

Descent 331

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Leonel carefully put this Memory Ore away. He didn't know what information it held and he didn't even attempt to read it. If he was too careless, he might disrupt the chemical structure of the ore and destroy the information on it. So, he didn't dare to.

Of course, this was just Leonel being overly cautious. His current strength couldn't even elicit a reaction from the ore, let alone destroy the information on it. But, regardless, he wouldn't be able to read it now. And, since Uncle Montez wasn't helping him to read it, it was clear that he was unworthy of knowing this information just yet.

The bad news was that this meant that Leonel couldn't progress far into the Fourth Dimension for a long while, at least until he could read the contents of this Ore.

However, there was still good news. After all, Leonel now had a path to finding the rest of [Dimensional Cleanse]. And, he had a good feeling that whatever it is he found would be better than what the Tier 9 Bronze reward would have given him.

In addition, though Leonel couldn't strengthen himself the conventional way, there were still many other ways for him to do so.

For one, there was his ability. Secondly, there was the Four Seasons Realm. And, thirdly, there was still his Soul Force which had vast rooms for improvement.

Thinking to this point, Leonel suddenly felt he had a direction to move in. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Thanks to Camelot fusing with Earth's Fold of Reality, he still had his bow and even his quiver. By Leonel's estimation, his bow was a Quasi Bronze treasure as well that he had yet to get the full potential out of, so there was no need to change it. After all, he still couldn't even pull the string to a full moon.

As for the quiver, though it was still Silver and the equivalent of a Tier 6 or 7 treasure, it was serviceable and Leonel didn't feel a need to waste one of his picks on it.

After that, one might think Leonel would choose a defensive treasure. But, Leonel didn't feel like this was necessary. Not only would he soon have the skill he needed to reward his Quasi Bronze chain necklace, thanks to his absorption of Urbe Ore, his body was already about to break past the Standard Stage. Defense was the least of his worries.

"Uncle Montez, I'd like a movement technique of the Quasi Bronze level, preferably something that matches well with my Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor."

Montez's gaze flashed once again. 'So he's awakened this as well already?'

Leonel had decided long ago to go with this route. After he saw the strength of movement techniques thanks to Merlin's trials, he knew he needed something like this very soon. PANDA NOVEL

Montez clapped his hands and the counter began to flash.

The Light Element was rare to begin with. In addition, the Snowy Star Owl was well known for its speed. In fact, the Speed Branch was the only branch awakening Leonel hadn't completed till now.

This was all to say that the number of techniques that met Leonel's requirements were pitifully few, even fewer than the number of techniques he had to pick from when he chose [Dimensional Cleanse].

Still, much like when he chose [Dimensional Cleanse], Leonel felt one calling out to him the moment he laid eyes on it. He didn't even feel the need to look at the others.

[Gold Feather Step].

Even without opening the cover, Leonel knew that this was the one. He could faintly feel that it was separated into three different kinds of steps. One projected into his mind like a bird soaring through the skies, the second was like a bird diving with its wings pinned back, and the last was a majestic bird fluttering its wings, vanishing and then reappearing from sight. PANDA NOVEL

“This is the one.”

Like this, Leonel chose his second Quasi Bronze treasure.

“Say’! Uncle Montez.” Leonel’s gaze became absentminded for a moment as he held onto [Gold Feather Step]. He felt as though his mind had been taken into an all new world. “Do you think it’s possible to reach the Four Seasons Realm in movement?”

Montez’s aura abruptly changed, his gaze becoming sharp as though he wanted to look into Leonel’s soul. However, after a while, he saw that Leonel was still in a daze as though he wasn’t thinking about what he was saying at all.

‘What a little monster’! I wonder if he can do it’!’

If others heard Montez’s thoughts, they would think if he was wondering about whether Leonel could succeed in the task he just asked about. Only Uncle Montez himself knew that he was referring to something much grander’! Whatever that something grander was, it was related to the question Leonel had just asked.

A long while later, Leonel finally shook awake and carefully placed [Gold Feather Step] away.

“For my last Quasi Bronze treasure, I need a better Force Art Quill. I’m beginning to get a bit limited by my current one.”

“Hoho.” Montez chuckled and clapped his hands once again.

For Leonel to make such a choice, it was clear that his Force Crafting was coming along quite well.

Eventually, Leonel picked out a black quill with sharp silver trimmings. Leonel’s last quill came with a wind Force Art that aided in swiftness, but Leonel found it to be a bit gimmicky. This one came with a

metallic affinity that added sharpness. Like this, Leonel could use less Force to inscribe on tougher metals. This would help with his accuracy and precision in the long run, not to mention his stamina.

With this quill, Leonel might very well be able to pump out Tier 9 Black treasures of his own with consistency from now on.

At this point, Leonel had four more treasures to pick. Since one was left for his ticket to Terrain, he had just three.

Leonel realized that with his skill in Force Crafting, using these rewards on treasures would be a waste. What he needed were things he couldn't build or make himself now or in the immediate future.

After some thought, he decided to ask a question.

“Uncle Montez, I have a beast partner with a Dark Elemental affinity. But, right now, the little guy is just an infant and is probably at the best time to help set his future path. He also has a lot of talent, his ability is already within the Bronze Grade despite still being a Third Dimensional creature. Do you have anything that can help him mature along the right path?”

Montez blinked. It seemed like this kid was set on giving him more and more surprises every time they met.

A Third Dimensional creature with a Fifth Dimensional ability most definitely had an exaggerated growth path ahead of it. If treated properly, this little beast could be a lifelong partner.

In addition, since the little mink was born on Earth it had a chance to'

Montez smiled and clapped his hands once more.

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Abilities were an incredibly important part of a person's potential. Even among those of the highest echelon, entities that existed within the Sixth or Seventh Dimension, often, their most powerful tool were their abilities.

Abilities could transcend strength. An existence like the little mink who had a Fifth Dimensional ability could display combat prowess far beyond the realms of reason. In addition, the little guy also avoided the suppression one would experience upon entering higher Dimensional worlds.

However, at the same time, subduing such a partner was incredibly difficult. The fact Leonel had would of course surprise Montez because the latter knew that Leonel didn't have a beast taming ability.

"Bring the little one out."

Leonel nodded and brought Little Blackstar out.

The little guy was still in the midst of his dreamland. Rolling over in Leonel's hands, the little mink stuck his little tongue out in a yawn before burying its little head in Leonel's chest.

Montez's gaze landed on Little Blackstar, observing intently for a while.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

"The little one is indeed an infant. I'd say at most a few months old, maybe only half a year at most."

Within a Zone, aging continued as per one's original timeline. But, even if this wasn't the case, the little mink had spent most of the time within Suspended Animation which stopped all biological functions to begin with except for certain exceptions like healing in some cases. Of course, that was only if Leonel allowed it.

