

Descent 641

Chapter 641

Radlis felt his intestines overturning. Was this the mysterious gold mine of legends? Was his luck finally turning for the better?

“Bro – No, Big Bro – No, Senior Leonel!”

Radlis flashed and appeared in front of Leonel, a wide smile spreading across his pale face. If Leonel didn't know better, he would have thought that Radlis was a ghost doing its best to scare him half to death.

However, before he could say more, he found himself being kicked away by Kaela again.

“You idiot! That's a ticking time bomb in his hands! What would you do if it accidentally fell because of you?!”

After she was done, Kaela immediately looked toward Leonel with sparkling eyes. Radlis saw a gold mind, but she saw an endless store of information. Even if she was beaten to death she wouldn't believe that Leonel had gained all this skill on his own. He most definitely had a teacher. And, with a teacher came all sorts of information.

Kaela knew that all the Force Arts Leonel had used to form this grenade were Tier 4 at best. But, she didn't believe that this was the extent of Leonel's knowledge.

It had taken her months of research and experimentation to complete the sequence of Force Arts she needed to form the vacuum that kept the grenade stable. But, in the blink of an eye, Leonel saw through its purpose and even adapted her design to suit his changes.

Her breathing quickened. The only way he'd be able to do this was if his knowledge of Force Arts was so far beyond hers that there was no comparison whatsoever. She didn't even believe her former master could see through her intentions without at least a few days of observation and tests.

After a while, Kaela slowly calmed herself and smiled bitterly.

If even a hack like Jac was so close to the vest with his knowledge, how much more so would a true master like Leonel's teacher be in this regard? As arrogant as Jac was, Kaela had no doubt that Leonel's teacher was several times more. But at least he would have more of a right to be.

Kaela knew it would be ridiculous of her to expect a junior she just met to divulge such important information, so she didn't even bother to ask.

Recollecting herself, Kaela finally found a few oddities with the grenade. Namely, there was one she just couldn't wrap her head around. Hopefully, Leonel wouldn't mind answering this.

"How did you manage to get the inert Polished Glass to explode, though?"

Hearing Kaela's question, the five members of the Polished Glass Faction seemed to realize something too. Sighing, the excitement in their eyes also dimmed.

The Dimensional Verse was a cruel world where those at the top always sought to hoard power for themselves. Even if Leonel was a good person, asking something so great of him would be too much and far too ungrateful.

Leonel nodded when he heard Kaela's question.

If the inert Polished Glass could be forced to explode so easily then it would never be used as the blade of a weapon. No one wanted to deal with their own weapon lashing out at them mid-battle, that would be too ridiculous.

It had already been established that the so-called impurities were just regular rocks. Since there was nothing special about them, who was to say that contact with an enemy's blade wouldn't also cause the Polished Glass to explode if it was really so unstable?  $\rho \int \text{d}V$

“The secret is the thinness of the hidden blades.” Leonel explained. “The explosive effect of unrefined Polished Glass is caused by disruptions in its chemical structure. After it has been properly refined to the point of becoming inert, there are no longer any impurities to disrupt its structures.

“When you refine it into a blade, any outside interferences are too small to effect the overall situation. Whatever chain reaction that would have occurred is easily halted before it can gain any steam.

“But... When its thin enough...”

“... To the point where it’s just a few atoms thick, the structure is much easier to disrupt. Especially when you draw a Force Art onto it, thinning it out even more.”

Kaela’s eyes glowed. The more she thought about it, the more she couldn’t wrap her mind around how Leonel had come up with such a design in just a few minutes. Everything about it seemed perfect... It was the kind of design one should have spent years laboring over every detail of yet he had completed it in an afternoon.

It was baffling.

Leonel grinned. “Want to test it?”

Kaela shivered. She felt like she was looking at a madman.

“No way. The testing rooms that could withstand something like that are way too expensive to rent. Forget it.”

The two looked one another and burst into a fit of laughter.

Not long later, the first grenade of Polished Glassed Faction was completed and stored. Having let the excitement sink in, the team prepared to make as many as possible.

The Valiant Heart Zone wasn't an event just anyone could join. One had to gain enough merits to enter a tournament and only by placing well in this tournament would one then be able to enter.

However, gathering merits was simply too time consuming and many would rather spend the time training. The fact that they were time consuming was just one aspect, though. Often times, missions were a good way to train as well. The main issue was the fact the injury rate was simply too high. If one suffered a severe injury, how would they recover in time to participate even if they managed to gather enough merits?

This consumable device would fix much of this. There were a countless number of missions that would be made far easier if one had such a destructive device on hand. Kaela herself, who had participated in a number of these missions to gather enough funds to buy more ores, knew exactly how much such a product would be desired.

Unfortunately, they often could only be bought from outside markets and in small quantities.

The Polished Glass Faction would change all of that.

## Chapter 642

The next month passed by in an odd silence. Leonel didn't appear again, but neither did Sarrieth seem intent on doing anything. For those who had been waiting for sparks to fly, this was an exceptionally odd lull that left many feeling disappointed.

However, whether or not the two had actually thought of letting matters settle just like this, it was completely unknown.

...

"That should do it."

Leonel raised his head for the first time in a long time. He seemed to have sat in the same place endlessly, completely focused on his task. Before him, there were two finished products. One was the

grenade they were all familiar with while the other was most definitely not. However, considering the nonchalant responses the others had to this phenomenon, it was clearly not the first time in this last month that they had seen this design.

Leonel ended up having to simplify the two designs he created, effectively forming a stream of four different products, two of which could only be crafted by him, while the latter two were made easier for the other members of Polished Glass to complete themselves.

The result was a line of elite products and common products that would give the group some better leverage on the market.

Kaela smiled. "Rum!"

Rum obediently took hold of another behemoth-like stack of boxes and began to bring them out.

Leonel stretched his back, his eyes slightly red.

"Go take a shower, hermit. We can't have our prized engineer walking around like a rat's nest." Litia teased Leonel ruthlessly.

Toward such a thing, Leonel could only smile bitterly.

"Big sister... That's too mean..." Madia tried to stop Litia from being too harsh, but all she got was a palm to the forehead.

"He's a big man. He'll be fine."

Leonel gave Madia a thankful smile before rushing off to shower and get dressed. At the very least, this small home had such accommodations.

It wasn't long before the group had set off.

...

“How exactly does this showcase work?” Leonel asked curiously.

“I applied for a section from Valiant Hall half a month ago and it was decided that today would be our day. As long as we perform well, our products will appear on the Valiant Hall Exchange List and the system will be pretty much automated for us from then on.”

