

Descent 1501

[Chapter 1501 This Time](#)

The group quickly began to explain what had happened to their leader as Leonel watched. He passively absorbed what they were saying, filling in context clues and trying to piece together their language. For Leonel, this wasn't very difficult. It would take others a year or two of observing a language to reach a passable level, but Leonel would only take a few hours at worst so long as these people spoke enough.

However, while he listened, his gaze couldn't help but focus on the burly man. The pressure he gave off was far beyond that of the others. Leonel felt that he was right to leave when he had. This man... Leonel really wasn't sure if he could defeat him.

What was once again the most astonishing about this was the fact that Leonel couldn't tell the burly man's Dimension either. But now, he began to understand why it was. The more he observed, the more possibilities he thought of until he eventually landed on one.

Back when Leonel was in the Third Dimension, he had broken through with his body and his mind first. In the former case, he entered the Fourth Dimension first, and in the later, it was even more exaggerated as he entered the Fifth Dimension long before stepping foot outside of the Third Dimension.

Now, he was in a similar situation, with his mind actually being in the Seventh Dimension currently!

However, regardless of the situation, everyone had always seen him as a Third Dimensional existence back then, and right now, everyone only saw him as a Fifth Dimensional existence.

Why was that?

Leonel had never really thought about it before, but now it seemed too obvious. Your Dimension seemed to be decided by the Force level you could wield and control with your Nodes.

It probably wasn't so simple, but in all the Fourth Dimensional books Leonel had read in the Void Library, this seemed to be the most appropriate conclusion.

In that case, wasn't the reason Leonel couldn't tell the Dimension of these people because they couldn't use Force as he could? If they could, why would they be so shocked by his use of Force just now?

At that moment, the head of the burly man suddenly snapped in Leonel's direction. The sudden change was enough to make anyone's heart leap out of their chest.

But, who was Leonel? He was a man whose mind worked at a speed that could put even a computer to shame. Let alone catching him off guard with the turn of a head, Leonel had already seen through the burly man's movements long before he made them and stood absolutely still, not moving an inch.

Leonel wasn't a short distance away. With the sensory boost his Starry Tailed Fox gave him, he was able to listen in and observe this group from just over half a kilometer away. Even if he could see the burly man's face as bright as day, didn't mean the latter could do the same.

Though it was surprising that the man was so sensitive, that was all.

As expected, after furrowing his brows, the burly man turned back, continuing to listen to the reports. However, Leonel didn't relax.

Such a powerful person definitely trusted in their instincts to a great degree. Even if he didn't find evidence of Leonel, he would proceed with caution as though there really was someone there. Plus, considering his people were likely currently informing him about Leonel's appearance right this moment, he had even more reason to be cautious.

Minutes later, the burly man waved a hand and the explanations stopped. Well, by that point, it had fallen into a near all out brawl between the two sides as those that had kneeled versus those that had fought clashed.

By this point, Leonel understood some of their speech.

Those that kneeled kept using a word that sounded like "ladle" to refer to him while the people that had fought kept using a word that sounded like "sako". It was clear that one had a positive connotation while the other had a negative one.

Leonel just couldn't quite understand if the latter group's animosity was rooted in something much deeper, or if they were just made he had so easily defeated them.

Soon, the group began to make their way to their destination. It wasn't long before Leonel learned that the reason they had separated in the first place was that their leader was scouting out the situation ahead and laying out their plan of approach.

What Leonel didn't expect, though, was to follow this group for three days as they found and hunted down a single beast the size of a small van.

By that point, his throat was parched, and he had to use Dream Sense to stop his stomach from rumbling. Despite there not being any Anarchic Force in the air, this world made Leonel feel like he was once again a Third Dimensional being. The only good news was that the group stopped to rest so that Leonel could sleep and that by this point, he had already grasped their language entirely.

It took longer than expected because they rarely spoke during their hunt, focusing on remaining quiet and stealthy. But, Leonel's patience had finally paid off.

"We'll return home now," the burly man said, looking off into the distance again.

Leonel had made it a point not to antagonize the man during these days, keeping his eyes off of him. The man only seemed to have a sixth sense for Leonel's gaze, but not his presence. This meant that so long as Leonel didn't look at him directly for too long, he would slowly relax.

It took another day before the group of seven finally returned to their home, and by this point, Leonel felt like a walking skeleton. The good news was that he had managed to take advantage of some rivers they had passed by to deal with his thirst. He was able to take advantage of the Water Force concentration to deal with it. But, food remained elusive.