The fact the little mink was so young made something else make much more sense.

The Project Hunt Island should have been properly vetted to maintain a certain level of difficulty. But, Leonel was certain that there was no way anyone other than himself could have dealt with this little mink.

The fact the little mink was only born recently somewhat took the Slayer Legion off the hook for such a mistake, albeit just a small bit.

“So it’s a Shadow Sovereign, huh’!?” Montez mumbled beneath his breath. PANDA NOVEL

“Shadow Sovereign?” Leonel asked.

“Shadow Magic is an uncommon branch to run across though it exists. Those who learn it through unconventional means can be considered minor disciples of the practice. Those who inherit it through their Lineage Factor are a step above in this regard and can be considered primary disciples. But, those who awaken it through their abilities are considered of to be of the highest regard and can become Shadow Sovereigns.

“Of course, that depends on the evolution potential of said ability. There are often times when a Lineage Factor can surpass an ability.”

Leonel’s eyes lit up with understanding. It seems that he had underestimated just how important abilities were even now.

From Uncle Montez’s words, it seemed that abilities even superseded Lineage Factors. Though this wasn’t always the case, it seemed to be enough of a precedent to allow Uncle Montez to say those words with confidence.

“If you want to lay a path for the little one, the best choice is to allow it to allow its ability to resonate and synergize with a Lineage Factor. So’!” PANDA NOVEL

At that moment, the shifting of the counter had come to a stop and several vials of blood appeared.

“Each of these vials of blood will develop the little one down a different path. However, along with these vials, you also need to trade for the method of implementing them. All in all, any choice you make will be worth two Tier 9 Black treasures.”

Leonel nodded in understanding. He didn't know anything about using blood to enhance one's ability, but from what he understood about the human body, just drinking it obviously wouldn't help integrate the blood properly.

Of course, Leonel had no idea that the woman he was always thinking of had done exactly that. But, Aina was a bit of a special case.

"Shadow Magic has many potential branches and a wide ranging scope." Montez pointed to the first of five vials. "This comes from an infant Dark Mimicry Bat. Upon maturation it becomes a Fifth Dimensional beast. In fact, this is the same for all the others as well.

"Its blood helps enhance the Mimicry Branch of Shadow Lineage Factors. Everyone's shadow is as unique as one's soul. The Mimicry Branch can analyze that uniqueness, snatch it, and make it its own."

Leonel's eyes suddenly widened. "So that's what that was!"

"Hm?" Montez sent a questioning look toward Leonel.

Leonel recollected himself. "Little Blackstar has a Shadow World within his body. Due to a skill I gained within the Mythological Zone called 'Perfect Union', I can see into it a small bit. But, maybe because the skill is pretty low level, I can only get a vague understanding of it.

"But, I once saw a life that I was sure wasn't Little Blackstar's within it. I was wracking my brain, thinking about what it was. But now I feel like it must have been a form of mimicry that Blackstar hasn't quite learned to use yet."

Though 'Perfect Union' sounded, well, perfect, it had ultimately been just a Silver Skill from Merlin's Trials. How could it be as flawless as described?

The life that Leonel saw within Blackstar's Shadow World had baffled Leonel for a long time. But, within the Trials, he had chosen to ignore it and focus on what he did understand. After all, he was fighting for his life, he didn't have the luxury to slowly figure things out.

And, now that Leonel thought about it, that lifeform reminded him a lot of '!

Leonel's eyes glowed. Within the Force Core Mine, Little Blackstar had fought Simeon's numbered warriors and killed one of them with a sharp Force ability. Leonel hadn't been able to pinpoint what was so familiar about that life until Montez spoke just now.

That much meant that Little Blackstar could elicit the ability of that man!

But, how much he could gleam or use and to what level of strength was still questionable.

It was just the first vial of blood, but Leonel was already greatly intrigued.

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"Oh' !?"

The more Montez learned about this little mink the more curious he became.

From what he knew, Shadow World was an extremely exclusive and legendary ability of Shadow Magic users. The fact this little mink had it meant that it wasn't limited in the Shadow abilities it could use, whether it was the magic system's offensive, defensive, evasive, or auxiliary abilities, he could learn them all.

"A good chance that this little one could indeed' !" Montez mumbled.

"A good chance? For what?"

Montez smiled mysteriously. "Every world has its own Champions. The Champion of the humans is the wielder of the World Spirit. But, when it comes to newly evolved worlds like yours, beasts are at a great disadvantage' ! Did you think that the universe just favored humanoid creatures? Of course beasts have their own opportunities.

“Whether or not you can find out more will depend on yourself and this little one.”

Leonel’s gaze sparkled but didn’t ask anymore.

“This vial is from the Dark Illusion Mouse. It’s a creature especially known for its speed and evasive maneuvers. It has the ability to disappear in the shadows and become incorporeal. This falls within the Movement Branch of Shadow Magic.

“This vial is from the Purple Red-Eyed Spider. It’s known for its corrosive energy. This falls within the Attack Branch of Shadow Magic and specifically within the Corrosive Force Sub-Branch.pANDA-NOVEL.COM

“This vial is from the Prowling ‘!’”

Leonel listened to Montez seriously.

Of the vials, one focused on the Mimicry Branch, one of the Movement Branch, two of the Offensive Branch, and the final was a special case that could fit in the Attack and Defensive Branch.

Leonel had thought he would settle on the Mimicry Branch the moment he heard about it. This was because the little mink seemed to have already awakened a like ability. Plus, the little guy’s attack wasn’t lacking.

But, after he heard about the final beast, the Undying Abyss Bear, he hesitated.

The Bear had a special evolution of Dark Elemental Force that carried some characteristics of a Blackhole. It allowed attacks to be easily nullified, giving it great defenses. But, it likewise had a devastating attack as a result.

It was a hard decision, but Leonel ultimately decided upon the Mimicry Branch.

His reasoning was simple. Choosing the Undying Abyss Bear blood would be like cornering the little mink’s future progress, while the Mimicry Branch was the exact opposite.

If Leonel made the foundation of the little mink's ability mimicry, it would lay a foundation that could deviate with endless possibilities. However, if he chose the blood of the Undying Abyss Bear, it would lock in the little mink's Dark Elemental Force to a certain type unless the blood was purged. PANDA NOVEL

As long as a proper foundation was laid, anything could be chosen in the future. It wouldn't be too late to give the little mink the Blackhole characteristic by then. But for now, Leonel felt it was smarter to both lay a broader foundation while also following up on the evolution path the little mink was already tending toward to begin with.

"I'll choose the Dark Mimicry Bat." Leonel said after a long while.

Montez nodded, exchanging the blood and method of use with Leonel at once. This left Leonel with just one treasure to pick from.

