

Descent 731

Chapter 731

Leonel shook his head, his gaze still indifferent.

Just when Dune had reached his range, bearing down on him with a fist that sent a fiery blaze crackling through the air, Leonel took a subtle step forward. His one movement threw Dune's fist off course, causing it to whistle by his ear.

Golden lights coated Leonel's body, his every movement being followed by a fluid arch of radiance that left a beautiful pattern in the air. Just by following it, one could see the subtle bobs and weaves of Leonel's figure, capturing the immaculate elegance of his simple movements.

Leonel's hip sunk down. Enveloped by Dune's body, it seemed as though he would be swallowed whole by the giant. Yet, his fist twisted forward, a delicate spiral of light whistling in its path.

Dune felt a heavy thud resonate through his rose-gold armor, but he sneered. Was that why Leonel was so confident? His speed? What good was speed when you couldn't break past his defense?

However, it was then an audible crunch filled Dune's ears, causing his expression to change. He explosively retreated, his gaze – the only visible part of his face through his visor – contracting.

Dune looked down at his armor, his face warping when he noticed the sheered metal on his torso. Not only had it distorted a portion of the bear's roaring face, but had it been just a bit deeper, it would have dug into his flesh, ripping past his chainmail and leaving him with severe injuries.

What just happened? Wasn't it a simple punch?

Dune had felt a subtle shift in Leonel's fist that let him know that Leonel was actually able to call upon the Four Seasons Realm for his fist technique. But, with Leonel's tight control, it was difficult to tell what level he was at.

Still, what was clear to Dune was that the power behind Leonel's punch still shouldn't have been enough to cause such a thing.

"Still don't want to take it off?" Leonel asked evenly once again.

Dune's expression warped as the crowd suddenly realized what had happened. In the first exchange... Leonel won?!

Everyone knew that though these armor wearing Bear Rose members weren't in their uniforms, each and every one of them was a blue belt. Not only were they blue belts, they were elites among blue belts that had years of experience, decades even, in fighting the Oryx.

In Leonel's estimation, the fact that Dune actually managed to come out unscathed from that exchange – outside of his distorted armor, of course – was enough to prove just how powerful he was. No normal blue belt would have come out without a hole blasted through their stomach.

However, Leonel's words of 'kindness' and his polite 'reminders' seemed to only infuriate Dune further. At this point, if he truly took off his armor, wasn't he just conceding defeat?

Dune began to laugh. The movement of his diaphragm and the displacement of his lungs were so exaggerated that his bellows seemed to cause claps in the air.

BANG!

Dune slammed his fists together, fiery crackles lighting the air and dancing like embers.

"I'm going to enjoy pummeling you into the ground!" p??J??????

In that moment, the image of a harsh sun appeared above Dune's head, an expanse of endless sandy dunes appearing around him.

The temperature of the surroundings seemed to skyrocket, beams of sunlight bouncing off Dune's reflective rose-gold armor.

The expressions of the crowd changed. They all understood in an instant. This was Summer of the Four Seasons Realm. Not only that, but it seemed more powerful than just that.

There were no small number of people who chose to focus on just one of the Seasons, priming and prepping it to a level that surpassed even some who had grasped all four. In some ways, these individuals also forged their own path, making their Four Seasons Realm comprehension no weaker than one that had comprehended it all on their own.

Of course, such individuals would always be a tick below a complete Four Seasons Realm master. But, they were not to be trifled with... Especially when Leonel already had to make use of the Four Seasons Realm to close the gap between the Fourth Dimension and himself.

Dune shot forward again. This time, he was truly like a cannonball soaring through the air, fiery streaks of red leaving devastation in his path. He seemed to be unstoppable, an untouchable mass of fury.

Leonel's cold, indifferent eyes meant Dune's fiery rage.

He took another well-timed step forward, his movements as fluid as water. In fact, the Light Element that rippled around him seemed to respond exactly like waves in the ocean, his every movement sending a wave of changes within it.

This time, though, Dune was ready. His first fist was nothing more than a feint, his second was already prepared, hooking forward to smash toward the side of Leonel's head.

Leonel didn't seem to be off put by this. His fist and rolled shoulder protected the side of his face, a subtle shift in his footwork causing the blazing punch to barely glance off him.

This glance should have been enough to char Leonel's body into ash, but the flames tickled off his skin, dancing about as though a fire spreading across glass.

Standing within Dune's range, a blinding golden light enveloped Leonel's body. His fists exploded forward, a barrage of punches shooting through the air.

'Shoulder joint, visor, hip joint, elbow...'

Leonel's speed was so quick that Dune couldn't react.

There was a lull in all the noise for just a moment before a consecutive flood of air exploding fists seemed to land at once, leaving Dune's armor looking like the surface of a cratered moon.

The sturdy rose-gold armor was twisted apart and shattered, piercing into the flesh beneath and ripping Dune's bone apart. Maybe if it wasn't for being a battle hardened veteran, Dune would be crying out in pain.

But, due to the regions Leonel had targeted, Dune couldn't even see the battlefield or his opponent. On top of that, he couldn't move his arms without a slicing pain shooting through his spine.

He was finished.

Leonel shook his head inwardly. 'First you wear a full armor of metal, then you use the Element I fear the least.. It's like you wanted to lose.'

Chapter 732

Leonel looked up. He was still in range of Dune's attack, but he was also very much aware that there was no way this big guy was moving. Every one of Leonel's punches had torn a rotating hole into his armor, sending bits of shrapnel into his body.

The worst part about this shrapnel, though, was that it was still connected to the rose-gold armor, making the situation even worse than it would otherwise be. If Dune wanted to move, he would not only be slicing apart his own limbs, but he would also have to fight against the sturdiness of his own armor.

It could be said that fighting against Leonel while wearing a full suit of metal was probably the dumbest thing you could do. The use of the Fire Element wasn't even half as egregious as this alone.

Leonel didn't know if the Morales family had any enemies, though he could guess that they probably did. No matter how powerful an organization was, it would always have its contenders. However, what Leonel didn't have to guess was that whoever these enemies were, there was no way they wore armor like this.

Either they wouldn't wear metal armor at all, or they'd find a way to enchant the armor to stop those with Metal Synergy from manipulating it.

