

Descent 131

Chapter 131

Leonel really hadn't heard this voice at all. In fact, his eyes were still vacant. The only thing that made it seem that he was awake was his occasional yawn. Still, it was as though the outside world had nothing to do with him.

A rain of 'BOO's' came from the crowd. Clearly, they had been infuriated beyond reason. It was only after their rage became like a tempest that Leonel was startled awake and looked around in confusion.

'Why the hell are they booing?'

Leonel looked up toward the overseer's box, thinking that he might find a clue. But, all he saw was a woman looking toward him with an infuriated gaze while the two men beside him had helpless expressions. This only made him more confused.

"What happened...?"

Leonel mumbled these words to himself, but the youths who were near by him heard them and couldn't take it anymore.

"You're still saying bullshit like that at this point?! You're disqualified! If you were going to throw the gathering like this from the beginning, why the hell did you waste all of our times?!" [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

The young man who spoke wore a mask painted with a fierce roaring lion. It was just that this lion, instead of having a brownish gold mane, was completely black. Someone more knowledgeable than Leonel would immediately recognize this young man as 'Roaring Black Lion'.

No one knew whether the name was chosen for this reason or not, but the young man did happen to be black. What wasn't covered by his mask or his clothes revealed dark skin with pulsing muscles beneath. He was a bit shorter than 'Thunderous Clap', but he was definitely stockier.

“Disqualified?” Leonel blinked in confusion. “I broke the rules? What rule did I break?”

At this point, Leonel felt a little bad. He hadn’t been paying attention when the female Commander was listing the rules, so he didn’t know what they were at all. Without knowing, he could only apologize. How could he refute if he didn’t know what he was refuting?

Leonel assumed that maybe he wasn’t allowed to use weapons. If that was the case, he could only take this on the chin. He had only wanted to end his turn as quickly as possible so that he could rest, but it actually came back to bite him like this.

Roaring Black Lion frowned when he heard Leonel’s words. This was about the last question he had expected to hear. He, along with everyone else, assumed that Leonel had gotten himself disqualified on purpose. PANDA NOVEL

“Treasures gained with Zones are banned for this gathering. In order to maintain fairness, we can only choose weapons from the racks to the side.”

“Oh...” Leonel mumbled. “... That’s unfortunate. Sorry about that, I must have missed it.”

Did that mean he got to go? This wasn’t a bad result. After all, he had fulfilled his promise to the old man by coming here.

Roaring Black Lion’s lip twitched. Could it be that this young man really hadn’t heard anything? He could only look on as Leonel stood and slowly walked toward the exit of the arena with an absentminded gaze. He didn’t seem to hear the torrent of boos raining down on him.

If it was up to Leonel, as long as he participated in something, he would have liked to take first. However, he also wasn’t the type of person who despaired in his failure either, not to mention the fact his mind was completely preoccupied by something else.

Unfortunately for Leonel’s thoughts of rest, would the madman Hutch really allow him off so easily?

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“Hey, little girl, directly allow this brat into the next round.”

The three Commanders in the overseer’s box was suddenly stunned by the presence of a fourth person. Regardless of which of them it was, they had no idea when someone had appeared in their midst.

The woman was the first to recover from her shock and register the old man’s words.

Her expression flickered several times. No matter what thoughts she held close to her heart, she didn’t dare to be disrespectful to Hacker Hutch. However, how could she go back on her word. She had just listed the rules and Leonel blatantly disregarded them. Now she was supposed to reinstate him? How could she do something like that?

Taking a deep breath, the woman gathered up her resolve.

“Commander Violet Rain greets Supreme Hutch.” Violet Rain saluted seriously. “I cannot comply with Supreme’s orders, Indomitable has broken the rules. We cannot cause the integrity of the gathering to suffer.”

The two men by Brigit had weird expressions upon hearing this. Wasn’t she disparaging the gathering just a few minutes ago? When had it become so important to her?

“This is an order.” Hutch said without a care, finding a couch to lie on and plopping down.

It was unknown where he got it, but he had carried a large pizza in with him and started munching away without a care in the world.

Fury lit Violet Rain’s eyes. This was... so unreasonable!

Yes, it was unreasonable. But, so what? These were Hutch’s thoughts.

Any army had a strict hierarchy. This was even more so for a rebel army like the Slayer Legion. The consequences for disobeying an official just one rank above was already steep, let alone someone three ranks above her like Hutch.

Violet Rain's chest billowed with the waves of her anger. But, what could she do? Other than her face reddening and her ears almost jetting out steam, there wasn't anything else.

By this point, the audience below felt that the situation was getting weird. Leonel was already almost out of the arena and it had already been several minutes since his turn ended. Why was it that the overseer's box hadn't said anything about which of the Promising Youths was next?

At that point, the forceful clearing of a throat could be heard over the arena. In truth, though it was as such, one could almost mistake it for the sounds of a dying cat. Who knew what kind of internal struggle the person who made the sound was undergoing?

"The... previous decision has been revoked." A female voice spoke through gritted teeth. "... Indomitable will directly move on to the next round."

After a moment of silence, the arena erupted. Gazes of indignation and fury fell on a particular young man and the overseer's box.

"This is bullshit!"

"Just because he's the underling of a Supreme?! Rules don't matter anymore?!"

At this point, the loudest voices were the youths near the stage. Their roars called out toward the overseer's box like a raging typhoon.

If Leonel was already hated before, it could be said that maybe only the Emperor of the Ascension Empire was a greater enemy to them all now. And, even then, it was close.

Leonel kept walking in his absentminded state. He really hadn't heard the words of Commander Violet Rain at all. He was immersed in his own world. In fact, he might have walked all the way out of the arena had he not suddenly felt that someone was standing in front of him.

"Hm?"

Leonel frowned and looked up.

It was accurate to say that Leonel was quite tall. In fact, since his academy days, he had grown another inch or so. Now, he stood at 6'4. So, despite the fact the young man standing before him had quite an overbearing aura, Leonel, upon looking up, even despite his slouched back, stood taller.

Seeing this, the young man narrowed his eyes, but his momentum didn't dampen in the slightest.

When the crowd saw this young man confronting Leonel, their eyes blazed with passion. The rolling clouds painted over the young man's mask made his identity clear. They couldn't help but feel their blood boil, hoping that the young man would redress their grievances.

"Is there a problem?" Leonel asked.

"I only want to let you know one thing." [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

The man's voice was like a thunderous boom. He didn't seem to be trying to speak loudly, but his voice naturally projected as though he was a man perfectly suited to lead.