"Remember that you're raising this little one as your own. Since you've picked his path, you have to be careful about what you choose for its next evolution. Also, remember that this blood is only supplementary. Your choices are meant to enhance the ability of your partner, not supersede them.

"If a human were to take this blood, the effects would be minimal at best, not to mention leave behind lingering injuries. Beasts are somewhat better at consuming blood with the appropriate care and techniques, but the prerequisite is that the blood suits them.

"I'm satisfied with your first choice, so don't stray in the future."

Hearing these words, Leonel nodded seriously. This dispelled all thoughts he had of potentially using this blood on himself and also left him at a loss for what to use his final treasure on.

Leonel fell into his thoughts once again.

At first, Leonel didn't know what he wanted. But, after a while, he remembered a certain chariot that once made him grind his teeth in rage. Back then, he had suffered a big loss at the hands of Captain Sela. He swore that when he got the chance, he would definitely get a movement treasure of better quality.

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Thinking of the Slayer Legion, Leonel's gaze flashed with a cold light.

After a while, Leonel's cold demeanor faded into a grin.

“Uncle Montez, I need a ride.”

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At that moment, a familiar island was surrounded by a depressing gloom. This island was none other than the very one the Slayer Legion had found the Camelot Zone on. However, compared to the past, it looked much different.

Raging winds and violent storms had taken hold of the island. The thick trees swayed wildly from side to side, their green leaves flying in every which direction. The ground was soaked completely through, turning the endless greenery into a marsh land that was more reminiscent of a rice farm than a forest. Up above, black clouds rolled and rumbled flashing with vicious arcs of lightning.

The shores of the island were a complete mess. The ocean looked like a dense expanse of black, huge waves crashing and rolling onto the sides of the island as though threatening to swallow it whole.

It was on this very island and in these very conditions that a fiery argument was taking place.

“Do you think that I, Hacker Hutch, am a push over?”

Hutch stood with a rusted blade, his seemingly old and frail frame standing tall beneath the rushing winds and heavy rain. Under the dark skies, he seemed like a sheathed blade ready to unleash at any moment.

“Hutch, I suggest you put the blade away.”

A man whose momentum seemed no less than Hutch stood opposing him. Monet and Violet Rain had already exited, but judging by the fact no others had come with them, it was clear that everyone else had died.

However, according to these women, Leonel was just fine.

Hutch had stormed to this place the moment he heard about the actions Monet took behind his back that day. But, by then, they had already long since entered the Zone so he could only wait.

Unfortunately, his movements had alerted others. And, this matter only blew up further after it was found out that several promising geniuses and Commanders had died within the Zone, one of which actually personally died at Leonel's hand.

On the sidelines, Badger stood with reddened eyes, the rain soaking him all the way through. When he heard that Mayfly had died, it hit him like a ton of bricks. Any hatred he held for not being allowed to enter the Zone had been transferred toward his hatred for Leonel. He wanted nothing more than to rip him limb from limb.

“Oh? And are you going to take my blade from me, Catris? Come and take it!”

Catris' face darkened. His standing was no less than Hutch's, a retired Supreme. So, why would he fear him?

“I think it's best you think about your next steps carefully.” Catris practically growled, his figure seemingly growing by a size beneath his billowing aura. “Others are already dissatisfied with you. Do you think you can just boot an appointed Supreme from their position just because you feel like it? Did you already forget what happened all those years ago?”

Hutch's aura sharpened and he sneered a toothy grin.

“It seems that my machete hasn't tasted blood in so long that some people really think they can talk to me however it is they want. I'll let you choose. Would you rather lose your left or right arm? Or would you prefer to lose a leg?”

Hutch's blood thirsty aura caused those spectating members of the Slayer Legion who had been tasked with protecting the island to feel as though their blood had frozen over.

It was then that the whirring of the Zone suddenly caught everyone's attention.

At that moment, a teenage boy dressed in rags stepped out, his bronze hair becoming practically the only light in this dark atmosphere.

The boy yawned. He seemed to genuinely be tired and couldn't be bothered by what was happening around him.

When he wiped the tears from his eyes enough to clear his vision, he saw that he had been surrounded.

"Oh? Hey, old man."

The boy smiled.

Who else could it be if not Leonel Morales?

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Leonel's casual greeting reached all of their ears. At that moment, everyone's attention shot toward the same teenage boy.

Despite the fact he looked as though he had just crawled out from a garbage dump, he held a certain undeniable valiant air that made him too difficult to ignore.

Leonel yawned again.

This sort of scene, why did it feel so familiar?

Beneath their gazes, Leonel flipped his palm and allowed numerous snowglobes to appear. Afterward, members of the Adurna family began to appear one after another, plopping to the ground as Leonel released them.

“Big Brother Leonel!”

Nana was the first to recover as she wasn't harmed to begin with. While the others were still in a daze, Nana seemed to realize that Leonel must have been the one that saved them.

Leonel smiled lightly, patting the little girl's head. Seeing her childish excitement, he could tell just how much the Camelot Zone had weighed on her mind.

The second of the Adurna family to come to was their oldest and the man that had been responsible for their lives. However, it seemed that he had failed in his task as a guardian fairly badly. And, to make matters worse, his mind was still foggy. He found it difficult to tell whether or not they were still within a Zone.  
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This elder's name was Matteus. He couldn't help but look toward Leonel with a hint of confusion.

Leonel only smiled. “I hope your Adurna family remembers this favor.”

Matteus blinked in confusion. Favor? Wait..

He looked around and seemed to recognize the island they were on. They had escaped? How? Matteus had been absolutely certain that they would all be dead.

“Alright, bye.” Leonel waved and seemed set to leave, causing many to be shocked.

Catris' gaze sharpened. Did this boy really not take them seriously?!

“LEONEL!”

The roar cut through the heavy rain and rumbling clouds. Even Leonel couldn't help but look back only to see an infuriated Badger. In fact, the latter's skin had reddened to the point that it seemed to steam beneath the rain. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel frowned slightly. It wasn't only him, but Hutch as well.

It had to be remembered that Mayfly and Badger were sent by Hutch in order save Leonel and the others of the island. It could be said that Badger was thus a person of Hutch's. No matter how you looked at it, him standing out now would only muddy the situation.

"Do you have something to say to me?"

Leonel shifted his gaze toward Badger. How could he not tell why the latter was enraged? However, what did Mayfly's death have to do with him? If he should be blaming anyone, it should be Monet for failing to protect her own. And, even if he didn't want to blame Monet, he should then blame the Adurna family for screwing everything up to begin with.

This was a Unique Zone. Deaths were practically inevitable. If the planned dozen had entered, it was likely that the death count would have been the same if not worse.

Badger fumed beneath Leonel's nonchalance, but he soon calmed, his gaze becoming a smothering volcano that was ready to erupt at any time.