Leonel was enlightened. “I thought we would have to open a shop or something.”

Kaela’s expression darkened a bit, taking Leonel off guard. Had he said something wrong?

“... We can’t afford that.” Kaela looked up into the skies as though she was truly hurt. p??J??????

Litia cleared her throat. “Don’t mind her, she’s a bit of a money grubber. The Valiant Hall Exchange List is safe and about as no-hassle as you can get. But the consequence is that the taxes we have to pay are higher.

“It would be better for us to have our own store as long as it was in a decent part of the city, but all the land has been bought up by seniors long ago. Usually, you would just have to defeat the store owner and take over the rental fees to take over a store, but the network of store owners is too complex right now.

“Most store owners are part of Union. Defeating one essentially means offending the whole Union, it’s really too much of a headache to deal with. So, stores usually only get passed on willingly these days... And most of the time to close family juniors thanks to nepotism...”

Hearing Litia’s explanation, Leonel could only shake his head. The more he learned about Valiant Heart’s system of competition, the more he realized just how little real competition there was.

Not long later, the group made their way to Valiant Hall, Rum’s heavy steps causing the city’s to quake.

“You sure you don’t need any help, Rum?” Leonel asked for the third time already.

“No, I’m okay.” Rum smiled almost too gently for a man his size. He was practically an enormous teddy bear. “You’ve already done so much work for us, this is the least I could do.”

Leonel finally gave up. This big teddy bear was truly too stubborn.

“Thilly, this is the registration information. We’ll go start setting up.” Kaela handed over some forms over to the thin and spectacled Thilly who quietly accepted them and moved into the building.

Kaela put her fists on her hips like a valiant hero, a bright smile spreading across her face as her lab coat fluttered in the wind.

After a moment of basking in her own glory, she strode forward, finding a space outside of Valiant Hall to begin her setup. Rum followed obediently behind her, a sheepish smile on his face.

‘Seems the big guy has a crush on Kaela.’ Leonel chuckled to himself.

Valiant Hall was just as grandiose as Leonel remembered it. The only difference between now and then was that there were a few groups gathering around its entrance as though setting up a fair.

Kaela found a nice location beneath the shade of some trees and began to set up their display. It even reminded Leonel somewhat of his school science fair projects, a wave of nostalgia he wasn’t quite ready for.

The number of people here to witness this event were quite small in number, though. But, Kaela and the others didn’t mind. After all, as long as the judges approved of their product, they could enter the Exchange List.

Out of habit, before going out to any missions, students would always check for new products so they’d be able to get their name out that way.

At least... That was what Kaela thought until there was a sudden change to the situation.

On the horizon, a large number of people began making their way toward the Exchange Fair. There were only a couple hundred at most, not even enough to make the entrance of Valiant Hall feel crowded, but compared to the mere four or five stations of Crafters and Force Pill masters ready to display their products, this number was massive.

Kaela couldn't ever remember there being such a large influx of people. Even when the most famous Factions displayed their products, there would never be this many.

Her eyes along with Leonel's narrowed simultaneously.. They couldn't help but feel that some sort of conspiracy was afoot.

#### Chapter 643

As the crowd around Valiant Hall was steadily growing, Thilly came back out seemingly having completed his task. But, even he, who was usually even keeled and expressionless couldn't help but be shocked by the sudden change.

Why were there so many people coming? What was going on exactly?

Leonel had been certain that they had come to cause trouble. During his month of time with Kaela and the others, he hadn't lowered his guard, always being prepared for a sudden ambush from the King of Ores faction. But, even to this point, he hadn't seen a single thing.

However, what was even more shocking about what was going on was the fact that after reaching the Exchange Fair, the more than 200 youths who had come began to observe each display curiously.

Leonel thought it was just an act. How could he not? According to what he learned from Kaela, they would be lucky to have a dozen audience members, and that was including the judges themselves.

But, the longer he observed, the more he realized that he was wrong.

Leonel was very good at reading the intentions of people. He thought himself to have quite a high level of emotional intelligence, it was part of the reason many were fond of him. However, even with these skills and his acute senses, he couldn't find anything wrong with this crowd of people. it was as though...

They had really come for the Fair? Just what was going on?

While Leonel was distracted, the entrance of Valiant Hall opened up once again. This time, three old timers came out.

"Ah?"

Kaela's expression changed drastically.

"What's wrong?"

Leonel was about to ask this question, but Rum was far more attentive to Kaela's change than even he was.

"That..." Kaela blinked, trying to regain her bearings.

She shook her head and took a deep breath.

Kaela couldn't take her eyes off of the old man in the center. Though Leonel had only known her for a short time, he was easily able to guess who the old man was.

Jac Beinala. The only Tier 9 Black Crafter Valiant Heart Mountain had to offer.

He was an old man that seemed to have a foot in the grave already. His skin was loose, his wrinkles prominent, and his face was covered in aged spots, making it difficult to tell what its original tone was meant to be.

However, despite this, and despite the fact he used a metallic walking cane to move, his back was ramrod straight, making one wonder why he needed the walking stick at all. ¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶

As though this old man wasn't odd enough to look at, his eyes seemed to have aged even quicker than his body, reflecting a milky white beneath his spectacles. And, much like Kaela, he too wore a lab coat. It seemed that during her time under his tutelage, she had still managed to pick up some of his habits.

Beside Elder Beinala were two others, both of whom were women. They were considerably younger than Beinala, but they had still been classified as old timers in Leonel's mind. So, it went to show just how old Kaela's former master was.

The two old women seemed to be in their late 50's to early 60's. Compared to Beinala, their skin was much more well taken care of. It was rare to see an older woman exposing so much, but such was the reality of Valiant Heart Mountain and their uniforms. Regardless, it made it clear that these two older women had taken good care of their bodies and even still seemed somewhat perky in some areas.

If it wasn't for the deep wrinkles by their eyes, they would have looked closer to 40 than they did 60.

Observing the atmosphere between the three, Leonel had a feeling that they had quite a close relationship. He wouldn't be surprised if they were married...

Leonel felt weirded out when he had this thought. Despite how much time had passed, monogamy was still very much the norm on Earth. In fact, now that all cultures had been assimilated, it was even more prevalent.

Leonel had never seen a person with two wives before...

"Why are they here..." Kaela's voice was hardly audible, but it snapped Leonel out of his useless thoughts.

That was right. Usually, only minor students and members of Valiant Hall would come to judge the Exchange Fair. Something like a Tier 9 Black Crafter coming to oversee what should amount to children's playthings in his eyes was ridiculous.

