

Descent 551

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Aina suddenly felt as though her body wasn't hers. There was a disconnect between her mind and body as though one was being rejected from the other. It was hard to tell exactly which was happening, but the fundamental truth was that the disconnect made her feel as though her body wasn't her own.

With a frown, Aina brandished her ax out of habit, just trying to do something she was familiar with.

By now, she had long since lost count of the number of times she had swung her ax in her life. Leonel was always fascinated by her tanned skin, but wasn't that just the product of all the work she had put in ever since she was old enough to understand the cruelty of the world around her?

There was nothing in this world that she was more familiar with than her ax.

A swirl of Universal Force followed Aina's swing. For the first time since this oddity began, Aina felt as though she was back in her own body again.

But, just when she thought it was alright to stop and her previous feelings had just been an anomaly, she felt the feeling come back the moment she stopped swinging her ax. In fact, now, due to the abrupt stop, the feeling was even more obvious than it had been before.

It was like invisible shackles had suddenly been placed over her body.

Aina's ability worked on instinct mostly and was only partially an actionable act taken up by herself. But, at this moment, that instinct seemed foggy. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Whereas before she was certain of the next steps she had to take to train her body and improve her ax, at this moment she felt confused and baffled.

'Did I overuse my ability? Did I run into a bottleneck?'

A bit of worry mixed within a deep frown took over Aina's features. Was this really the limit of her talent? A slight hint of anxiety bubbled up within her heart.

Unlike Leonel, Aina couldn't just pull out a dictionary and get a read on her ability. She was only aware that her ability was good, but she didn't know anything about its growth potential or even what stage it was at now.

'No'! It can't be. It can't be.'

Aina's jaw steeled.

Her talent was what she relied on to have a chance to avenge her mother in the future. If this was really her limit, she wouldn't be able to accept it. PANDA NOVEL

Aina's eyes reddened, a fury hidden within their depths. She refused to accept this. Even if this was the end of her road, she'd find a way to burst through it.

The truth was that Aina didn't know how powerful the Brazinger family was. She didn't know how much effort it would take to take them down or what kind of backers they had. But to her, it never mattered. She would destroy them one day, no matter the cost.

"Aina?"

At that moment, Leonel's voice drifted to her ears, snapping her out of her thoughts.

Leonel looked worriedly toward his girlfriend. Without her mask on, it was easy for Leonel to read her mood. He could see the cycle of emotions Aina was going through. But, he couldn't understand what was wrong. Did something happen?

"Are you okay? What happened?"

Leonel scanned Aina's face and body as though trying to find any injuries she might have, but he didn't see what could be wrong. ρ??∪???????

“Hm?”

Leonel's gaze suddenly sharpened.

The sight was subtle, so subtle that even he almost missed it. If it wasn't for the fact he had been determined to find out what was wrong with Aina, he would have overlooked it entirely.

At that moment, a faint reddish-black gas hung around Aina's body. It was so faint that it seemed to blend in with Aina's tanned skin almost seamlessly.

Leonel's gaze flashed, two golden pupils suddenly appearing to his back. If anyone else faced these eyes, it would feel as though they were bearing their very soul before Leonel.

For a person, such a feeling should have been uncomfortable and off-putting. Yet, for Aina, she somehow didn't find anything wrong with it. In fact, her beating heart seemed to calm considerably. Beneath Leonel's shadow, she found peace again.

However, while she felt at peace, Leonel's expression twisted, a flickering rage erupting within the depths of his gaze.

The eyes of the Snowy Star Owl were part of its Wisdom Branch. At this moment, Leonel had still yet to unlock the second tier of his Wisdom Branch Lineage Factor. As such, he could only use the most basic abilities of the Snowy Star Owl's gaze.

But, that was more than enough for him to sharpen his gaze by several levels.

The faint reddish-black suddenly morphed in Leonel's eyes. It formed into an illusory leach, latching onto Aina's body.

At first, Leonel was infuriated, thinking that this was related to Aina's curse again. There was even a part of him that wanted to abandon Earth at this very moment and go explore Fifth Dimensional worlds so he could find the things she needed to be cured.

But, upon second inspection, he found that the leach was connected by a faint line that shot into the skies. The line grew so thin and transparent that after a few dozen meters, even Leonel couldn't follow it any longer.

'This isn't her curse? What's going on?'

"Ai! It seems that I've finally found you, my Queen."

The moment this voice entered her ears, Aina's expression froze, her body flexing so hard that it began to tremble. Several blood vessels ruptured, leaving a flowerbed of crimson trailing up and down her mostly flawless skin.

Leonel's head turned back to Aina. Seeing her reaction, he felt his heart froze over. It was as though the woman he cared for most was right before him, but he couldn't even protect her. She was no further than half a meter from him, yet it felt like she was worlds away, blocking her off from reality.

Aina seemed to have rejected all outside influences, clenching her fists so hard that blood dripped from her palms.

"Go. Bring me my Queen, puppets."

At that moment, the faint reddish-black line that extended from Aina's body thickened by several levels. In fact, with Leonel's gaze, he suddenly found that the city was covered in these lines suddenly.

It was in that instant that Leonel understood that it wasn't just Aina effected by these leaches.

And, unfortunately, the people of The Capital were quickly learning this as well.

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The Capital of The Ascension Empire was just as gorgeous as one might imagine. Even if you spent your whole life dreaming, building up a fanciful image of what it might be like, you would still find yourself stunned beyond compare.

The Capital of Earth was like a blooming flower. Its lowest layer spread out like the petals of a lily, intricate lines drawing the roads and residences where there would have been the veins of a flower.

The second layer of The Capital of Earth shot upward like the trunk of an ancient tree. Its branches and foliage formed the quarters of the wealthy and noble. It rose into the skies taller than any mountain to ever exist on Earth, reaching heights never before seen.

The final layer of The Capital of Earth was like the canopy of this ancient tree. Even from down below, one could see the brilliant precious metals and gems that reflected the sunlight. But, compared to the astounding wealth, the nature captured the heart and refused to let go.

The sparkling waters of falls sprayed into the air, leaving a perpetual rainbow hanging over The Capital. Lush greenery perfectly melded into the high-tech society, making one feel refreshed with every breath. Stars twinkled in its sky, balls of lights hovering about seemingly without aim that made the city seem more like a fantasy land than a true place.

And, in the center of it all, there was the Palace. No matter where you stood in The Capital, it was possible to see this magnificent building. It loomed over top like a protector, existing above all.