Facing metal weapons was a different matter. Often times, there would be Force poured into it, disrupting Leonel's control. And, the weapon would often be moving too fast for Leonel to deal with before he was harmed.

But, an armor like this was practically a stationary target.

Simply put... Dune was asking to lose.

Leonel reached forward, touching the now distorted bear on Dune's chest. He sighed, shaking his head.

By all rights, he should kill Dune. It was obvious that the latter wouldn't have shown him any mercy had he been on the other end.

Was killing really a necessary extreme? All he had done was take a shop, right? He hadn't even killed any of their members.

This Dimensional Verse was really too ridiculous.

Leonel shoved his palm forward, deforming the rose-gold bear until its original form could no longer be seen.

Blood leaked out from Dune's helmet. From start to finish, he didn't say a word, not even for the sake of begging for mercy.

Leonel could sense the rage fueled gazes from the eleven remaining rose-gold armor wearers. But, none of them said a word either. It was clear that each of them were warriors that had seen a lot. Since they dared to act, they also dared to die.

'Hm. Maybe Valiant Heart isn't completely rotten yet.' Leonel thought absentmindedly.

Leonel's palm squeezed into a fist. As though scrap aluminum, the chest plate on Dune crumpled.

Leonel ripped downward, tearing the armor away from Dune's body.

With a kick, he sent Dune's half-dead body out of the arena. $\rho \int \text{d}x$

Dune sputtered and coughed, looking up at the sky with hints of unwillingness. This wasn't because he was dying, but rather because he knew he would have had Leonel not just helped him take his armor off. Somehow, he had ended up being shown mercy. But, it only filled him with a sense of endless humiliation.

At that moment, many felt their minds going numb. If this was what Leonel could do to armor they were wearing, what were they supposed to do?

Leonel looked down at the large piece of rose-gold in his hand and tossed it to the side.

Dune slowly rose on his own despite the state of his body, knowing that no one would come to get him. In fact, he didn't want anyone to.

Without looking back, he dragged his body away, leaving a trail of blood in his wake.

From start to finish, the remaining eleven didn't spare Dune a glance, each one of them staring down Leonel with murderous intentions. It was clear that all of them were waiting for the ten minute timer to come to an end, each of them wanting nothing more than to rip him limb from limb.

Within the silent crowd, Nigmir trembled hard. He, who had fought Leonel once before, knew for a fact that he wasn't this powerful before. Any thoughts he had of defeating him seemed to have gone out the window, his body drenched in a cold sweat.

The members of the King of Ores faction watched on with clenched jaws. With such strength, were their plans of wearing Leonel down even viable?

Nigmir's gaze flickered with rage, his eyes shifting from Leonel to Aina. He would get his revenge. He needed to get his revenge. No matter what.

Nigmir's body flashed, a strong assault of wind whipping through the surroundings and catching many off guard.

No small number of people were still trying to wrap their minds around what had just happened. No one thought that someone else would levy a challenge at this exact moment.

Nigmir's body crossed over Leonel's platform as though in blatant provocation before landing heavily on Aina's. His mind was twisted with fury, causing the Wind Elemental Force around him to respond in kind.

Leonel frowned, his fingers twitching. A suffocating aura exuded from him. If it wasn't for the rules, he would have already attacked Nigmir right then and there. If it was a normal challenge against Aina, it wouldn't be a problem. But, this was very clearly not that.

Nigmir's body shook under Leonel's oppression. But, he grit his teeth, his rage taking over his rational mind.

He laughed into the skies. "You just stand right there and watch!"

Nigmir shot forward, his speeds reaching mind numbing levels. The wind enveloped him, an ivory armor manifesting and a four meter long lance appearing in his hand.

“DIE!”

Nigmir saw something flash by him. In that moment, he felt as though the world had shifted, one side sliding up while the other slid downward. He couldn't wrap his mind around what happened until he plopped to the ground, his body split in two halves right down the middle.

Another silence fell over the crowd as droplets of blood fell around a masked beauty with fluttering hair.

Chapter 733

Aina stood with her back to Nigmir's fallen body. Though one couldn't see her face, the cold look one could see through the slits in her mask were enough to send shivers down one's spine.

The contrast between Leonel and Aina was too drastic. There was no mercy, no hesitation, there wasn't even a small chance. The moment Nigmir showed such signs to her, she cut him down where he stood.

At that moment, Aina was pissed. She wasn't only pissed at the members of Bear Rose, she was pissed at Leonel too. He might think it was fine to forgive your enemies like this, but how was she supposed to react when a boorish brute who just tried to kill her man was let off so easily?

It was always easiest for the victim to forgive, but what about those who cared for the victim? Was she supposed to let things go too?

Aina felt that she was maybe too agitated, but the feeling was stifling. She didn't know how many times she had to tell Leonel to stop showing mercy like this. She didn't know when he'd finally realize that a hint of mercy shown today could easily come back to bite him the next. It was infuriating to the point she didn't even want to look at him right now.

If it wasn't for Nigmir coming in a timely fashion to give her something to vent on, she might have exploded already.

The volatile feelings in her chest rampaged around. And now, she had to wait ten minutes for the next victim.

Aina herself hated that she reacted so violently. She found it harder and harder to keep her cool when things were related to Leonel, a problem he ironically had the same issue with though toward her.

But, compared to Leonel who only wanted to protect her, Aina found some of Leonel's actions deeply frustrating sometimes.

She was fine with them saving all those freshmen because she knew it was a part of Leonel's larger scheme, a scheme that was working out perfectly now. But what was the point in sparing Senior Lu back then? And what about this Dune character? How much longer would he be like this?

'Dammit.' Aina's amber eyes tinged with red.

She reached out a hand and made a snatching motion toward Nigmir's corpse. What happened next left the crowd shivering.

The two halves of Nigmir's corpse convulsed. In the next moment, all the blood that had been pooling shot toward a single point, forming into a ball of crimson that left Nigmir's corpse looking like nothing more than a mummified figure.

But, even that didn't last long. Soon after, what remained of Nigmir's body dispelled into the wind like ash, floating away like meaningless motes of dust.

It was the kind of scene one would never forget in their lifetimes.