Large wings spread from his back. It seemed like he might shoot forward at any moment, ready to risk his life to take Leonel's.

Leonel shook his head and couldn't be bothered. He didn't want to stir up anymore problems. Before he left Earth, he still wanted to destroy the Royal Blue Fort. If these issues blew up instead, he would have to head to Terrain first and deal with it later. This was obviously something he didn't want to do.

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Leonel was still worried about his teammates. There was no telling if the Junior Governor Duke had chosen to target his friends in his absence.

In normal times, Leonel would trust James to protect them, but the event of that month taught him that James truly couldn't be counted upon. When it came down to it, James placed the matters of his family above friendship and comradery.

If Leonel thought about it, there wasn't anything necessarily wrong with this approach. If he was asked to choose between his father and his friends, wouldn't the choice be obvious?

Of course, if others heard Leonel's thoughts, they would think him too cold or calculating. How could one so easily make such a choice? But to Leonel, it was just this simple.

However, it seemed that Leonel wouldn't be getting his wish' ;

"Unauthorized entry into a Zone, hoarding of contraband, and the murder of a fellow soldier."

Leonel's crimes were calmly listed by a familiar feminine voice. He didn't even need to look to know that the person in question was Monet.

Leonel's gaze swept through the crowd to land on the red armored middle-aged beauty.

At this point, Leonel didn't even bother. He took out a talisman. Since he wasn't going to be able to leave here peacefully to do what he needed to do, he would just leave to Terrain now. However, he would remember this.

He was certain that by the time he came back, these Supremes wouldn't be able to handle him even if they banded together as one. By then, no one could stop him from doing what he needed to do.

The expression of those watching changed. Of all the things they expected, for Leonel to say not a word and truly prepare to leave caught them completely off guard.

"Leonel, wait."



“Hm?” Leonel paused.

There was only one person he would even bother to listen to at this point, and that was obviously Hutch.

Though Leonel was a bit unsatisfied with the way the old man had kidnapped him against his will, delaying his plans to raze the Royal Blue Fort to the ground, he still felt that the retired Supreme was a net positive on his life.

The old man sighed. “Just stay, will you? With me here, who would dare do anything to you? If you want, in a few years, I’ll even give my Supreme position to you. I’ll see who dares to say anything.”

Hearing these words, others were stunned while Leonel just smiled.

“I appreciate the sentiment, old man. But, I think it’s best that the Slayer Legion and I part ways from here on.”

Hutch shook his head. “They’re a bit shameless, but it’s still not good to be alone in this new world order. Youths like you need an umbrella to grow beneath.”

Leonel grinned. “Shameless is a good word for it. The people I just saved the lives of are now accusing me of crimes. I wonder how many of them would be alive without me?”

Monet’s expression turned ice cold, red flames flickering within the depths of her pupils. But, Leonel continued unperturbed.

“And I dunno’! Something about that umbrella term makes me itch all over.”

With a last smile, Leonel activated the talisman.

“I’ll be seeing you old man.”

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Everyone watched as Leonel vanished.

In truth, it wasn't that they didn't consider the idea of Leonel using one of his rewards for a chance to escape, it was just that none of them had expected him to leave without practically saying a word. Had it not been for Hutch trying to get him to stay, he would have probably spared them all just a single glance and left.

It was pure disdain. He couldn't even bother to try and defend himself regardless of whether or not he was in the right. He felt no obligation toward them.

Yet, somehow, his gaze was burned into all their minds. He never said the words 'I'll remember this' aloud, yet they somehow felt as though it was echoing in their ears again and again.

Hutch sighed and shook his head.

'Seems that brat is finally slowly awakening to his true self.'

Leonel's final words constantly reverberated in his mind' 'Something about that umbrella makes me itch all over' ;

Suddenly, Hutch began to laugh. He looked no different from a madman in the midst of the rain. But, no one dared to take a madman holding a machete lightly.

Catris expression flickered numerous times before it settled into a sneer. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

"I'll be sure to report all of this back without missing a single detail, Hutch. Not only did you bring such a scourge into the Slayer Legion, you didn't even care that one of the geniuses under your charge died due to his actions."

At that moment, Hutch seemed to remember something.

Suddenly, his vision sharpened.

Catris' hair stood on end. He immediately shot backward, his nerves tense.

In that instant, the world seemed to slow. No matter how hard Catris tried to move, he couldn't seem to accelerate. It was as though he had been slowed to slow motion or that the world around him had suddenly been fast forwarded.

PCHUU!

Blood spurted as a limb twirled into the air. The crimson was quickly washed away by the endless barrage of rain, but even then, it was just as quickly replaced by a new flow.

Catris paled, looking down at his right arm which now lay on the ground. PANDA NOVEL

"Since you didn't make the choice, I decided to make the choice for you." Hutch said casually.

His indifferent voice made everyone freeze. His complete nonchalance in the face of blood and gore made them feel as though he wouldn't lose a wink of sleep even if he killed them all one by one.

"Consider this a simple reminder that you can't just speak to anyone as you please." Hutch continued. "And, as for the death of Mayfly, you seem to forget that I raised her practically as my own daughter."

The indifference in Hutch's voice soon became coldness.

His gaze swept over, landing on Monet.

In that instant, Monet felt as though she had been thrown into an icy hell. Her knees uncontrollably buckled, causing her to almost fall to the ground. All the lofty demeanor she had, even when she was facing the demons of Camelot, came crumbling down with a single look.

“I would really like to know what her superior officer was doing as Mayfly died. You all seem to want to focus on the fact that Leonel wasn’t meant to enter, when the truth was that Leonel was originally on the list of entries, the one who wasn’t was Monet who self inserted. Isn’t that right?”

Monet shivered. 

This was true. Originally, Badger and Mayfly were meant to enter as one. They were so used to partnering with one another that the sum of their teamwork was far beyond themselves individually. To say that they could surpass a Supreme when working together wasn’t an exaggeration at all.

This was the new world order, after all. Being older didn’t necessarily mean you were stronger since Earth was still in its infancy.

Monet grit her teeth and squeezed out all her strength to speak.

“Leonel injured Badger before their entry. There was no choice.”

“Oh?” Hutch laughed as though he was amused that Monet dared to speak back. “And why would he hurt Badger? Hadn’t they just worked together to escape the beast tide on the Project Hunt Island? I wonder what made them enemies in such a short time?”

Hutch’s questions seemed light, but they all put more and more pressure on Monet. The latter felt as though her heart might stop completely if she was pressured any more.

At that moment, the situation suddenly changed.

Hutch’s gaze narrowed as he looked off into the distance. An older man with a head of white, flowing hair approached with a pair of massive white wings. He looked no different from a deity descending

upon the mortal world. Whether it was his demeanor or looks, he seemed impeccable. Even the winds and rain bent around him.