It had the rounded edges of Ancient Indian architecture, the Feng Shui of Ancient Chinese botany, the grandeur of Ancient American skyscrapers, the innovation of Ancient Middle Eastern vision. It existed on a plane of its own and was the symbol of the Fawkes Royal family. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

However, at this moment, a Capital that had even taken the citizens of a Fourth Dimensional world like Terrain aback, was under siege from all sides.

Of course, it had been like this for a long time already. However, those who surrounded the base of the capital, trying to gain a foothold on its large, curling petals, had never been able to make much progress at all.

Though The Capital was a gorgeous site to behold, it was also an impenetrable fortress the size of an entire Province.

The beautifully formed flower petals at the base of The Capital, each larger than the size of a main city, gave the people of Earth a perpetual higher ground advantage. By the time one got to the 'tree trunk' of the second layer, one would have already exhausted much of their resources, only to have to fight another uphill battle.

As though this wasn't bad enough, the canopy and the highest third layer was yet another challenge to behold. Without certain strategic points, the only choice to reach the highest layer would be to fly or climb. If one chose flight, you would be asking for death. And' | If one chose climbing, you would be asking for death.

The entire Capital was practically a death trap' | Or, rather, that's what it began as. PANDA NOVEL

The tides of the battle began to shift. For some unknown reason, the citizens of Earth began to feel sluggish and their abilities became less receptive to their calls. In fact, if it wasn't for the terrain advantage, the people of Earth would have been bulldozed over already.

On a battlefield on a northern petal, Noah's expression changed.

He pulled Jessica back from the blade of a soldier of Terrain, his leg extending and blowing the soldier back.

"What is wrong with you?"

Noah frowned. He held onto Jessica's slender arm and spun her toward himself. But, even then, she seemed to react slowly.

Jessica raised a hand to her forehead. ρ??U???

“I! I don’t know! I don’t feel too good!”

Noah looked around him, shocked by what was happening. He thought it was just Jessica at first, but soon the number grew. From Nile to Nika to even the members of the Dove family entourage, everyone’s combat prowess seemed to plummet.

There were a few that were doing better, but Noah couldn’t tell why. As for those completely unaffected, there was only him and Tyrron who didn’t seem to experience any issues.

Noah’s expression changed. “Watch out!”

Nile’s parry was too slow. He was used to relying on his ability to hold down his enemies, but for some reason, he found it impossible to do so now. No, it wasn’t that it was impossible, but rather that there seemed to be a disconnect between him and his ability, almost as though he was no longer as familiar with it as he used to be.

His spear missed the mark and a sword suddenly ran through his shoulder, slicing through his ribs and lungs before plunging toward his heart.

Nile coughed up a mouthful of blood, his control over his spear faltered, causing it to slip from his grip and clang to the ground.

“Dammit!”

Noah’s fury rose, his body increasing a size as he punched the responsible soldier into a meat paste.

The youth troops stood around Nile, watching his life drift away. Was he really dying?

Despite all the dangerous situations they had been in, the youth troops had never lost a single member. Not once. Their talent was too great, and even when they ran into trouble, they always managed to find a way out of it.

The closest any of them had ever come to death was when Nile faced Leonel. But, even then, they had been facing one of their own. Leonel was one of them' ;

This was the first time their lives had ever been on the line against a person of Terrain.

“Retreat!” Nile roared. “I said: RETREAT!”

**

All across Earth, repeats of these matters seemed to wind on like the re-run of a sick movie.

Earth had less people, but they made it up with their talent. Earth had weaker foundations, but they made it up with their talent. Earth was just a fledgling world' ; but they made it up with their talent.

What would they do, then' ; If that talent disappeared?

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Leonel stood in silence.

In the skies, the lines of red-black grew thicker, the leaches become less and less illusory.

Leonel's gaze shifted down from the skies, landing on Aina who still seemed to be immobile. Though it now seemed to be in part due to struggling against the Puppet Master's growing control, a large majority of it seemed to be fear.

Leonel found it hard to believe that this was his Aina. Fear was never an emotion he had seen her display before. At the very least, not for the sake of an enemy.

It could be said that the first time Leonel saw Aina's façade crack was that day in the bathhouse. He could still remember the path every tear that fell down her cheeks took. He remembered the exact hue of her reddened eyes, the way her wet hair had stuck to her face, the way she trembled through each and every one of her clumsy actions.

The emotions she experienced that day were all seared into his mind.

But, that was that and this was this. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The Aina he knew charged into war with her ax brandished and her blade bloodied. She had no fear, none of the shyness she usually displayed, and the valiant nature of a Valkyrie.

But Aina, his Aina, stood here shaking simply due to a voice.

Leonel remembered back to the time he asked Aina what happened that day. She reeled back, trying to pretend as though everything was fine. Yet he, instead of trying to understand where she was coming from, pulled back instead.

He hadn't understood the fear she was feeling, the anxiety or the trepidation. He didn't grasp the fact that just recalling such memories were this difficult for her already, let alone having to relay them to someone else.

Leonel took a step forward and caressed Aina's cheek. She still seemed to be lost in her own world, clenching her fists and staring down at the ground hard as though to push the emotions she was feeling away. She didn't want to experience such a reaction, she didn't want this Puppet Master to have such control over her, yet she couldn't stop her own visceral reaction.

Even when Leonel touched her cheek, she didn't react until several moments later. It was as though the warmth of his palm couldn't reach her even through skin to skin contact. [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA-NOVEL)

When Aina finally realized that Leonel was standing right before her, she looked up weakly, her gaze tinted with a slight red.

Leonel could see the rage in them. It wasn't rage pointed toward the Puppet Master or even him. It was rage she pointed toward herself for being so weak, for allowing such emotions to have such a hold on her.

"I can't move again!" Aina said softly.

"It doesn't matter." Leonel responded, his hand gently pushing back Aina's hair. "I'll kill him."

The words were simple. They hung in the air like a spring breeze, riding the wind. There was no rage in Leonel's voice, there was only gentleness.

Leonel had always hated to kill. But for Aina, he could speak such words as though they were nothing.

Aina used what control of her body she did have to lean her head onto Leonel's palm. Her eyes closed and her breathing steadied.

"I want to see it." She said softly.

Leonel smiled. "As my Queen commands."

Leonel's voice carried a tinge of iciness that left Aina feeling completely at ease.

To appear on his world, sending commandments down from above, speaking of taking his woman! The Puppet Master was truly tired of living.

Aina smiled lightly hearing Leonel's words. Compared to when the Puppet Master called her such a thing, she felt as though she was hearing the most soothing thing in existence.