Leonel's first instinct was to think that this young man had a voice related ability like Admiral Millan. However, Leonel's senses were far sharper than they had been in the past. He could even vaguely get a sense of a person's ability as long as they tapped into it, though not nearly as thoroughly as the dictionary. But, this was still a good thing. After all, he couldn't always speak to the dictionary out loud and letting others know about its existence might not be a good thing.

This was all to say that Leonel felt that this young man's ability might not be so simple.

“One thing?” Leonel asked in confusion.

“I hope that you’ll get yourself disqualified for the second round as well. Or else, if we meet on that stage, I’ll make sure you leave on a stretcher.”

Leonel was stunned.

In his life, this was the first time he had come across such a situation. After all, he lived in a society with rules and regulations. Maybe only when Conrad tried to kill James by throwing him out of a window did Leonel vaguely come across such a thing. But this was most definitely the first time someone had so blatantly said something like this to him. How could he not be left speechless for a moment? PANDA NOVEL

For a while, Leonel didn’t seem to hear or feel anything. By the time the crowd’s noise faded back into existence for him, the boos had become cheers. It was obvious they had heard the young man’s words.

“Thunderous Clap, you’re my idol!”

“Teach him a lesson!”

Leonel came back to reality, realizing that this wasn’t a dream. Is this the kind of place Earth had become now? People could just blatantly threaten another and even gain the cheers of a crowd as a result?

Something within Leonel seemed to change at that moment. It wasn’t anything large. In fact, he could summarize it just a single word: acceptance.

If this was the world he lived in now, maybe that was fine too.

“So there’s a round two?” Leonel mumbled to himself. “I guess I was only disqualified for the first round then...” p??J??????

“If you’re scared, then scram!”

“Look at him, he didn’t even dare to move after Thunderous Clap put him in his place. Maybe he’ll leave the arena directly!”

Leonel mumbled to himself. But, by now, Thunderous Clap had already walked away under a chorus of cheers. The crowd might very well have taken Leonel’s pause as a sign of fear, but the truth was that Leonel had already returned to his own world.

What a joke. Who was he? He was the greatest quarterback prospect in easily the last several generations. How many games had he played in enemy territory? Let alone these insults, he had heard ten, even a hundred, times worse. He had learned to tune it out a long time ago.

But, what the crowd missed in all those jeers was that the moment Leonel’s heart settled down, blinding, flickering lights jumped within his eyes. Unlike in the past, these lights were real. It was to the point that if one had met Leonel’s gaze now, they might even be blinded for a moment. Thunderous Clap’s words had unlocked something within him.

Leonel turned and walked back to his seat.

He had no idea that the rules had been broken for him. In his mind, he had failed in the first round but received a chance at the second. In that case, he would sit and wait for his turn. He had no idea that he had gone from the coward who couldn’t respond to Thunderous Clap, to the shameless young man who threw the face of all Promising Youths.

“... Next, Thunderous Clap.”

Commander Violet Rain’s voice seemed to be far more at ease now. It was obvious to most the Thunderous Clap had vented some of her rage for her, and in the coming round, if this ‘Indomitable’ wasn’t sensible, then she just might get to see a great show.

She looked toward Hutch with a half satisfied expression, but who would have known that old man wouldn’t even be paying attention? In fact, he was still nibbling away at his pizza without a care in the world.

At that moment, Thunderous Clap stood and walked to the stage. The ground opened up to reveal five more Invalids.

He sunk into a horse stance, his fists clasp against the sides of his body.

“Thunderous Clap isn’t using his rod!”

“He’s making a point, obviously. Some shameless people only know how to cheat with the fancy weapons they get through nepotism.”

“Haha! Show him who’s truly ‘Indomitable’! Even without your weapon, you’re his better!”

Thunderous Clap’s eyes flashed as a low shout like his lips.

The stage beneath his feet quaked and cracked as he shot forward, appearing before the first Invalid in the blink of an eye.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

His body was like the center of a storm. Violent vibrations and cacophonous booms seemed to follow his every movement, leaving destruction in his wake.

He passed through the group of Invalids in a flash.

For a moment, it seemed like nothing had happened, even when Thunderous Clap smoothed out the wrinkles of his clothes and everything fell into silence. But, in the next instant...

**BANG!**



The five Invalids combusted. It was as though someone had planted a bomb within their bodies, allowing them to explode from the inside out.

The motes of light they became shot into the air under the pressure before slowly descending back toward Thunderous Clap. This sight alone made him look as though he was a favored child, basking in the rays of the skies.

The atmosphere reached the peak. Thunderous Clap's performance caused the arena to erupt to the point the ground shook.

### Chapter 133

The crowd went wild, basking Thunderous Clap with praise. At this point, even most of the Promising Youths who usually would be blazing with battle intent right now felt proud. This was simply human nature. When one shares an enemy, previous petty disputes can be ignored.

However, the subject of public outrage wasn't paying attention to these matters at all. He sat on the ground cross legged, leaning on his thigh and supporting his head up from his chin with a hand. He stared blankly at the ground.

From an outsider's perspective, he seemed quite listless. But the tangible light that had been bouncing in his eyes only grew fiercer and fiercer as though he was slowly comprehending something new.

Numerous gazes descended onto Leonel once more. But, no one could see the odd phenomena with his head lowered. As for Thunderous Clap, after speaking those words to Leonel, he hadn't even bothered to cast another glance toward him.

The first round continued, numerous youths going up one after another. The atmosphere was much better than it had been initially as many felt their anger having been vented, so a casual enjoyment of the gathering ensued.

One after another, the youths went up to show off their abilities. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

It turned out that defeating the Invalids wasn't the true requirement. According to the rule Leonel missed out on, one was only meant to survive the confrontation for ten minutes. Anything at and beyond this would be considered a pass.

Though Leonel casually killed the five Invalids, it could be said that he went above and beyond despite breaking the rules. Of course, this also meant that Thunderous Clap had also accomplished more than what was expected of him.

"... Violet Rain, no matter what, you're a Commander. Is there a need to look so happy?"

One of the male Commanders by Violet Rain's side, a man who went by the code name of Mellow Trees, rebuked playfully. He could see that with each performance that surpassed Leonel's, this companion of his would smile wider and wider.

"I never knew that Violet Rain would hate a teenage boy so much." PANDA NOVEL

Violet Rain snorted and didn't say anything. Of course, this was because Old Hutch was still a small distance away and could most definitely hear their conversation. It was fine for them to tease her, but if she really said anything in affirmation, it was impossible to tell whether she'd have a good ending or not.

Her happy expression became gloomy again upon hearing their words. But there was nothing much she could do. Luckily for her, the next youth was enough to make her smile again.

"Next, Chasing Wind."

The crowd seethed with excitement once more as a young lady wearing a tight, green tracksuit made her way onto the stage. Her every movement was graceful and carried an air of charm, but it was very obvious that it wasn't her trying to be seductive. It was a natural feeling ingrained within her bones. It could be imagined that even in battle, she would still maintain the same graceful bearing.