“That’s enough Hutch.”

Hutch looked up but didn’t say much of anything. He only sheathed his blade and began to walk away with broad steps.

The angelic man frowned toward the disregard.

“I hope you understand Hutch, that among the retired Supreme, you aren’t the only one who’s awakened a Variant ability. If you make an enemy of us all’ !”

At that moment, the angelic man found the world around him slowing. His eyes widened, a blinding golden light emitting from his body. But, before he could react, Hutch had already appeared in the skies, snatching a handful of white feathers and landing heavily on the ground.

“I wonder, how many more do you think I need to pluck off before you can’t fly above me anymore?”

The angelic man suddenly seethed in rage. But, remembering Hutch’s ability, he also felt his heart go cold. Why did such a madman have to awaken such an ability?

In the end, the angelic man remained silent, watching as Hutch walked away. Though Hutch seemed slow, he had already left the range of the island in the blink of an eye, gliding over the black, raging waters’ !

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At the moment Hutch was gaining some interest for Leonel, the latter had found himself in a completely unexpected situation.

Unlike Aina, Leonel was teleported to a proper place. There was a well elevated platform located in the middle of a bustling city. In fact, Leonel's initial appearance didn't garner much attention until, well, until it did.

Leonel hadn't even stepped off the platform yet when a dozen armed guards charged forward, spears and swords in hand as they completely surrounded him.

Leonel turned his gaze back to the first person he had seen after entering this place. She was a woman of average looks who gained a salary for manning and maintaining the order of the teleportation pad. In fact, Leonel and her had just had an amicable exchange.

The dictionary had begun to work again, so Leonel only had to rely on it to communicate in this odd, new language. He didn't think there was a problem with doing so as he had already noticed several translation treasures in the hands or on the bodies of others.

But now, for whatever reason, that same woman who he had just been conversing with was avoiding his gaze.

Leonel wanted nothing more than to find a hotel and take a nice long sleep. But now he was suddenly being threatened from all sides.

Where was the justice?

Chapter 336

Leonel was speechless. Just how bad was his luck. He hadn't even been on this world for all of five minutes when he suddenly found himself in a heap of trouble once again. The worst part was, he didn't even know what he had done wrong.

At that moment, there were shouts coming at him from all directions, but he couldn't understand anything they were saying. Though it was possible to use the dictionary to translate, that could obviously only be done one at a time, he had no idea what all the fuss was about.

Leonel closed his eyes and shook his head, willing his fatigue away to deal with the current situation.

“Speak one at a time please, I have no idea what you’re saying.”

Leonel used the dictionary to translate these words, but the shouting didn’t seem to stop. In fact, it intensified.

It was obvious that these people knew Leonel was a foreigner and this wasn’t even an area where foreigners were rare, yet they kept speaking in their native tongue. It was hard to believe that they weren’t doing it all on purpose.

Leonel tried to speak with the lady that received him again, but she continued to avoid eye contact for reasons he was left completely in the dark of. He truly had no idea why he was being treated like this.  
PANDA-NOVEL.COM

By this point, a sizeable crowd had been built. After all, this was a bustling city square to begin with and was most definitely a hotspot for tourists. When they saw such good entertainment before them, how could they not take a pause for a look?

As more and more people gathered, Leonel suddenly noticed a striking difference between himself and them.

Everywhere he looked, no matter where it was, everyone was excellently dressed. Even the most modest amongst these people who kept their jewelry to a minimum and refrained from wearing elaborate dresses carved of expensive furs exuded the air of nobility.

Leonel had always been an observant person. It wasn’t a matter of his ability, but rather his social abilities. He realized that in a place like this, considering he was dressed from head to toe in rags’ † He stuck out like a sore thumb.

‘Is it really because of my clothing?’

At this point, the shouting around Leonel seemed to come to a stop which caused Leonel to stop observing his surroundings. A leader of sorts stepped forward and spoke some words. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel sighed a breath of relief. 'Finally, we're getting somewhere.'

Leonel could tell that they had stopped their shouting tactic after realizing he wasn't very moved by it at all. He didn't know why these armored warriors wanted to intimidate him, but he could only slowly realize the truth from here on out.

"State your name, affiliation and purpose."

The dictionary translated for Leonel, finally allowing him to tell just what was going on.

'I need to learn this language as quickly as possible!'

Leonel didn't feel off put by the question. Even on Earth alone, just traveling from Province to Province elicited questions just like this. It only made sense that it would be asked when it came to travel between worlds. PANDA NOVEL

"My name is Leonel, I come from Earth. I'm only here on vacation."

Leonel felt there was no need to speak about his purpose of finding Aina. Speaking truthfully would only raise more questions.

In addition, he had no idea what Aina's current situation was, but he still hadn't forgotten that eerie feeling from before. If he wasn't just being paranoid and she really was in trouble, then mentioning the fact that he was looking for her would only put them both in danger.

The spectators had much more sophisticated translation treasures than Leonel did. So, they all understood his words practically immediately. But, as a result, they were confused and gave Leonel weird looks.



Earth? They had never heard of it. Though Earth was greatly valued by higher Dimensional worlds, information about it wasn't quite wide spread yet. These people might look rich, but compared to true nobles, they still had a long way to go.

That said, the reason they were giving Leonel weird gazes wasn't because of this. There were too many worlds, how could they know all of them? That was impossible. What they found weird was the fact he said he was here to be a tourist, but if that was the case' | why was he dressed like that?

Leonel, however, was thinking about something completely different. He didn't miss the sharpening of the captain's gaze after he spoke of Earth. Just what was going on?

"Come with us for further questioning." The captain said coldly.

Leonel frowned at these words, but the guards seemed to react immediately to his hesitation, placing their hands on their weapons.

'There's something weird about these guards. They don't seem to be dressed like natives of this land' |'

Leonel separated out everyone he observed into three categories. There were natives, tourists and these guards. Natives all seemed to wear garbs that crossed flexible armor with robes, giving them a distinctive look. These guards, however, had their own mode of dressing.

Each of them wore fluttering robes but they were split below their waste into four sections. One section to each of the sides of their hips and one to their front and back. This design exposed the metallic sheet armor that covered their legs.

In addition to this, each of them had the same design on their lapels, a golden pin that held an oddly shaped star and cross. It seemed to exude a level of authority that garnered the respect of all those that looked at them.

The more Leonel observed, the more he felt there was something off about this.

He looked back toward the woman who had received him again, not surprised to find her still dodging his gaze. By now, he was certain that these men were called here by her.

What a joke. To think they had just been having a friendly conversation only to find out that she had been stirring up trouble for him.

The young woman shivered. Compared to Leonel's previous inquisitive gaze, she could feel the coldness of this one. Her heart skipped several beats, losing its regularity. The change left her unable to breathe properly.

