

Descent 1541

[Chapter 1541 A Rain](#)

Seeing the silence of the blue-haired man, the voice grew gentler. It was clear that whoever this individual of the Adurna family was, his standing was not small, or else the voice wouldn't even bother to show such courtesy.

"This isn't the only place we've allowed those Tablets to spread and we are currently heavily monitoring their activity. Some risks need to be taken. They were destroyed years ago because their threat was too enormous, but it's precisely their strength that we need now."

The blue-haired man opened his mouth to speak but he held back, shaking his head.

It seemed that history had a tendency to repeat itself. Those families had been destroyed long ago, but it seemed that their families wanted to bring them back in a controlled fashion by spreading the Lineage Factors among the common folk.

To the blue-haired man, even the geniuses of the Fiend Rank could only be considered as such. The chasm between them and the Great Families was simply far too large.

However, if these common folk were given these Tablets, the change to their destiny would be far too great. Who was to say those families wouldn't rise up again?

Just thinking about it logically, it made no sense. If those who managed to get their hands on these Lineage Factors were restrained enough that they could be controlled and managed, how would they be able to help against Chaos Demons the Great Families couldn't deal with?

And, if they were unleashed enough to grow powerful enough to deal with matters the Great Families could not, then how would their four families keep control of them at all?

No matter how you looked at it, it felt like they were dropping a stone on their own feet while seeing it through all the way and not even attempting to dodge. It was a recipe for disaster and the Four Great Families could be greatly shaken by this like they once had been in the past.

"The higher ups aren't fools, Avras. They know what they're doing. The Dream Project will be the key to it all and the results are forthcoming. In as little as one to two hundred years, it will be completed and the result will be apparent for all to see."

Avras' brows jumped when he heard Dream Project. The words alone seemed to settle his nerves and his understanding grew by a large measure.

As for what those two words represented, maybe only the highest echelon of this world knew.

"You heard the snap that rang out that day just like I did, Avras. However, what you don't know is that eighth barrier to the Chaos Bubble shattered along with it. We don't have much time left, some chances have to be taken.

"Now go and do your duty. Don't allow anyone to see a crack in the shield of the Great Families."

Avras shook from head to toe when he heard these words, but he clenched his jaw to stop himself, his gaze turning cold.

Then, he turned and vanished, reappearing on his throne as though nothing had happened.

...

Leonel had no idea what was happening and what the Tablets truly represented, but his eyes snapped open just the same. It seemed that it was time.

He jumped up, his gaze already cold as he regained his absolute focus.

He flashed out of his residence. This one trip had already cut down his Demon Points by more than half, but he didn't seem to care. What he was about to do was going to give him more Demon Points than he could even spend in the Middle Class Zone.

Leonel appeared on the first floor, several eyes focusing on him. However, he planned to ignore them all until his footsteps suddenly came to a halt.

His gaze flashed, landing on a group of three young men in the corner. Their auras were so much more powerful than anyone else here that his gaze narrowed.

Without even having to think, Leonel knew immediately what was happening. If even the likes of Sebastian and Slaton could have insider information, how could other, much higher class families, not?

If Leonel ran one of these families and wanted to maximize his chances, he just might send some of his geniuses to forcefully snatch the quotas of some weaker families.

It was clear that the Four Great Families were making some kind of push. For what, Leonel didn't know. But it didn't particularly matter to him, very soon, he would be leaving this place.

Leonel suddenly grinned at the trio. The provocation in his expression was impossible to hide. He didn't know why, but he suddenly couldn't control the urge.

His bow flew from his back and into his hand as though it had a mind of his own and he shot outside.

The trio of young men's eyes sharpened. They burst into action, shooting out in a whirl of Force. By the time they did so, their heads could only shoot up to find Leonel soaring through into the skies, his leaping strength beyond what they could fathom.

A roar left Leonel's lips, his Dream Force Stars whirling to life as his Internal Sight expanded so far that it nearly blanketed the entire city. At the same, his Bow Force spurred, blanketing the surroundings in a suffocating Sixth Dimensional aura. It suddenly felt to everyone in the city that no matter where they tried to hide, Leonel's arrow would strike true.

Leonel landed on the top of the highest sky rise, pulling his bowstring taut. The strength flooding through his body was unlike anything he had experienced before. This was the first time he would let loose a bit since he stepped foot into the Sixth Dimension. But the feeling of being able to use the full power of his Bow Force without restraint was what truly made him feel like he was walking on air.

Those watching were soon to witness something they could never fathom.

A violet tsunami of Enlightened Bow Force gathered, forming an arrow so resplendent that it shone like the sun and so powerful it forced the air to quake.

Leonel's stance suddenly shifted, pointing his bow straight up before releasing.

Like a flashbang, the arrow reached its high point before exploding, a rain of thousands of arrows falling down like a rain.

One by one, just as many Middle Class demons were pierced through.

[Chapter 1542 All](#)

Leonel's Bow Force seemed to have a life of its own, treating the lives of Middle Class demons as though they were made up of nothing more than wet tissue paper.

The feeling of finally being able to unleash his Bow Force without the support of external items made Leonel feel as though he was floating on a cloud. Every time he pulled his bowstring back, his grin grew wider and the light in his eyes only seemed to grow brighter.

The eyes of the trio that had followed after him went wide and the elders that were watching fell into a deep silence. This was still just the Middle Class, but the power Leonel was displaying was clearly well beyond that.

The challenge for the Top Prize wasn't meant to be cleared so easily. In fact, there was no guarantee that it would be claimed at all. If there was no one worthy, then the prize would simply return to the Great Families. It was that simple.

However, at the pace Leonel was going, it looked as though he might succeed in as little as ten minutes. And there was no one more clear about this than the youths below.

The trio grit their teeth.

"Stop him! We'll have to kill him first, then secure the top prize."

The moment one of them spoke what was already on their minds, they sprung into action, a flurry of lightning erupting around them.

Leonel noticed their movement immediately, but he still launched two more shots into the air, slaughtering hundreds more.

At that moment, the trio appeared around him in a triangular formation, arcs of lightning connecting them.

They pressed their hands together, their eyes sparking with a golden light as they pushed out, three lightning lances forming around Leonel all at once.