Leonel moved his hand away, ripping the tops of his robes off to reveal a muscular frame. He carried Aina onto his back, tying her to him.

The warmth of Leonel's skin put Aina at ease. She rested her cheek on to his shoulder and back, her eyes remaining closed. She didn't want Leonel to see the look in her eye, the look that told the world just how furious she was at this moment.

Leonel could feel that his body still hadn't properly recovered. It had only been a day since the battle at Dark Cloud Prison, so how could it? However, at this moment, he felt blood rushing through his every being.

His heart thumped like war drums, his blood flooding through his veins and arteries like crashing waterfalls.

By this point, the thickening lines that shot into the sky began to converge on Leonel's position. When Leonel saw who they were, he wasn't very surprised. In fact, his gaze was cold and indifferent, a fury within his chest slowly bubbling upward.

The patrol guards of White City struggled, trying to break free of the control the illusory leaches had on them. But, no matter how hard they tried, they continued to walk forward, each brandishing their own weapons.

In a distant place, the Puppet Master sat in a vat of blood. The only adornment on its body was a familiar headpiece that hung from its forehead.

The pressure radiating around it was palpable, reaching levels that shouldn't have been possible. Or at least, it didn't seem possible for the ignorant.

The barrier between Dimensions could be considered like a separation between mortality and immortality. A person of a higher Dimension was like a God looking down on their subjects.

Leonel's father had force fed a lot of ancient entertainment down his son's throat. If the strength of a Dimensional being were to be described through this lense, it would be most straightforward to say that

at the lowest echelons, a Dimensional being was essentially at the beginning of their journey while at the highest, they were nearing godhood.

What did all of this mean? This was all to say that comparing someone who had just entered the Fourth Dimension to someone a half-step from the fifth was like comparing someone at the bottom of a world to someone at the top.

If a Fifth Dimensional being was a God to a Fourth Dimensional being' ¦ then someone like the Puppet Master was a Demigod.

This Demigod watched as Leonel strapped Aina to his back, a cold expression on its face.

But that was when Leonel looked up into the sky as though piercing his gaze through the veil to land on the Puppet Master.

Leonel didn't speak any words, but his demeanor made it all as clear as possible.. He was coming, so wash your neck.

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Leonel's gaze pierced through the skies, Bronze Runes flickering across his body. A tan sheen swept across his skin as though he had suddenly become a polished metal.

'Puppet Master, huh' ¦?'

Leonel flipped his palm, a black spear with countless dangling chains appeared in his hand.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Leonel looked down from the skies, a swath of patrol units converging onto his location. At first, they all showed some level of resistance, but very soon, their gazes became vacant, their eyes glazing over as their movements became more coordinated.

Soon, they moved as though they were a single army.

The possibility that Aina could be turned against him didn't escape Leonel, but he didn't put up any guards against her. This wasn't because he was a fool, but rather because he trusted her.

Though there were few details about Aina that he understood, what he did grasp was her character. She was a woman he would be proud to have by his side. There wasn't a single selfish bone in her body.

Since she opened her mouth to speak of wanting to see him take down the Puppet Master, it was because she was certain that she wouldn't be a burden. And in that, Leonel could trust.

'Watch carefully, then. This back of mine, these shoulders, these hands'

Leonel felt his body flex, vitality pumping through him without end.

"They'll always be here to protect you.'

These were the ideals of a man.

Leonel shot forward, a field of gravity erupting around his body. His gaze steeled, his heart freezing over.

He no longer saw the patrolling units as humans. He saw them as numbers and figures, puppets that were standing in his way.

Leonel's feet shifted, illusory wings appearing to his back as he shot forward with blinding speed.

He appeared before the frontline of patrol units, raising his spear into the skies.

His back flexed, his arms bulged, a fury-laced aura skyrocketed around him, suffocating all those in his presence.

With a single cleave, a patrol guard was completely bisected. PANDA NOVEL

Blood splashed along the ground, but there wasn't a single scream or shout. A deadpan expression covered the face of the deceased guard as though he hadn't felt any remorse even about his own death. Or maybe' | the moment he lost his mind to the Puppet Master' | He was already dead.

A steamy breath left Leonel's lips, his gaze cold. He stood amidst hundreds of guards, his presence malevolent.

His fists gripped around his spear's shaft, the flowing of his blood growing even faster.

With another swing, Leonel reaped another life. His strike was so ferocious that his spear bowed beneath his strength, smashing the patrolling guard into the ground with mere wind pressure before his blade even reached his neck.

Leonel's footwork accelerated, his movements becoming like flowing water. He danced through the organized army of puppets as though he didn't know fatigue, as though he didn't know pain. Every blow was just as powerful as the last, if not more powerful. His body fed off a seemingly endless supply of energy, powering through without end.

' |
|

The citizens of White City had no idea what was happening. They didn't understand why a civil war had suddenly erupted between the people of Earth and many weren't entirely sure how to react to such a change.

Should they be running? Escaping? Which side should they be fighting alongside? Was this maybe a trap?

Within the dungeon, the obese merchant looked up and through the bars. He noticed the odd actions of the guards all the way up until they left their stations entirely. At first, he thought they might have been changing shifts, but it seemed that things weren't so simple. ¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶

The lip of the obese merchant curled. 'So this is the trump card Terrain mentioned? Quite a trump card indeed.'

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Leonel's spear clanged with every strike, a new life falling with his every swing. Blood flew about him like the droplets of a painting, his skin reddening and steam practically billowing out from his mouth with his every movement.

His muscles were like tightened cords, his limbs like the instruments of a symphony. His expressions exhibited the focus of a starving artist, his offensive prowess embodying every ounce of their passion.

It was as though Leonel wanted Aina to feel his strength, to feel his power through the endless thrumming of his heart.

Leonel's spear pierced through a final head, hundreds of corpses lying beneath his feet. Blood caked his blade, dripping across his body as though he had just been beneath a rain of crimson.

Another heated breath left Leonel's lips. A scorching heat billowed outward, boiling the air and causing it to crackle.

Raging Fire Elemental Force surged around Leonel, causing the temperature to skyrocket.

He looked up into the skies, his irises flickering with a violet-red color.

An icy portal began to open. A harsh clash of Elements caused hurricane force winds to kick up across the City.

Slowly, a massive white wolf prowled out, a low, rumbling growl causing the hearts of those who heard it to seize.

Behind it, knights dressed in armors of ice walked, brandishing polearm weapons of all sorts.