Every time they came across an animal, it would either run away or their hunting group would add it to their haul.

Finally, Leonel could confirm their location before going off and dealing with his needs.

The moment Leonel spotted the small village, he was ready to turn back and leave. But, what he didn't expect was for an older gentleman to walk out to greet the group.

Before Leonel could turn away and leave, yet another head snapped in his direction. It was the older man. And... Leonel was certain that unlike the failure of the burly man, he had been spotted this time.

[Chapter 1502 No Way](#)

Leonel dove out of the way, a hair-raising feeling of danger drilling into his mind as the primitive man's instincts roared at him for the first time in a long while.

Without hesitation, Leonel rolled out of the tree, his palm flipping over to reveal his self-made bow. Even as he fell from the tree, his gaze grew cold. He pulled the bowstring taut, his vision finding the one line of sight through the thickness of the trees.

At that moment, the location he had just been sitting in suddenly imploded. It looked as though someone had planted a bomb into the core of the tree, only to trigger it right this instant. However, Leonel knew better. This was definitely related to the attention of the old man.

Leonel took a breath, releasing his arrow and a breath all at once.

Swift.

The arrow shot through the air as though on rocket fuel. The sound of whistling wind didn't even reach Leonel's ears until it had already appeared before the old man's brows. No one even registered the beautiful curve the attack took through the trees. In fact, Leonel, who had begun falling from the tree, had still not even hit the ground yet.

If one thought that the only weapon Force that Leonel had strengthened during the last year was his Spear Force, you would be sorely mistaken. Even if the application wasn't the same, with Leonel's feel for the bow, his ability to translate his findings felt almost as natural as breathing. His talent in the bow seemed to be on a level all to its own.

The old man was caught off guard. However, his vision alone seemed to carry some explosive strength all to itself.

The moment he locked onto the arrow, even if it was in the final moment, it too, imploded. However, the arrow had gotten so close to him that the explosion obstructed his vision, allowing Leonel to vanish from his sight.

One would have thought that Leonel would take the opportunity to run, but almost as soon as he took the advantage, Leonel pressed.

Dream Class. Sniper Archer.

Leonel fired three more arrows before he even touched the ground, his Bow Force blazing with life and vitality. Each seemed to carry with it its own flare, reaching a level of freedom and unrestrained power that even Leonel's spear seemed to lack.

But, it was only right that things were like this. Leonel's Bow Force was being forcefully restrained to the Fifth Dimension from the Sixth, while his Spear Force had yet to take that step.

To an outside observer, though, this would still be a shock. One was supported by Spear Domain while the other was not. This should have closed the gap. And yet, Leonel's Bow Force seemed to have still left his Spear Force in the dust.

The three arrows appeared within the ground in the blink of an eye, all three fluttering like soaring birds and curving toward the burly man.

Leonel landed on the ground, his gaze sharp as he brandished another arrow.

These three days he hadn't just been casually wasting time. Whenever he found a suitable branch, he would snap it off and form another arrow. In this time, he had already formed hundreds for a situation just like this one.

The burly man, whose first instinct was to protect the old man even though the latter didn't need it, couldn't believe that he was actually the target.

He reacted quickly, brandishing his spear toward the first coming arrow, feeling that the two trailing behind it were less of a threat. But, to his horror, the moment he pierced out with a strike he had practiced no less than 10 000 times, he...

Actually missed.

The arrow fluttered, slowing down a measure.

In the grand scheme, it was akin to a car racing down the highway easing up from 100 kilometers an hour to 95, but in a battle this high level, such a sudden and abrupt change was enough to change everything.

THWACK!

The arrow pierced into the burly man's collarbone, throwing off his ability to be able to deal with the remaining two arrows.

One pierced into his knee, ruining his mobility. The other tore into the soft side of his elbow, removing his ability to brandish his spear with both hands.

Leonel, though, was still shocked by the outcome. Those arrows should have gone through the burly man's body entirely. And yet, it had sounded like he just stuck them into a solid tree. Just how strong was this person's body?!

Even Leonel, who had the Morales family's Metal Body technique, wasn't so sturdy, at least not without releasing both his Divine Armor and Bronze Runes, and even then he wouldn't be able to match up.

Unfortunately, Leonel didn't get to linger on the thought for long, because he knew the vision of the old man would clear right this moment.

He was already prepared, releasing the string of his arrow again. But, just as he was about to, his fingers paused.

He could see it quite clearly. The old man was incredibly pale-faced, hints of blood falling down his cheeks like streaking tears. Leonel knew right then that even if the old man wanted to act again, he wouldn't be able to.