This formation was something that they had prepared to deal with large amounts of Middle Class demons all at once. In fact, using this lightning would expose their true identities as being descents of the High Class organization, the Lightning Lance Pavilion. However, it was clear that they didn't care. An open secret was still a secret. Everything had already been perfectly calculated.

However, just when they thought they could skewer Leonel from three sides, his Absolute Spear Domain appeared, shredding their lightning lances to pieces. It treated one of their most powerful attacks as though they were paper thin.

Leonel's hair danced in the air, a cool smile on his face. He didn't even deem it necessary to use his Ability Index on these people. Right this moment, he just wanted a bit of fun.

His bow flashed, seemingly appearing on his back as though it had a mind on his own.

With his free hand, he pierced forward with two fingers toward one of them. The moment his second hand recovered from putting his bow away, it too pierced forward. But the speed was so fast that it felt as though they had both acted simultaneously.

Swift.

The golden lines of Spear Force appeared before two of the trio in the blink of an eye. Their eyes could only widen, their hearts leaping into their throats.

"Lightning Armor!"

The two roared out simultaneously, one blue armor and another colored more violet appearing.

BANG! BANG!

The two shot backward and off the roof of the sky rise, crashing into opposing buildings without the ability to stop themselves.

Leonel's body had already completed a half spin before he even saw his attacks land, gathering the momentum into a strong punch that caused the air to pop.

The third member of the trio could only react in the very same way, his armor slightly tinged red. But he was sent flying backward just as easily. Leonel's body was so powerful that just the wind pressure of his strike alone made him cough up a mouthful of blood, and the Force powering it nearly shattered his body apart.

Leonel paused for a moment as the three shot through the city, their bodies wreaking havoc.

Lightning Armor? The name wasn't very unique and he had seen similar techniques before. But it felt so similar to his own Divine Armor. Of course, it didn't use Earth Force. But everything from the Runes to the converging system to form an armor seemed all too similar. In fact, each of them even had a slightly different tinge or color, showing that they could follow their own paths just like he could.

'... Interesting...' Leonel smiled.

His bow appeared in his hand once again, his arrows becoming even faster. The terror he rained made it look like he was the demon rather than the other way around. He relished in it, a feeling unleashing in his heart that tinged his irises red.

His white Bow Force seemed to become tinged by the crimson energy as well, becoming more forceful and more powerful.

Every time one landed, it would be as though a landmine had imploded within their. Head would be shredded apart like watermelon, chests would be split open, and entire limbs and shoulders would vanish into a swirl of crimson, never to reform themselves again.

The trios looked up, shattered glass, metal, brick and stone laying around them.

Their gazes flashed with rage. A mere Middle Class genius had done this to them? The humiliation was more than they could stomach.

However, they had been given a mission by their organization. The most powerful three of them had, of course, been sent to the High Class Sector. The three of them could be considered to be fourth through sixth in ranking. But even with that being the case, they were supposed to have this victory guaranteed. They couldn't allow this to happen.

"ALL OF YOU!" one of them roared. "Attack together now or else we'll personally kill you all!"

The roar shook the spectators awake, even those that were still struggling to make it toward the center of the city.

When the Fardans, along with Sebastian and Slaton, saw who the target was, their eyes flashed and they shot forward along with everyone else.

[Chapter 1543 Lrreconcilable](#)

Leonel's eyes narrowed as he drew his bowstring back again. He didn't feel threatened. He could take these people out with just a bit more effort than he took out the Middle Class demons. The problem was that he knew he was being monitored and if he slaughtered all the geniuses of these organizations and families, leaving this place would be difficult.

Leonel had already learned enough about these sorts of words to know that fairness and logic was only a thing you could demand when you had powerful enough backing.

Back in the Milky Way, no one knew what kind of backing he had, so he faced trouble everywhere he went. The Luxnix family had underestimated the kind of power his father held, so he had suffered at their hands as a baby. It wasn't until he reached the Void Palace where everyone knew who he was that he received the treatment someone of his stature should.

Now he was in a completely different world, one that had never heard of the Morales name and seemed even more powerful than the world he knew even if they somehow had. These individuals weren't people he could afford to lightly offend without worrying about the consequences.

'... Consider yourselves lucky,' Leonel thought to himself.

His back tightened again, his bowstring being pulled taut only to release another flurry of arrows.

Leonel knew that it wasn't just about the Top Prize. Most of these people knew that they couldn't get it.

The first issue was fear of the Lightning Lance Pavilion trio. These people were even more familiar with this world than Leonel was, so they likely knew that there were such people hidden in the shadows, breaking the rules.

The second was Leonel's point. Getting 10% was one matter, but the point total that would entail was beyond their wildest imaginations. In just a few moments, Leonel had already shot up to first place and the gap he was putting between himself and everyone else only seemed to be increasing by leaps and bounds.

A tide of geniuses surged toward Leonel along with demons. Demons, especially in the Middle Class, already had intelligence of their own. They could tell who the biggest threat was here and they didn't even bother to attack anyone else as they shot for Leonel.

At that moment, the trio finally rose to their feet, roaring.

Three total Stars appeared. The geniuses of the Middle Class couldn't help but gawk when they saw this.

Star Manifestation! These three could actually manifest their Stars into the real world!

Much like their armors, one was sparking with red lightning, another with blue and the last with violet. They all had their own Force Stars, and with their appearances, their strength shot to another level, large waves of Force surging toward them.

They shot forward, coming for Leonel with their minds on a singular focus: to kill.

Leonel made it easy on them, not moving a single inch as they approached. He continued to kill demons in large hoards, his Bow Force seemingly endless and relentless as the crimson in his irises smoldered with a hidden heat.

Leonel held his bow in one hand, his right palm flipping over to reveal a black spear wreathed in chains.

His gaze flashed, his foot took a strong step forward as he pierced outward.

The sound and tearing paper sounds as the wind split apart, a dazzling golden light streaking across the skies and appeared before the young man with a violet Star hovering to his back.

The young man was ready, a large amount of violet lightning forming around his fist until he had suddenly forward an enormous violet lance which had dancing runes on its surface.

The collision was enormous. However, while his momentum stopped, he wasn't sent flying backward again, his feet leaving heavy cracks in the concrete as he stomped backward to stop himself.