The blood continued to float by Aina as though it had a mind of its own, hovering there and reflecting the now high sunlight. It acted as a silent reminder of the scene they had all just witnessed.

Leonel's frown deepened. But in the end, he could only sigh.

As intense as his feelings were for Aina, he had yet to tell her than he loved her. Maybe it was because he didn't know what those words meant, or maybe it was because he still wasn't sure if he did.

Up to now, their relationship had managed to jump over many hurdles. But, the one that had yet to be cleared was ironically the very first one they faced. $\rho\text{??}\int\text{??????}$

That day... The image of Aina's delicate, small hand piercing through the heart of another human being was forever imprinted into his very soul.

He knew why she had done it. She was telling him that this was the person she was, the person that she had always been. The gentle, graceful young woman he had known in school was nothing but a mask she wore, both figuratively and literally.

She killed Conrad that day not only to protect her friends, but to show him that the girl he thought he liked wasn't her at all. She took this action even though she knew it would alienate not only him, but her own close sisters as well.

And it had worked. It sent him into a tailspin, one that he hadn't recovered from even now. Maybe he had only gotten better at ignoring it. Nothing more, nothing less.

It was quite funny. It seemed that he was very good at doing exactly that... ignoring things.

Even to this point, he still didn't believe that he could stand to his grandfather's ideology without feeling as though his comprehension of the world was crumbling.

All Leonel knew was that he liked Aina enough to ignore even such a blatant conflict... a core ideology that left them diametrically opposed.

As though this wasn't enough, the deeper and deeper Aina fell for Leonel, and the closer they became, the more this bothered her.

The more she cared for Leonel, the more she couldn't stand to lose him. In her mind, Leonel's softness was exactly a thing that could make such a situation happen, it was exactly that something that could cause this radiant sun before her, this man she adored so deeply, to vanish forever and never return.

Leonel smiled somewhat bitterly. Since Aina was fine, he could only let things be and allow her to vent.

However, now he was pissed as well. If it wasn't for the ways of that Raylion... If not for this Valiant Heart... If not for the way of this damned Dimensional Verse... If everything could be peaceful, if there simply was no conflict, would his Aina have to feel such conflicting emotions all the time?

Leonel's jaw set, his arms crossing over his bear chest. He looked blankly into the distance, his aura becoming heavier and heavier.

The stone beneath his feet snapped and whined, but he didn't seem to notice as his gaze flickered between various degrees of fury.

At that moment, the stone platform shook as another red-gold armored warrior faced Leonel.

This time when they met Leonel's gaze, it felt as though a wild beast had locked onto them. It felt as though Leonel wanted to see the whole world burn to ash.

Flames that seemed reaped from the depths of purgatory erupted.

Chapter 734

The clanging of metal sounded as the Bear Rose faction members stripped down from their armor. Piece after piece clanged to the ground, resounding throughout the quiet arena.

It felt as though every action taken in during this Selection had a deeper meaning, as though every battle should put them at their edge of their seats. Even the audience didn't understand why this was, but it still felt like the metal pieces were crashing against their hearts rather than the stone platform.

Though the Bear Rose Faction member didn't say a single word, the action of being forced to take off their armor was humiliation enough. It felt as though, simply by standing there, Leonel was smearing their faces.

Compared to Dune, though, this Bear Rose Faction member was far calmer. By the time he tossed off his helmet, revealing the expressionless visage within, the audience had already seen his battle worn body through and through.

Though this faction member was a level beneath Apestus in terms of muscle definition and fast twitch fibers – maybe even two or three levels, in fact – the strength his body was bursting with was undeniable. Even the scars that ran across him didn't detract, but rather added to this perceived strength, leaving those watching on holding their breaths.

At that moment, there were many in the crowd who suddenly recognized the young man before Leonel.

Quite ironically, this was a young man who had had a falling out with Hero Peak as well. But, rather than not joining any Peak like Leonel had, he rather chose to join the Peak of their direct competitors.

Those that knew him called him Jeren the Scythe... Despite the fact he didn't wield a scythe at all.

Leonel stood with his arms crossed across his chest, not moving an inch as he watch Jeren take his armor off. Even though the battle had technically started already, Leonel didn't seem to care.

The stones beneath his feet began to ripple, beginning to glow a faint red.

The last piece of Jeren's armor fell to the ground. His palm flipped over, revealing a katana of outrageous length and with a curve just as obscene. Even with Jeren's strength, he allowed it to rest on the stone before him, but the gentle action alone caused the blade to sink.

Without even a touch, the stone was split in two, plunging the four meter long curved blade into its depths.

"Leonel Morales, is it?"

Leonel didn't respond, his expression remaining placid. His heartbeat grew steady as a mountain, its every thump sending a surge of blood through his body. His veins and arteries hardly swayed beneath the pressure, their sturdy walls even facilitating faster movement.

Leonel seemed to subconsciously control the strength of his heart, every pump reflecting his emotions.

"You have quite some potential for a new white belt. However, there are some lines you can't cross no matter how much potential you have. Vice Leader Abethor can't be here to deal with you personally for the slight of taking his family's heirloom, and quite frankly, can't be bothered to deal with you personally. I will be the one to send you on your way."

"Are you done?"

The platform suddenly quaked, sinking into the ground by a whole inch. The air seemed to collapse, fine ripples of space discharging in every direction. On first sight, it looked as though fine lines of black rain were falling through the arena.

"I'm getting really tired of this bullshit." Leonel spoke again, taking a single step forward. ρ??∪???????

The quaking became more harsh, the ground groaned and whined.

"Are you all really so eager for me to kill you? Would it make you feel better if I put your heads on a pike? If I desecrated your corpses? If I pissed on your graves? Is that what you want?"

Jeren's hands trembled, his brows frowning slightly. His palms grew sweaty outside of his control, soaking the hilt of his katana through. The grip of the material became slippery.

Leonel's voice seemed to rise up from an abyssal hell. The flames around him caused the air to crackle and pop, whatever moisture there had been being burned into nothingness.

"I asked you a question." Leonel's words hammered Jeren's heart.

Jeren's lip trembled. His instincts screamed, frying his nerves. He felt as though he was facing an Oryx Chief. Somehow, Leonel's body seemed to be ten times larger than it truly was, engulfing his field of vision until he couldn't see anything else.