Leonel looked away. "I will follow you."

He regained his calm, glancing toward the captain with an indifferent expression.

The captain frowned, but ultimately gave the signal to surround Leonel and escort him away.

## Chapter 337

The young woman watched Leonel's back disappear into the distance, her breathing still hitching. It was only after a long while that she gritted her teeth in rage. If it wasn't for the fact she was still in public, she would have likely found anything she could to throw and bash around.

'How dare he! How dare he! How dare he!'

The young lady ground her teeth in silence.

"Rie? What happened? Who was that guy?"

At that moment, a familiar voice to the young lady stepped forward.

The young woman, Rie, looked up to find exactly who she expected to. It was another young woman of similar age and type. They both had decent looks and cute features. It was truly a case of like people attracting one another. From afar, they even looked quite like sisters even though they weren't.

"Syl! Ugh, I thought you said that this job would be easy?"

Syl giggled, rounding Rie's desk and hooking her arm around her friends.

"You've already had this job for years. Now that you've soaked up all the benefits, you want to come back here and blame me?" PANDA-NOVEL.COM

It seemed that Syl had quite the standing. If not, how could she have possibly helped Rie gain such a position?

Syl seemed quite amused by her friends complaining and wanted to ask more, but the teleportation pad suddenly lit once again.

Rie hid her dissatisfaction and politely greeted another client. After some pleasantries, she sent this person on their way and sat back down in a huff.

"Now can you tell me what happened?"

Rie pouted. "With your connections, you could easily find out. Why make me talk about something that makes me upset? What kind of friend are you?"

Syl giggled. "Second and third hand information isn't as good as the real thing. Come on, don't hold out on me. Plus, you know that my family doesn't have much jurisdiction over them!"

When she said these words, Syl's playful expression became a tad bit more solemn. But, regardless she still pressed Rie for answers.

Rie sighed and caved in. PANDA NOVEL

“A couple months ago, they briefed all of us attendants on some new information. Apparently they’re cracking down on fugitives and escapees. Whenever I see a sign of suspicious activity, I’m supposed to make small talk with the suspect and secretly call for reinforcements. But this bastard actually glared at me like that just because I was doing my job.”

Syl’s eyes sparkled. “A crackdown? Why? Who are they trying to catch? Who would be bold enough to become a fugitive in the eyes of those people?”

Clearly, to Syl, this wasn’t a normal case’!

Let’s just say that becoming a fugitive of a world or even a network of worlds wasn’t as bad as becoming a fugitive in the eyes of these people.

“I don’t know anything, I just followed their orders.” Rie said with an exasperated sigh.

Syl giggled. “He only glared at you a bit, is there a need to be so angry?”

Rie gave her own glare at these words. “You don’t get it. I thought I was going to die. A measely Third Dimensional brat actually pressured me, how embarrassing.”

Syl blinked. “He was in the Third Dimension yet you still called them for him?” ρ??∪???

Rie froze for a moment. Then, she blushed profusely. It seemed she realized she had done something wrong.

That was right, how could someone in the Third Dimension be who they were looking for? It was no wonder he glared at her.

After a while, Rie regained her bearing and bit her teeth. Even if she made a mistake, there was no need to treat her like that. What a bad guy. What good was being a bit handsome if you were so weak?

“Hmph.” Rie finally snorted. “If I see him again, I’ll definitely have sister-in-law teach him a lesson.”

Syl burst into a fit of giggles.

This ‘sister-in-law’ Rie was referring to was actually her own sister-in-law. Syl had an elder brother who treated the both of them like his own little sisters. So, despite the fact they weren’t blood related, Rie still called her sister-in-law.

Of course, there were deeper matters in relation to this oddity, but they were unimportant at this moment.

“It’s really curious, though.” Syl said after a moment. “Isn’t it supposed to be a struggle for those in the Third Dimension to adjust to a Fourth Dimensional world? Where did he get the strength to glare at you?”

Rie froze again, seemingly stumped once more.

Syl giggled and shook her head. This friend of hers had always been a bit simple. If not for this, she would have helped her get a far more prestigious job than this.

Though this gig paid well and was very stable and safe, it wasn’t exactly the most esteemed.

“Young Miss.”

Just when Syl wanted to speak with Rie a bit more, a strict voice sounded from her back.

To her back, there was an inconspicuous man with sparse hair. He was well dressed and groomed, while his hands were perpetually clasped behind his back. However, the way his hair fluttered about like the wings of a bird made it difficult for Syl to take him very seriously.

That said, this was only because she knew that this old man would never harm her. For others, if they saw this old man, they would head in the opposite direction 99.99% of the time. The remaining percentage point was an unknown variable. After all, the dead couldn't testify.

“Already?” Syl pouted.

“Yes, this is very important Young Miss. The City Lord isn't willing to compromise on this.”

Syl sighed and shook her head. She knew that talking wouldn't do her any good.

“Fine, fine. Let's go. I'll see you later, Rie.”

“Okay.” Rie waved her friend goodbye.

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At that moment, Leonel sat in a blank room. This was the best way he could describe it.

The walls were a dull gray. The singular chair he sat on was a dull gray. The singular table before him was a dull gray. It was even difficult to see the outline of the door to this place. It was as though Leonel had been tossed into a cube with no exit.

After a few minutes turned to almost an hour, Leonel felt a keen sense of dejavu. He had a flashback to the time Pope Margrave wasted his time. But, this time, he didn't have the option to leave at all.

Leonel yawned.

Since they wanted to make him wait, that was fine.

Leonel took out a pillow and a blanket, climbed onto the table, and fell into a deep sleep.. Soon, the sound of light snoring filled the small room.

## Chapter 338

Leonel fell into a deep sleep almost immediately. Of course, he was using the meditation rest technique his father had taught him. But, to the outside world, he was out cold without any understanding of what was happening around him.

When Leonel entered this place, he realized many things.

For one, these people didn't take him very seriously. They didn't restrain him nor did they take his things away. It was very likely they believed he was weak.

Leonel didn't mind allowing this illusion to continue. But, at the same time, he knew that it very well may not be an illusion at all.

Leonel had never seen a Fourth Dimensional entity battle. However, according to the information he had, no matter how powerful one was within a lower Dimension, it was impossible to challenge a higher one with very few exceptions. Leonel didn't know how true this was or if the Crystallization of his Force could help bridge this gap, but he didn't feel like finding out by putting his life on the line.

All Leonel knew was that if he didn't rest his mind, he would be at an even greater disadvantage. So, that was exactly what he did. Without a care for anything going on around him, he entered a deep dreamland.

By some stroke of coincidence, or maybe due to the fact Leonel was right about them not taking him seriously, no one was monitoring Leonel.