Leonel pierced out twice more, his spear, his powerful actions which easily swept across hundreds of meters seeming to be as casual as breathing.

Right at the moment, like the breath of a reaper, a shadow appeared to his back. The silhouette was lithe and slender, not to mention explosive and powerful. It was no doubt a woman, and a well trained assassin at that.

However, Leonel only sidestepped once, his spear vanishing from his hand as his claw shot out. Leonel hardly completed his turn when he felt soft flesh collide solidly with his palm, the bobbing of a throat and strained breathing traveling up his arm.

When he finally looked, he found that his hand was clamped around the throat of a young woman he recognized, the young heiress of the Fardan family. But when he looked at her, he didn't seem to feel

like she was anything special at all. This young woman was most definitely not used to being stared at in such an indifferent way, but it made her body tense up, all her skills and training vanishing.

It felt to her that Leonel wasn't even worried about what she could or might do. All of her efforts were worthless, and would also be worthless. Even if she suddenly grew ten times more powerful, it would still be worthless.

Leonel squeezed lightly. But what was light to him made Valra feel as though her spine was about to snap.

"Why even bother to do something so useless?"

Leonel tossed her off the side of the building, her body colliding with the two remaining hidden members of the Fardan family and causing all three to cough up several mouthfuls of blood.

"And you two especially... I won't kill the others, but you might as well die."

Leonel pulled the string of his bow once more, yet it split in two.

Sebastian and Slaton who were on the verge of joining in on the next attack froze a moment. In one instant, they seemed fine. But in the next, their skulls imploded into a bloody rain.

Leonel didn't seem to think much of this at all. He wouldn't bother with the others since there was no use in offending their backers. But he and the Oliidark family were already irreconcilable.

[Chapter 1544 Wild Card](#)

What remained of the battle could only be described as a farce.

Every time the trio built up momentum, they were stopped by a single spear strike. By the third time this happened, they found themselves surrounded by demons and making their way forward only became more and more challenging.

While demons were smart enough to know who the real threat was, they were also a selfish race ruled by their greed. They could see how powerful Leonel was and there was an easier target right here, why not take advantage? Plus, if they could swallow powerful targets like the trio, they would find themselves with greater power to use to then deal with Leonel.

As for those that weren't the trio, many had given up after the death of Sebastian and Slaton. The others that seemed to realize that Leonel didn't dare to kill them all, though, kept trying, only to find themselves even more unceremoniously dealt with than the trio.

Soon, they realized that they were accumulating too many injuries, so much so that they were beginning to fall into the danger of dying not to Leonel, but the demons themselves.

The elders in the clouds above watched in silence as Leonel crossed the 10% mark, something that had practically been inevitable from the very beginning.

"What a good little seedling you have, Miss of the Oliidark family."

The terse voice came from an old man with a large nose. His eyes sparked with lightning from time to time, and he was without a doubt the Head of the Lightning Lance Pavilion, Head Obarin.

By now, everyone knew it was his disciples that had gone inside. But he still couldn't admit that or else he would be forced to pay a steep prize. Still, he could use this method to display his dissatisfaction to the greatest extent possible.

Mistress Oliidark shuddered when she heard this. Things might still be fine if she could rely on Leonel to become a pillar of her family, but not many had realized that the two Leonel had killed were from her very own family. And, even if they had, they wouldn't think much of it. This was because others were well aware that there was competition in the Oliidark to become the son-in-law of the next generation. As such, they would just think that Leonel had acted in order to clear the path for himself in the future and get rid of trouble from the roots.

Due to this, many believed that Leonel was acting under the orders of Mistress Oliidark and was her greatest trump card. Who cared about the loss of two middling talents when you had one that could crush even High Class talents?

"... Thank you for your kind words, Pavilion Head Obarin."

Head Obarin snorted, an action that was quite forceful considering the size of his nostrils, and turned away without another word. There wasn't much else that he could do about this matter even if he was dissatisfied.

This was definitely a great loss for his Pavilion. But there was still a chance at the High Class top prize. They had to get at least one.

A new era was coming, and if they couldn't put a foot in the door, they would regret it for generations to come. This was an opportunity they had to grasp.

Mistress Oliidark secretly clenched her fists. There was only one way out of this. But she had to take it, even if it required burning away generations of their accrued resources. A loss like this wasn't one they could handle.

Sebastian and Slaton were two geniuses that she was greatly satisfied with, but Leonel made them look like trash by the roadside.

"Empabo."

"Yes, ma'am!"

The words exchanged were heard by no one. But when they were finished, Empabo's expression flickered before he slowly and respectfully left the cloud. He wasn't a member of the Adurna family, he could rudely display his strength here as he pleased.

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Leonel stood on the very top floor once again, his point total having climbed into the millions. However, the good thing about the Top Prize was that he didn't need to spend any of them.

With a single reach forward with his hands, Leonel grabbed onto the Bronze Tablet, his body trembling. For some reason, it felt good in his hands.

Leonel hesitated for a moment but eventually shook his head. He couldn't waste anymore time. The final phase of the other Sectors had likely already started or were close to. If he lagged behind any more, he would lose his chance.

Although Leonel's top priority was gathering the resources he needed to succeed in his plan, if he could also lay his hands on the Silver Tablet, why wouldn't he?

Leonel put the Bronze Tablet away to the astonishment of those watching and his body vanished in a flicker. With a greater speed than he had displayed until now, those stuck in the Middle Class could only watch as he made it to the gates of the Sector and exchanged 100 000 Demon Points for entry into the High Class.

Could he... be planning what they all thought?

Everyone shared the same idea. Usually, the Top Prize would be every one of Leonel's caliber's target. Once you got it, everything else paled in comparison. But the fact Leonel was continuing... Didn't that mean?

The elders and youths sucked in a cold breath while the expression of the Pavilion Head darkened.

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"The final phase is about to begin, rest up. We will move out soon."

A youth with a dashing head of white hair spoke. His presence alone seemed to give off a radiant Light Force energy that made others want to worship him.

This was the Head Disciple of the Human Class Sacred Light Palace.

That was right. A Human Class power had not sent their fourth to sixth best here. Rather... They had sent the very best they had.