Chasing Wind casually looked through the weapon rack, testing out a few swords. Obviously, it seemed she had no intention of going barehanded like Thunderous Clap had. She felt no need to get involved in the dick measuring contest between men. Though, that wasn't to say she wasn't dissatisfied with Leonel as well, she just chose to remain quiet about it. ρ??C??????

At least, these were her original thoughts. But, she began to look upon Leonel quite curiously when she saw him remained unmoved through all of this. Others might have written it down as cowardice, but she thought there was something weird going on that she couldn't quite put her finger on.

Still, she threw it to the back of her mind.... Wouldn't she find out during the second round?

The young lady picked a well balanced short sword and made her way to the stage, standing calmly as though unblemished by the outside world. When the Invalids appeared, her picturesque figure suddenly moved, flashing forward in a light gust of fragrant wind.

Like Thunderous Clap's suitably thunderous performance, she, moving as light as a feather, painted the perfect picture of Chasing Wind. Whenever one watched her movements, they couldn't help but take in every bit of her actions. The beautiful twinkling of her eyes, the rhythmic swaying of her hips, the delicate grunts that left her lips...

She fluttered between the Invalids like a butterfly, her speed too quick for them to attack properly. Her sword left lines of silver in the air, drawing graceful arcs that passed by five necks as though going through air.

The tips of her toes lightly landed on the ground, a small circle of wind and dust being pushed out as though clearing a place for her to land. How could such a beautiful woman be allow to fall onto a dirty stage? Even nature itself wouldn't allow it.

Without suspense, the cheers of the crowd erupted once more.

"Marry me Chasing Wind!"

"Marry you? On what basis exactly? Take a look at yourself in a mirror once in a while."

"I don't care! If I can't marry Chasing Wind, I'll stay single the rest of my life!"

“Don’t you think you guys are a bit too fanatical? You’ve never even seen her face before. For all you know, her eyes are slanted and her face is covered in pockmarks.”

The crowd within the vicinity of the middle-aged man who spoke these words looked at each other in a speechless moment before pouncing toward the man in unison as though they had agreed to it before hand. That day, there would no doubt be a man who left the arena beaten black and blue.

Violet Rain watched Chasing Wind leave the stage with a gratified smile on her face. It was as though she was looking at a youthful version of herself. She didn’t doubt that there’d be a day when Chasing Wind was a Commander just like her. In fact, she would likely be promoted beyond that.

“This concludes the first round, those who have qualified can now move on to the second and final round, of which... there are eight of you.

“These include: Thunderous Clap, Chasing Wind, Roaring Black Lion, Seer, Falling Leaf, Erupting Volcano, Precious Moment, and... Indomitable.”

A wave of boos rang.

Chapter 134

[Only 1 chapter today. I was kidnapped away for birthday related matters, so this is all there is]

The smile on Violet Rain’s face grew brighter and brighter. It was finally time for this farce to come to an end. Now that the second round had come around, there was no longer any words to hide behind.

A devious light flashed in her watery eyes as she turned on the voice projection system once more having gotten her fill out of the crowd’s boos.

“I will now explain the rules for the second round as I did for the first.”

One of the male Commanders by Violet Rain's side had a weird expression hearing these words. They were supposed to share hosting duties, so it was meant to be his turn to explain things. They had done this a couple times before already, so Violet Rain should be familiar with the process.

'Whatever. The rules for the second round have always been the same anyway. It doesn't need to be me.'

However, he had only barely finished thinking this when he was suddenly stunned by the next words he heard. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

"The second round this time will be a seeded elimination tournament where your performance from the first round will be taken into account. You will be split into seeds one through eight.

"The first battle will be between seed seven and eight. The winner of the battle will go on to challenge seed six, while the winner of that will go on to challenge seed five. So on and so forth.

"In the end, whichever seed remains standing will be allowed to challenge the best performer from the first round."

After being stunned a while, the two male Commanders looked toward each other and smiled bitterly. Even if they were beaten to death, they wouldn't believe that this wasn't targeting a certain person. But since Violet Rain hadn't done anything too outrageous, they really couldn't say anything. Plus, it wasn't like they could make her retract the rules she had already said, right? They had already lost face once today after readmitting Leonel.

The second round was indeed usually an elimination tournament. But, it was a normal one in which everyone battled at once. Eight would become four, then two, then eventually one. This modification of Violet Rain's was appearing for the first time in the history of the gathering.

Unfortunately... since this was only the third gathering, no one picked up on the oddity. They only felt that the rules had changed, but they didn't think there was anything wrong with it. Like this, Violet Rain got away with it... [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Plus, even if things weren't like this, would the crowd really turn against Violent Rain for the sake of Leonel? If anything, they would give her their full support for dealing with the shameless man who dared to call himself 'Indomitable'.

As for the man who was being targeted himself? He wasn't even aware. Leonel hadn't taken part in the other gatherings so how could he know what was normal and what wasn't when even the fanatics in the crowd didn't?

Violet Rain's smile grew as she continued.

"The bottom of the rankings will be decided by who lasted for the longest after crossing the minimum ten minute requirements. As for those who had the ability to kill the one or more Invalids, they will be even above that. Those at the very top will be decided by whoever defeated the five Invalids the quickest.

"Like this the seeds are as followed...

"First Seed: Chasing Wind. Second Seed: Thunderous Clap. Third Seed: Roaring Black Lion. Fourth Seed: Erupting Volcano. Fifth Seed: Falling Leaf. Sixth Seed: Precious Moment. Seventh Seed: Seer. And the Eighth Seed: ... ρ??∫??????

"Indomitable."

The crowd was silent for a moment before cheers erupted once more.

"HAHA! Serves him right!"

"Good luck going through our gauntlet of geniuses, 'Indomitable'."

"Indomitable? More like Indumbitable!"

"... That was lame."

Another fight broke out in the crowd.

Violet Rain allowed the crowd to get rowdy to their hearts content before continuing.

“Once again, I will reiterate the rules and regulations.

“First, anyone who kills their opponent will be subject to judgment by military law. This is a time of war, remember that. Your sentence wouldn’t be anything lighter than the death penalty.

“Second, only weapons from the racks provided can be used.” She took her time to emphasize the word only, and for good reason. “Those weapons are all of the C-grade and can ensure fairness.”

“Third, if I stop the battle for any reason, anyone who fails to obey in a timely fashion will once again be subject to military law. Disobeying the Command of a superior officer is worth at least a demerit.”

This time, Leonel made it a point to listen to the rules so that he wouldn’t make a mistake again. But, when he heard that the weapons of the rack were of the C-grade to ensure fairness, he had a weird expression. Though, no one could see it behind his mask.