They likely believed that they could sweat Leonel out just like any other prisoner. If they let him sit alone for a long while, he'd probably spill out everything he knew when he finally saw another person.  
PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Unfortunately, due to their lack of bothering to monitor him, none of them realized that the young man they thought they were pressuring was taking a nice nap.

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Across the universe it could be said that there were countless centers of power. But, more often than not, these powers would have the shadow of stronger entities to their backs, and those stronger entities would have even stronger backers.

This was simply the way of the world.

On Earth, which county didn't have a city backing it? Which city wasn't backed by a state or province? Which state or province didn't have a country behind it? This was simply how things functioned.

In this new world order where having and not having resources was the difference between life and death, powers who could stand to support others had their hands in as many pots as possible.

When things are put into this perspective, it truly isn't a surprise that Earth was targeted in such a way. Even under the protection and overwatch of so many powerful existences, there were some with enough backing that still dared to make a move. PANDA NOVEL

In such a complicated environment, it was too difficult to hold such powers accountable for their actions. So, they acted with impunity. And, if they failed, so what? Who would call them out for it?

Of course, there were some that tried to call out the wrongs of these powers. But, how long did these foolish individuals survive for?

Once again, it seemed as though someone didn't know their place' |

'|

"Aliard has died."



The room wasn't dark and sinister as one might expect. In fact, it was well lit and lavishly furnished. And, as though to prove that these entities truly had nothing to hide or didn't deem it necessary to hide anything, this meeting took place within the private room of a bustling high-class restaurant.

"Oh? That's unfortunate. I assume everything was handled appropriately?" ρ??∫???????

Silence fell over the room. This lack of response seemed to catch everyone's attention. Their careless demeanors paused for a moment in place of several sneers.

"So it seems someone else doesn't know their place? Just deal with them as usual."

Everyone around the table seemed to agree with this. It seemed that there was no need for further discussion.

"Leave it to the head of that Quadrant."

"Agreed."

The conversation started and ended just as quickly. To these men and women, what was a small fry from a Pseudo Fourth Dimensional world even worth? The fact they wasted a few seconds of their day on such an ant was already too much respect in their eyes.

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The decision of these entities quickly moved down the ranks, jumping through several chains of command before finally making it the ears it needed to make it to.

The man was tall and lanky, carrying a pale complexion that made it seem as though he was either a foot into the grave or one step out of it.

"Commander Scithe."

An attendant respectfully knelt before the man, yet he didn't even turn back.

He stood looking out a wide, curved window. Stars and asteroids shot across his vision as planets and moon shone beautifully in the distance. It was the kind of scene only a handful of people from Earth had seen personally. Yet, in this new world order, anyone with a little bit power could lay eyes on such a scene.

Despite the lack of an answer, the attendant didn't dare to make another sound, continuing to kneel in silence.

Eventually, he spoke.

“Leave the information here. You can go.”

The voice sounded just as dead as the man's sunken expression. Who knew if it was because it had been too long since his last meal or if this man was really dead, but his skin was pressed so flush against his cheeks that it seemed the bone might tear through it at any moment.

Scithe picked up the files as the door to his office was closed.

When he finished reading them, a flicker of disdain couldn't help but flash within his eyes.

Leonel Morales? They wanted him to personally take care of a brat? Was this supposed to be a joke?

Scithe shook his head and pressed a button.

“Find out for me where this Leonel Morales is. It's too painful to descend to the Pseudo Fourth Dimension, I expect no mistakes or else I'll have your head.”

“Yessir!” A voice came from the other side.

Scithe walked back to enjoying his view, the clanking of his armor being audible with his every step.

If Leonel had been there, he would have noticed an eerily familiar uniform.

Robes that split into four pieces at the waist.. Legs covered in sheet armor beneath them. A pin that looked like the cross between a star and cross on the lapel' ;

### Chapter 339

The sudden opening of a door shook Leonel out of his sleeping state.

He yawned and stretched, sitting up from the table.

He had to say that sleeping on a table wouldn't have been the most comfortable experience for him in the past. But, after practicing to the Standard Stage, it might as well have been a soft bed to the current him.

Leonel wiped the tears and sleep from his eyes, finally locking eyes with those that walked into the room.

There were two individuals, one man and one woman. They both wore the same split robes and metallic leg sleeves.

'These uniforms are quite cool.' Leonel thought playfully to himself. 'I wonder how I can join?'

Of course, Leonel was just having a joke at the expense of himself. With his luck in joining organizations, he'd probably be being hunted to his death within another few days. Still, that didn't change the fact he felt these outfits were quite stylish. Sometimes even Leonel himself forgot he was a teenage boy.

Coach had always said: 'Look good, play good'. The better one felt, the better they could perform. It seemed that this organization, whatever it was, seemed to take this quite seriously as well. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

While Leonel was observing the pair, the two of them were looking toward him with incredulous expressions. Wasn't this young man supposed to be sweating their appearance? Why the hell is it that he was sleeping?

The young woman wrinkled her nose. It seemed that a negative effect of locking Leonel in here for so long was that his smell had been highly concentrated into this area.

Leonel slid off the table and put his blanket and pillow away. Flakes of dried blood fell from his body and coated the table, but he didn't bother to clean it. He felt the cleanliness of the room had nothing to do with him, quite frankly.

Though he had been cleansed twice by his Two Star Constitution and could even stay fresh for longer than normal humans, given enough time, he would still end up in such a state. He was still very much mortal.

Leonel sat down on the chair as though nothing had happened and smiled lightly.

"Might I ask what I've been brought in for now?"

Compared to the first time they saw him, Leonel's gaze was much sharper and focused. It seemed that he had really needed that nap. It seemed it might have been an issue to leave him here alone for so long. PANDA NOVEL

Hearing Leonel's question, the pair soon regained their level of professionalism, sitting across from Leonel as though they couldn't see the flakes of blood and dirt on the table or smell the horrid stench in the air.

Leonel took out the dictionary and placed it on the table to help him translate.

“It’s our job to monitor suspicious activity.” The man replied with a deadpan expression. “In addition, you match the description of several fugitives we’ve been looking for.”

Leonel smiled bitterly, it seemed that it really was his style of dress that got him thrust into this situation. Had he taken his time to clean up, maybe he wouldn’t even be here.

“I apologize for giving that sort of impression. The reason I look like this is because I recently cleared a Sub-Dimensional Zone on my home world and used one of my rewards in exchange for a ticket to Terrain. In my excitement, I came here right after I left without thinking things through. I’ve never left my home world before.”

Leonel explained his side of the story politely. Of course, much of it was a lie and in some ways, he really could be considered a fugitive. At the very least, he had run away from his home planet for reasons. But, they didn’t need to know that.

“Plus...” Leonel said with a bitter expression. “... I’m just a Third Dimensional existence from a new world, how could I be one of the fugitives you’re looking for?” ρ??∪??????