However, at that moment, something that would astonish them all would happen.

"Stophiar! Look at the ranking!"

Stophiar frowned, wondering what all the commotion was about. But the moment he listened, his pupils constricted.

Rank 17 – Leonel Oliidark – 3 028 719 Demon Points

That name had definitely not been there before. Could it be...

"Someone upgraded from the middle class with so many points... He would be ranked 11th with an extra 100 000 Demon Points, just outside the top 10..."

It seemed that another wild card had appeared.

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Leonel himself was in a state of shock as he looked at the leaderboard, suddenly becoming familiar with the reason why he was only "another" wild card.

Rank 1 – Aina Brazinger – 11 273 729 Demon Points

[Chapter 1545 Portals](#)

Leonel was only stunned for a moment before a huge grin spread across his face.

It was unlikely that Aina would know it was him. After all, his last name had been changed and Leonel wasn't exactly an obscure name. However, even given that this city was easily ten times as large as the already large one he had just been in, Leonel would definitely find her soon.

He didn't quite understand why it was that Aina could use her Force while everyone else couldn't, but he felt like the secret behind this was another clue to understand the secrets of this odd Zone.

Of course, it was also possible that his Aina was just that amazing, but that was his rosy glasses talking. There was definitely something deeper here.

Leonel suddenly felt a lot lighter on his feet. Now that he was certain that Aina was okay, he only had to confirm his mother's safety and his mind would truly be free.

Leonel was relatively more confident in his mother, though. Even if this world took away his mother's ability to use Force, with her being so close to the Seventh Dimension, her body should be more than strong enough to handle herself in the wilderness.

From what Leonel understood after meeting Myghell and Noah, though their Force was locked away, the additional strength their bodies had gained while upgrading through the dimensions was not small at all. They were still able to use their bodies to hold their own and fight against the weaker enemies who couldn't find their place in the cities.

Due to this, Leonel had been relatively less worried about his mother than Aina who had yet to step into the Sixth Dimension. But given her current display of strength, Leonel was certain that she had taken that step just like he had.

With a smile on his face, Leonel shot forward. He didn't care about anything else. First he would reunite with Aina. Together, they were far stronger. If they put their heads together, his plan, which would have been a bit difficult to accomplish at first, would almost become a breeze.

In addition, he would be able to hide more of his strength if he was by Aina's side as well. After this event concluded, he would need to leave to find a secluded place to execute his plan. The more of his strength he showed before that, the more detrimental to their escape it would be.

Mistress Oliidark might not be the strongest Seventh Star there was, but she was still a Seventh Star. Leonel had to be very careful about how he handled her and he still hadn't forgotten the brand on his shoulder blade.

Very soon, he would burn it to ash, but he couldn't do so just yet.

The reason for this was simple. Leonel would be naïve to think that things would just end after he swept through these Class Sectors. Even if he spared their geniuses, there would be many organizations who still thought that it was only natural as though he owed them something.

It could be said that Leonel had spared their lives not because he thought it would definitely protect him, but rather to mitigate risk. Humans were complex creatures and there were bound to be some with consciences. It didn't make sense for him to accidentally offend such individuals and give them a reason to stab them in the back.

As for those that were more shameless, Mistress Oliidark would be his perfect cover. So long as it wasn't clear and obvious he had fallen out with Mistress Oliidark, the morally superior side would be with the Oliidark family.

Leonel wasn't a fool. He felt that Mistress Oliidark likely had a trump card or two that she hadn't used, or else she wouldn't dare send him into such a world of opportunity.

While clinging to that trump card, she would fight tooth and nail to keep Leonel to her side, which would definitely benefit Leonel.

With her thinking that she could still control him, things would become much simpler to handle and even the so-called Great Families might step in to protect the order.

Just the fact that these organizations that were breaking rules didn't dare to do so openly told Leonel all he needed to know about the kind of lines that were being toed. The Great Families might allow some underhanded methods, but they wouldn't allow outright cheating.

This was the sort of mentality that bred the kind of dog eat dog world this was, but right now, that fine line was exactly what Leonel needed and was looking for.

Leonel dodged out of the way of a black steed. With a single sidestep, his hand clamped down like a claw, a surge of Spear Force shredding its head into pieces.

He was starting to get annoyed by these demons. If they weren't here, he would find Aina a lot quicker.

'This city is too large to just roam around aimlessly. I guess the best choice is just to charge toward the center.'

At that moment, Leonel's points began to take large leaps of hundreds of points at a time. The High Class Sector geniuses didn't have so many more points than him because they were that much more powerful, but rather because the High Class demons in this place that they had the option to kill were worth far more Demon Points.

Although Leonel also had to put in more effort and couldn't use his Absolute Spear Domain to shred them apart anymore—at least not in his base form—the reward was also several times better anyway.

Leonel swiftly crossed the 100 000 Demon Points that he had lost to make it here in the first place, every kill netting him at least 100 to 500 points. He was absolutely relentless, working even harder than he had for the Bronze Tablet.

At that moment, though, several portals opened up along the roofs of the shops he was running by.

[Chapter 1546 Bold](#)

Leonel frowned. Portals? Was that an ability of theirs? A Lineage Factor, maybe? Or was it something that you could buy in the shops? If it was the last of them, Leonel was in great need. If he could get his

hands on one, he would need to wade through all this nonsense and could just get to the center of the city immediately. He already had enough Demon Points to make do regardless.

At that moment, two women stepped out from the portal, each more gorgeous than the last. The first wore a pink diamond bikini armor that made one wonder why she had bothered to make it into armor at all, while the second wore elegant sky blue robes that looked like they were made for a mage. The hems of the blue robes were embroidered in a beautiful blue color and the young woman even held a staff that curved on one end to hold a hovering crystal ball as though to complete the look.

They both looked like they had leapt right out of the pages of a fantasy book and made Leonel finally decide that he had to be in a Mythological Zone now. No way people wore this kind of stuff unironically in broad daylight without their destination being Comicon.

Others saw two beauties that would make their eye sockets fall out, especially with the skin the first was showing. But Leonel saw two poorly dressed beauties that almost made him sputter with laughter.

So many years into the Dimensional Verse and he still hadn't gotten used to this stuff.