At that moment, cracks of lightning suddenly shot across Leonel's Dreamscape, his gaze shining as a blistering heat continued to crackle the air around him.

The attack on the Fort' ¦ That had ended in a failure due to Leonel's action. However, the attack on Dark Cloud Prison hadn't ended in failure.

Those two occurrences seemed to have nothing to do with one another, but there was a fine line of truth connecting them both: the Puppet Master.

Those red-black lines. They carried with them a thick scent of blood, but it wasn't just any blood, it was the blood of people of Earth.

Just like Leonel could see through the subtle changes in energy that separated people of different worlds, he could just as easily see through the subtle fluctuations of energy that were unique to the people of Earth as well.

"I see' ¦ Those prisoners are dead' ¦"

Leonel finally understood. The Puppet Master likely needed the thousands of Earthener lives to accomplish his goal, but he had failed to get what he needed with Royal Blue Fort, so he had to change his plans.

Compared to attacking a Fort where the people didn't want to escape, wasn't it easier to attack a Fort where everyone wanted to escape?

And they all fell right into his lap.

At that moment, another portal appeared. This time, it was a red wolf followed by knights adorned in magma-like armor.

Then, there was yet another. In this one, a sand colored wolf followed by knights adorned in earth-like armor appeared.

And then there was a final portal. In this one, a green wolf followed by knights adorned with illusory wind-like armor appeared.

Leonel stood at the center of these four groups, Aina still strapped to his back.

Corpses littered his surroundings, blood slowly dripping from the end of his blade and down his body.

He closed his eyes, the thumping of his heart and the aching of his body playing in his ears.

‘It seems Earth is in trouble’!’ Leonel thought silently. ”!’ In any other case, I might not care much. My top priority is Aina’s safety and her happiness. I may very well have chosen to escape this world at this very moment...

‘But, you just had to piss me off.’

The ground beneath Leonel began to rumble.

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Leonel brandished his spear, blocking the swipe of a devastating claw attack.

His body rattled and shook, his internal organs threatening to shear apart beneath the strain. However, his gaze remained cold and indifferent, as though the frigid energies of the white wolf couldn’t impact him in the slightest.

The flickering Runes across his body solidified. In that moment, whatever jarring inner injuries he felt weakened considerably, his gaze meeting the white blue irises of the wolf before him.

‘Little Blackstar.’

Leonel hardly finished his thought before an adorable little mink appeared by his side. After observing the situation, the little guy bore his fangs, his hair standing up on end.

Leonel retreated as Blackstar sent a furious claw swipe forward, causing scythes of dark energy to tear through the air and forcing the white wolf back.

The red wolf appeared in Leonel’s path of retreat, his teeth spilling over with billowing flames. It opened its jaws, a jagged row of glistening white being accompanied by a blistering heat.

As though a dragon, its throat flexed and its chest expanded. Due to the size differences, Leonel could clearly see the ball of flames forming and building up. It bubbled like magma, causing a slight red glow to appear at the wolf’s throat.

The red armored knights trudged forward, their polearm weapons sweeping toward Leonel as though they didn’t fear the fiery breath of the red wolf in the slightest.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

SHUUU!

The forward force of the red wolf’s breath was so great that its body skidded backward, its claws leaving deep marks in the ground.

Leonel watched as this ball of fire made its way toward him.

It scorched the air, revolving at dangerous speeds and reflecting colors of red, orange and gold. The air around it seemed to disappear into a vat of billowing smoke, the temperature of the surroundings increasing to the point where it seemed that anyone standing within its radius would be burnt to ash.

However, Leonel continued to watch it as though he couldn't sense the numerous blade blocking his path or see the looming danger in the slightest.

Just when it seemed that Leonel would be burnt to a crisp, he reached out a hand.

In that instant, the fire ball which had already crossed speeds of hundreds of miles per hour grinded to a halt, resting on Leonel's outstretched palm as though it was a normal ball rather than a three meter tall monstrosity.

Leonel's hand swiped across. PANDA NOVEL

As though an obedient pet, the ball of fire suddenly accelerated, shooting across the battlefield and slamming into the white wolf.

The sound of roars and whimpers sounded, the white wolf losing more than half its vitality in an instant. No matter how hard it had tried to dodge, it simply couldn't. First it had to deal with Blackstar's claw swipe, but before it could even do so, its own partner's attack suddenly bore down upon it, nearly taking its head off.

A resonance softer than even an assassin's footsteps appeared to Leonel's back. Its actions were so swift and controlled that there wasn't even the slightest wind pressure associated with its actions.

The green wolf's fangs glistened, biting down toward Leonel with every intention of swallowing him whole.

'It seems it didn't work.' Though Leonel thought this, his actions weren't slow in the slightest.

"HA!"

Leonel released his Universal Force, tapping into the Four Seasons Realm once again and fusing it with the gravity field of his Bronze Runes.

The instant he did, the minor uptick in gravity suddenly rose explosively. ρ??∫???

The speed of the green wolf plummeted, its open jaw crashing down into the ground with such force that its mouth snapped and its teeth cracked.

Leonel had wanted to use the little mink's beast control ability to wrest ownership of these wolves away. But, clearly this wasn't possible. The Puppet Master's control ability was far beyond that of the White Knight Leonel stole this ability from.

In that case' | he would just have to take another.

Leonel suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood, the strain of using the Four Seasons Realm impacting him once again. But, he pretended as though nothing had happened, strong Spear Forces swirling around him as he slashed downward.

'Little Blackstar...'

Blackstar ripped its way out of the white wolf's body, his little frame and once lush black fur coated in an eerie crimson.

" | Take this ability for yourself.'

The moment Leonel's words finished, he completed his final slash.

His mind was filled with images of a burly man with a chest packed with dense hair. He stood alone in the woods, a darkness pervading his surroundings. The chirps of birds set his rhythm and his beating heart stilled to a crawl.

He rose an ax above his head, his muscles subtly writhing beneath his coat of hair. His movements were slow, but controlled, a beautiful rhythm hidden within them.

Then, he chopped down, splintering a thick piece of wood in two.

Leonel's image and the image of the main overlapped. His actions seemed to be fueled by nature's pulse, carrying a tempo that made them impossible to dodge.

The green wolf's head was split in two in that very instant, its body vanishing into countless motes of light before much blood could be spilt.

The little mink appeared to Leonel's side, grasping with his little claws and causing a shadow to form. Without hesitation, the little guy swallowed it.

A strong wind suddenly enveloped the little mink, his body becoming surrounded with foggy green-black energies.