His atlatl and darts were treasures from he received after clearing the Mayan Tomb Zone. They were C-grade treasures... So why was he disqualified?

Toward this, Leonel could only scratch the back of his head and shrug his shoulders. It didn’t seem to matter anymore. After all, she had said that only weapons of the rack could be used, not that only weapons at the C-grade could be used. Though the difference was minor in a large sense, Leonel couldn’t complain about it.

‘Oh, I guess since these are the rules, I should go up now.’

Leonel stood and inadvertently yawned again. Toward this, he could only shake his head helplessly. He was truly too tired. It wasn’t like he was doing it on purpose.

Violet Rain's expression darkened. This boy should be very clear that she was targeting him now, yet he actually dared to be so carefree.

"First battle. Eighth Seed Indomitable vs. Seventh Seed Seer." She said stiffly.

Leonel made it to the stage first, only to find a young man walking toward him. He had a scrawny build and a singular closed eye was painted on the forehead of his mask.

In his hand, Seer held an odd short staff with a bulbous head. Compared to the gazes of raging hatred Leonel had gotten used to seeing, Seer's eyes were calm and tranquil. His brows only barely furrowed when he saw that Leonel not only yawned, but also wasn't holding a weapon.

"Begin."

## Chapter 135

[We'll be back to double chapter uploads tomorrow. Thank you for the birthday wishes <3. Also, I should say that we'll likely be going back to the bonus chapter system in september once school comes back around for me. I'll let you all know]

Seer raised his staff toward Leonel the moment the words fell. An arrow of peculiar energy quickly formed, dashing toward Leonel at a much faster speed than most could muster.

In that instant of time, even with his spirit severely drained and his ability being sluggish as a result, it was as easy as breathing for Leonel to see that this attack had an agility of just over 1.00. It was quite swift, all things considered. But not enough for Leonel to take it seriously.

'I guess I'll just push him off the edge of the arena.' Leonel thought.

Since he had paid attention this time around, he was well aware that there were three methods of victory. He could choose between knocking his opponent out and rendering them unable to battle,



forcing them to admit defeat, or pushing them outside the bounds of the arena. Either one was fine, Leonel didn't have a particular preference.

'What's really interesting though is that abilities don't seem to be limited by Force disrupting towers, nor are special branches of Force. I didn't think about this before, but my Internal Sight relies on my spirit which is technically a kind of Force, yet I used it to escape the Fort. I actually overlooked something so simple...' PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel's mind wandered. He usually wasn't this type of person. He always took every task, no matter how simple, with the utmost seriousness. However, the problem this time was that his mind was too sluggish, he was almost in a drunken state.

Though Leonel was only like this because he didn't sense much of a threat from Seer, others seemed to take this as him being frozen in place due to fear.

Not only did others not find this to be pitiable, they even took amusement in it. They seemed to already see the sight of Leonel being blasted off the arena under a chorus of laughs.

However, in the last moment, Leonel seemed to remember where he was and shifted to the side. To an outside observer, it almost look like he stumbled out of the way, allowing the arrow to just barely whiz by him.


The sudden movement caused Leonel's mind to spin. He really didn't expect that he would be in such a sorry state just because he stayed awake for a few days. PANDA NOVEL

His eyes blinked and he shook his head, trying to clear his vision.

'A nap would be really nice about now...' Leonel thought to himself.

Leonel didn't have to raise his eyes to sense that another arrow was coming his way. But, this time, he took a step long before it reached him. His action seemed without cause, but he had already dodged long before the arrow left Seer's staff.

Step after step, Leonel meandered his way through the battlefield. His gait was weak and without rhyme or reason, but seemed to dodge Seer's strikes without much issue. From the outside, he looked like a drunk man stumbling forward, though it wasn't so exaggerated.

Seer kept trying to make distance between them, doing his best to continue his barrage. But he was very obviously losing his composure. 

At some unknown point, the jeers of the crowd shouting out that Leonel was fearful had slowly died down, weird expressions coating their faces one after another.

By the time Leonel had made it within a step of Seer, the latter didn't even notice that he had continuously retreated to the edge of the arena. Just when he wanted to take another step back, he found nothing but air, causing him to tumble backward with a shocked expression on his face.

He knew that this should have been impossible. He wasn't a fool, he too had heard the rules, so he knew stepping out of bounds meant a loss. But, he could have never expected that he would somehow still make such a stupid mistake. He thought that he had been circling the arena, maintaining a good distance from Leonel... So when did he get forced into a corner like this?

When Seer looked up, all he found was that Leonel was actually yawning again, causing his face behind the mask to blush with shame, embarrassment and rage.

Leonel squinted his eyes and shook his head as though trying to chase his fatigue away. He hadn't even noticed the change in the Seer's once calm eyes. By the time his vision cleared again, he saw that a young woman was helping Seer up and glaring toward him with fierce eyes.

Though Leonel couldn't see her face, he was quite certain that her angry appearance was quite adorable. Her eyes alone were enough to tell him this.

She, as a participant, of course wore a mask. The design on hers was quite involved compared to others. The center of her forehead had the drawing of a seed and from there, a cycle of growth was drawn around her round face. Eventually, a flower bloomed before the cycle ended with another seed.

Leonel had seen her amongst the eight seeds of the second round and judging by the pseudonyms, he guessed that she could be either Falling Leaf or Precious Moment. More likely the latter as there was someone else with a mask that more conformed to the former.

At that moment, the crowd that had fallen silent suddenly erupted once more.

The chorus of boos was deafening.

“Disqualify him! Get him out of here!”

“When did such a bastard appear amongst our promising youths?!”

It could only be said that the rebels truly were infuriated this time. It was one thing for Leonel to defeat his opponent. But, his act of looking down from the stage and even yawning after Seer had already lost was simply too much. You could defeat a man, but humiliating him was going one step too far.

How could they know that Leonel was only yawning because he was truly tired. As for ‘looking down’ on Seer, that had a similar reason as well. He didn’t want to waste energy by making unnecessary movements, so he stood in place until the next match began. After all, he would be fighting again.

Unfortunately for the crowd, the Leonel of now already had turned a deaf ear to their reactions. He couldn’t even hear them any longer. His world was filled with silence.

“... Indomitable wins. Next match, Indomitable vs Precious Moment.”

At that moment, the young girl who had helped Seer stand furiously marched onto the stage, her little body billowing with rage.

Leonel shuffled from the edge of the arena, his feet barely lifting up from the ground as he turned to face her.

Leonel really didn't have the mind to think about why yet another person was angry toward him. His half closed eyes sized up the petite little girl.