Leonel finally couldn't hold it back and sputtered a bit. It threw off his timing as a demon covered in iron scales punched at him, but he still managed to sidestep it, his fit stealthily glowing with Bronze Runes as he punched it right in the gut.

A blast of wind exited the iron scaled demons back and everything paused for just a moment before an enormous hole was blown through its body. Leonel treated a High Class demon with maybe the greatest defenses here as though it was nothing more than a toy plushie.

The eyes of the two women narrowed. They didn't know why Leonel was suddenly laughing, and even if they were ten times more intelligent and put their heads together to theorize, they would still never guess.

A young, hot blooded male, laughing at them for their appearance? It wouldn't even compute. Not to mention the fact that they were very used to getting compliments on their appearance and had grown up in this world unlike Leonel.

However, when they saw Leonel strike down an iron scaled demon with a single punch, their hearts couldn't help but be stirred. It seemed that they were right to come and look for this Leonel Oliidark. Only by killing him now could they feel at ease.

"Hey, you two, those portals, how do you make them?"

"Sure, handsome. Why don't you come up here and I'll show you?"

The young woman wearing the pink diamond bikini smiled sweetly, although the spear she held in her hand still glistened menacingly with a rose-bronze sheen.

"I have a girlfriend. But I'm willing to do an exchange for your information."

With Aina in the same city, Leonel didn't even dare to flirt for some benefits like he had in the Oliidark's city. Instead, he got straight to the point.

"Girlfriend? How could she be more beautiful than me?"

The young woman bat her eyelashes. She rested the butt of her spear on the ground of the roof, leaning her head to the side and squeezing it between her bosom. With just a small push, even though the armor itself wasn't so flexible, the flesh beneath it bulged and threatened to overflow. It was such a natural action and yet it was endlessly tempting.

And yet, rather than receiving the dazed response she thought she would, Leonel's gaze suddenly turned icy cold.

"Watch what you say."

The young woman was stunned speechless, not even knowing how to respond to that.

At that moment, the "mage" spoke out.

"Silyn, we don't have time for this, the final phase will start soon. Attack."

The moment she spoke, she had already raised her staff into the air. Large amounts of Water Force began to accumulate in the surroundings, quickly forming into half a dozen javelins that sparkled beneath the sunlight.

"You're such a bother, Uvile. Sometimes you have to let a girl play with her food. But you're right, this stinky man is annoying. It's better if he's six feet deep."

Leonel's cold expression only grew colder. These two women were powerful, definitely more powerful than the High Class should be. It was likely that this was yet another cheating organization that wanted a leg up.

Unfortunately for them, not only was he not in the mood to waste time, they had chosen the absolute worst enemy.

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While Leonel had suddenly been cornered, what he didn't know was that there was a commotion that had gripped the elder's circle that went beyond himself. In fact, Avras, the Adurna family representation, hadn't been reacting much to Leonel himself because he had found something far more shocking.

He stared at the name Aina Brazinger, his eyes narrowed into slits.

He could tell at a glance that just by observing Aina, she was a half-breed. But who had given birth to a half-breed so bold? Not only did she dare to use the name of a Great Family without reservation, she even dared to appear here?

Was she trying to prove herself? She was indeed quite powerful, but compared to the true geniuses of even the Fiend Class, she was lacking, let alone their Chaos Class. This poor child would get a rude awakening.

Even so, Avras couldn't help but chuckle. Everyone knew that the Adurna family was like fire and water with the Brazinger family. Maybe it was because one was blue and the other was red, but they always but heads.

To Avras, such a scandal was top tier entertainment.

When he saw the organization that dared to bring Aina forward and allow her to carry on with such a name, he became even more amused.

Very true indeed. Only that woman would dare to be so bold.

Avras showed a different expression for the second time that day and actually chuckled.

[Chapter 1547 Frozen](#)

Uvile and Silyn shot backward, a hint of blood dripping down the corner of their lips.

Silyn looked at her hand, a pained expression flickering in her gaze as the last bits of ash danced into the wind, her treasure weapon no more.

Uvile wore an ugly expression as she looked toward the cracked crystal ball in her "mage" staff. Thinking about all the resources she poured into it, she couldn't believe what was happening.

From the very beginning, they were suppressed by Leonel not because they were weak, but because he was the perfect counter to them both. Silyn couldn't even manifest her Spear Force around Leonel and her precious spear shattered. As for Uvile, she found the control of her Water Force ripped away from her, stripping her of the ability to finish forming her techniques. When she tried to fight back with her staff, the crystal actually shattered under the strain.

"You... How can you be a Spear Sovereign... This doesn't make any sense..."

Silyn's chest heaved, her hands trembling. When it finally settled in, she didn't even know what to think. A Spear Sovereign? That was absolutely impossible, not from someone who had to climb up from the Middle Class and into the higher Class like this. It didn't make any sense.

Leonel didn't even look at the two women, instead focusing on his hand where he overturned a bracelet that doubled as a spatial treasure. In the center of the bracelet there was a ring, and this was, of course, yet another spatial treasure.

"You'll never get into our..."

Click.

The sound of two spatial treasures unlocking resounded and a large number of items began to fly out one after another. The two women panicked, but it was already too late. Large numbers of bras, panties, and laced undergarments were placed on display for all to see.

The very few who were still around this region and had been drawn to the sounds of battle looked on wide-eyed, their eyes practically popping out of their sockets.

At that moment, the seemingly calm and level headed Uvile shrieked at the top of her lungs.

"I'll kill you!"

Uvile's crystal ball shattered completely, a large wave of Force forming as her aura rose to another level. She looked like she had lost her mind, her fury and humiliation reaching the ultimate apex.

But as far as Leonel was concerned, hadn't their goal been to kill him? This much was small compared to what they would have done if he was too weak.

Leonel didn't even blink at the killing intent. Finding the item he needed, he crushed it. A portal appeared not even a moment later and he unceremoniously stepped through it, seemingly not needing anyone to teach him how to use it.

He didn't even bother with Uvile and Silyn's other miscellaneous items, even leaving the two spatial devices behind. He already had what he wanted and he had reconfirmed that his knowledge of spatial treasures translated well to this world as well.

"Uvile, calm down!"

Silyn, who saw that Uvile really wanted to go on a rampage, calmed her down quickly.