‘What the hell is going on?’ Leonel furrowed his brow.

He felt a bit stifled at this moment. His instincts were screaming at him that something was wrong, but he couldn’t pinpoint what it was.

There were only two possibilities. Either whoever was playing games with him now was far smarter than he was or they were working with information Leonel simply didn’t have.

Leonel calmed himself almost immediately, his irises becoming deathly still of all emotion. The world that had slowed under his exceptional thinking speed seemed to pick back up again.

The crowd of people began to roam freely, going from station to station as they curiously observed the products.

Having not been ready for such an audience, many of the smaller factions presenting alone with Leonel and the others were flustered. But, without a choice, they could only press forward.

At their own pace, the three old timers also began to visit the stations one by one. There didn’t seem to be anything wrong with their actions.

But, for the first time since this crowd had come, Leonel finally picked out some oddities from the three. Every so often, their gaze would sweep over their station as though there was something interesting to pay attention to here.

Leonel’s eyes narrowed.

Finally, the time came. The three judges finished with the station nearest to them and moved forward, their expressions impossible to read.

‘Is it coming now?’

At least that was what Leonel thought... But when the old timers actually came to their station, he began to question himself all over again.

“Hello Kaela.” Jac smiled amiably. “How have you been?”

Kaela’s face was a bit stiff, but she still managed to squeeze out a smile.

“I’ve been good, Elder Beinala.”

“Ai, what a distant form of address. What happened to the little girl who would always cutely call me master? Is there a need to be like this?”

Kaela’s face still remained somewhat stiff. Every fiber of her being wanted to stick a middle finger up and tell this old fart to go to hell, but she knew that despite the amiable personality of this old man, he wielded quite a bit of power in Valiant Heart. She didn’t want to risk her path being cut off for no reason.

She had already managed to separate from this old man without incurring too much of a penalty. She didn’t want to risk anymore.

“Alright, Jac. Stop teasing the poor girl. If you had lightened up the workload on those poor little kids like I told you, she would have never left.”

“Ai, I was just trying to get her full potential out!”

“Alright, alright. You’ve said this many times already. It seems your favorite disciple is doing quite well for herself, even ready to submit some new designs for the Exchange List. How about we give her the stage.”

Who Leonel thought were Beinala’s two wives mediatated the situation, finally letting them get down to business.

Leonel realized at that moment that he might have misread the looks the old timers had been given their station. He forgot to consider the fact they might just be looking because they recognized Kaela.

From their talk, it seemed that these old timers were closer to Kaela than he thought. At the very least, though Kaela was unsatisfied with their relationship, the three of them didn't dislike the young girl. They even seemed to somewhat understand her decision.

If this was the case... Was there really no trump card coming? Was there no table flip? No sudden evil plot?

Leonel couldn't wrap his head around it at all.

Kaela took a deep breath and began to introduce the products.

"We have four products total split into two categories. We have a consumable product and a defensive product.

"Starting with the consumable, we call them the Polished Grenade and Elite Polished Grenade. They make use of our Faction's signature ore, the Polished Glass Ore."

"Oh?" One of Beinala's wives perked up.

She was a great Crafter in her own right, being Tier 8. So, she was obviously aware of the difficulty there was in handling Polished Glass.

Kaela nodded, growing more relaxed.

"Both the common and Elite version work on the same principle. We make use of ..."

When Kaela regained her wits, her words became more confident. Soon, her presentation became somewhat of a performance. Leonel couldn't help but think that she'd be a good saleswoman.

“You say that the Polished Grenade can kill anyone below Tier 4 and severely injure someone at Tier 4? And the Elite version can kill anyone below Tier 6?”

Kaela beamed. “Yes.”

She had never actually tested the grenades, but she was confident in Leonel’s assessment. If there was anyone whose calculations could be trusted without a doubt, it was his.

And, of course, Leonel used the standard of Valiant Heart, not Earth.

“And the price?” Jac asked the final question.

Kaela’s smile grew brighter. “The common version will cost just 5 merit points. The Elite version will cost 10.”

The old timers blinked, looking at each other in shock. The only reason they hadn’t been too shocked by the strength of these grenades was because they expected it to be expensive. This was usually the case with the inventions of youths.

They would have good ideas, powerful, even. But they would be much too expensive to manufacture on any large scale.

However, 1 merit point was just 10 kilograms of Fourth Dimensional Urbe Ore. To buy something that could kill a Tier 6 existence with just 100 kilograms of Urbe... That was cheaper than even the price of a Tier 3 weapon! Even money grubbers might jump at this chance!

“Are you sure that this is the price you want to sell it at?” Beinala looked toward the youths deeply.

“Certain.” Kaela said confidently.

Beinala's wizened eyes narrowed, but he eventually turned his gaze toward the defensive product they had brought forward.

"And this?"

Kaela smiled. "This is our Mending Armor and Elite Mending Armor.

"As you might guess from the name, the main function of this armor is in stitching and cauterizing wounds. The Mending Armor has the ability to defend against weapons at and below Tier 4. The Elite Mending Armor has the ability to defend against weapons at and below Tier 6.

"However, in the cause that their durability fails or a location is overloaded and pierced through, its main function will kick in. The armor will not only self-mend, but it will do the same for the skin beneath, constricting any wounds below until medical attention can be sought.

"It's the perfect flexible armor for many."

Beinala took a deep breath. Even if this armor was too expensive, it would still be worth the buy for many if it worked as advertised.

"And the price?"

Kaela sent a glance toward Leonel, grinning.

"The Mending Armor will be sold for 50 merit points. The Elite Mending Armor for 100."

The old timers were stunned once again.

"... If everything is as you say and the final tests show the accuracy of your words and sustainability of the designs... I can take responsibility to place your four products on the Golden Exchange List!" Jac said with an amiable smile.

Kaela was stunned before her expression became ecstatic. This was more than she ever even dreamed of!

Leonel watched all of this silently, not knowing what to think. Everything seemed so genuine.

Was this really not a plot?

Chapter 645

Earning a place on the Golden Exchange List was indeed a marvelous turn of events. Usually, only the most well established factions with years of experience earned the right to be placed on such a list.

The Golden Exchange List wasn't just a small honor, it also came with many tangible benefits.

For one, the taxes they would have to pay was lessened by more than half. Whereas 65% of their profits would have had to be handed over previously, now they would only have to give up 30%. Though this was still higher than the 20% stores had to give up, they had one added benefit the stores didn't have.

All items on the Golden Exchange List were products Valiant Heart Mountain had recognized personally. As a result, aside from orders from the students, their faction would also receive bulk orders from the organization as well.