Truthfully, he didn't have much of a reaction toward women who weren't his Aina. It could even be said that his personality around Aina was skewed as a result of this. Usually, he was rather detached from most things even if he had an amiable smile on.

Seeing this petite girl before him, others might have had thoughts of going easy on her. But, Leonel didn't spare such a thoughts toward this at all. Rather, just like with his last opponent, he was thinking of how to defeat this woman as easily and quickly as possible.

"Go on Precious Moment, teach him a lesson!"

"Show the bastard what a real Promising Youth looks like!"

Violet Rain watched all of this from the overseer's box, a gloomy expression on her face. She found that there was most definitely something wrong with Leonel's battle with Seer. However, all thoughts she had of analyzing the battle flew away when she saw Leonel yawn. At this point, even the male Commanders by her side couldn't help but frown. They too believed that Leonel had gone too far. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Old Hutch laughed uproariously when he saw this scene. Since Leonel had been in his home the whole time, he of course knew why Leonel was constantly yawning. The reason he had been able to get Leonel's recording in the first place was because his home was covered in cameras and various security devices, so he was aware that Leonel had stood in the same place without moving for a whole 5 days.

He had to say, he admired the dedication of the boy even if he was certain that it wouldn't bear any fruit. That said, he had no intention of explaining this to these people. What could he say? He was an old man who liked watching the world burn. Who else was going to entertain him in his old age if not this boy?

Earth had entered a calm before the storm. Old Hutch didn't feel like waiting for things to get interesting again, so why not make his own entertainment?

“Begin.”

The moment Violet Rain’s displeased voice filled the arena once more, Precious Moment moved, her small body charging toward Leonel with a full head of steam. PANDA NOVEL

‘She wants to fight me bare handed? Is it related to her ability?’ Leonel frowned slightly.

After the shock he went through with Aina, he no longer dared to assume the strength of a person by their size. The issue was that he could clearly see that Precious Moment’s strength stat wasn’t even half of his own. Yet, she was still charging toward him like this.

At this point, Leonel felt a little regretful that he hadn’t been paying attention to the previous battles, or else he wouldn’t be guessing like this.

However in the end, he threw these worries to the back of his mind. This wasn’t really a matter of choice as the little girl was already right before him.

Leonel caught a twitch in Precious Moment’s shoulder and immediately calculated the trajectory of her punch before she even threw it. ρ???(???????)

‘I’m not far from the edge of the arena, I can probably just push her right off by using her momentum against her...’

However, Leonel could have never expected that Precious Moment’s initial punch was actually a feint. Just as he moved out of its trajectory, her arm stopped halfway along its path and pulled back against her body before another fist was sent toward him.

A fierce glint could be seen in Precious Moment’s eyes. The sight of Leonel’s loss was practically guaranteed to her at this very moment.

She chose the name Precious Moment for a very specific reason. Her ability could be considered a sensory type as well, evolving similarly to Leonel’s. She could read the cause and effect of events to

predict what would happen next. Of course, the scope of her ability was extremely limited, but was absolutely perfect in a one on one battle like this one.

She had already predicted what would happen next. She saw through the fact that Leonel seemed to be able to see through the trajectory of her attack. He would then try to wrap around her and push her off the stage.

Knowing this, she threw a feint, then immediately followed up with a second punch aimed exactly where Leonel was dodging.

With him being off balance like this, her victory was practically guaranteed. She might not be as strong as someone with an offensive ability, but she was still far stronger than a normal human.

‘Oh...?’

This was all Leonel thought when he saw Precious Moment’s feint and follow up attack. Ultimately, his battle experience was still a little bit green. He wasn’t yet able to easily distinguish between a real attack and a feint. He was mostly able to rely on his ability to always react quickly.

That said... Precious Moment was still underestimating him a bit too much. Her ability only worked when her enemy was within a certain physical limit. If they were beyond this... it simply didn’t matter how much she could predict if she was unable to react.

Leonel’s dodging body suddenly grew a step faster, sliding out of the way of Precious Moment’s second fist.

In one swift motion, he wrapped around her back, pushing a foot out and knocking her off the platform.

Even as she fell from the arena, Precious Moment couldn’t help but be stunned.

She was bound to not be the last. Under the continuously growing ugly expressions of those within the crowd, and Violet Rain especially, Leonel seemed to stumble his way through victory after victory, taking down Falling Leaf and Erupting Volcano in quick succession.

And, even when Roaring Black Lion stepped onto the stage before him, his yawns had still never stopped.

Old Hutch's laughter seemed to grow more and more unbridled. It was as though he was afraid others wouldn't hear him and forget their fury.

Violet Rain ground her teeth, looking down toward the arena with a reddened gaze.

'It's fine, it's fine.' She thought to herself, taking deep breaths. 'Roaring Black Lion was among the only three to defeat the five Invalids, albeit slower than Thunderous Clap and Chasing Wind. Defeating Indomitable shouldn't be a problem.'

A sinking feeling took hold the pit of her stomach. If her own rule change allowed Leonel to use all seven of these geniuses as stepping stones, it would be too infuriating.

## Chapter 137

"You're really good at pissing everyone off."

These were the first words Roaring Black Lion spoke. He stood tall with his arms crossed over his broad chest.

Leonel smiled bitterly. "Would you believe me if I said it wasn't on purpose?"

Roaring Black Lion looked him up and down as though trying to decide whether or not Leonel was telling the truth. When he had spoken to Leonel previously, he hadn't gotten the vibe that he was an arrogant man. In fact, back then, he had half expected Leonel to sneer at his words from back then and tell him to screw off. He had been hoping for that result so that he would have an excuse to teach him a lesson, but things didn't end up working out like that.

After that, he felt that Leonel kept giving him a weird feeling. It was an odd gravity that made others want to pay attention to him, and this pull was even stronger than Thunderous Clap who was a well known leader amongst the Promising Youths.

However, that feeling was completely contradictory to the hatred Leonel was garnering. Would a leader who could surpass even Thunderous Clap in charisma be so hated?

Another person might have thrown this thought to the back of their minds as soon as they had it. But, Roaring Black Lion was a man who relied heavily on his instinct. This became even more so after awakening his ability.

Not only did he smell the faint scent of death on Leonel, he could even tell that many of the things that happened today weren't exactly as they seemed.

Suddenly, Roaring Black Lion began to laugh as the crowd booed toward Leonel's response. How could they believe that all of this had been a coincidence? Since they couldn't turn their rage to Hutch, who else could face their anger if not Leonel? [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

They felt stifled watching Leonel win battle after battle. Now, they were pinning all of their hopes on Roaring Black Lion's shoulders.

"I want to see your strength!"

The roar of the Promising Youth's voice was several times louder than Thunderous Clap's.