"We have to return as quickly as possible, the final phase is about to start. Don't waste your energy on this, we were unlucky this time, he perfectly countered us. But we can still compete in killing demons!"

...

In the clouds above, a middle aged woman sat in silence, her hands crossed upon her lap. She was the picture of refined elegance, none could pick out a single flaw in her.

Unfortunately, because of this, she had never found a man worthy as well. If one couldn't be as flawless as herself, then why should she give herself to him? Wouldn't she be taking a loss?

This sort of lofty pride and arrogance exuded out from her very bones. She was none other than the Pavilion Head of the Endless Twilight Pavilion, a woman who was a legend and maybe the only person here who didn't give Avras much face outside of a light nod.

Of course, this was because her Pavilion wasn't just any Pavilion... It was a Fiend Class Pavilion!

When she saw Silyn and Uvile lose in such resounding fashion, she didn't seem to have much of a reaction. However, when her elegant, swan-like neck turned toward another screen to see a young woman in silent meditation, her expressionless features couldn't help but curl into a smile.

'Untalented? You fools are just unable to bring out my precious little girl's full potential.'

[Author's note: To be clear, this is not Aina's mother]

...

When Leonel appeared, he found himself at the center of the city and nodded happily. But the first sound of discussion made him raise an eyebrow.

"Didn't you hear? They're from the Endless Twilight Pavilion, there's not even a point. Even if they're the weaker members of the Pavilion, there's still the Sacred Light Pavilion to worry about. It's better that we just kill demons and not participate in this. It's over our paygrade."

"If you're scared, just say so."

"Scared? Haven't you heard the rules of that Pavilion? No men! Their students aren't even allowed to have relationships! What do you think will happen to you if you approach one while their Pavilion Head is watching from above?!"

Leonel ignored the rest of the conversation, it didn't have anything to do with him. He didn't even know what the names Sacred Light and Endless Twilight even meant. Though from the context clues, it seemed that Endless Twilight was stronger than Sacred Light.

Leonel entered the first building and a wide smile spread across his face the moment he did.

There she was, in silent meditation, looking as gorgeous as ever.

She wore an elven style light full body armor that covered her all the way down the length of her arms and legs. It was a bright white, alternating in plate armor and tough leathers that gave it an elegance that only accentuated everything about her.

Leonel's legs carried himself forward on their own. Even though he was walking, his pace was impossibly swift.

However, when others saw what he was doing, they were speechless.

Was he trying to die?

Before anyone could even say anything, though, Leonel had already appeared before her, a warm smile on his face as he looked down at her sitting posture.

Without even opening her eyes, Aina thrust a palm out. It was so fast and swift that the beginning of the motion alone sounded like a clap of thunder.

But to her surprise... her wrist was caught.

Aina's eyes snapped open, ready to reach for her ax, but when her gaze focused, her eyes trembled.

Whether it was the youths around, Uvile and Silyn who had just managed to teleport back, or the Pavilion Head Ophelia who was watching from above, all of them froze at once.

Without the slightest hesitation, Aina jumped up and placed her palms on either side of Leonel's face, smothering him with a kiss she didn't allow him to run away from.

All time seemed to come to a grinding halt, a single tear falling out of the corner of Aina's eye. Words could not express how much she missed him.

[Chapter 1548 Youth](#)

Aina seemed infatuated with the taste of Leonel's lips, forgetting about everything around her. It had only been weeks since the two last saw each other, but it felt like a lifetime. She had already sworn once that she would never leave Leonel's side, but circumstances had forcefully ripped them apart this time and there was nothing they could do about it.

It wasn't until she thought about slipping her tongue into his mouth did she realize that she was going overboard and suddenly remembered that they were likely being watched by thousands of people.

She pulled back someone shyly, but there was a strong arm around her waist she couldn't help but be shocked by. Her base physical strength when she didn't rely on Blood Force had always been beyond Leonel's. But just now, not only had he blocked her palm easily, but she even felt like she wouldn't be able to push her way out of his embrace unless he let her or she used much more effort than she was willing to.

It seemed that Leonel had undergone astonishing changes, maybe more than even herself.

"What, are you suddenly shy now? I've already been sexually assaulted, someone needs to take responsibility."

Aina rolled her eyes, suddenly forgetting about her embarrassment entirely. When she was speaking with Leonel, the eyes and opinions of everyone else didn't seem to matter in the slightest.

"What is that? Were you suffering a loss?"

"Of course not, I just think I feel like I'm getting addicted. How about another taste?"

Leonel's attempt, though, was stopped with a small palm across his lips and chin.

"Another taste? Okay, Leonel Oliidark," the emphasis of the last name made Leonel shudder, suddenly feeling a bad premonition coming along, "why don't you tell me how it is that you've suddenly changed your last name? It can't be that you married into another family while I was absent, right? Why don't you tell me about your lovely wife?"

Leonel coughed. Why was this woman so sharp? He definitely hadn't married into the Oliidark family, but it was pretty close to that.

"Listen, listen... An old hag forced my hand! My chastity is still well protected, safe and sound for my lovely future wife."

"Who wants your chastity and who's your future wife exactly? You haven't even ticked off half the things on my list!"

The two seemed to have forgotten entirely about the world around them. Even while it looked like they were having a couple's spat, the fact Aina still had two palms on Leonel's chest, and Leonel himself hadn't let go of her waist, didn't make it seem very convincing at all.

Anyone with half a brain could see that they were clearly flirting. Aina's "anger" and Leonel's "fear" didn't even manage to reach their eyes which were filled with nothing more than love and affection.

Those that didn't know Leonel and Aina could only stand in stunned jealousy of the former. Aina had only been here for maybe a day, but her feats had rocked their understanding of what it meant to be a genius while somehow also managing to be the one of the most gorgeous women they had ever laid their eyes on.

Until now, she might as well have been a block of ice. But she had gone from that, to head over heels in love in the blink of an eye. It was as though she wasn't the same person at all, her golden eyes drowning in affection.

Those that did know Aina, though, like Uvile and Silyn, had no words.

Aina was someone who had gotten personal tutelage from their Pavilion Head. She was someone who might have been sent to the Human Class Sector if it wasn't both because of her low level and the Pavilion Head hoping to guarantee a victory across three Sectors at once.

