Mistress Oliidark bowed lowly and paid her respects. After a few seconds she raised her head and turned away. The man never acknowledged any of them, but this was already to be expected.

What wasn't expected, though, was that if Leonel was here he would have been shocked and silent. His mind would spin, unable to quite compute what he was seeing.

Whether it was the hair, the eyes, even down the exact aura, this man was a perfect replica. It was impossible for it to be a coincidence. But the question was...

What was a member of the Adurna family of Earth doing in a Mythological Zone like this?

[Chapter 1537 Next Victim](#)

There were over 30 000 participants in the Middle Class Sector from over 10 000 cities, families and organizations. Maybe it was because the Great Families didn't care for the lower classes all that much or maybe they just couldn't be bothered to care about perfect fairness, but Leonel and the others had only entered after already about 80% of the coming participants had done so.

Even so, in just a few seconds, Leonel leapt through thousands of ranks from lower than 32 000, all the way up to 19 000. He wasn't the first to have such an enormous leap among the Middle Classes, but this was still large enough of a leap to cause one of the many monitors to suddenly focus on him.

Mistress Oliidark and the others who were paying a great amount of attention to the Middle Class immediately spotted this. But when they saw that Leonel was alone unlike most of the others, their expressions immediately became ugly.

This was the Middle Class Sector, even though the front was loaded with Lower Class Demons, it wouldn't remain like this for long. Very quickly, Leonel would run into middle Lower Class Demons and higher. Eventually, true Middle Class Demons would appear and a single group wouldn't be enough.

Mistress Oliidark's face went completely dark.

She knew why Leonel had done this. He didn't trust Sebastian or Slaton. It wasn't that she hadn't thought of this possibility, but she thought that in choosing between a potential risk to his life and a certain death, Leonel would choose the former. Anyone would choose the former.

It seemed, though, that she had underestimated Leonel's stubbornness.

Things would still be fine if only Leonel died, but now that he was gone it left the other two vulnerable. It was very likely that because of one Leonel, her whole Oliidark family would be ruined.

...

Back in the Sector, Sebastian and Slaton were already gritting their teeth, even the usually calm and smiling Slaton had a gaze that dimmed a considerable amount. They had tried to call out to Leonel, but it was as though he hadn't heard a single word they said.

The unfortunate truth was that Leonel was right to directly ignore them. Mistress Oliidark had already informed them that once the events died down and they secured a safe house, that they were to find a chance to directly kill Leonel and take his point. In fact, Slaton had put in a little extra effort to get closer to Leonel as well during the ride here.

However, neither expected that Leonel would disregard his own safety to spite them. It was like Leonel was dragging them toward death. If he was going to die, then they could all die together.

Sebastian and Slaton both turned serious as they felt a subtle trio of gazes land on them. They didn't need to look over to know that it was the Fardan family participants.

The two were still talents in their own rights and they immediately understood the situation they were in. They didn't even dare to allow the Fardans to realize they had noticed their intent, feigning ignorance. It was best to remain as far away from open hostility until they could settle down.

Their gazes flashed with a cold light as they looked off toward where Leonel had disappeared before buckling down and fending off the wave of demons. They weren't as foolish as Leonel, they knew how important it was to conserve their strength.

...

Leonel shot through the demons, his Spear Force shredding everything in its path. He could already guess what all of them were thinking, but he didn't mind it. In fact, he found it a bit amusing.

Stamina? With how well his Vital Stars and Dream Force Stars worked now, he would probably grow bored of even a life and death struggle before his stamina gave way.

Plus, even if that wasn't the case, he was hardly using any of his strength right now, which also meant that Mistress Oliidark's worries about Middle Class demons would also fall on deaf ears.

Leonel's goal wasn't even this place. If the Middle Class Sector didn't have what he needed, he would kill enough demons to exchange a pass to enter the High Class Sector. If that wasn't enough, he would enter the Human Class Sector.