At that moment, Jeren roared, his Force erupting into a skyscraper of energy. He took a heavy step forward, pushing his fear down. He had seen too much on the battlefield, he had no intention of falling without fighting. He had his own pride.

Arcs of lightning whipped around his body, his eyes lighting up with the same presence.

He bolted forward, his body leaving streaks of crackling lightning in his wake.

Jeren raised his sword, slashing down with a speed that was almost impossible to track. All much of the audience could see was an arch of flickering images, as though a fan of katanas was opening up in the path of his wing.

At that moment, Leonel's palm flipped over, a flexible, four meter long spear appearing.

With a flick of his wrist, the sound of metal meeting metal resounded through the ears of all in attendance.

Jeren's pupils constricted.

The tip of Leonel's spear balance the edge of his blade effortlessly. In fact, he could very clearly see a chip in his long, curved katana. If...

KACHA! BANG!

An explosion of fire caused Jeren to freeze. He watched as a two meter length of his once four meter long blade flipped into the air, spinning like a wheel of silver before piercing into the stone below like a hot knife through butter.

The eyes of the spear masters in the crowd widened [Meteoric Impact]!

Jeren looked at the half that remained of his katana, his mind completely blank.

Chapter 735

It was no wonder the crowd was stunned. [Meteoric Impact] was a Tier 7 technique, just learning it in the first place was something only blue belts with months of training could accomplish. It was one of the most powerful and devastating techniques Valiant Heart had access to, period.

But, to not only use it, but to use it with such a precise delay and such fine control left those who wielded spears feeling at a loss.

They had all seen it clearly. The spear and katana came into contact first. They even had time to see Leonel balance the tip of his spear on the katana's blade edge. Only then did [Meteoric Impact] activate.

But, wasn't this technique supposed to rely on momentum, speed and explosiveness? How could you accomplish all those things if you took a pause?

Leonel walked forward, the heat on his body leaving Jeren's body a blistering red. It was as though his presence alone just might burn the latter to ash, leaving him drifting in the wind no differently from Nigmir.

BANG!

A scorching foot was left imprinted onto Jeren's chest as he soared out of the arena. He twitched and writhed, his situation being even worse than Dune before.

Leonel raised his spear, pointing toward the remaining ten Bear Rose members.

"I don't need ten minutes. Hurry up and get up here, or else I'll come down to you."

Space continued to bend and quake. Fine black lines rained down, making the knees of all those in Leonel's presence bend. Maybe the only one who seemed completely unaffected was Aina herself. But, somewhat ironically, it was because of her such a thing was happening to begin with.

Leonel hadn't planned on unleashing his wrath in this way. But, at this moment, if he didn't vent he felt like he really might implode.

BANG!

Leonel couldn't wait any longer.

He shot off the platform, tearing a path toward the ten Bear Rose members.

Their eyes widened, never expecting that Leonel would actually choose to do such a thing. Even the elders were at a loss to deal with what was happening right now. But, they were also well aware that this had been tacitly allowed.

The moment Dune didn't receive a reprimand for forcefully throwing two white belts onto the stage, was the exact moment everyone realized that this so-called Selection was nothing but a free for all.

The so-called rules were nothing more than a thin veneer, enveloping what was nothing more than chaos.

The members of Bear Rose weren't left with any choice. They all shot forward, feeling the pressure Leonel placed on their shoulders. It felt as though a beast had been unleashed from its chains.

The instant Leonel's feet landed on the ground, he found himself pressed by four attacks. But, his spear pierced forward just as many times, a flow of golden light enveloping his body.

His spear technique seemed slow, leaving afterimages in its wake. For a moment, it looked like Leonel had split into four people, each wielding the very same spear and sending out the very same attack.

The air exploded, rings of fire raining downward and space warping. Leonel reflected their weapons with a speed and deftness that numbed the mind. Even pressed by so many high level opponents, he seemed intent on pressing forward, rage lighting his eyes.

If he could just crush them all, if there were just no obstacles left before him, no enemies to fight, no looming danger to worry about, would he still have to feel this way? Would she still have to feel this way? ρ??C??????

Leonel's spear spun in his hands, a wheel and vicious wall of fire manifesting.

The participants scattered, fear evident in their eyes. The destruction Leonel was levying against Bear Rose was the likes of which they had never seen from a white belt. It was the kind of anger and pure rage that seethed from the soul.

Leonel roared, Bronze Runes flickering to life as his irises turned a violet-red.

The earth beneath his feet crumbled, sinking down into a crater under the pressure of just a single step.

The Bear Rose members felt as though a boulder had just smashed down on their heads from above.

Was this a gravity field? How could it be so powerful? These sort of area of effect abilities shouldn't be so strong in the hands of a Third Dimension existence standing on a Fifth Dimensional world.

Unfortunately, Leonel's speed only seemed to get faster. Illusory wings spread from his back, radiating out white and deep golds that was almost blinding to look at.

With a flicker, Leonel's spear shot through a chest. Before the Bear Rose member could even react to the bloody hole that had opened up within him, Leonel had already appeared before another.

Leonel's hand ripped through the air like a claw, grabbing onto the shoulder of a female Bear Rose member and pulling downward.

A shocking cry left her lips as her left shoulder was shattered into meat paste.

Unfortunately, whatever was left of her cry was cut short when Leonel's foot collapsed her mid section, sending whatever air she had left in her lungs jetting out like a stream.

At that moment, the wheels of fire Leonel had already sent out collided with as much as five Bear Rose members. Their shrieks and cries sounded, their armor practically melting onto their bodies with each passing second.

It was exactly then that the wheels imploded, raining down embers from above.

The region was completely decimated. Leonel stood with his gaze still lit with fury.

Every time he looked at the half-dead bodies of the Bear Rose members, he only got angrier. It didn't need to be this way, it didn't have to be this way.

Everything about this, from start to finish, was simply infuriating.

Within the stands, Magnaril sat at a loss. She simply couldn't wrap her mind around what was going on. How could he have such strength? His movements almost made it seem like everyone was happily walking into his spear.

Leonel looked up into the skies, his rage palpable.