In that moment, his body began to expand, the clothing on him expanding along with him as though it was specially designed for this moment. Black fur erupted across his body as his hair sprouted, becoming a mane that pushed against his mask.

His mask was removed by him. What was left wasn't the face of a human, but rather a fiendish lion with eyes deeper than a black abyss.



Roaring Black Lion had grown to almost two and a half meters tall. He still stood on two legs and seemed to be a humanoid beast of sorts, but the power in his limbs put any full beast to shame.

“There it is! Roaring Black Lion’s transformation!”

The crowd was seething with excitement. Roaring Black Lion hadn’t used his ability during the first round, so this was the first time they had seen it today. How could they not be excited? It was said that he was twice as powerful in this state! PANDA NOVEL

Leonel’s eyes narrowed slightly seeing such a scene.

[Roaring Black Lion]

[Strength: 2.71; Speed: 2.12; Agility: 1.97; Coordination: 1.92; Stamina: 2.83; Reactions: 2.73; Spirit: 0.03; Force: ???]

The crowd completely regained their liveliness when Roaring Black Lion brandished his claws.

He raised his head into the skies and billowed with all his might.

“ROOOAAARRR!!”

The arena quaked. In that moment, the roar drowned out even the crowd themselves.

‘That wasn’t a simple roar...’ Leonel’s frown deepened. ρ??∪???????

He felt that his blood and his muscles cramped upon hearing that roar. It actually had the effect of demoralizing him and weakening his strength.

All of this suddenly made sense. Roaring Black Lion likely had an ability with great evolution potential. A normal strength enhancing ability wouldn't allow him to rank amongst the top Promising Youths even though the strength boost from his transformation was so obscene.

Leonel regained his calm.

Taking a step to the side, he calmly walked to the edge of the arena.

“Haha! Is he going to quit?”

There wasn't just one person in the crowd who believed this. Even Violet Rain's gloomy expression loosened up a bit as she sighed a breath of relief. Unfortunately for her, though, this feeling didn't last for long.

Leonel walked to the weapon rack and scanned it for a moment before pulling out a plain black rod. It wasn't that he didn't want to take a spear, but if he did and the ring on his finger didn't acknowledge it, it would crumble to dust. So, using a rod was his only choice.

Plus, he had a good impression of Roaring Black Lion. At the very least, he was far more pleasing to the eye compared to the others that were here. In that case, he had no intention of harming him.

“A rod? Isn't that Thunderous Clap's weapon of choice? Indomitable uses a rod as well?”

Leonel sluggishly yawned once more, walking back to face the beast that now stood over half a meter taller than him.

He stopped ten meters from Roaring Black Lion, his eyes tired, but tranquil.

Silence fell over the arena for a moment.

“Begin.”

Roaring Black Lion lashed out immediately, not pausing even for a moment.

His claws left streaks in the air. If it wasn't for the ban on killing, they would have been fully extended. However, for the sake of the rules, he attack with his palm. Yet, even with this being the case, his silvery claws twinkled beneath the arena lights, contrasting his ferocious appearance with something quite dazzling and beautiful.

Leonel didn't move at all.

A palm almost as large as his chest descended toward his tired figure. It seemed for a moment that there would be no suspense to the battle at all. It was even to the point where Roaring Black Lion's massive figure seemed to enshroud him completely.

Just when it seemed Leonel would be sent flying, he suddenly moved.

No one could tell what happened. In one moment, Leonel was standing in place. In the next, a blinding light had covered him from head to toe. He seemed to vanish in place, and by the time he could be seen by the crowd once again, the butt of his rod had landed on Roaring Black Lion's broad chest.

**BANG!**

The loose fabric of Leonel's sweat pants fluttered wildly beneath the air pressure of his own speed as Roaring Black Lion was sent flying. Almost like a streaking meteor, he left a black arc in the air, crashing outside the arena and skidding along the ground in a sorry state.

Silence.

At that moment, Old Hutch, who had been leisurely enjoying his pizza stood up violently, leaping to the windows of the overseer's box as though he couldn't believe what he had just seen.

Leonel calmly picked up the mask Roaring Black Lion had tossed aside, throwing it toward his collapsed figure just as the latter's ability dissolved. The mask left a trail in the air, landing just well enough to cover the youth's face.

However, Leonel no longer cared about this. His head had already turned toward the place where Thunderous Clap sat.

“Hurry up.”

These were the only two words he spoke. His fatigue seemed to vanish, the flickering lights that danced across his body growing more intense with each passing moment.

Chapter 138

Silence.

No that wasn't entirely correct. There was indeed one sound remaining in the now quiet arena. On first inspection, it was a bit like breathing that hitched every so often. However, after a moment, it became clear that it was light snoring. Someone was actually sleeping. In fact, all of the people in the arena couldn't help but look between this sleeping young man and his recently decimated opponent.

On the ground, laying right beside Roaring Black Lion, Thunderous Clap lay weakly, coughing up several mouthfuls of blood. As for the culprit who put him in this state? He was sleeping like a baby without a scratch on him, having collapsed under his own fatigue.

The scenes of what just happened continuously replayed in Thunderous Clap's head.

That man told him to hurry up and get onto the arena. As he had his own pride, he obviously obliged, believing that, even after watching the fashion in which Roaring Black Lion lost, he could still win.

However, all he saw was a flash of gold. Then, he felt a sharp pain on his chest. And, before he realized what happened, he was lying on his back, nursing several shattered ribs.pANDA-NOVEL.COM

In the overseer's box, Violet Rain's expression was solemn. One would expect her to be enraged, but this wasn't the emotion she had at this moment now at all. All she felt was astonishment.

But, her astonishment couldn't match up to Hutch's at all. This was because while everyone was shocked that Leonel managed to defeat Roaring Black Lion and Thunderous Clap — both in a single blow — he was shocked due to that radiant energy that was coming from him.

There was something about that energy that was extremely similar to his Blade Force, but it wasn't exactly like that either. It was somehow different but the same at once.

He didn't need to think more about it understand. Leonel had comprehended a Force Strengthening Deviation. But, it wasn't Spear Force. It was something else entirely, something that even seemed somewhat more formidable.

In the stands, Damian, the lady he called vixen, and the others were also shocked. They had been here from the very beginning, but they had remained silent the whole time. PANDA NOVEL

They were among the few who knew that Indomitable was Leonel. But, did they dare to step out and defend him? Not to mention the fact the commentary of the crowd had been fairly benign, if they really did step up to defend Leonel, they'd probably get beaten black and blue.

Damian had been aware of how great Leonel's strength was. Those youths up there would give even him a hard battle, and he was a lieutenant. But, didn't Leonel defeat him just the same?