As far as he was concerned, there was nothing here that could threaten him. At the same time, this place was also the opportunity he needed to finish the final stretch of the two weeks that remained of

his plans ahead of schedule, so he didn't even care much about revealing a bit more of his strength either.

Regardless, after he left this place, he wouldn't be returning to the Oliidark family.

'1 point per five lower Low Class demons, 1 per two middle Low Class demons and 1 per higher Low Class demon. The numbers could get annoying, it would be better to target Middle Class Demons.'

There was a huge jump for Middle Class Demons, 10 Demon Points for lower, 100 for middle, and 1000 for higher. That was where the big money was and it was also probably why Leonel's jump in rankings was so slow after he crossed below the 20 000 mark.

"Ah, that's where you've been hiding."

A smile spread across Leonel's face as he spotted his first Middle Class Demon.

Those that had been watching in a cloud above the city wore weird expressions. Many who had a relationship with the Oliidark family had already made the connection since the name Leonel Oliidark was on display for all to see.

Those who had good relationships with the family looked toward the Mistress with pitying expressions, but many more laughed and sneered. Didn't it show a lack of foresight to allow such a youth to participate in such an important event?

But it wasn't long before those smiles froze.

Leonel shot toward the low Middle Class Demon like a bulldozer. He didn't even levy an attack, just letting his Absolute Spear Domain rip it apart.

Flesh worth its weight in gold fell to the ground in a rain but Leonel didn't seem to care about it in the slightest.

He shot forward, looking for his next victim as though nothing had happened.

[Chapter 1538 Sky Rises](#)

Mistress Oliidark stood frozen.

After a long while, she released a self deprecating laugh. She realized right then that one way or another, the Oliidark family was finished. She had underestimated Leonel.

With this level of talent, how could the Morales family not have been at least a High Class family? In that case, so long as Leonel rose high enough, he would catch the attention of the enemies that had destroyed it. Once they saw the name Oliidark, even if they didn't act now, in the future her family would find itself facing an unknown behemoth.

Even if by some miracle Leonel passed under the radar, over-performing to this extent would net him too much power. With Leonel's personality, he would hesitate to betray them and come back in the future for revenge.

And, to make matters even worse, even if Leonel was still overestimating himself and he ended up dying, Sebastian and Slaton weren't far from following in his footsteps.

One way or another, no matter how she flipped and analyzed it, they were finished.

...

Leonel zipped around, finding every Middle Class demon he could and shredding them to pieces.

His ranking continued to shoot up by large strides, from 19 000 to 15 000, and then from 15 000 to 12 000. It had only been several minutes since he entered, but he had already accumulated over 300 Demon Points.

'This city is so large, it feels like a world of its own. Before I make any other moves, I should check these shops to see what's going on.'

Leonel chose a random shop, blasted the demons around away and tried to enter.

Immediately, he was greeted with a message. It told him the level of the shop, the entry fee, and how long he could stay inside.

This was the lowest level shop, but it still cost 3 Demon Points just to enter. You would have to kill 15 low Lower Class Demons just for the right to enter a low level shop for 15 minutes. It could be said that this was definitely a hell on earth.

If Leonel had entered this place before entering the Sixth Dimension, he would definitely be struggling with these requirements. It required so much just to enter, so how much would the things inside cost?

The first shop Leonel entered was actually an exchange. It could convert demon corpses into Force Pills that could have a myriad of effects. Some gave temporary boosts in strength, some healed injuries, and some could have small but permanent effects on your power.

This was just the lowest level shop, so it could only do this for Low Class demons.

Leonel exited the shop after he was done and continued on his killing spree until he found another to enter, checking them all one by one.

As he entered these shops, Leonel's rank didn't fall. If one had to choose between spending their points or hoarding them, there wouldn't be much of a benefit to families. Instead, spent points and hoarded points split into two categories. At the end of the event, hoarded points would be increased by 50% while spent points would be worth the same. That was the only incentive to hoard your points.