These bulk orders were where the true money was waiting to be made. It was still unknown if a product would become popular amongst students even if it made the Golden Exchange List. But, these bulk orders would guarantee a large sum of merit points to be paid in advance.

This influx of merit points would allow a faction the breathing room it needed to experiment with other creations and also gather enough resources to fulfill their orders. Even if Valiant Heart Mountain only ordered once, it was enough to give a faction a great kickstart as long as they took advantage of it.

For them to gain such an honor while presenting their first products... How could Kaela not be excited?!

The young faction leader couldn't help but beam, her smile spreading from ear to ear.

Jac took the samples to be tested and they would learn of the results in just a few hours. She couldn't help but be ecstatic.

Unfortunately, for some reason, Leonel couldn't find it within himself to be happy.

'If something is going to go wrong, now would be the time...'

Their samples had been taken away to be tested by the old timers. If nothing went wrong, maybe Leonel would really have to admit that he was just being paranoid.

But, what happened next left him stunned.

Barely half an hour later, Elder Beinala came back with a smiling face and officially announced the matters.

The team could no longer hold back their excitement. Even Thilly who was always expressionless had his lip curl ever so slightly. In fact, Radlis, who had been running around getting them refreshments also beamed.

Though, whether he was smiling because he was happy about their success, or the bounciness of Kaela's chest as she celebrated... Well, maybe only he knew the answer to that.

Jac chuckled. "Don't celebrate too early, this is where the real challenge begins. The organization has ordered 500 Polished Grenades and Elite Polished Grenades. On top of that, we also want 100 of each type of Mending Armor. Can you do it?"

Kaela's eyes brightened. "Of course, of course!"

Though she didn't say this, in the past month, they had already made more than ten times this number. Handing over such an amount was child's play, mostly due to Leonel. She could only say that that young man was a monster.

She remembered the first time she watched Leonel Craft 20 Elite Polished Grenades at once. She had only recently been able to pick her jaw up from the floor.

Plus, the organization never set deadlines for their bulk orders. Even if they took half a year, it wouldn't be a problem. This could only be considered to be a medium sized order.

"Good, good. Your merits will be transferred over immediately. You've done well, I hope to see more in the future." ρ???∫???

With those final words, Beinala and his wives left to Valiant Hall. And, true to their words, someone soon came to take the massive crates Rum had been holding away.

Kaela almost squealed with delight when she saw the merit points flood her identification ring. She felt as though she was floating on a cloud.

"Leonel." She turned toward the man with a hint of moistness in her eyes.

Leonel hid his worry and smiled back. "Don't look at me that way or else your fan club would think I did you wrong."

Kaela sputtered with laughter. "What fan club, stop teasing me. Here."

Kaela touched her ring to Leonel's, causing over 80% of the merit points to flood over.

"I don't know why you insisted on handing over all the credit to our Faction, but as promised, here are your merits."

Leonel blinked. "This... Seems to be more than we agreed upon, no?"

They had made 15 750 merit points after their bulk sale, but Kaela had given Leonel more than 12 000 in one sweep when they had only agreed to a 40/60 split with Leonel receiving 40.

This wasn't only because Leonel was kind hearted, but rather because he was providing of the materials. Plus, there was just one of him and six other members excluding Radlis and including Kaela. He thought that taking 40% was already asking for a lot.

However, he had no choice but to ask for this. As soft as he was, he couldn't forget the reason he came here in the first place... And that was for the sake of Aina. Not just for her sake, but specifically to cure her curse.

Without resources, he couldn't do this. And, the best resource to have in this place were merits.

Kaela smiled. "Consider it a down payment for the future. I can tell that you probably won't be here for long, but I hope that during the time you are here, that you'll stay with us."

Leonel raised his brows before grinning.

"That, you don't have to worry about. Who would want a castaway like me anyway?"

The team looked toward one another and burst into a fit of laughter.

"Let's go celebrate!" Kaela happily shouted. "Dinner's on the newly minted rich tycoon!"

Leonel coughed. It seemed that Kaela hadn't reformed from her money grubber ways just yet despite her generosity.

However, he didn't fight it. He might as well...

Just as Leonel was about to accept, his eyes flashed. He pulled out a talisman from his spatial ring, a happy light shining in his eye.

Aina had contacted him.

Chapter 646

The Polished Glass faction members looked toward one another as Leonel dashed away as though his feet were on fire.

Was this the same young man who displayed such confidence the whole time they had known him? Why did he seem so... whipped?

“See? I told you he had a girlfriend.” Radlis beamed.

But, his smile didn’t last for long before he found Litia’s foot and Kaela’s fist closing in on him together.

...

Leonel dashed through the city, most seeing nothing but a golden blur as he whizzed by. Despite the fact he hadn’t trained his body in a month, his control over Force had reached new heights.

Leonel’s purpose in spending a month Crafting went beyond just accumulating merit points, it also allowed him to train his mind. He hadn’t just been showing off when he began to Craft 20 Elite Polished Grenades at once, he had actually been focused on honing his split minds.

The same way Leonel found that he could dull his senses by splitting his experiences of them between different streams of consciousness, he also found that he could sharpen these same senses by doing the reverse.

By focusing on the same task with many different minds, he could also heighten his senses.

But, what Leonel ultimately found was that this approach was much less effective than the dulling of his senses.

If one thought about it, it made sense. Ultimately, Leonel's split minds would lose some computational ability in comparison to if he focused his entire mind on one thing.

What was the solution to this? It was obviously to strengthen his individual streams of consciousness.

Leonel found that there were two ways to do this. The first was to improve his control of Dream Force. It was ultimately Dream Force that allowed him to do all these fanciful things.

The second method was more crude and that was simply to practice.

So, Leonel did both simultaneously and continuously for the last month, only resting rarely.

As a result, his control had reached new levels in just this month alone. The use of his Mage Core and its connection with his body especially had become far easier.

During his battle with Nigmir, Leonel mostly relied on his Earth Element because he still found that he was most comfortable using it despite the fact his Fire Element affinity should be higher. But now, he believed he could be far more versatile in battle.

Leonel was happy with his progress. Soon, he'd feel confident enough to break into the Fifth Dimension with his Soul Force. Once he did this, he would finally have enough capital to look for the latter portions of [Dimensional Cleanse]. When he reached that step, curing Aina would become much easier.

Of course, there was also the chance that he wouldn't have to go so far to help her at all. Who knows, maybe the Valiant Hall Zone would have a solution?

Leonel blazed a trail to the freshman quarters, a place he hadn't been in a long time.