In one motion, he threw his spear. With a bang, it landed dead center on his platform.

"Since you all want death, I'll give you death.. The next person to dare challenge me, I'll send to the underworld."

Chapter 736

BANG!

Aina felt a small gasp of air jet out from her body as her back smashed against the wall of Leonel's room. The impact was so fierce that the wall cracked, leaving a small crater that just barely fit her petite body.

However, before she could catch her breath, she felt herself being enveloped, Leonel's lips suffocating her.

Aina felt her clothes being ripped away, her body swaying like a boat in a storm under the whims of Leonel.

A heat seared her chest, her heart boiling. Someone else might have felt uncomfortable beneath Leonel's smoldering heat. But, to her, it felt as though she was drifting on cloud nine.

Her body took in the assault with open arms. Everything from Leonel's roughness, to the strength of his hands, to the coldness in his eyes made her shiver. She felt an excitement the likes of which she never had before, an excitement that even somewhat faintly surpassed all the orgasms Leonel had helped her experience until now.

When Leonel dragged her away from the Selection, fury still lighting his eyes, she hadn't known exactly what to expect. But, when Leonel actually threw her against a wall, the small gasp that came from her mouth registered like a struggle for air in her mind, but the reality was that it came out almost like an excited squeal.

It was the kind of sound that captured the hearts of men, latched on, and refused to let go, squeezing until they lost all rationality while hovering between a line of life and death.

Such a small impact hardly even jarred Aina's inner organs, let alone caused her any harm. The training she put herself through made these walls they were cratering, the furniture they were smashing and the floors they were collapsing seem like nothing more than child's play.

As though a pair of wild beasts, the couple seemed to unleash their frustration onto one another.

Aina's nails clawed into Leonel's back, leaving bloody streaks even his Metal Body couldn't defend against. She sheered through his Tier 4 defenses as though a hot knife through butter.

Leonel's blood seeped into her nails, subconsciously being drawn into her body. But, the result was far beyond Aina's expectations. The instant Leonel's blood clashed with her own, a deep moan left her lips, her pelvis grinding against the bulge in Leonel's boxers.

Leonel's blood was like a drug pumping through her veins. It carried a scorching heat and a soothing mellow. It was a dichotomy of feelings that almost perfectly meshed with the feeling of Leonel's tongue in her mouth.

In that instant, as though being burned by hot coals, Aina's curse screeched.

Pain Aina had experienced for a lifetime suddenly retreated into the depths of her body, fleeing from Leonel's blood.

However, Aina hardly seemed to notice. She continued to greedily absorb Leonel's blood, feeling as though the two of them were finally fusing into one.

At that moment, Aina realized that she loved Leonel, loved Leonel so much that it left a throbbing pain in her chest.

Her body began to enter its real form.

Her slender legs, wrapped around Leonel's waist, became longer. Her breasts, pushing against the fabric of her chest band, threatened to rip out a path for themselves even without Leonel's input. Her scars

already retreated, leaving a visage so perfect behind that the energies of the world seemed to sing.
ρ??∫???????

Her hips became fuller, her bottom rounder, her hair longer...

Leonel's mind was too calculative to not notice these changes and he also immediately understood what was happening. His heart thrummed out of his chest, rebounding against his rib cage and sending vibrations to Aina's own.

The heat in Leonel's lower belly continued to rise. His rushing blood made his cock so hard that it sprung out from the elastic bands of his boxers.

Aina felt the scolding heat touch her inner thighs, her body trembling with excitement. Her amber eyes brightened into a luscious gold, an overwhelming mental dominance being exuded from her body.

She pushed forward, her slender legs touching the ground as she pushed Leonel into the opposing wall. Her strength was so great that it completely collapsed. However, she didn't seem to notice as her cherry lips enveloped Leonel's, her graceful legs stepping out from her pants with an elegance that was impossible to match.

The skin tight, black panties beneath completely outlined her silhouette. But, Leonel only got to see the enticing sight for only a split moment before he felt that soft, small pink tongue slide into his mouth.

From being just 5'7, Aina had grown to over 6'0 tall, leaving her just three or four inches shorter than Leonel. Rising just a bit on her tippy toes, she was able to taste those lips she couldn't get enough of.

However, her dominance didn't last for long before she found herself being hoisted into the air again. A sturdy hand ripped her chest band away.

The healthy bounce of two fleshly mounds was cut short as they pressed flush against Leonel's chest.

The couple left devastation in their wake, a trail of destruction following after them as they somehow traveled from room to room of the Segmented Cube.

“I can’t... I can’t take it anymore...” Leonel’s hoarse growl made Aina shiver.

At the moment, she was perpetually releasing a sort of mental coercion that even Leonel wasn’t immune to. The instant Aina’s curse was suppressed, it felt as though her Soul Force had become no weaker than even Leonel’s own. But, rather than being tailored for computation, Aina’s Soul Force seemed to be able to cast the mind into a state of absolute obedience, as though the whole world should call her Queen.

Aina’s hips shifted, one hand wrapped around Leonel’s neck, she used the other to slide her skin tight panties off.

With the soft sound of skin slapping against skin, Leonel felt his cock gently split the delicate folds of skin so soft his mind went blank.

Aina blushed profusely. “Do you... have a condom?”

Leonel choked on air.

Chapter 737

Even after so many years of advancement, Earth only had two methods for male birth control: the condom and the vasectomy. Luckily, the latter had become quite an easy procedure and had a near 100% guarantee of reattachment later down the line, while the former had become so advanced it felt as though it wasn’t there to begin with. But, unluckily... Leonel had neither of these things on him.

At this point, he felt like shedding real tears.

These matters weren’t even close to being at the forefront of Leonel’s mind. He was a lifelong virgin despite his standing in high school. And, even if he hadn’t been, something like a condom was nothing more than a press of a button away.

Now, though, the watch on his wrist that he had practically completely forgotten about was nothing more than scrap metal, especially after entering a Fifth Dimensional world.

Beyond that, there wasn't even a guarantee that a condom from a Third Dimensional world would even work on the current him. For all he knew, he shot out real bullets at this point.

They say that a normal Third Dimensional male could already dwarf 40 kilometers an hour. Leonel didn't know if his training would affect this, but if it did, he had to assume it would be far beyond just that.