The reason he was shocked wasn't because Leonel defeated them... It was because he had done so with just a single strike. Didn't that mean that Leonel could defeat him with a single strike too?!

So many eyes had landed upon Leonel, yet he continued to sleep without a care in the world. It was as though the hard arena ground had become the softest of beds.

"What a brat..." p??√??????

Hutch sighed and made his way down to the arena. Before the eyes of everyone, he reached down, grabbed Leonel, and swung him over his shoulder as though he was carrying a sack of potatoes.

If Leonel was awake, he might have had the presence of mind to get angry about this, but he was clearly in a state where he could sleep in just about any condition.

Thunderous Clap's gaze of shame and anger landed on Leonel. But, even if the latter was awake and willing to fight him again, he could hardly move an inch. Just breathing wracked his body with pain far more severe than anything he had ever experienced before.

Thinking back to those words he spoke to Leonel, a deep sense of humiliation welled up in his heart.

It honestly wasn't his fault that things reached this point. Anyone who saw Leonel's actions without understanding the backstory behind them would think him to be an arrogant bastard. Thunderous Clap had always been a straight forward and by the books kind of person, so he wanted to teach Leonel a lesson. He just never imagined that this would actually backfire.

The truth was that Leonel had already been reaching his limit after so many battles. He didn't tell Thunderous Clap to hurry up and get on the stage because he was arrogant, but rather because he only had the strength left for one more strike.

Leonel couldn't be said to be a confrontational person, but Thunderous Clap's previous words had touched his bottomline. He refused to settle down until he could return the latter's words back to him.

After the deed was done, Leonel directly fell asleep.

Due to this, everyone knew that Chasing Wind would be named first among the Promising Youths, but there was no one who congratulated her. They were all aware that the young man who had truly earned the first place was the one they were all watching snore right this very moment.

Her expression couldn't help but flicker several times as she watched Hutch haul Leonel away.

Just what was that attack he used? Was that related to his ability? How could he be faster than her?

These were all the thoughts that swirled around in her mind and it left her stifled to the point she wanted to shout into the skies.

In the minds of the rebels who didn't know Leonel's true character, the villain had won today. Indomitable had stamped down on their pride, all while yawning the whole way. Then, when he saw they really couldn't relieve his boredom, he directly fell asleep.

He completely disregarded them. He didn't care for their emotions, their rage, their heartache. Like an evil mastermind, he played with their emotions and left them in a puddle of their own tears.

When Leonel had disappeared off into the distance, Thunderous Clap could no longer hold on and directly passed out beside Roaring Black Lion.

This legend was bound to spread throughout the Slayer Legion, maybe even to the point it would reach the ears of the Empire...

## Chapter 139

Leonel awoke with a stretch. It felt so good that he held the pose for several moments, unwilling to leave that satisfying feeling behind.

He sat up with a smile. He was oddly happy at this moment. A burden that had been weighing on his heart felt as though it had been lifted. Plus, after finally getting some sleep, he felt refreshed and his spirit was even stronger than it had been just a few days ago.

'Even though he was an asshole, I have to admit that this Thunderous Clap person did indeed help me. If it wasn't for him, who knew how long I would have taken to come to such a realization.'

"You're awake?"

Leonel was so startled by the sudden voice that he practically jumped out of bed. He hadn't even noticed that the door had opened just now to reveal a very familiar and very annoying old man.

Old Hutch shook his head, his face filled with disdain.

“How could you possibly sleep like this on a battlefield. I could have slit your throat a hundred different ways.”

Leonel’s lip twitched. He had lived in a Mayan Tomb and faced thousands of Spaniards alone in that time. If there was anyone who knew how to sleep while being alert, it was him. But, was there a need for that right now? PANDA-NOVEL.COM

“Since you’re awake now, don’t you think you owe me an explanation?”

“Huh?” Leonel didn’t know what the old man meant by this.

“You were so confident in getting first place, yet didn’t you only get second? You practically threw my face out there. How can I show myself in public anymore?”

Hearing this, Leonel almost couldn’t refrain from rolling his eyes. He may have been second, but did Chasing Wind really dare to claim first? As far as he was concerned, who was the superior among them all was obvious. But, he had simply been too tired. After teaching Thunderous Clap a lesson for the words he spoke, Leonel couldn’t be bothered to enter the final round.

Old Hutch could obviously see through Leonel’s expression, but he didn’t seem to want to let up.

“I don’t care what reasons you have. I was promised a first place finish, yet I didn’t get it. So, I’ll be taking something in exchange.”

Leonel raised an eyebrow. What the hell did this old man want now? PANDA NOVEL

“That light you used to defeat that brat Thunderous Clap and that other brat Roaring Black Lion. What was it?”



“Oh...”

Leonel understood what was going on now. This old man just wanted to ask him this question without losing face. So he made it seem like Leonel owed him an explanation. Leonel could only say that Old Hutch was indeed shameless enough.

In the end, Leonel shrugged.

“I was studying my Lineage Factor and happened upon another one. I felt a very strong connection to it so I coaxed it out. The result should probably be some element based Force Strengthening Deviation.”

Leonel casually explained, but the words alone caused ripples to go off in Old Hutch’s heart.

“Had I not been distracted, I would have comprehended Spear Force already.” Leonel mumbled.

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The truth was that he had been comprehending Spear Force, but this Lineage Factor intrigued him, mostly because it most definitely wasn’t like the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor his father described. That likely meant there was a third Lineage Factor in his blood.

It could only be said that there simply wasn’t enough time between Leonel’s epiphany and the gathering, or else he would have been even more monstrous.

After setting himself on the path of logically deducing his own talent and Lineage Factors, a whole new door had been opened to him.

The bad news about this path was that he would progress slower than his Lineage Factor would otherwise allow him to. Theoretically, that is.

Relying on instinct and talent is usually much faster. This was just the way of life. However, Leonel had a certain advantage those who were lacking in talent did not have: his ability.

Leonel's analytical ability was far beyond most. As a result, his progress was actually faster than it would otherwise be by relying on talent and intuition.

This not only meant that Leonel could forcefully awaken his Lineage Factor's himself as long as he grasped a small inkling of them, it also meant that he was no longer restricted by the so-called 'awakening' phase of the Lineage Factor either.

According to Aina, the longer one maintained consciousness after awakening their Lineage Factor, the stronger it would be. However, for Leonel who was slowly comprehending his Lineage Factor himself, it didn't matter if he stayed awake for a single second or several days. Eventually, he would unveil all the hidden mysteries of his Lineage Factor. At most, if he didn't stay awake for long enough, it would be slightly more difficult than it would otherwise be.

That said... Hadn't Leonel just stayed awake for five days? That was even longer than he had when he awakened his Spear Domain Lineage Factor.