Though the pair before him didn’t react much to his words, Leonel’s senses were exceptionally keen. He could see that they had already believed as much before even stepping into this room.

Leonel wasn’t sure why they brought him in. It might have been to do their due diligence or for another reason he was unaware of. But, he could tell that they didn’t truly plan on punishing him.

Sometimes people with power just enjoyed wasting the time of those beneath them. Leonel felt that this might just be one of those cases.

Still, since he was weak and had no backing, this was simply one of those things he had to accept with a smile on his face even though he was furious inside.

As expected, the pair didn’t respond directly to Leonel’s question.

The female flipped her palm and took out a folder of documents.

“You will be monitored by our people for the next three years. As long as you do nothing to violate the laws, you will be relieved of this mark on your record.”

Leonel’s smile suddenly faded into a deep frown.

They wanted the right to monitor him for three years despite the fact he hadn’t done anything wrong? What kind of nonsense was this? Was this supposed to be some sort of joke?

“You want to monitor me for three years despite the fact I haven’t done anything wrong?” Leonel asked coldly.

The man sneered. “If you haven’t done anything wrong, what’s the issue with being monitored?”

Leonel nearly snapped at this sort of reasoning. If it wasn’t for his better judgment, he might have just pulled out his spear right then and there.

Maybe in the past, Leonel wouldn’t care as much about this. After all, he truly had done nothing wrong and thanks to his experience with The Empire, he was already used to his every action being monitored.

However, it was precisely because of The Empire that he was becoming more and more sensitive to such things. And, it only made things worse that he was being treated like this just due to ridiculous, unwarranted suspicion.

Leonel’s jaw clenched, his gaze turning a frosty shade of green.

Without a word, he signed the documents before him.

As though a contract had bound him, the documents glowed.

Before Leonel could react, a light shot from within the documents and onto his forehead. A moment later, a thin black brand spread between his brows as though marking him.

Leonel's fury was stoked several more levels. He had already read through the documents and knew that this would happen, but when he actually felt it, he couldn't help but feel the urge to do something he would regret.

Seeing Leonel try to maintain control over his emotions, the woman remained expressionless while the man sneered. So what if he was angry?

He was branded like a slave and couldn't even do a thing about it.

## Chapter 340

Leonel closed his eyes, the tumultuous flow of his blood slowing down to a crawl. Rage wouldn't get him anything, anger wouldn't get him anything.

After a long while, Leonel slowly stood and walked toward the door. He didn't say anything toward the female-male pair. Nothing he said would have changed anything to begin with.

Seeing Leonel's reaction, the young woman remained expressionless while the male's sneer deepened. Wasn't this sort of reaction obvious? Even if Leonel felt wronged, so what? He may have been worth something on his own world, but in this place, he was nothing but an ant that could be squashed at the whims of others.

Leonel stepped out from the room and left.

Even without stepping foot outside the building, he could feel the glances he received as though each was boring into his very being. The mark that hovered above his forehead was too distinctive. Anyone could see it at a single glance.

Leonel didn't even bother to try and cover it up. He knew that there would be no point. If a simple head band could circumvent such a thing, whatever organization this was truly wouldn't be worth very much to begin with.

Eventually, Leonel pushed open the doors and stood at the top of a tall and wide set of stairs. For this organization to hold such a large property in such a bustling city, their standing was clear. Every square inch in a place like this likely cost an astronomical amount. As someone from Earth who was familiar with overpopulation problems, Leonel knew this more than others. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Leonel looked up to the top of the building, seeing the very same star and cross symbol.

To this point, he still didn't know what the title of this organization was, nor had anyone ever mentioned it to him. It seemed to be one of those things that everyone knew of, but also didn't dare to speak of easily.

Considering his style of dress, where he stood, and what hung above his forehead, Leonel stood out like a sore thumb. There was no limit of individuals who observed him from afar, whispering to one another.

However, Leonel continued to stand there as though burning the image of that star and cross into his mind. Then, he turned and walked away.

\*\*

"Impossible, we don't accept your kind here. Please leave." [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA NOVEL)

...

"All of our rooms are booked, sir. Please accept our greatest apolo – Ah! Yes, right away. The room has already been cleaned and prepped. This way please."

...



“Scram! I don’t care if you’re willing to pay double!”

...

Leonel expressionlessly strolled out of his final attempt. He felt nothing but numbness by this point.

ρ??∫??????

After a while, he looked up toward the setting sun. It seemed as though the whole day had already gone by.

In truth, he hadn’t spent the whole day searching for accommodations. Most of the time had been wasted away in that organization’s building. It was only the past half an hour that he had spent moving from location to location, hoping to find a place of residence.

Though Leonel had the Segmented Cube, he knew that he couldn’t so easily or casually use it. This was no longer Earth, there were plenty of people he had to fear here.

As of now, he had only used the dictionary as a translator, so no one grew greedy about it. Who would care about such a primitive translation treasure? However, the Segmented Cube was a spatial treasure capable of housing life. If others came to know of it, Leonel would be hunted to the ends of Terrain.

Leonel saw a food stall in the distance and suddenly realized it had been a long time since he ate anything that he didn’t roast himself. Though he had a practically infinite supply of meat thanks to the snowglobes, it got bland eating nothing but unseasoned meat all the time.

However, before Leonel could even approach, the middle-aged woman who ran the stand gave him a stare as though daring him to come and suffer the consequences.

Leonel shook his head and sighed.

There was no purpose in staying in this city anymore.

Leonel felt several eyes on him as he walked toward the outside of the city.

‘How am I supposed to find Aina like this...’

No one would give Leonel the time of day. Not only could he not find a place to stay, he couldn’t find a place to eat. As he was now, it would be impossible to gather any information. How could he if no one would talk to him?

They say that this mark is only supposed to be a sign of suspicion and not criminality, but who would want a suspicious person around them? It was practically guaranteed to stay this way.

“The City Gates will be closing in half an hour and will not open again until dawn tomorrow.”

Though the guard could see the mark on Leonel’s forehead, he still casually said these words. After all, it was his job to say at least this much. That said, he didn’t even look directly at Leonel as he spoke.

Leonel just shook his head and bitterly laughed.

Stay in the city? For what? To sleep on the streets? What was the point of that?

At least if he left the city he could take another rest in comfort so long as he found a deserted region. Also, clothing stores refused entry, so unless he repaired his chain necklace, he would have to make his own clothing. Either way, he would only be able to do this with his Segmented Cube, and he would only be safe to use his Segmented Cube if he left this place.

“Thanks.” Leonel said noncommittedly.

The guard and his colleagues shook their heads and soon began to converse amongst themselves, not minding Leonel anymore.

It was just when Leonel was almost out of ear shot that he heard something that caught his interest by relying on the dictionary.