As though thinking of all this wasn't depressing enough, even if Leonel wanted to choose the option of a reversible vasectomy, could he even find a skilled enough and strong enough doctor to cut into his body?

As complicated as all of this was, Aina probably had even less options. All female birth control options relied on a keen understanding of their biology. Who knew how much different Aina's biology was not from when she had been in the Third Dimension?

'... Fuck.'

Leonel stood there, his forehead leaning against Aina's own. Somehow, they had managed to crash their way all the way to kitchen. In fact, at this moment, Aina sat on the large stainless steel table at its very center, still subtly grinding against Leonel.

It was very clear that the both of them wanted to go a step further, but Aina's question had doused them both with a bucket of cold water.

At this point, they couldn't help but think of the situation that got them here in the first place. Even they had to admit that it wasn't exactly the healthiest of things.

If it wasn't for Aina knowing that she most definitely couldn't risk having children right now, they likely would have both lost themselves to the heat of the moment.

Even now, Leonel could feel Aina's fragrant juices moistening the tip of his cock. It was almost maddening. Just a single thrust and he would probably experience the greatest feeling this world had to offer.

However, as his mind cooled down, he realized that this matter was deeper than just not having birth control. There was a deeper issue that neither of them seemed to want to deal with.

Leonel felt Aina cup his cheek.

His head was pulled up to match her gaze, his breathing hitching as he laid eyes on her flawless countenance.

Leonel had never cared what Aina looked like. But, to have the emotions he had for her reaffirmed by the existence of this goddess before him was almost too much to handle. It was already difficult enough for him to control himself around Aina normally, but, at that moment, it felt as though all his inhibitions were being knocked down one after another.

Leonel barely stopped his hips from thrusting forward, his thighs trembling as he grit his teeth.

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Aina's breathing became somewhat haggard. Though Leonel hadn't completely pierced through her final lines of defense, she could still feel herself opening up. It was at most half a centimeter or two, yet the feeling was already so intoxicating.

Aina knew how dangerous this position was. The very entrance was among the most sensitive regions for a woman. Let alone Leonel, even she was playing with fire right now. That didn't even consider the danger of the leaking of Leonel's own fluids.

Taking a deep breath and gathering up will power he didn't know he had, Leonel pulled away. He felt as though he was about to burst, but he also knew that this was the best decision.

If it was up to him, he would put a child in Aina right this very moment. It would probably be selfish of him to do so, but the same way Aina wanted to keep him safe, so did he too want to keep her safe.

As powerless as he was, making her belly round and her feet swollen seemed to be the only method he could think of.

Leonel was so absentminded that he didn't notice when Aina had pushed herself off the steel table and begun to pull at his hand.

He followed behind her, barely keeping track of the swaying pendulum of her waist. He almost felt that it was unfortunate her long hair obstructed so much of the view. For the first time, Leonel had a negative emotion toward the long hair he loved so much.

Before Leonel could react, he found himself in Aina's room, seemingly the only one their rampage had missed.

Truthfully, the two usually slept together nowadays, so this room remained relatively unused and had been that way for months already. However, at this point, it was a saving grace.

Aina sat Leonel down on the edge of the bed, her next action making his eyes widen and his heart skip a beat.

Aina sat on her knees between his legs, looking up at him with a somewhat nervous and bashful expression.

At that moment, Leonel's cock throbbed. He hadn't thought it was possible to feel more turned on at this point, but the image of a beauty with the face of a goddess kneeling before him like this made his blood seethe.

Aina's slender fingers grabbed forward, her two hands wrapping around his member with a gentleness that only made it pulse more.

Then, with slow movement's Leonel caught every frame of, her slightly parted cherry lips kissed the very tip.

Leonel felt the greatest humiliation he had in his life right at that very moment. He didn't survive to even experience the softness of her small pink tongue.

“Shit.”

Aina was confused by the word until she suddenly wasn't. With reflexes that surpassed human understanding, she dodged out of the way. Unfortunately, the ceiling could not.

Chapter 738

Leonel took long, deep breaths. Somehow, that one shot seemed to have drained him completely.

Looking up at the ceiling, he smiled bitterly. He had been partially joking when he spoke of the 40 kilometers and hour matter. But, why did it look like someone had been throwing darts at the ceiling?

Replaying it in his mind, Leonel realized that he had been right. It was at least a several hundred kilometer difference. And, the volume was much greater, giving it more impact.

Aina, who still kneeled before Leonel, her head having dodged out of the way, suddenly giggled.

Leonel choked. “... What you laughing about? It's not my fault you suddenly turned into a succubus.”

Aina, though, only continued to giggle. She wasn't laughing at Leonel. Rather, she was laughing in happiness. For some reason, these series of events made her very happy. For just a moment, she seemed to forget all of her worries.

With the actions of a caring wife, Aina found a moist towel in her room and began to clean Leonel's cock with gentle strokes. This action left her at peace and also resurfaced some of her memories that made her smile deepen.

The truth was that Leonel stunk slightly of sweat right now. It wasn't anything too potent, but it was the truth nonetheless. After all, the two had just been at the Selection not much more than 20 or so minutes ago. Then, they probably used even more energy during their 'battle' just now.

After Leonel made his declaration, not a single other person dared to challenge him. What a joke, he had just single handedly wiped out the more elite members of Bear Rose. Was there even a point to continuing the Selection?

Still, Aina didn't care very much about Leonel's slight stink, even to the point of not minding to touch her lips to it.

That said, just because she didn't care, didn't mean Leonel didn't. It was part of that anxiety and realizing he was too late to stop Aina's actions that made him fail to control himself. In the end, he could hardly savor the feeling before he blasted off.

Leonel watched Aina work with a smile on her face, an indescribable feeling of warmth spreading through his chest. At that moment, he too realized that he loved her, loved her so much that his heart hurt.

Yet, for some reason, much like Aina, he didn't say those words aloud either.

Leonel pushed Aina's hand aside and scooped her up, catching her somewhat off guard.

"Oof, you've gotten heavier."

Aina's brows shot up. "What did you say?!"

"Nothing, nothing!" Leonel laughed.