Like this, the 'bad' of his path was essentially expunged as long as his ability continued to evolve.

With this, the good was nearly endless. Aside from thanking Thunderous Clap, Leonel really had to thank Hutch as well. Or else who knows if he would have ever stumbled on this path at all.

"So that light really was a Force Strengthening Deviation?"

Old Hutch finally responded after a while. Hearing Leonel say that he could have comprehended Spear Force already by now made him want to give the brat a smack, but he refrained since he wanted to know more.

"Yes..." Leonel said slowly. "... I still know very little about it. All I've unveiled is that it can increase my speed by a large margin. I still have to study it more..."

There were many things Leonel left out.

For example, he was certain that if this Lineage Factor wasn't from his father, then it must be from his mother. In addition, he hadn't only unveiled that the Force Strengthening Deviation he had learned through his Lineage Factor could boost his speed, but he also knew that it had terrifying piercing power. Had he used this latter ability, he would have directly killed his opponents with ease even if he only used a rod.

But, Leonel still wasn't at the point of divulging his everything to Hutch even if he was grateful to the old man.

What Leonel and even Old Hutch didn't know was that what Leonel had grasped was Light Elemental Force. Old Hutch might have known what this was, but Leonel's explanation was simply too vague and purposely omitted many points.

If others knew that Leonel had comprehended such a thing, the shock would be immeasurable. Even among Force Strengthening Deviations, Light Elemental Force was among the strongest. Its versatility was near inexhaustible and its strength was undeniable.

However, even with this being said, the real reason it would arise shock was because it was simply too rare. Amongst several worlds, there might only be two or three people to grasp such a thing. And, families with Lineage Factors related to it were even rarer.

It was no wonder Leonel instinctually set aside comprehending Spear Force in favor of it. Compared to Spear Force, Light Elemental Force was beyond by an impossible degree.

## Chapter 140

"Is this why you came here, Old Hutch?"

In truth, Leonel was more interested in this old man leaving him alone. Not only did he want to comprehend Spear Force, but he also had many other things to do. He really hoped that Damian hadn't left by now, or else he had no idea how he would get back to Royal Blue Province.

"Not exactly." Old Hutch said after a moment. "There's a Hunt that was planned to take place for the first time this year. It's a great training ground for you little brats."

“Not interested.”

Leonel responded without hesitation. What a joke, he had already wasted so much time here. Every day he spent on Earth was another day that passed in Terrain. In fact, for all he knew, time was dilated across worlds as well just like they were in Zones. He had no way of knowing until he went there.

He had no idea why Hutch was trying to get him to participate in these meaningless activities, but he truly was not interested. Even before he comprehended Light Elemental Force, it was unlikely that anyone in his age group could defeat him. But now, it was even more exaggerated. He simply saw no merit in it. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

At this point, Leonel understood that his advantage was simply too vast. His father was likely from a higher Dimensional world, so his body had more talent than those born in a Third Grade Dimension like this one. It couldn't be helped.

Of course, there were those like Aina who seemed to match up to him due to their mysterious families. But, this was even more reason for Leonel to not care about the Slayer Legion. The fact the fourth rank youth of their Southern Lookout could be defeated in a single strike by him likely meant that the Slayer Legion likely had no such families, and as a result, didn't have a bright future.

Leonel still remembered Aina's words. Success in the future could track back and influence the past. Though it was difficult for him to wrap his mind around, he only needed to understand that this was a fact. Since the Slayer Legion didn't have such special families, it only meant that their future was equally not as special.

That said, Leonel wasn't very optimistic that those youths from families like the Brazinger's were a match for him either.

“Don't be so quick to dismiss this opportunity.” Hutch said without a care. “This Hunt won't be as simple as you think it is.” PANDA NOVEL

“Is that so?”

Hutch nodded confidently. But, seeing that Leonel was still skeptical, he decided to explain a bit. It was obvious to him now that Leonel would be a future pillar of Earth, so he should be privy to a few things that others weren't.

"Since you even know about Force Strengthening Deviation, you probably know already that many were aware that this Metamorphosis was coming before it truly descended."

Leonel's expression darkened a bit at these words. Of course he had already guessed this. How many billions had died falling from Paradise Islands due to the higher ups keeping this information to themselves?

It seemed now that even the Slayer Legion was aware of this ahead of time, something that made Leonel even more disappointed in them than he already was. Was this really a so-called rebellion of the people? Why was it that this Slayer Legion never seemed to act as a grassroots movement should?  
p??J??????

Hutch sighed upon seeing Leonel's gloomy expression.

"Things aren't always as simple as they seem on the surface, brat. If we made a move to try and save everybody, Earth's population would have likely been wiped out by now."

Leonel frowned upon hearing this.

"The likelihood of successfully awakening your ability is too low. It's even lower if you come from a poor background."

Leonel clenched his jaw. He understood this well. The weaker your background, the less likely you were to succeed in the future, and as such, you couldn't effect change in the current timeline that would then, in turn, help your future path. These people were the least likely to awaken their abilities. It was a difficult chicken and the egg situation.

"If we tried to save everyone, Earth would have been overrun by Invalids. Even though Invalids also provide opportunities to improve upon killing them, they are incredibly dangerous as well. They don't need to rest, eat or sleep.

“These are things you probably already know, but what you don’t know is that when the concentration of Invalids is high and that of humans is low, Variants that consume other Invalids can appear in high concentrations. When this happens, the Invalids that awaken their intelligence once again appear in droves.”

“... Isn’t that a good thing?” Leonel asked.

“No. It’s the worst thing. Invalids who awaken their intelligence are no longer humans. They’re Variant Invalids who still live to devour us. The only difference is that they’re smarter in their approach. In addition, they all have the ingrained ability to control other Invalids. Don’t think for a moment that they’ll go back to the person they once were after they awaken...”

“Variant Invalids are far stronger than us. As the saying goes, the harder something is, the more rewarding it is as well. The path Variant Invalids have to go through to truly awaken is far more arduous than us, and as such, the benefits are far greater as well.”

Old Hutch could tell that Leonel still wasn’t convinced by all of this. The kid didn’t believe sacrificing the lives of so many just because of a potential calamity was worth it. These were still people... They weren’t betting stakes one could choose not to take the risk on.

The old man could only sigh once more.

“Kid, there are too many eyes on Earth. The potential of our world is the greatest to be birthed in a very long while. There’s no end to the greedy eyes that see us as a feast to take part in.

“If we are stuck in this prepubescent stage for too long, taking too much time to clear our world and form up our centers of power again, then, when we lose the current thin veil of protection we have, we’ll be screwed.”

Leonel remained quiet. Even if he understood, he didn’t like it at all.

“... What is this Hunt you were talking about?”