That said, most would choose to spend when they had a chance in the beginning to strengthen themselves as much as possible, and then during the final days go all out to gather as many hoarded points as possible.

After an analysis, Leonel split the shop into several categories.

The first shop was a conversion type shop, essentially helping one to gain even more benefits from their demon hunting. The second shop type was the weapon shop, the third was the technique shop, the fourth was resource shops and the final was the healing shop.

These were all the lowest class, though. As Leonel moved up, he finally crossed a threshold. Not only were there more Middle Class demons, but this was the point where residence, or safe houses, appeared.

The lowest level of safe house only allowed you to enter and rest for a certain period of time. The higher the class, the more benefits and amenities there were. Many provided food, at a higher level they doubled as healing shops, and at the highest, they even came with large concentrations of Force that allowed you to increase your strength.

This final level, though, was only left to the sky rises in the distance, which would be considered Leonel's main goal.

The resource shops that Leonel had seen until now didn't have anything that moved them. They had low class herbs and ores, but nothing on the list of things Leonel needed.

The last chance Leonel had were the sky rises. If they didn't have it, he would definitely need to buckle down and gather the 100 000 Demon Points he would need to enter the High Class.

By the time Leonel made it, he had already entered the top 1000, forcing the Middle Class leaders into a state of numbness as they stared ahead. However, the higher he climbed, the more despair Mistress Oliidark felt.

She sank into her seat, her face a ghastly sheen of white and her wrinkled hands trembling.

A lack of stamina? Even after an hour Leonel hadn't sweat even a single bead.

Worry about Middle Class demons? Shouldn't they be worried about him?

Everything from earlier seemed so laughable.

...

Leonel shot into the first sky rise, paying the 1000 Demon Point fee and gaining a day-long entry. He looked around, finding several gazes suddenly landing on him. The elite of the Middle Class cities were surprised by a new entry, especially since they didn't recognize who he was.

But Leonel didn't care for them even a bit. He was on a time crunch. This event wouldn't last forever, so he had to do his best with the time he had.

Without hesitation, he entered the first shop, his gaze sharpening as he scanned the items one by one.

[Chapter 1539 Top Prize](#)

The items here were most definitely better than what he could find outside and the refinement shops could refine even High Class demons, not that you'd find any here. But the breathing room still allowed for the Force Pills you received in return to be of higher quality and greater yield.

Leonel was absolutely certain that this was at least a Gold Grade Zone, or else there wouldn't be so many powerful individuals here. So, he was also certain that he could take things out as well even if it wasn't a Unique Zone—not that he was quite certain of this either. As such, Leonel wasn't just on the look out for the materials he needed, but he was also looking for things that might be of interest to him.

In a Mythological Zone like this one, not only were there bound to be a new magic system, but there would also be new technologies the real world wouldn't have. For example, Camelot had used crystal balls to store and exchange information. Although the Void Palace had something similar with their pendants, it still wasn't exactly the same.

Plus, it also had to be considered that Camelot's Zone was very low level compared to the Void Palace. The fact they could form even a similar technology was highly impressive. And, it confirmed that a high level Zone like this one would most definitely have something even more impressive, Leonel just needed to find it.

Leonel chose to ignore the refinement shops for now as demons of this level weren't very useful to him. He had already simulated it, and his body was much too powerful to benefit even from these higher yield Force Pills. It would likely require one refined from the body of a Human Class Demon before there was any substantial change.

Techniques also weren't very interesting to Leonel. With his grandfather's methods, he didn't feel the need to focus on them, he could create his own with combinations of words. In addition, one day he'd be able to reclaim the Segmented Cube, so the techniques hidden within the Bronze Tablet would supplement his Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor. This was all on top of the fact the Morales family had a copious amount of techniques perfect for their Lineage Factor, not to mention Leonel's self created [Star Fusion.

And of course, Leonel had learned his lesson. He no longer felt like it was right to bother with other Force Accumulation Techniques when [Dimensional Cleanse] had so many secrets that he had yet to tap into.