In the time they had known her, she was polite and friendly, and they had thought her to be quite a nice and gentle person. But when they came across men, for some reason or another, she seemed to go the extra mile to draw a cold line. They had speculated that she had some trauma related to this matter in the past, but they hadn't known her well enough to ask.

And yet, she had suddenly flipped a switch, not for just any man, but the very same man who had just defeated them. They didn't even know how to feel or react to such a situation.

But the moment they got over this, they felt greatly worried for Aina.

Aina was the first woman to fall in love from the Endless Twilight Pavilion, and she definitely wouldn't be the last. But every single one of them had or would have the same outcome.

The oath sworn to enter the Pavilion couldn't be broken easily, and it was especially difficult when you have the eye of the Pavilion Head. Women who betrayed the Heads trust in that fashion had the absolute worst outcomes, regardless of how great their talent had been.

Their Pavilion Head was an elegant and refined woman, almost to an extreme. But behind her calm demeanor was a ruthless attitude, one that even many of the Great Families had no choice but to take seriously.

...

In the clouds above, the expression of Pavilion Head Ophelia was just the same. She didn't seem to have shifted from her baseline at all, and yet somehow the air seemed several levels more frigid, so much so that several seats in the near vicinity of her shattered, sending elders well into the Seventh and even Eighth Stars sprawling to the ground as though they were toddlers rather than experts.

At that moment, though, Avras appeared by Ophelia's side and took a polite seat.

"Hello, Senior. This junior has had great respect for you for a very long time now. I hope to get some advice from you about..."

Avras could only choose this method to force Ophelia to stay put. If this woman went on a rampage now, not only would the event be ruined, but they would lose a youth who was both a Spear Sovereign and gained a Twelve-Pointed Star Tablet.

[Chapter 1549 Silver](#)

The clouds above had suddenly become a very quiet place. The only one speaking was Avras who had suddenly become like a little boy trying to seek encouragement from his mother. But not a single person dared to snicker or laugh.

Mistress Oliidark and the others of the Oliidark family didn't know how to take this situation on properly. If they tried to protect Leonel now, wouldn't that make them an enemy of a Fiend power? They couldn't even handle a High Class organization, how could they possibly face off against a behemoth even the Great Families respected?

Athrae, though, as air headed as ever, had been sobbing about the death of Sebastian and Slaton. But when she saw such a pretty woman in Leonel's arms, she seemed to forget about it all, her eyes looking forward in shock.

For some reason, even though she had spent so much time saying the most disparaging things about Leonel, she felt a wave of jealousy. It was as though Leonel was her toy to throw away and pick up as she pleased, but now someone had actually dared to take it away from her without her consent.

"Grandma, this isn't fair. Can you—!"

Mistress Oliidark slapped her hand over her granddaughter's lips. It was so forceful that it might as well have been a real slap.

Athrae was stunned into silence. The slight stinging on her face and lips almost made her tear up again, if she wasn't so surprised that she couldn't even think of a next move to make in the first place.

Mistress Oliidark knew her granddaughter too well. If she said some nonsense now, even their attempts to salvage the situation might not be worth much of anything.

...

Back in the High Class Sector, Leonel and Aina were still chatting without a care in the world when the youths of the Sacred Light Pavilion came down.

When Stophiar saw the scene below, he didn't even know how to react. One of the many men that Aina had suddenly grown very cold toward was none other than himself.

One would think that Stophiar would know enough not to go after a young woman of the Endless Twilight Pavilion. However, the Sacred Light Pavilion had quite a special position amongst the Human Class powers, and as their head disciple, Stophiar was in a unique position to maximize those benefits.

There was a pipeline from the Sacred Light Pavilion, to the Fiend Class, and then the Laevis of the Great Families.

Rules were only things meant to be followed by the weak, and as scary as Pavilion Head Ophelia seemed, there was still a gap between her and the foundation of the Great Families. As any hot blooded male, Stophiar believed that so long as he proved his worth, the Laevis family would deal with Ophelia for him until he became powerful enough to deal with her himself.

Of course, these were all naïve ravings. He was comparable to some Fiend Class talents, but he wasn't enough to make the likes of the Laevis family do anything for him, let alone offend such a powerhouse.

But the fuel of testosterone and foolishness was strong when a beauty entered the picture.

However, even though his face twisted, Leonel and Aina didn't even look in his direction.

"Forget about me," Leonel tried to dodge the scrutiny he was under, "didn't you just try to attack me? Why don't we talk about that. You can't even recognize your own husband?"

"You smell diff—what's that supposed to mean? I don't remember having a husband."

"I smell different?"

"Yes, you do."

Leonel frowned, his head turning, suddenly feeling annoyed by a particular gaze.

Those that had been watching were used to a calm and collected Leonel. He might be somewhat cold, but his actions were always restrained. However, at the moment, he was like a completely different person.

"Can you piss off?"

Stophiar's face froze. He had been staring unrestrainedly, but that was because he was used to doing as he pleased and he was more surprised by this outcome than anything else.

Women of Aina's caliber were like precious gems to most families. Unlike some women who might be promised away before they were even born, talents on this level were carefully nurtured and well protected until maturity, only then might they get married, and that was only if they weren't in an organization like the Eternal Twilight Pavilion.

The odds that Aina would have a man should be practically 0, and yet now that very man was telling him to piss off without the slightest fear for his background.

"Forget him, come, come," Aina spoke, suddenly remembering something. She grabbed Leonel's hand and dragged Leonel away.

Uvile and Silyn only now broke out of their shocked states and tried to call after Aina, but Aina only waved and ignored them. It was as though she had completely forgotten about everything now that Leonel was here.

...

Not long later, Leonel and Aina had made it to the top floor. Much like the Middle Class, a Tablet hovered, but this time, Leonel saw a silver one.

He thought that he might get the next portion of the dark half of his Lineage Factor, but he was wrong. Instead, what he saw was something that made his heart skip a beat.

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

The worlds seemed far bolder now, but Leonel's Lineage Factor trembled in his veins, salivating as though it hadn't eaten in weeks.

This Silver Tablet wasn't the dark half, it was the light half. It contained the next step beyond his Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor. And, Leonel knew exactly what was within it.