Leonel smiled. He found that Aina's every emotion seemed to have an area of effect to it. It was quite interesting, almost like she was imposing her will onto the world subconsciously.

The couple entered the bathhouse and began to clean themselves off. An air of comfortable silence hung between them as they helped each other. It was as though they had already been doing this for years. p??J??????

“I didn’t know my blood would be of such help to you.” Leonel said after a while, helping Aina to shampoo her hair with his favorite apple scent. “If I had known, we could have done this long ago. How do you feel?”

Aina smiled. “I feel better than I have in a long time. The curse isn’t gone, but it seems too afraid to surface.”

Leonel nodded.

“I think it might be because of my Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor and my Scarlet Star Force. I already awakened my Healing Branch and after my Innate Node recovered to its mature form, it subtly changed the characteristics of my Star, Light and Fire Elements...”

Aina’s brows arched in understanding.

If Leonel’s healing factor was combined with the destructive capability of his Scarlet Star Force, and especially the purifying characteristic of the Star Force aspects, then his blood would indeed be the bane of all poisons and curses.

This was only made better by Leonel’s Mage Core. After synergizing with his body, Leonel’s passing healing factor was more than tenfold stronger than it had been in the past.

“What do you think, can my blood heal you?” Leonel asked.

There was no better person to ask this question than Aina. Who better than her, with her ability to perfectly understand her body, to have the right answer?

Leonel was quite prepared to be disappointed by the answer, but he was shocked by the reality.

“I think so, yes. The curse has already been burnt away by more than a percentage point. Even though it’s hiding, it’s my body, I can easily find it. If my mind is clearer next time, shaving it down by even five or ten percentage points with the same amount of blood wouldn’t be an issue.”

Leonel grinned. This was a pleasant surprise, indeed. He had thought that he would need to do far more to find a cure for Aina, when the reality was that he was the cure.

“You know...”

Leonel blinked. “Hm?”

Aina turned back to meet his gaze, her supple breasts in full view. They looked like perfect droplets of ambrosia, shaped by the hands of a master sculptor. Their small, pink protrusions especially still made Leonel gasp for air even now. It was a lethal combination that ruined what was an otherwise wholesome moment.

Aina smiled but didn’t seem to mind Leonel’s gaze. She had gotten used to it.

“... Your blood is very valuable.” Aina continued. “I only had a small bit of it, but I felt my strength take a large leap forward. Are you sure you want to give me so much of it?”

Leonel raised his brows. “What nonsense are you saying right now? Why would I care about any of that?”

Leonel shook his head, reaching a hand forward to caress Aina’s cheek. Her skin had always been this soft, but without the trenches of her scars, it felt endlessly supple.

Aina pushed herself up to the tips of her toes, planting a gentle kiss on Leonel’s lips.

Leonel's hands outlined Aina's silhouette. Her figure was so much fuller that he felt as though he could lose his fingers in the softness of her flesh. By the time he grabbed handfuls of her ass, he felt his breathing had already grown heavy.

Even experiencing her touch now, he had a hard time fathoming how something could feel so good. So springy, so elastic. It had just a touch of firm muscle, only to be surrounded by a supple flesh that was beyond words.

"Ow..." Aina pulled back, biting Leonel's lip in a cute retaliation. "... If you pull any harder, you'll rip them off."

Leonel laughed when he heard these words.

Aina's voice had a subtle change to it after her transformation. The best way Leonel could describe it was like two silk sheets gliding against each other. Her cadence seemed to tickle at his ears, enticing him with every step.

He really could barely hold back. But, this time he managed to control himself.

One day, when the time was right, he would taste her ripeness. And hopefully by then, the issues the two of them had yet to address, would also be concluded.

Neither of them seemed eager to speak on these things, but for the first time, Leonel didn't feel like he was running from it. Rather, he simply didn't know how to put what he was feeling into words and Aina seemed to be the same way.

But, Leonel wasn't worried. Were all relationships nothing but smooth sailing? Even with his limited experience, Leonel didn't believe so. There would always be a push and pull, an effort both parties had to put in.

Given enough time, Leonel was confident that they'd be able to take that step together. And, when that day came, he would definitely put a baby in this goddess. After all, he had to make sure everyone knew that she was his.

Leonel suddenly felt a pinch at his waist.

“What nasty thoughts are you thinking about?”

Leonel was stunned before he burst into a fit of laughter. It seemed that Aina’s senses had become almost too good after her curse retreated. It was like she could practically read his mind now.

“Nothing much, just thinking of marking some territory.” Leonel said with a devious smile.

“Territory? I’m territory now?” Aina blinked quite adorably, however her gaze seemed to hide a dangerous light.

“Of course, I have to mark you off properly. We wouldn’t want someone else trying to claim you, right? How embarrassing would that be?”

“I see... I think it’s better if we mark you off first. Not as territory, though. I think you’d be a good little puppy, I’ll get you a nice leash. Wouldn’t want you going around to mark other territories that weren’t yours, right? How embarrassing would that be?”

Aina’s eyes blinked with a beautiful twinkling light, her smile was gorgeous to an extreme.

The mental pressure of her gaze was so strong that Leonel almost asked her where the leash was so he could go and get it. ρ??∪???????

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The time for the opening of the Valiant Heart Zone came quickly. Usually, there would be a few weeks to even month buffer period to allow those who would enter time to prep and prime themselves. But, this time, it felt as though everything was being sped along at an accelerated pace.

The chosen time for the Zone's opening was the day following the Selection. Since of the participants that were chosen, only a single one of them suffered injuries, it was decided that time for rest wasn't needed.

What was surprising though, was this singular injured student was none other than Radlis who had managed to claim the fourth and final spot for himself.

After Leonel had taken out the Bear Rose members, the landscape had shifted. However, it definitely shouldn't have shifted enough for Radlis to claim a spot. After all, there were still the remaining King of Ores members, there were the Severed Heart Faction members that hadn't made a move, and on top of that, there were still the other members of the Hero Faction...

It could be said, then, that though Leonel's action had undoubtedly helped Radlis, if he hadn't had such strength of his own, he would have never come so far.