So, Leonel focused mainly on resources. He was also in great need of a top class bow and arrows.

Nothing on the first floor met his standards, so he immediately went up, paying the fees without batting an eye. If there was anything that he couldn't afford, he would simply go back and earn the Demon Points he needed to exchange for it.

The geniuses on the first floor couldn't help but look toward one another. Even they felt the pinch shooting up like floors like that, that was why they had stayed on the first floor to rest. But Leonel had just entered and didn't even hesitate.

"Check the rankings. Are there any names you don't recognize?"

"There, at 671st. Ollidark? That family that can't produce any heirs? That should be him but it's not adding up. They shouldn't have anyone that powerful."

"671st is still manageable, it's not enough to be worried about gaining the Top Prize. But judging by how he's spending his points right now, he doesn't seem to care very much at all. He's likely very confident that he can climb much higher."

"He came alone and he's completely uninjured, he's definitely a threat."

The gazes of the geniuses grew serious.

The Top Prize was something most of them were gunning for even though they were aware that it was unlikely for them to get it. The idea of one more competitor left them uneasy, especially since the context clues seemed to tell them that Leonel was formidable.

Unlike the other prizes, landing the Top Prize would be a qualitative change for most here. In fact, it would be enough to go from a Middle Class genius to a High Class and maybe even Human Class depending on how compatible they were with it.

The unfortunate part was that the Top Prize wasn't guaranteed to be handed out. Even first place on the rankings wasn't guaranteed to get it.

In order to land the prize, what you needed wasn't points, you needed a certain percentage of kills.

Eventually, the demons would stop spawning once all participants were present and all of the Low Class demons had been cleared, a number would appear. For their Middle Class region, the only way to land the prize was to be personally responsible for the death of 10% of the demons! 10%!

There were easily hundreds of thousands of demons in this city with them. The idea of killing such a number of Middle Class demons on your own was absolutely ridiculous!

Many could only curse the Great Families in their hearts, but they still kept their thoughts to themselves. Who dared to speak ill of the Great Families in their world? Doing so was tantamount to suicide. The shield that protected them from Chaos Demons wasn't to be blasphemed.

Leonel didn't have any idea about what the youths were talking about. Because Mistress Oliidark had kept him in the dark about a lot of things, he only really understood the basic rules that the automated voice had spoken into his mind.

However he still quickly jumped from shop to shop until he found a decent enough bow that he exchanged 10 000 Demon Points for. This so-called "decent" bow was actually exceptionally powerful. It was just that after using the White Lion Bow, Leonel's standards had shot up tremendously. Still, it was a great Silver Grade bow that came with the function of self created arrows with power based on how much Bow Force you poured into it.

Under the confused gazes of the Oliidark family who thought him to be a spearman, he strapped it to his back and ascended to the penthouse floor of the sky rise. But what he found there left him absolutely frozen in shock.

A Bronze Tablet, shimmering behind a protective formation, hovered in the air... The words on its surface all too familiar to Leonel.

[Chapter 1540 Uncertainty](#)

'A Union of Light and Darkness will reveal the Twelve-Pointed Star.'

There was only one place that Leonel had seen these words before: the Luxnix family's Bronze Tablet. The very same Bronze Tablet that was responsible for the Luxnix family's Lineage Factor, that was responsible for Leonel's current Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor.

However, this one was different. Completely different.

It looked exactly the same. Had exactly the same words. Radiated the same colors. And yet Leonel had a nagging feeling in his heart that it wasn't the same at all, that it couldn't have been more different, that it was even directly opposite and opposing him.

Leonel took a breath and exhaled, his expression returning to its baseline focused state. He knew in his heart that he had already decided to go all out for this Tablet, even if it required delaying his movement toward the High Class. It was simply too important.

If Leonel was correct about this feeling, this Tablet was the other half. It didn't provide the side of Light, but rather... the side of Darkness. Leonel had no idea why it would be here or how this world was related to the Tablets, but the more he learned and found out, the more confused he became. Even his mind couldn't wrap around exactly what was happening.