With a leap, the little mink found his place on Leonel's head. In that moment, Leonel felt that the disconnect he had once had with Wind Elemental Force suddenly vanished. In fact, the Force Strengthening Deviation had never been clearer to him than it was now.

'[Float].'

Leonel shot into the air, dodging an attempted strike by the sand colored wolf. Unfortunately for it, beneath the force field of Leonel's Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, it hadn't been able to use any of its abilities at all.

In the blink of an eye, Leonel stood over a hundred meters in the air. His cold gaze looked down toward the ground as a jet-black surfboard appeared beneath his feet.

Leonel stretched out a hand, his Internal Sight connecting with the nodes of the city. A coldness pervaded the air, filling it with a lurking scent of death.

Despite the fact they were puppets with hardly any emotions of their own, the knights and two remaining wolves below trembled unconsciously, the last bits of their humanity shining through in their final moments.

‘Die.’

Space suddenly warped and twisted. By the time it settled back down, there was nothing but a crater left.. However, this crater had edges so smooth that it caused one to shiver.

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Leonel breathed hard, his face paling somewhat. But soon, he steadied himself, slowly descending.

Within their homes, many peeked out to see what was happening after all the noise came to a stop. But, all they saw was a singular young man, standing before a hole so smooth it reflected like a mirror.

‘That’s it...’

The longer Leonel stood before the smooth crater, the brighter his eyes seemed to grow. He completely forgot about his fatigue, a furious will billowing out from his thumping heart.

Space was among the most dangerous Force Strengthening Deviation in all of existence. Just a slight modification to a Force Art meant to teleport had created such devastation. Let alone having a chance to survive, there likely wasn’t a single atom remaining of what used to be of these puppets.

The unfortunate part was that using the drawn Force Arts like this made it a one-use item. All the nodes in this area had been completely destroyed after just a single strike. It would be impossible to use the same tactic in this area, he would have to use a different location.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The durability of the materials simply couldn’t hold up to multiple uses. But, it was precisely because of this that this attack was so dangerous.

Leonel looked up into the sky again. But now, the only reddish black line that remained was the one connected to Aina. Still, the Puppet Master was sorely mistake if it believed it could possibly use Aina against him.

Despite the fact he couldn't see the Puppet Master, it still felt as though his vision tore through space and time itself, his fury boiling through the fabric of reality.

...

The Puppet Master sat in its vat of blood, its white irises flickering with rage. PANDA NOVEL

Those puppets of his that Leonel had just killed might not have been his most powerful, but they were his most useful. They had gotten a lot of work done for him in the past and had taken a lot of effort to nurture to the point where they could retain some intelligence of their own. But now they were gone and the Puppet Master couldn't quite understand how.

'How could his Fire and Earth Elemental affinity be higher than my puppets?!'

Others might not have quite understood what happened. But, how could he, as the controller of these puppets, have been unaware?

According to the usual team dynamic, the Earth Wolf would have the most area of effect impact, the Wind Wolf would pin opponents down, the Fire Wolf would be the main offensive power with the support of the Ice Wolf.

However, from the very beginning, the Earth Wolf's attacks seem to be useless. The Puppet Master hadn't quite understood what was happening, so it tried to probe the situation with the Ice Wolf, sending Leonel flying into the path of the Fire Wolf. $\rho \int \sqrt{\dots}$

It worked out perfectly. After calculating through Leonel's defenses, the Puppet Master had believed that he would end up dead while Aina would end up severely injured. It was perfect.

But... None of this considered the fact that the Fire Wolf's attack would be absolutely useless. Not only was it useless, but it even knocked the Ice Wolf out of the battle completely.

The last chance the Puppet Master had had was the Wind Wolf who was able to silently appear behind Leonel... Only for it to fall victim to an area of effect force field that nearly completely incapacitated it.

From start to finish, they never had a chance. Leonel's only injury seemed to have been self-inflicted. How could the Puppet Master not be enraged?

The worst part was that even after a long analysis, it still had no idea what that final attack was. The only thing it knew was that even if it had been it in the range of that attack... It might not have fared any better.

The Puppet Master wanted to stand and go deal with this situation personally, but it was well aware that it couldn't.

As a Variant Invalid, the Puppet Master had strength that could rival even Savants of the same level. The only difference between it and a Savant was that while Savants could improve by doing nothing but eating and sleeping, its path to improvement was several times more difficult than even humans.

With its strength, especially coupled with the headpiece its Queen so graciously bestowed upon it, dulling the senses of a world of people with population numbering in the mere millions wasn't an issue. In fact, even if the number was tens of times this amount, it still wouldn't have much of a problem.

The issue, though, lied in the fact it couldn't move from this region.

Not many knew this, but his puppeteering ability relied on blood. By accumulating enough blood from the people of Earth, he was able to lock down on their auras, thus giving him a much wider range.

If it left this place, its senses would slowly dull until its control snapped.

The Puppet Master took a deep breath. It had been lying in wait for thousands of years. It had patience his fellow Invalids never had, this was why it was on the cusp of success while they were all dead.

It couldn't allow itself to make a mistake in these final moments.

'I've already locked onto her aura. It will be impossible for her to escape me. It won't be too late to bring her to my side when The Capital falls.'

The Puppet Master sneered, looking down toward Leonel's gaze, its face twisting into a sinister expression. Looming giants shifted to its back, their slight movements causing the ground to quake.

'It seems that he succeeded. It's unexpected, though, that this Legion wouldn't try to kick The Empire while it was down...'

The Puppet Master turned its attention away from Leonel, looking toward another part of Earth. There, a battle no less important than the one at The Capital was taking place. However, the combatants weren't The Empire and The Cities. Rather...

They were The Slayer Legion and The Powers.

And, unfortunately for The Slayer Legion, due to the Puppet Master's interference, they were fairing even worse than The Empire's warriors.

Chapter 557

The battlefield was the ocean's surface. Warriors swept across, brandishing their weapons as best they could without proper footholds. It was clear that it was much more difficult to use the water's surface as an anchor point than it would have been real ground.

Blood flew, coloring the deep blue waters a grotesque shade of purple. But, just as quickly as these pockets of color formed, they were washed away, blending into the deep liquid body as though nothing had happened.

"Are these the so-called talents of Earth? Is this supposed to be a joke?"

Reynred Solar's expression was plastered with a sneer. After he had learned that Aina, a woman he had lost to, was an Eartherner, he had already had some pent up dissatisfaction when it came to people of this world.