Such a thing would have left Leonel feeling intrigued... If he had known about it, that is. Neither Leonel nor Aina had taken a step into the outside world for about a day now and were simply enjoying each other's company. The matters of what was happening here wouldn't be known to them until they actually appeared.

At this moment, though, many were already gathering around the Valiant Pillars. The ceremony for entry into the Valiant Heart Zone wasn't one they got to see often, so many didn't want to miss it.

Beyond this, though, there were some small benefits to be gained by being near the entrance. It was said that those nearby could be blessed by the aura of the Valiant Pillars, allowing them some minor breakthroughs.

Though their gains wouldn't be anywhere near as good as the youths who entered, it was at least something, right?

Still, rather than being filled with an excited air, the atmosphere was quite solemn.

At the center of the Pillars stood a group of elders, but one singular man stood out amidst them all.

This man was none other than the current Head of the organization, Hutchin. Even given his age, his body rippled with vitality, his bronzed muscles shimmering beneath the rising sun.

Since this man was still silent, no one dared to breathe a word.

“... Can't you at least let me be a lion or tiger pet or something? Why a puppy of all things? This is spousal abuse.”

“Who's your wife?”

The two voices weren't very loud, but the second one especially seemed to grip at all their hearts. Never had they heard a voice so soothing and enticing.

Rather than reprimanding, many couldn't help but crane their necks to see where it had come from. But, what they saw left them all at a loss. In that moment, Leonel might as well have been invisible despite the fact he held her hand.

The two descended down the mountain pass, but the world seemed to revolve around just one of them despite the fact she wore a mask and her figure was hidden behind a black military uniform.

Chapter 740

Leonel was speechless. How Aina was still drawing so much attention even while wearing her mask was beyond him.

To Leonel, he didn't particularly care how the world saw Aina. When she chose to wear her mask out today, he hadn't said a word. After all, to the current Aina, the mask was about more than just hiding her face, she treated it like a present to be treasured, much like the necklace he had given her for her birthday.

Plus, she wasn't quite used to her new face yet. Rather than having to waste her time talking and explaining things to people she didn't care about, she would rather just hide herself completely and leave her looks for the only one who mattered.

To make things worse, Aina had even covered up most of her body wearing her black military uniform once again. Of course, this was because Leonel had tactlessly ripped away her Valiant Heart outfit during their... battle. But, one would have thought that this would make her even less conspicuous.

Yet, all it took was just a single word from her in range of the crowd's hearing for hundreds of pairs of eyes to land on her as though a pack of lustful wolves.

It truly wasn't their fault, though. Aina's mental coercion was on a level these students, and even the elders, had never experienced before. Her every action seemed to put them into a trance. She wasn't even swaying her hips as she moved, yet her gait mesmerized them all nonetheless.

Leonel's lip twitched, his eyes narrowing into a glare. It was only after his own presence solidified that many were snapped out of their daze, looking toward him with a hint of apprehension.

Even at that point, though, it was hard not to wonder where this woman had come from. It was only those who recognized the blue veined mask Aina wore that seemed to make the connection. But, even then, they were greatly confused.

Could a person undergo so many changes in just one night?

Leonel and Aina made it to their designated location within the mountain pass. Technically, they weren't late, but it seemed that everyone was so eager to get this done that they had all come early. This even included the likes of Raylion and Apestus who one would have assumed would come last.

This only meant, then, that regardless of what Leonel wanted, the path of him and Aina was followed even down to the final moment.

Eventually, twelve youths stood before the elders of Valiant Heart.

Elder Magnaril stepped forward. Clearly, it was still her duty to complete the last writs for this event. However, at this moment, she was greatly confused.

“You. Who are you?”

Magnaril was trying her best to keep her calm, honestly.

Given the current situation, she couldn't snap and rant like she wanted to. After all, they were in the presence of the Head. And, although Raylion had been causing quite some stir in recent months, there was no one who could shake his position. Even Raylion was very far from doing so.

However, even if she couldn't do as she pleased, that didn't mean she wasn't inwardly seething.

Of course, she recognized Aina's mask. But, was she also supposed to just believe that this person was Aina just because of this? For all she knew, Leonel had had this harlot wear this mask so that he could try to sneak her in.

But, not only was this woman not wearing the official garb of their organization, but she was clearly not Aina. She was much taller, her demeanor seemed different, her ability felt different, and even her voice had undergone a subtle change. ρ???(???????)

To Magnaril, Aina's current voice sounded like someone who was trying their best to sound like her, and was just missing the mark by a small tidbit. That small tidbit of difference was the reason why all these men and even the women couldn't take their eyes off of her.

The Elders looked at this situation with a frown.

The Selection had happened for a reason. They couldn't just allow anyone into their most valuable treasure.

Of course, at this moment, things were a bit different. Whereas usually the topmost echelon of elders would be missing, they were here now. As such, those that knew of Leonel's true identity were likewise here.

Looking toward one another, they saw a tinge of helplessness in their eyes. If Leonel wanted to bypass their rules and bring just a single person in, they should just allow it, right?

Head Hutchin turned his gaze toward Leonel. For the current youth before him, this gaze was still heavy. In fact, Leonel seemed to notice it immediately and looked up.

For the first time, Leonel and this mysterious Head of Valiant Heart met face to face. But, Leonel felt that this man was difficult to read.

“I am Aina Brazinger.” Aina replied softly.

Toward this response, Magnaril’s brow only furrowed deeper. Was this harlot really still trying to fool her?!

Magnaril looked toward Leonel, a fury hardly hidden in the depths of her eyes. Her precious disciple had fallen for this bastard and he had actually betrayed her like this. How could she not be furious? If it was up to her, she would cut Leonel down where he stood!

Leonel felt this murderous gaze too. But, toward this he could only bitterly smile. This really was Aina. How else was he supposed to prove this?

It was at that moment that Aina pulled her mask off.

For an instant, the air seemed to come to a grinding halt.

‘Ah, dammit.’ Leonel clicked his tongue.

Aina rolled her eyes and ignored him as her body began to change. A looming curse energy formed into a fog around her face, obscuring the enchanting view.

Her body shrunk, her military uniform downsizing along with it.

“Do you recognize me now, teacher?” Aina spoke in her former voice.

At that point, Magnaril was stunned into silence.