Leonel chose the only method he could and finally read the introduction. But to his disappointment, it didn't give him what he needed.

However, after getting over his disappointment, Leonel's eyes glowed.

According to the introduction, what you saw here would be whatever you "needed the most". Apparently, what everyone saw here would be different to guarantee the quality and value of the top prize.

The trouble was that after reading into the fine print, the prize wasn't guaranteed to be useful to you either. If you say, already had the Lineage Factor, the limitations of a Middle Class Top Prize wouldn't allow you to gain the Silver Tablet you needed to continue. This meant that the best you could hope for here was a Bronze Tablet.

But it was also curious for another reason. This didn't guarantee that Leonel would be able to use the Tablet either.

From his conversations with Wise Star Order, Leonel had learned that just having the tablet wasn't enough to gain the Lineage Factor within it. You had to have a certain level of affinity for it to begin with, only then would you be able to resonate with the tablet and gain what was within it.

This was why you couldn't just immediately leap to the greatest Lineage Factor within the Tablet, and it was also the reason why the likes of Myghell gained so much more than most others from meditating upon the Tablet as well. Resonance mattered.

Leonel was a bit unfortunate in this respect.

This system seemed to register that this Tablet would resonate well with him, but that was only because it happened to be a pair with its Light Force counterpart. And, since Leonel had already reached the peak of the Lineage Factors the Light Star Bronze Tablet could give him, the system wouldn't give him that Bronze Tablet either.

Leonel could make up for his lack of affinity with his Divine Armor, but he had already switched his aim once already, if he switched it again it would make his foundation shaky. And right now, Dark Force was only a secondary affinity he gained from his armor, making it even weaker.

Leonel didn't believe he had the resonance necessary to make this tablet react to him at all. But it didn't matter, he definitely needed it.

The Tablets were something that Leonel was endlessly fascinated by. He knew that there was a secret behind them that he'd only be able to reveal if he collected as many as possible.

These Tablets could allow breakthrough, grant Lineage Factors, give Ability Indexes, and even resurrect the dead! If Leonel didn't get to the bottom of this, he could forget about ever reaching the pinnacle of the Dimensional Verse. In fact, he had a feeling that the secret behind this was the very key to doing so.

'10%, huh... I didn't plan on going so hard in the Middle Class Sector, but it seems I'll need to unleash a bit of carnage.'

Leonel left the top floor and paid for residence. There was no point in going out right now. Very soon, the Low Class demons would all be killed and the final phase would begin. When that happened, he would have to act as fast as possible, finishing it all in a single sweep.

Leonel found a bed and collapsed into it. He wasn't very tired as he had hardly done much, but he closed his eyes anyway, allowing the dense Force to seep into his pores.

What he didn't know was that at that moment, he finally caught the attention of the Adurna family man sitting on the throne. The man had not shown any reaction whatsoever from start to finish, even while he watched the geniuses of the Fiend Class display power the likes of which would wipe out many of the city leaders here.

However, when he saw the tablet that appeared for Leonel, his pupils constricted into pinholes.

The man stood abruptly, vanishing with a speed none present could track.

...

"Who allowed those the Twelve-Pointed Star Tablets into the selection process?"

"Oh? You realized?"

"How could I not realize? Someone has summoned them!"

The voice on the other end suddenly perked up.

"Really?"

"Are you taking this as a joke?!"

The voice paused for a moment before it spoke again.

"This isn't a decision that can be interfered with. Let alone the Twelve-Pointed Star, the Emperor's Might Tablets have also been placed inside. The world has spent too long without these Star Forces and the Chaos Demons are growing more powerful. If they don't appear again soon, the human race will be finished."

"Do you take me for a fool?! Who do you think destroyed them in the first place?!"

"Watch your tone. These aren't things that should be said aloud, or even you will lose your head."

The blue-haired man seemed to realize that he had said too much and he fell into silence, but his eyes still blazed with uncertainty.