No matter how talented Earth was, in their eyes, it was nothing but an upstart. How could it compare to their thousands of years of heritage?

Did they have Styles? Did they have Force Techniques of their own passed down by their ancestors? Did they even have their society built back to what it once was before the Metamorphosis? PANDA-NOVEL.COM

At this point, Earth was nothing but a child having lost the backing of its parents. There were no Higher Dimensional worlds coming to coddle and hold them any longer. They were on their own right now, yet they were supposedly better than them?

Since when had the Dimensional Verse become such a joke?!

Jilniya's look of disdain was no less. On the ocean's surface, her Falls Style was even stronger than it would be otherwise. Her every palm seemed to be able to reap another life, even if said life was over a dozen meters away. This battlefield had practically become a one sided slaughter.

"The only issue with this is that if matters are really so easy, what are the odds the Cities appreciate this favor of ours?" Jilniya said offhandedly, reaping another life.

Reynred's sneer deepened. PANDA NOVEL

"Who cares what they think at this point? We're already here, aren't we? Since when have we feared what the Cities think? Do we even need their opinion? At worst, we'll just share this new world with them just like we shared Terrain previously."

While the two spoke, Wilas stood the side silently, scanning the battlefield with a hint of caution in his eye. As the one with the one with the strongest sensory abilities among them, he could tell that these matters weren't so simple. There definitely seemed to be something wrong with the warriors of Earth, but he wasn't sure what it was.

'Is this the trump card of the Cities?... If that's the case, what's to stop them from using it against us' !?'

Jilniya, still sporting a look of disdain, sent a glance toward Wilas. An ambiguous light flashed within her gaze, but she didn't say anything as she looked toward her distant father.

Head Falls seemed to understand what his daughter was trying to convey, but his calm smile revealed nothing else. It was clear that he wasn't very worried at all' ρ??∪???????

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Hutch looked over the battlefield with a frown, a sharp aura twirling around him.

As a warrior with so much experience, he was the most aware when there was something wrong with his body. And, at this moment, there was most definitely something wrong.

Yet, not only could he not seem to do anything about it, he wasn't even aware of what the main issue was to begin with. He found it completely baffling even with his years of life.

'So' ' This is the true Dimensional Verse' ' '

Hutch smiled bitterly, looking up at the sky to give his eyes a break from the carnage happening before him. He seemed to be the oldest he had been in a very long time, his wrinkles becoming far deeper and his eyes becoming more sunken.

As old as he was, Hutch had never gotten a true taste of the vast universe before. He lamented that he was born too early, that his blade wouldn't get to taste the blood of worlds yet unseen.

However, he was lucky enough that this old body of his managed to hold on to the end, to make it here. Now, he had a chance to live for longer, to live out those fanciful dreams he had had as a child.

Unfortunately, reality was cruel.

Who would have known that in one moment, he would be speaking of the valiant Slayer Legion and in the next' ' He would be watching his warriors die, one after another.

There were no fanciful dreams to be found on this battlefield, no childhood fantasies, nothing that could bring a smile to his face. If Hutch's enemies knew that he was having such thoughts, they might very well be stunned to early deaths.

This was Hacker Hutch, a man who should have long since become used to the cruelty of the battlefield. For a person like him, being shocked by blood and gore shouldn't have been possible, let alone being hurt by it.

But' | This was very much different. The change was too abrupt.

It felt as though what he had been looking for was right in the palm of his hands, only for it to be snatched before he could even think of making use of it.

Hutch looked down at the blade in his hand. As the acting commander, it had yet to taste a thing from this battlefield. It remained silent, its bloodthirst restrained from the senses of those around it, the pitiful wails of Hutch's soul seemingly trapped within.

'I guess there's not much of a choice remaining. It's either we go all out, or we all die here.'

Hutch brandished his machete. With a single step forward, the waters beneath him rippled outward before becoming still beyond compare. None of the battle around him seemed capable of affecting his territory in the slightest.

He was Hacker Hutch.. If death was waiting for him, he'd be the first to say hello.

Chapter 558

The situation at The Capital only seemed to be growing worse. With the exception of Noah and Tyrron, the fighting prowess of the Eartherners seemed to have hit rock bottom. In fact, the nerf on their strength had increased by several level due to unknown reasons just moments ago.

They were continuously driven backward, retreating again and again until it seemed as though they didn't have any recourse left.

By now, barely half a kilometer to Noah's back, the thick trunk of the second layer could be found. Any advantage they had had from the higher ground provided by the first layer had completely vanished, leaving almost everyone on equal footing.

Luckily, the branches of the second layer had gained some artillery units. Rains of bullets and arrows flew down from above, covering the Terrain army. However, after finally gaining a taste of success after so long, the invaders seemed to have gained numerous second and third winds. They finally saw a crack in the armor that was the talents of Earth, how could they not take advantage.

Their fervor reached new levels, their blood rushing through to their ears and their skin becoming flushed. War cries left their mouths one after another, bearing down on The Capital with heavy steps.

To Earth, they were defending their home, it was only right they had a fire lit in their bellies. However, to Terrain, this was about their futures.

All those who could fight on these battlefields were men and women who held astounding strength and power. They mingled with the upper echelons of society and saw Terrain for what it was' | PANDA-NOVEL.COM

A dying world.

If they wanted a better future for their children, for their families' | for themselves, the only path forward was to take down Earth. There was no going back, there were no re-dos, this was the reality of the Dimensional Verse.

It was a land where worlds fell every minute of everyday. But, by the same token, there were just as many that rose up.

The question was whether it would be Earth or Terrain.

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Pincering The Capital from two sides, there were two cities. Whereas every other Province only gained the focus of one, The Capital was worthy of double this. PANDA NOVEL

Understanding this much, it was no wonder, then, that the Slayer Legion was in such a bad position. The balance of power on Terrain were the Cities versus the Powers. However, there were only 3 Powers for 12 Cities.

The Slayer Legion was essentially facing half of Terrain’s strength all on their own.

Of course, things were actually more complicated than this.

For one, the Slayer Legion wielded more strength than it seemed. Though their overall strength was less than that of The Empire, the difference wasn’t exaggerated. As a hidden trump card of The Ascension Empire, it was only right that they wield a certain amount of strength.

Secondly, the Cities wielded more strength than they displayed to the Powers. Since they had been planning this invasion for so long, how could they waste their resources on a civil war? The truth was that if the Cities wanted’ ‘ They could have wiped the Powers from existence whenever they wanted. It was just that the benefit wasn’t worth it.