He couldn't help his smile from blooming when he saw a familiar silhouette standing near the community meditation grounds.

Before she could react, Leonel had dashed over, sweeping her petite figure into his arms.

"Ah!"

Aina, caught off guard, couldn't even react before she found herself practically enveloped. If it wasn't for the fact she was currently wearing her mask, even her lips might have been assaulted at that moment.

Leonel hugged her tightly, taking a deep breath. A familiar smell of apple tickled his nose, making him feel at peace. For a moment, he forgot about all his worries and basked in her softness. ρ???(???????)

Aina wiggled around in his embrace, her face flushed completely red. She seemed keenly aware that she was being looked at by all sorts of people. And how could they not be? After all, they were in what was effectively a community square.

Finally, Aina managed to wiggle her way out. But, she simultaneously wanted to hide her face away from everyone, leading her to the point of resting her forehead against Leonel's chest in defeat.

Leonel grinned. "Okay, okay. I'll stop teasing you."

With a wave of his palm, Aina and Leonel seemed to disappear from everyone's view even though they hadn't moved a single inch.

"Happy now?" Leonel's smile became gentler as Aina looked up toward him.

Without a word, Aina wrapped her arms around his back. It seemed this workaholic missed him too.

Aina stood on the tips of her toes, taking her mask off to plant a kiss on Leonel's cheek.

“Sorry... I missed your call before.” Aina was a bit embarrassed. She hadn’t seen Leonel’s attempt to contact her until more than a month later.

Leonel raised his brow. “Just a kiss on the cheek? Is this how shallow your apology runs?”

Leonel’s voice sounded broken and hurt, causing Aina to pout.

“Hmph, I –.”

She didn’t get to finish her words because Leonel had already sealed her lips. He greedily took a taste, his mind whirling. It had really been too long.

This girl dared to disappear for almost two months, she deserved this bit of punishment.

Aina’s spine tingled as she felt Leonel’s hands slide down her waist. She almost lamented the exposed skin. How gently he caressed her, as though he was afraid to harm a hair on her head, made her heart flutter.

She hopped up a little bit when Leonel’s palm traveled just a bit too far down. Like a scared little rabbit, she wanted to escape but found that her knees were a bit weak.

Leonel pulled back, his eyes jumping back and forth between Aina’s own. Her gaze seemed somewhat hazy, her lips still slightly parted.

The feeling of her plump bottom in his hands made him feel just as intoxicated. The combination of firmness from her training and elasticity from her excellent genetics made Leonel feel as though he couldn’t get enough, he almost didn’t notice Aina slightly hurried breathing.

Leonel couldn’t decide what felt better between a memory of a soft chest and this... Though, he guessed the former would have an edge since it wasn’t impeded by any fabric.

“Want to go back to my dorm room?” Leonel asked with a slightly expectant and gruff tone.

He rarely, if ever, spent time over there. But, it should technically still be his.

Aina nodded almost imperceptibly, something that Leonel himself almost missed.

With a smile, he swept his girlfriend into his arms and dashed off to the freshman living quarters.

...

At that moment, four new items silently appeared on the Golden Exchange List.

## Chapter 647

Leonel slammed the door of his room closed, his lips sealed over Aina's. His hands clasped beneath her thighs, holding her small frame up. He found himself completely lost in the feeling of her touch, though still not forgetting to blanket the room in protective and silencing arrays.

The room wasn't anywhere near big enough to accommodate the Segmented Cube Aina had surely brought with her, so Leonel gently laid her onto the small bed.

Aina's body coiled around Leonel's, immersed in her own hazy feeling. She allowed Leonel to toss away the heavy neckwear that hung around their shoulders, not caring the slightest bit when they clanged to the floor.

The feeling was intoxicating. Their tongues intertwined in their own sort of dance but that alone was enough for Aina to flush completely red, her breathing somewhat labored.

She felt something hard pressing against her from below. It was the sort of sensation that filled her with one part fear and another part ambiguous excitement.

Memories of the last time she had seen that beast below ran through her mind. She could still remember the throbbing heat in her hand. Something about it made her heart quicken with a faint anticipation.

Lost in her own haze, she hardly realized when Leonel had taken off his pants. Even though he still had a pair of undergarments below, the steely rod only seemed to become more prominent and more difficult to ignore.

Her hand reached out as though with a mind of its own, gently following the outline.

'... This... This is just an apology for disappearing for so long...'

Leonel sucked in a cold breath feeling the sudden touch. Even he didn't realize when Aina's hand had disappeared from the side of his face to appear where it was. But, he had no intention of stopping her either.

He pulled away from their kiss, his eyes opening to meet Aina's. He could see a partial absentmindedness behind her gaze, but there was also a sparkling hint of excitement.

Leonel held himself up with a hand, using the other to outline Aina's silhouette, her hand still proceeding below. He felt the curve of her breast through her chest band, the toned softness of her belly, and traced down to her belt before tugging at it.

Leonel's breath quickened, feeling a slight squeeze below.

Seeing his reaction, Aina's lip curled, the happiness in her eyes growing as she felt her belt slip off.

As Leonel continued to look in her eyes, he realized something.

At that moment, all of Aina's pleasure was being derived from making him happy. She seemed to enjoy this very much, but for some reason, this wasn't the kind of look Leonel wanted to see her wear right now.

He had never been with a woman before, but whenever he imagined the woman, a part of him wanted to see his every touch make her melt, his every kiss cause her body to convulse.

Maybe these were just the idealized dreams of a teenage boy who didn't know the faintest thing about a woman's body, but a man could hope, right?

On one hand, Leonel felt a sweetness in his chest that Aina looked so happy right now. But on the other, he didn't just want to see happiness. He wanted to see pleasure, he wanted to see intoxication, he wanted to hear sounds and see sights that could make his legs weak. ρ??C??????

But... How would he do that?

Leonel's thumb traced along Aina's hip. Just beneath the waist of her pants, he could feel two layers of fabric. His heart couldn't help but quicken again when he realized what was just below...

Hooking his thumb between the two fabrics, he slowly pulled Aina's pants down.

Aina's flushed appearance deepened, but she didn't stop Leonel's hands. She pulled her hands away from Leonel's crotch, still feeling that faint heat on her palm.

Leonel took a deep breath, his eyes unable to come off Aina's body. He had expected to find Aina's usual boxer briefs, but for whatever reason on this day, she had instead worn a pair of black panties. It wasn't anything fancy, nor was it the lingerie one might see a model wear, but it was so tight that it was practically like a second skin.