Still, he kept his senses primed, walking forward slowly. He had taken advantage of the situation to deal with the burly man, so this was a chance he shouldn't give him. He wasn't sure if this small village had anyone else so powerful, but his deductions told him that the answer to that question was no.

If there were, it was unlikely for someone with the status the old man seemed to have to come out to greet them personally. If Leonel was correct, then all of this village's strongest existences were right here.

At that moment, the small group watched in horror as Leonel slowly walked out of the forest's edge, his bow still raised.

If he was so effective from 500 meters away, none of them dared to imagine just what kind of monster he would be at this close a range. There was no way any of them could deal with such a thing.

[Chapter 1503 Oddity](#)

The old man breathed heavily, a concentrated look in his eyes. He seemed to be trying very hard to recover so that he could attack again. But, something about the coldness in Leonel's eyes seemed to tell him that he would be prepared for this. In fact, he seemed to feel that Leonel was untouchable.

The burly man roared. Limping on one leg, he dove at Leonel, brandishing his spear with one arm. But, just as he was about to skewer Leonel through, his spear burst into a rain of ash.

Losing his spear and without hitting the target he thought he would, the burly man fell forward, hitting the ground cheek first and skidding to a stop at Leonel's feet.

When the old man saw this, his eyes opened as wide as saucers. Under the astonished gazes of the hunter squadron and the few who had come out of the village after hearing the commotion, the old man fell to his knees.

"Esteemed nobleman, esteemed nobleman! Please forgive my ignorance!"

He kowtowed as hard as he could, his forehead smashing into the ground repeatedly. Despite the fact that this location was mostly soft soil, the old man was so vehement that his forehead eventually split into a bloody wound.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. Was this reaction because of his Spear Domain? Or was it something else?

If Leonel didn't know better, he would think that he had somehow stumbled into the tribulation of his Spear Domain Heirloom. He had found it very weird these past few days that he hadn't run into anyone from the Void Palace.

Usually, when one entered a Sub Dimensional Zone, you were all taken to the very same place. When Leonel and Aina entered the Paris Zone, they appeared in a village together. When Leonel entered the Camelot Zone with the Slayer Legion, the only reason he had been able to go off on his own was that he entered first and then used his self-created Craft to hide underground when the others appeared.

Regardless of the situation, everyone who entered together always appeared together. It simply didn't make any sense that Leonel was on his own like this. So, he had assumed that something else went wrong.

Maybe his Spear Domain Heirloom was triggered again, moving his tribulation up even further. It felt possible since everyone he ran into seemed to use a spear as well.

But, Leonel wasn't willing to conclude this. For one, the spear was an innately common weapon to begin with, especially in a more primitive setting like this one. People liked to call the sword the first weapon, but the truth was that the first weapon, if not the rock, was most definitely the spear.

Plus, there was also the matter of the sheer number of individuals that had entered. Leonel couldn't ignore the fact that the basic functions of this Zone had been ruined by the oddity of their appearance within it.

"Stop," Leonel said coolly, speaking their language as though he had always been able to do this.

It was only when Leonel said this that the old man paused. But, even then, the latter didn't raise his head, not daring to look up for fear of what might happen next.

"What is your name?" Leonel asked.

"My name is Farlee, nobleman."

Leonel narrowed his eyes. He just wanted to test the bottom line of these people and also ensure that he had grasped their language as well as he thought he had.

"Where is this place, Farlee? I've lost my way. Where is the fastest route back?"

Leonel wasn't specific with his words on purpose. Any ignorance on his part, if shown in too great a quantity, might result in this situation going south. Before then, Leonel had to make sure he secured as much information as possible.

It made sense for a so-called "nobleman" like him to not know this place. It was a small village, nearby a stream of water, in the middle of a forest. It was doubtful that a person of high standing would know this place like the back of their hand.

"Sir, Slale City is two days' journey southeast of here. Trith City is a day and a half's journey northwest of here. And Cing City is three days' journey west of here."

Farlee did his best to recall everything and gave all the information he knew of, not holding back. Since Leonel wasn't specific, he just told him everything, hoping one of these cities was Leonel's own. He couldn't help but hold his breath when he saw Leonel's lack of a response.

Inwardly, Leonel was frowning. This wasn't because of the information, he had no reason not to trust it. Rather, it was that this little village seemed too weird.

Southeast, northwest, and even west itself. This village was entirely surrounded by cities, so why did these people choose to stay here it was a bit odd. It wasn't like traveling was the issue, these weren't particularly long journeys in the grand scheme of things. Also, danger shouldn't have been a problem either.