If one were to take an objective look at it, two Cities were enough to give the Powers an intense battle to the death. Three Cities were enough to give them a 60% chance of winning. Four Cities almost guaranteed victory at an 80-90% probability. PANDA NOVEL

This was all to say that The Capital was under a tremendous amount of strain already’ ‘ And it only made it worse that the two cities attacking it were among the most powerful.

One was obvious’ ‘ Keafir City, the City in the lead of this Invasion took the helm at one cardinal direction. But, the second City was also easily recognizable. In fact, its aura was even somewhat suppressive of Keafir City simply due to the sheer imagery it portrayed.

It had tall, steel black walls, filled with sharp spikes that would make scaling them impossible. Just the walls themselves stood at double the height of any other City wall to this point and its aura was just as dark.

Billowing black smoke jetting out from buildings hidden behind the tall walls. It was impossible to tell where this smoke was coming from unless you had a vantage point from the sky. But, just judging by the heavily armored brutes that made up their army, one would think that they were being churned out of factories which would more than explain the billowing black smoke.

The footsteps of these warriors were heavy, their every step causing the earth to quake. Each and every one of them wielded a polearm weapon as though afraid they wouldn't seem manly enough. Even the exceptions to this wielded massive great swords the size of their bodies.

It was simply an army right out of nightmares. They didn't blink an eye in the face of death, their forward momentum was dauntless and impossible to stop, and their strikes were powerful and relentless.

This was the army of Black City, a city that Leonel would recognize well, not because he had laid eyes upon it, but rather because he was familiar with their young Heir ' Jefrach Black.

Jefrach stood atop the city walls, the complicated feelings he had been holding onto having long since vanished. His head reflected beneath the sunlight, his dark armor becoming scorching beneath the heat.

'Today' ' This Capital falls.'

To now, they had only been sending out foot soldiers. But now, their true assault would begin.

On the opposite side of the Province, Keafir City's gates began to slowly open as though in perfect sync with Black City.

Sharp sword auras soared through the skies, filling The Capital with the sound of crossing and sharpening blades.

The elites of the two cities slowly marched forward. At the head of one army, there was Jefrac and his father, City Lord Black. At the head of the other, there was Anared and his father, City Lord Keafir.

All four looked toward the City as though watching a beast on its death throes.

However, it was at that moment that the situation changed again.

Space distorted, a third city appearing in the sky. It crashed down with a force that could destroy mountains, landing on the ground and sending a quaking force throughout The Capital.

Its gates soon opened, row after row of soldiers marching toward The Capital from a third direction.

Hargrove City had appeared again, and it reeked of blood.

Chapter 559

DO NOT UNLOCK

I'M SORRY, MISTAKES WERE MADE

The Faerie King's eleventh son seemed to have trouble breathing. But, he eventually shook his head and grit his teeth, his words eventually coming out in a steady flow.

"According to reports, Littlest Sister recently used her name to access one of our vaults in Osiris through the Mercenary Guild. She withdrew a small sum for unknown reasons. But regardless, she should be in Osiris right now."

The Faerie King frowned.

Osiris? Wasn't that the dream world formed by the Mercenary Guild? Why would his daughter be there? Unless...

“She found her Life Partner?” The Faerie King asked with a dark expression.

“We can’t be sure, but after some digging we did find that she entered with a human boy.” PANDA-NOVEL.COM

“Find out this boy’s information.” The Faerie King replied, his voice tinged with a hint of cold.

Osiris was a dream world. This essentially meant that it couldn’t count as a location. Even if they knew she was in Osiris, there was no telling what world she had gone off to and where she was connecting to Osiris from.

Since, in all likelihood, she was connecting to Osiris by proxy of this Life Partner, then the best way to find her was to find him. Then, they could make a complicated matter simple.

“We’ve already tried, father. But...”

The Faerie King’s expression grew colder. “But what?”

A chilly aura gripped the meditation room, refusing to let go.

“... The information is sealed off.” PANDA NOVEL

“Then contact someone to unseal it.”

The Faerie King spoke of violating the core laws of the Mercenary Guild as though they were nothing. This was precisely why Ryu had known not to trust it and why he didn’t dare to use his own bank accounts even after reincarnating. In the Martial World, rules were only followed by the weak.

The Faerie King might not have been a Sky God, but just how many Sky Gods had there been in Cultus Clan history? Plus, with his current status, he could just barely carry just as much sway as a Sky God

could. This was how heavy his every word was. Something like unsealing classified information of a singular individual was no problem at all.

“This...” Elafaren’s eleventh son hesitated again.

“What’s the problem? Speak.”

“Father, I already tried requesting such information already. Unfortunately, the information is sealed, even beyond what our word can unseal. It’s likely that this boy has joined a Faction.”

The Faerie King’s expression flickered, a light of fury deep within them. ρ??∪???

A Faction? Who cared. A damned Faction dared to stand in the way of information about his daughter? Were they tired of living?

“Father, the situation is more complicated. The boy has joined the Faction of the Saintly Weapon Sky God. That man has always been an eccentric and is practically impossible to contact. There’s no telling where he is now.

“He has no subordinates, so the only person we can contact to release this information would be him personally. There aren’t even any members running his Faction at all, our hands are tied.”

The Faerie King’s expression twitched several times. It was clear his anger had reached the point of imploding, but he didn’t know where to vent it.

A Sky God with no fetters like the Saintly Weapon Sky God was the most difficult to deal with. If such an existence was offended.... Who could bear the rage of a Sky God without worries?

The only thing that stopped Sky Gods with grudges against one another from acting indiscriminately were their families and descendants. No one wanted to see their hard work of countless epochs come crashing down before their eyes.

However, what if a Sky God didn't have such worries?

"Why him?" The Faerie King's brow furrowed. As far as he was aware, the Saintly Weapon Sky God had only joined the Mercenary Guild due to convenience. After all, their restrictions on their members were practically non-existent.

Logically, such a person shouldn't accept anyone into their faction. So, how had this boy been accepted?

"Husband."

At that moment, another woman walked into the meditation room. But, compared to how the others were treated, no one dared to get in the way of this woman.

Everything from her gait to the slight swaying of her hips exuded perfection. This woman was none other than Elafaren's first wife, his Queen, and Ailsa's mother, Sacia Cultus.

Sacia only had two children. One elder son and one youngest daughter. Unfortunately, her son had died to an incident that occurred long before Ailsa's birth. So, it was clear that even in comparison to the Faerie King, Sacia was even more concerned about the whereabouts of her daughter.