It clung tightly to Aina's hips, curling around the precious lips below in a way that almost gave Leonel a perfect outline of what was beneath.

The sight was so tempting and enticing that Leonel simply wanted to rip them away at that very moment. And, he could tell by the look in Aina's eye that she wouldn't stop him. In fact, she would be happy as long as he was happy.

"... Do you want to see?" Aina's soft voice caused him to gulp.

He looked down again. But this time, Aina's arm partially obstructed his view, having found its way to his heated shaft once again.

Every fiber of Leonel's being screamed yes. Not only did he want to see what was below, but he also wanted to rip that damned chest band away. He wanted to drown in the pleasure that was his girlfriend's body, lose himself in her fragrance and fall into her soft touch.

But there was that look in her eye again.

There was a slight haziness and her breathing was somewhat shallow, but ultimately there was of the look Leonel wanted to see. He wanted her to feel what he was feeling, to be enraptured by such a feeling of pleasure that she almost lost control just like he almost did. He wanted her to have shyly nodded when he asked if she wanted to come here not because she wanted to please him, but because she wanted to please herself.

But Leonel was at a loss. As easy to understand as the male body was, he had no clue about a woman's. He didn't even know where to begin.

Leonel looked up to meet Aina's eyes again, his breathing haggard. In his eyes, she was the most beautiful woman in the world. He just wanted to make her happy.

At that moment, Leonel's mind suddenly flashed with thoughts of Mordred.

'What would she do?'

Mordred's laughter sounded in Leonel's mind, her words teasing him about not knowing how to treat women resounding.

Leonel's gaze cleared somewhat.. He looked toward Aina from above and lowered his head for another kiss.

Aina felt that Leonel's reaction was a bit weird.

In truth, she had two favorite types of underwear. The first were loose boxers and the second were these skin tight plain panties. The latter allowed more freedom of movement but was less comfortable, while the former was far more comfortable to wear.

This time, she purposely chose to wear the second not just for her training, but because she thought they were more flattering to her figure. As expected, her heart rushed with excitement when she saw Leonel's reaction.

That said, she had also expected Leonel to practically lose control when he saw them as well. She was looking forward to seeing him react like this. Much like Leonel wanted to see her in throes of pleasure, how could she not also feel the same way?

In Aina's mind, during their moments of intimacy, she only cared about Leonel. He did so much for her, wasn't it her duty as a girlfriend to help him in this regard? It was also a bonus that she quite liked doing it too.

Since that first time in the pool, her and Leonel had had this dance more than a few times and she found it just as pleasurable every time. In fact, she faintly anticipated these moments...

What she didn't know was that a building determination had been rising in Leonel's heart all along.

'Take it slow.' Leonel's mind reached a state of calm. He kept his eyes closed, not wanting Aina to see the sharpness hidden within them.

'Dream Sculpt. Dreamscape.'

Aina's body in every perfect proportion was reflected in Leonel's mind. Her every bead of sweat, the precise shade of her flushed skin, and every curve of her body was being updated in real time.

'Beginning the analysis on partially nude form...'

Aina couldn't tell that anything was wrong. Leonel had already split one of his minds to focus on her entirely. He kissed her just as patiently and reacted just as passionately to the movement of her hands along the outline of his cock.

And that was when his hands and lips began to move.

Leonel gently pulled down Aina's chest band, revealing the bounce of her breasts. The two delicate orbs rebounded healthily, shimmering with a slight pink hue beneath the dim lights of Leonel's room.

Aina blushed, but was quickly distracted by Leonel's caring touch. His lips dotted across her body, causing her back to arch slightly under the novel stimulation. She was caught off guard, even to the point of forgetting that her hand was on Leonel's crotch at all.

Leonel's hands caressed her chest and played with her protruding pink nipples.

Aina's hips subtly grinded upward, making contact with Leonel's shaft. It was only for a brief moment, but she felt as though a sharp arc of electricity had shot through her spine.

She took in a sharp breath.

At first, Leonel seemed to touch odd places around her body. Her love handles, her belly button, she even felt him gently rub her earlobe while caressing her cheek. But, lost in allowing Leonel to do with her body as he pleased, she found herself gradually rising along a slow rising peak.

Leonel's head rose, his lips planting on Aina's once again.

As though finally getting a taste of water after so long, Aina greedily nibbled at Leonel's lips, loving the feeling of his large hand gently rolling her breast in his palm.

'Hints of arousal... change in breathing rhythm, increased perspiration, goosebumps, rising hair, moving to facilitate action, hand grabbing...'

Leonel's hand moved from Aina's breast, trailing down her toned belly and toward her skin tight, black panties. He slipped a finger beneath their fabric, slowly pulling them down.

Aina rose her hips, seemingly forgetting her embarrassment in her haziness. The beautiful, steamy picture of nature's perfection below almost made Leonel lose track of his focus, but he immediately split the stimuli between his more than 20 minds, shutting his eyes closed again.

Even with his eyes closed, though, the Dream Sculpt of Aina had already changed in his mind. It was truly a gorgeous sight beyond belief. ρ???(???????)

There was a well kept patch of black hair hovering above two gently folded lips. An enticing pinkness plucked at the strings of the mind, a fresh fragrance tickling the nose and making one feel as though flames were dancing within their veins.

Leonel steadied his breathing, continuing to build his Dreamscape of cues for Aina's arousal. He noted down his ever action and her every reaction, stringing together a list of combos that left Aina floating on a cloud.

Leonel's lips trailed down Aina's body, his tongue testing the curves of her breasts and the sensitivity of her torso.

His breathing hitched as his nose grazed past a patch of hair below. It was only then that Aina seemed to realize what was happening, causing a slight panic to take hold of her features.

Leonel's senses immediately caught on.

'Arousal plummeting...'

Leonel pinpointed the problem immediately, his head raising back up. He began to kiss the sensitive skin just below Aina's belly button, his hands running across her body.

Her anxiety seemed to give way to a breath of relief, which shifted to a hint of disappointment, which soon gave way to pleasure. Her hands drifted to the back of Leonel's head.

Leonel's every action became slow and deliberate. He reacted to Aina's wants instantly, building a more and more robust Dreamscape with each passing moment.

'Most sensitive regions... Neck, collarbone, lower belly, inner thighs...

'Areas where forcefulness is appreciated... Butt, hips, thighs, breasts...

'Areas where softness is the best approach... Kissing, earlobes, neck...

'Best combination attacks... Neck and breasts...

'Scared to try new things... will take her out of the experience... Best approach to combat... Take it slow, attack nearby region before moving toward target...'