After following the hunter squad around, it was easy for Leonel to make these sort of deductions. The population of beasts wasn't ridiculously high. In fact, their village didn't even have heavy defenses, there wasn't even a wall around them.

So it was relatively safe, the distance wasn't too far, there were several cities to choose from, and yet they all chose to remain here?

It wasn't that Leonel didn't believe that some would prefer to live in a more rural area, but when he thought about the split sort of reaction he received... one seething with hatred and the other worshipful as though he was a deity descended from the skies, his brows couldn't help but furrow.

Leonel shook his head.

"Give me some spices and I'll be on my way."

Farlee kowtowed again and did as Leonel asked, almost handing over way too much.

After casually helping the burly man heal, Leonel turned toward the direction of Trith City, the closest of the three, and vanished.

[Chapter 1504 What Kind Of City Is This?](#)

Leonel grilled meat in one hand and seasoned it with the other. His Radiant Force and Scarlet Star Force might have been powerful Fire Forces, but they were no good at cooking. One was radioactive and the other was intent on destroying everything in its path. So, for something like this, Leonel could only use regular Fire Force.

But, it was more difficult than he thought it would be. Leonel had never really struggled with pulling atmospheric Force toward himself until he stepped foot into the Void Palace. By then, the Anarchic Force was so dense that using atmospheric Force was mostly a pipe dream. This was a large part of why Leonel had still rarely used his Scarlet Star Force even after awakening the ability to pull it toward him on a whim.

Leonel had thought that he wouldn't need to worry about it anymore while he was in this place since there was no Anarchic Force. But, just like with all the other oddities, he still struggled.

Back when he was practically dying of thirst, he had to approach a river to find dense enough Water Force to satiate himself. Usually, he would be able to call upon Water Force whenever he wanted now, thanks to his Divine Armor. But if he did that here, he would be lucky to form a single drop.

This matter stretched to other things as well. For example, Leonel concluded that the reason his arrows hadn't been devastating was that he had shot from too far away.

Previously, shooting from 500 meters away, so long as Anarchic Force wasn't present, was as easy as breathing. But, in this place, his Bow Force actually weakened so much over this distance. Now, his previous 500 meter range was about equivalent to his current 100 to 75 meter range. He would definitely have to adjust.

Unfortunately, the problems just kept coming. After a day and a half, Leonel had still not spotted the city.

His first thought was that the old man had lied to him, but Leonel frowned at such a possibility. He was very good at reading people. Even though he couldn't be considered to be a lie detector, he still didn't believe that Farlee would have even dared to lie to him in the first place.

'Is it possible...?'

A thought flashed in Leonel's eyes. He didn't consider for a moment that he had deviated from the right path, his sense of direction was too solid. He did consider the possibility that the old man's sense of direction wouldn't be as strong as his own. Plus, if the city was just a little bit off the cardinal direction the old man had stated, Leonel could end up way off.

Still... Leonel thought that it was likely the hidden third open. And, over three more days after the initial day and a half estimate, he finally saw it looming ahead.

As expected, the estimates for speed the old man had given were based on what he thought of Leonel, a realization that made the latter especially serious.

Obviously, Leonel hadn't gone all out during the past several days and even took a lot of time to check around for clues and signs of human life, just in case he had veered off course. However, for Farlee to underestimate his speed by three times...

Just how strong were these noblemen? And what would Leonel do now that he was here?

Up ahead, an enormous city loomed. It was like a steel behemoth, its walls flashing with silvery lights and only the tallest buildings within being barely visible from Leonel's vantage point.

However, very quickly, Leonel realized that the city was much further away than he thought it was. It was just that the city was so large that it had taken a moment for his perception to adjust. When he calculated how large it must be, his brows couldn't help but shoot up.

Leonel entered stealth mode, becoming even more focused than he had been before. If Farlee could see through him before, it was clear that his previous attempts hadn't been nearly good enough. Of course, Leonel had gotten complacent after three days as well, not to mention the fact that he had been hungry.

But now, he was in top shape.

Leonel didn't understand enough about this situation to enter the city so freely. He had to observe a bit first.

As Leonel got closer, he realized he was still several dozen kilometers away. This wouldn't normally be an issue with his speed, but the main problem was that the number of beasts seemed to increase rather than lessen. At the same time, the Force in the air seemed to also thicken.

When Leonel finally managed to enter a kilometer range, his eyes couldn't help but widen.