The Twinkling Light Bear Lineage Factor and the Golden Tiger Lineage Factor, both Eighth Dimensional Lineage Factors that carried a weight and power that was near unfathomable.

However, Leonel quickly restrained himself. Since Aina had brought him here, didn't it mean that she saw something important to her? Leonel didn't mind giving up the opportunity and helping Aina exchange for what she needed instead if it was important.

"What do you see?" Leonel asked.

[Chapter 1550 Perfect Trust](#)

"Oh, right," Aina, who had felt a faint excitement, controlled herself, remembering that Leonel couldn't see the same things she saw. In fact, due to the fact that two people were standing here currently, the projection to the elders above wasn't clear either.

Leonel had no idea how this simple coincidence had saved him an endless pile of trouble. If the others realized that this light phase Silver Tablet appeared for him, the conclusion would be obvious: he already had the bronze portion. But that should be absolutely impossible.

Such a thing would expose Leonel in more ways than one, and would make an already bad situation absolutely irredeemable.

"It's a technique Golden Tablet, and it's related to Blood Sovereignty."

Leonel's brows shot up when he heard Gold. He had assumed that the tablet that appeared was capped by the Sector it appeared in, but this didn't seem to be the case. So long as you met the requirements, you would receive it.

But, obviously, those in lower Class Sectors often wouldn't have the talent to earn a higher level one. Leonel assumed that if he had appeared in this Sector first, the first tablet he saw would still be Bronze.

Leonel listened patiently as Aina explained.

According to her, the tablet was filled with blood manipulation techniques, among other things.

Usually, Aina's use of her Blood Force was quite crude. She didn't have other methods of using it outside of cutting people open, sucking it out, then using it as either blades or energy. Even the Void Palace didn't seem to have much that could help her, Blood Force was simply far too rare and most couldn't use it to the level Aina could.

In fact, most of the techniques only taught methods to do what Aina already did but with much weaker efficiency.

This tablet took things to a whole other level. Not to mention teaching her methods to maximize what she could already do, it even taught things like manipulating living creatures, extracting bloodlines personally, and even had methods of healing people back from the brink of death to full health in a single bound.

After hearing all of these things, Leonel had only reaffirmed his decision. When he learned that it was a Gold Tablet, he already knew that he would fight for Aina to have it. But since it had so many tangible benefits, he was even more certain in his choice.

Suddenly he looked up. "It seems the final phase is about to start. Okay, let's get you this tablet."

Aina smiled brightly. The reason she wanted the tablet the most was because of the healing methods within. If she could share her healing factor with Leonel, she would have far less to worry about when it came to his safety.

But at that moment, she suddenly remembered that Leonel saw something differently from her.

"Is what you saw more important? I can give it up if—?"

"No, it isn't a big deal, definitely not worth as much as yours, anyway."

Leonel pulled Aina along and they rushed out, only to find that Silyn and Uvile were both waiting anxiously as everything else had already rushed out.

"Oh right, I have to do something real quick."

Just before they could say anything, Leonel vanished. But this only made them relax further.

"Aina, this isn't good. Pavilion Head won't be happy!" Uvile tried to advise.

Aina frowned. "So what?"

The two were stunned silent. It was a good thing the monitors had long since turned to focus on the battle royale outside, or else maybe even Avras wouldn't have been able to hold the elegant Pavilion Head back anymore.

Uvile and Silyn looked toward one another, realizing that it was definitely a lost cause. There wouldn't be anything they could say to change this. The only chance they had to appease Ophelia's anger was to bring the tablet back.

"We have to hurry," Silyn pressured. "We will support you and siphon all the kills to you as well. We've already received orders from Pavilion Hea—."

Aina shook her head. "It's fine, me and Leonel will be enough."

The two women were once again speechless.

Leonel might be powerful, but he was still only one person. In addition, he had been the perfect counter to them only when they were conserving their energy for the main event. If they went all out now, they were still certain that they could win.

However, Aina completely disregarded two known commodities in a pair of disciples of a Fiend Class power all for the sake of her boyfriend.

"Aina, listen. Leonel might be a Spear Sovereign, but for whatever reason, his Spear Force isn't as strong as ones should be. He's still lacking. Why don't you at least rely on all three of us?" Silyn tried to compromise.

Aina's neutral impression suddenly became angry.

"Lacking? There is absolutely nothing lacking about him."

Aina's tone made their hearts quake. They suddenly felt their blood rolling out of their control and fear gripped their throats. They didn't understand how such benign words could piss Aina off to this extent.

At that moment, a gust of wind flashed and Leonel appeared. In his hand, there was a three meter tall bow that wafted a dense black fog. The fog was so thick that it made it look as though the bow itself didn't have a tangible form at all.

"Ready?"

Aina's anger suddenly vanished with the wind.

"Ready."

With that, the two shot outside.

Uvile and Silyn looked toward one another, helpless expressions on their faces. Their teachers had warned them that even powerful women could become stupid when in love, but they didn't think that included women as powerful as Aina too.

...

Leonel and Aina didn't have a mind to care for the opinions of others. Though they shot outside together, they separated in the blink of an eye.

Leonel's speed was so fast that he ran up the side of a building without the slightest effort. At the same time, Aina dove headlong into a swarm of demons.

Even as Aina's ax appeared in her hands for the first time and she raised it high about her head, Leonel had already pulled his bowstring tight, his eyes becoming lit with a deathly focus.

Then, he began to fire. His hands were like a blur, and yet his bow was absolutely steady, only shifting slightly from side to side, resulting in minor changes that catalyzed huge ones.

As Aina's ax descended, the whipping wind of dozens of arrows shot by her with barely a centimeter of separation from her flesh.

The timing was so perfect that when Aina's ax connected, the demons were already half dead.

Leonel's control was immaculate, leaving every single kill to Aina herself.

Those watching had never seen the killing of High Class demons made so easy. Even the best geniuses in this Sector took three to four attacks, but Aina's ax under the lead of Leonel's bow became like a reaper's scythe, reaping the lives of dozens with a single swing.

A hushed silence fell.

This display spoke for itself, there was simply nothing left to say.

This was something beyond perfect coordination. It was also perfect trust.