"Sacia? Is something the matter?" Elafaren's expression softened considerably. He stowed away his coldness with an unnatural swiftness the moment he laid eyes on his wife.

"Where's my Ailsa?" Sacia said softly.

Though her demeanor was elegant, her expressions seemed to carry a slight sickliness to them that made one want to protect her with all their might.

Elafaren took a deep breath. "I will find her."

Sacia smiled somewhat bitterly. She had heard these words many times before, but they never came to fruition.

“Little Ailsa just doesn’t understand...” Elafaren sighed, rubbing his temples.

Life Partners seemed to be a great tradition of the Faeries... But the truth was that this was only a responsibility of the commoners amongst Faeries. Faerie royalty were far too valuable to simply hand away to an unknown Life Partner, and this was especially so for Ailsa.

Not only was Ailsa the child of the Faerie King, but her mother was of a background that even the Faerie King himself always remained silent about.

And, as important as these matters were, Ailsa was also the most suited to take up his position once he chose to retire. With her talent, she shouldn’t even be very far from having the strength necessary to accomplish this either.

But, after Ailsa found the notes left behind by her elder brother all those years ago, her feelings toward Life Partners seemed to take a complete turn around.. Before them as her parents could even comprehend the changes occurring to their daughter, Ailsa had disappeared to places unknown and had already been gone for over nine cycles of one hundred million years.

Chapter 560

The appearance of a third City placed the already reeling Capital even further onto its backfoot.

There were four City Lords that stood above the rest. By some wisp of luck, Earth had managed to get rid of one of them in City Lord White. However, that unfortunately left three still remaining. And now’ ; These three had all aimed their weapons toward the Ascension Empire’s core.

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Hutch brandished his blade, his unkempt gray hair whistling in the wind like dried strands of straw. Blood caked his body, his rusted blade especially dripping with copious amounts.

He crossed the battlefield with a certain level of confidence to him. Everywhere he passed, time seemed to distort and slow, only for another life to be reaped. His presence alone seemed to stop the continuous defeats the Slayer Legion suffered.

Raynred's sneer finally thinned seeing such a scene. Even at such a distance, he could feel danger emitting from Hutch's blade. He felt that he would stand no chance beneath it, a reality that he simply couldn't fathom.

This Hutch had at best recently broken into the Fourth Dimension while he himself was already in the Fifth Tier of the Fourth Dimension. There shouldn't be anything that could bridge such a gap. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Was the difference between their abilities really so drastic?

Worlds like Terrain which were lacking in talent often placed great emphasis on their Force cultivation. This bred the illusion that one's diligence was far more important than the talent one was born with. However, it was just that; an illusion.

Between two people who had vastly different levels of talent, Force cultivation was almost irrelevant. Leonel himself was continuously battling foes many times stronger than him in terms of foundation and he never once paused to think about what Tier they had reached.

Raynred shook his head. It wasn't just ability. It was that damned machete.

He didn't know what magic the old man had pulled, but the skill with which he used that blade was beyond comprehension. It should be the Four Seasons Realm; but why was it that there were no obvious signs of the Four Seasons, then?

"Seems like it's about time." PANDA NOVEL

Raynred was startled out of his thoughts, only to find that his father along with Head Falls and Head Mirage had appeared by their sides at some unknown time.

Seeing such a scene, Raynred's lips curled up again. He hadn't known why his old man and the others hadn't stepped onto the battlefield yet. But, now that they were here, this farce could finally come to an end.

Which of these Heads wasn't firmly in Tier 7 or above?

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Hutch's actions took a tremendous amount of pressure off of the frontlines. With his level of training, the restraints this odd debuff had on him was limited. Much like Aina could regain control of her body using her ax as a medium, Hutch could fulfill this and then some.

Unfortunately, not everyone had such a medium. Or, more accurately, not everyone could tap into it to the extent that Hutch could. ρ??√???????

Existences like Monet and the other new generation Supremes had received training since their youth, but with Earth still in the Third Dimensional stage, communicating with Universal Force was hundreds of times more difficult back then. Hutch was practically the only one who could reach such a stage without issue. And, even then, had he been born in a Higher Dimensional world, his achievements would still far outshine what he could accomplish now.

"Damned brats!" Hutch growled. "I told you all to not forget your training regimens after you gained your fancy new abilities, but what did you all do? Now look at you!"

Fury colored Hutch's gaze red. He screamed at the corpses floating on the water like a madman, his aura blazing.

Monet bit down on her teeth hard, brandishing her fiery whip as she tried to support Hutch along with the other elites, but it was clear that her flames were even weaker than they had been when she met Leonel despite the fact they had long since evolved to be tens of times stronger.

Hutch's machete raged like a tornado of blades. His actions seemed no different from a butcher hacking meat, yet his crude style somehow became inescapable even to these well trained soldiers of Terrain.

“Die!”

Hutch’s billowing roars shook the battlefield, his shouts laced with anger. The veins across his wrinkled body pulsed, his strength seemingly fueled by his fury.

Just as he was cutting through the frontline of the enemy troops, three figures came dashing out of the army, each moving with such speed that the waters beneath their feet sliced apart as though a large blade ran through the surface.

The closer one got to the Fifth Dimension, the larger the differences between Tiers became. The difference between a Tier 5 entity like Raynred and a Tier 8 one like his father was akin to the vastness of the universe. It was simply like comparing a well trained soldier to a man approaching godhood.

Facing three such existences all at once, Hutch couldn’t help but feel his hair prickle, his reddened gaze locking onto those before.

To his back, there were thousands of weakened soldiers, each relying on these frail old shoulders of his. To his front, there was suddenly an enemy more powerful than any he had ever met, each of them with towering auras that had long since locked on to him.

“It seems that the Cities have finally entered their end phase.” Head Falls said emotionlessly. “Unless we want to watch from afar as they claim The Capital for themselves, it’s probably best that we move this along.”

Head Solar and Head Mirage rose an eyebrow, but didn’t say much else after hearing this.

Head Falls stretched out his palm. Head Solar grabbed at air, causing a two and a half meter long halberd to appear. As for Head Mirage, she brought out an oddly flowing whip that sometimes appeared as is and at other times unfurled as though a silky cloth.

They had all decided that Hutch was the greatest threat on this battlefield, so he had to die first.

Near the backline of the army, fighting alongside the other youths, Elorin slaughtered enemies that appeared before him with even more ease than his grandfather.

At that moment, a talisman on his person suddenly lit up and a voice drifted to his ear.