Leonel found a formula that worked, finally breaking past Aina's mental block and touching his lips to those pretty pink folds.

At that moment, for the first time, a long moan left Aina's lips. She didn't even seem to realize what was happening. In fact, all her panic about Leonel's mouth being down there was completely forgotten.

Her mind was entirely filled with the feeling of Leonel's tongue running through her most sensitive region. The experience was so electric that she found it difficult to control her legs, her toes curling along the bed sheets.

'Hints of arousal... add leg trembling, toe curling...

'Cunnilingus files... prefers soft to medium sucking over just tongue... arousal increases when hands are in motion as opposed to staying stagnant... exposing the clitoris makes her reel back, too sensitive...

keeping clitoris hood on is best sides of both worlds... she tends to run away from feelings of pleasure, keep her clamped in place...'

"Oh..." Aina's breathing hitched, her hands gripping onto Leonel's head tightly. "... Leonel!"

Aina's moan came out in a low groan, her legs snapping shut as her body curled.

Within his Dream World, one of Leonel's minds expressionlessly observed her form writhing with pleasure before its face gave way to a smile.

At that moment, Leonel realized that he had always been taking the wrong approach to battle. He expected his main Dreamscape to grow enough such that he would be able to guess the movements of any enemy even without battle... But such a goal was far too lofty and far too far away to ever achieve. It was also exactly because of this flaw that his Dreamscape Battle Sense took so much stamina to use.

However, if he built a separate Dreamscape for every battle, not unlike how he had just done to bring his precious girlfriend to the best feeling she had ever experienced... How much more potent would his Battle Sense become?

Leonel gazed at the pure ecstasy on Aina's face. He took in the bounce of her breast as she curled, the fragrant liquid that dripped from between her legs, the way every muscle of her toned body flexed simultaneously.

This was the look he wanted to see. This was the happiness he wanted to bring to his woman.

'Orgasm achieved.. Time taken, 27 minutes and 39 seconds.'

Chapter 649

Leonel gently nuzzled his nose between Aina's pretty pink folds, feeling a faint wetness and soaking in a sweet scent that took over his mind.

Aina's body trembled, her fingers tensing at odd angles. Her mouth opened and closed, seemingly wanting to say something but not having the strength to do so. It was only after Leonel's tongue still didn't seem satisfied that she could only use what remained of her stamina to pull his head up.

Her body was weak and feeble. The astonishing power she usually had fading into near nothingness.

Things might have been fine if Leonel stopped after the first time, but he hadn't. Aina's body was like a small rowboat swaying to Leonel's whims. By now, she had already lost count of the number of times that strong electricity had coursed through her body.

At this point, she couldn't even see or think straight.

Leonel felt Aina struggling to pull his head up. He knew that he could easily fight against it. Compared to her usual strength, the current Aina was practically a toddler now. But, he didn't.

Aina faintly felt Leonel over her again. Her lips puckered gently, searching for Leonel's touch. But, she didn't seem to have the strength to do even that. Luckily, Leonel completed it for her.

Aina faintly caught Leonel's lower lip, sucking on it slightly before letting go. A gentle smile spread across her face, her eyes half open and half closed.

At that moment Leonel's eyes opened, a cold sharpness still within them. Though it slowly faded, Aina was still able to catch a glimpse of it.

One would have thought that seeing such a thing would have completely ruined her mood but, her reaction was almost the exact opposite. Seeing Leonel's cold gaze woke up an excitement within her. As though she forgot her fatigue, there was a flame that lit within her heart, fueling a growing want for Leonel to ravage her.

The feeling slowly faded, overwhelmed by Aina's heavy limbs and tired eyes.

Leonel blinked, realizing that he had made a mistake.

“Sorry...” He said softly.

He began to explain himself, somewhat afraid that Aina wouldn't like what he had done. Though he had acted for her sake, he could also understand a reality where she wouldn't like it very much. Breaking down such an intimate moment into raw numbers and calculations was something that Leonel could see not many people liking, which was why he had closed his eyes to begin with.

If he wasn't worried about it, he would have never tried to hide it.

“... It's alright though, in the future I won't have to because...”

Just as Leonel was about to finish his explanation, he found Aina's small hand over his mouth.

Her gaze was still somewhat absentminded, but now had a bit of focus to it as she looked up at Leonel.

“... I ... Like it... Don't stop... doing it...” She said softly.

“Huh?” Leonel blinked, not understanding what she meant.

Aina blushed. As her mind regained some clarity, she understood what she was saying a bit better. Weren't women supposed to like it when their partners were lovie dovie? Why was it that she felt so excited when Leonel looked at her so coldly?

She wanted to explain what she meant, but she couldn't bring herself to say the words. What was she supposed to say exactly? 'I want you to look at me like I mean nothing to you?' p??∫??????

Aina's blush deepened even further when she had this thought. Was there something wrong with her?

Of course, she was only thinking about the worst possible way her desire could be taken. It wasn't that she wanted Leonel to treat her like she was worthless. Rather, she just like the cold look in his eyes... She didn't really know how to explain it...

Aina had always been the only one completely unaffected by Leonel suffocating aura and the only one unperturbed by his cold gaze. Well, at least that was what it seemed like. But the truth was that it wasn't that she was unaffected, but rather that she wasn't impacted by it like everyone else was.

While others feared it and were filled with thoughts of anxiousness... Aina found it to be like a magnet that drew her closer and closer to Leonel.

What she liked the most about Leonel wasn't his charisma, not his leadership, not his handsome looks, his kindness or even his smile... Of course, she liked those things about him too. Without them, he wouldn't be Leonel.

But, what she liked the most was his coldness, his detached logic and his emotionless control. It was his ability to act as though nothing could faze him, as though the world were a meaningless ant to be squashed beneath his feet... That was what filled her with the most infatuation.

Aina regained her bearings, the blush on her face receding. The thought of Leonel's cold eyes staring down at her as he broke past her final line of defense was most definitely a fantasy she hadn't thought would come bubbling up like this, but she also knew that this was probably the only chance she'd have at not having to explain it all in so many words.

If there ever came a day she had to, she might very well die of embarrassment. So instead, she was thankful she now had a way of making Leonel continue without having to say why.

Aina smiled lightly. "You're a smart boy, you can figure out what I mean. Just don't close your eyes next time."

Aina already felt a faint anticipation for this next time. If her loins weren't screaming no, she might want it to be right now.

Leonel continued to blink in confusion. How could he guess the whirlwind of thoughts in her mind?

His Dreamscape sputtered and fell flaccid, unable to understand in the slightest. He was just an innocent teenage boy in the youthful stages of his first relationship, how could he know that women could have fantasies sometimes even more elaborate and eyebrow raising than men?

Since Aina had said so, he could only accept her word at face value.

Aina used the last of her strength to pull Leonel down to her side, wrapping around him like a koala bear before falling into a deep and satisfied sleep.

Leonel found himself looking up at the ceiling, confusion still lighting his gaze. To his right, a beauty clung to his body tightly, her cheek resting on his arm.

Leonel suddenly realized that Aina's breasts were pressed flush against his torso. He still couldn't understand how such a petite body could form such mountains... But as though that wasn't bad enough, her leg wrapped over his own, so he could faintly feel the outline of that special place on his skin, the softness of her thighs and those lips hammering against his mind.

Leonel looked down at his boxers which still hadn't been taken off from start to finish, the prominent outline of a rod standing at attention clearly visible with nowhere to vent.

'... I think I can give Dark Cloud Prison a few tips on how to torture their prisoners...'

An illusory tear fell down Leonel's cheek.

## Chapter 650

Leonel slowly woke up to the feeling of something soft in his palms. His hand subconsciously squeezed at Aina's bottom, the elasticity bringing a smile to his face.

'How comfortable...'

His Aina was quite petite, but whether it be her breasts or her bottom, they existed on a plane of their own. He hadn't been bold enough to touch her so freely in the past, but as their relationship grew deeper, he found an odd peace doing exactly this.

“... Pervert.”

Aina mumbled under her breath, but she didn't open her eyes. It seemed that she still wanted to nap.

At the moment, she was feeling very comfortable. In the past, she wouldn't have dared sleep by Leonel in the nude either. But, it seemed a bit silly for her to be so reserved after what happened in the past day.

Leonel smiled. “How's Hero Peak been?”

Aina's brow furrowed when she heard this question. Her cheek continued to rest on Leonel's arm, but it was clear that she didn't like this question very much. Or, rather, she didn't seem to like Hero Peak very much.

“The Peak is fine, but it's not right. It doesn't make sense for you to still be in the freshman quarters.”

Aina had obviously known that this would happen, or else she would have never come here to find Leonel in the first place. But, that didn't mean that she would be satisfied with such a thing.

Leonel chuckled. “Am I missing a lot by not joining a Peak?”

Aina bit her lip slightly, but even without saying anything, it was clear that the answer was yes.

After a bit, she began to explain and Leonel too realized that he was indeed missing out on a lot.

If one thought back to Brave City, it would be easy to recall the number of resources that city had. Whether it was the special Force Abodes, to the Style monuments, and even to the secret formations within the tower at the center that neither Leonel nor Aina got to experience... They were all top tier places to train.

If there were such things for a mere city reserved for recruitment... Just what did the main organization have? Those things were just the tip of the iceberg but many things Leonel learned in the place were still a part of his main fighting prowess.

To this very day, Leonel still used the Dream Force he gained from Brave City and it was responsible for the greatest leap in his strength. Even if he ignored that, he used the angelic swordman's movement Style almost as often.

If Leonel were to have never stepped foot into Brave City, he wouldn't even be half as powerful as he was now.

When he put these matters into perspective... It seemed that he was indeed missing out on a lot. Maybe he should be more infuriated about being blue balled in this way...

Well, maybe. But, he couldn't bring himself to be mad with a naked beauty by his side. Who cared about those things?

Leonel smiled stupidly, gazing down on Aina's face. At that moment, she happened to be itching her cheek, causing a small pang to ripple through his chest.

He didn't care about Aina's scars. Even if they never disappeared, he would still choose her over everyone else. But, watching her suffer through such discomfort left him feeling more rage than any mere Vice Leader of Hero Peak could cause...

Noticing how stuffy the room was, Leonel felt a bit guilty. The dorm rooms left for the freshman were indeed terrible. ¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶

The room only had a small window nearing the ceiling, the room itself being barely five meters long and three meters wide. As expected, there was hardly any ventilation in here.

To Leonel, though he hadn't realized before, but humidity and heat had little to no affect on him. So, he hadn't even realized that the room was getting so uncomfortable.

Leonel had never even thought of resources before, but at that moment, the thought of never allowing Aina to suffer bloomed in his heart again.

She was his girlfriend, his future wife, the woman he wanted nothing more than to spend his life with.

Leonel's gaze flashed with a cold light. Anyone who wanted to make her experience such discomfort deserved to pay a severe price.

It seemed he would have to move out of this place.

Leonel reached out a hand. With a thought, the concentration of Fire Elemental Force in the room dispersed.

It was just a simple principle. There was no such thing as cold. Fundamentally, cold was just the absence of heat. If he wanted to help Aina feel more comfortable, it was just as easy as if he had some sort of ice ability.

The itchiness Aina felt plummeted instantly, a sweet smile spreading across her lips.

“Don't worry about the Peaks. Even if I don't join one, I'd like to see if they'd really stop me from using their facilities.” Leonel's lip curled.

“You're going to cause trouble again?”

“Me? Trouble? Does this look like the face of someone who causes trouble?” Leonel grinned.

Aina opened her eyes just to give Leonel an unimpressed look. But, unfortunately for her, while Leonel only had to look down to see her, she had to prop herself up on an elbow to see him. The result was Leonel's vision being drawn to two delicate pink protrusions.

When Aina realized where Leonel was looking, she blushed profusely, however she didn't get a chance to run away before Leonel's lips found their way to her own.

Leonel pulled Aina on top of him, his hands firmly grasping onto her plump ass. His fingers sunk into their softness, a certain member of his standing at attention almost immediately.

Aina pulled back from their kiss, her gaze already having become somewhat glossy.

“... I almost forgot, I brought you something to eat. Don't you want to...”

“We can eat later...” Leonel said quickly, greedily tasting Aina's lips again.

Just as the couple seemed intent on entering a round two, a blaring siren rang over the organization. No, not a blaring siren, but rather the sonorous ring of a large bronze bell.

Leonel was shocked into sitting up, a single arm of his wrapped all the way around Aina's waist. It shouldn't have been possible for such a sound to reach them through all his protections.

It was then he realized that the sound hadn't reached the room. Rather, it was touching upon his senses that hovered outside of it, this was his first line of defense. He had decided to put it up after what happened last time with Thetris. As for what reached the room itself, it was a strong vibration that shook the whole building.

The direction of the sound... Leonel was sure that it was Valiant Hall.

But why?

For some reason, Leonel got a sinking feeling.. Sparks sputtered in his Dreamscape, unable to connect.