The entire city... no, it was only accurate to say that the portions of the city that Leonel could see were surrounded by an abyss!

Chains connected the open city gates. Just from Leonel's point of view, there were three. Each chain link was tens of meters across and their thickness didn't need to be mentioned.

Those that wanted to enter the city crossed these "paths", risking what seemed like life and limb just for a chance. And, from what it seemed, there were even some that were turned away at the entrance and forced to go back!

Leonel watched as several fell to their deaths. Some had even been close but were assaulted by an unlucky rush of powerful wind.

'What... kind of city is this?'

Leonel was at a loss. Was it worth risking life and death to enter?

There were some that didn't seem to need to risk as much to enter. These individuals procured the help of large snake beasts that coiled their bodies around the chains to slither forward, swaying along with the chains. From what Leonel had seen, not a single ground escorted by one of these snakes had died.

However, it seemed to be very expensive to gain such a service. In addition, it was mostly a route taken by individuals who seemed to be merchants? Leonel wouldn't be surprised if they gained a large discount for their efforts.

Just as Leonel was thinking about whether or not the risk would be worth it, he froze.

Right then, a merchant carriage rolled to the edge of the abyss. Unlike the other carriages, this one pulled along a cage on wheels.

What made Leonel freeze was that within these cages, beaten and ragged, were Noah and Myghell.

Leonel's gaze flickered with rage.

[Chapter 1505 Who Could?](#)

This scene confirmed to Leonel that he definitely wasn't in the Spear Domain's Zone. However, aside from that small bit of assurance, there was nothing else to be happy about. He couldn't say that he cared very much for Myghell, but he didn't hate him either, the two just had their own separate perspectives on certain matters. Leonel wouldn't just watch as Myghell was taken into what clearly seemed to be slavery without doing anything.

And, even if Leonel had no intention of saving Myghell and he turned a blind eye to it all, he couldn't possibly leave his cousin alone like this, right?

Leonel took a breath and calmed himself.

His gaze shifted toward the bridge and then the city. What little information he had told him that his best chance at saving these two was to act right this moment. With such a large city, with such a menacing atmosphere, Leonel was certain that whoever was in charge was a monster in their own right.

Leonel hadn't even been confident in taking down the warrior of a little village without using some tricks. And, if not for his sharp senses and quick reaction time, he would have lost his life to the old man. Yet, it was all too obvious to him that they feared these so-called "noblemen" down to the deepest depths of their bones.

Even without seeing the strongest of this world, Leonel knew from this alone that they weren't to be trifled with. And, since these slave traffickers were acting in broad daylight, it was clearly within the rules of the city for them to act as such. This meant that Leonel wouldn't have morality on his side either.

Plus, even if Leonel didn't have any of these reference points, just the fact that whoever had targeted the Void Palace dared to swallow up their Seventh Dimensional powerhouses into this place as well meant that, in all likelihood, there were individuals here more than capable of dealing with such existences.

There was always a possibility that this wasn't the case, but if the Seventh Dimensional existences of the Void Palace could truly move freely, they would have long since made a huge commotion to gather up all the students to think of a plan.

The fact they hadn't spoke volumes.

Leonel's jaw clenched, his gaze flickering back and forth between several crucial points.

'I'm 100% confident in crossing the chain bridge, but fighting on it would be impossible. There's a 50/50 shot that I fall if I start a battle there, so it'll have to be before they begin crossing. But, if I attack before then... No, this is really the only choice.'

Leonel took a breath, his gaze turning frighteningly cold. His mind was only filled with one thought. If Noah and Myghell could be taken in like this, what about everyone else? How many had been taken into slavery like this?

And... What about Aina?

'Just die.'

Leonel was decisive. The moment he made his choice, he rose to his feet high in the trees and fired. Before anyone could realize what was happening, three heads were skewered through.

Leonel had learned his lesson from the last time. 500 meters was much too far away, but this time, he was only 100 meters away. At this distance, his lethality was on a whole other level.

CLANG!

Leonel's gaze flickered when his arrow failed to shatter the lock of the cage, but his hands didn't falter. He had already accounted for such a possibility. He didn't believe that his cousin or Myghell had been stagnant during the year it had been since he saw them. The fact they were captured spoke not only to the strength of their captors, but also their means.

In the brief instant of Leonel's failed assault, the attention of several turned toward his location. If there was one weakness of being a sniper, it was that every shot would expose more information about your whereabouts.

In this environment, Leonel couldn't curve his shots very much without using Sixth Dimensional Force. So, after four, many had already triangulated his position.

A powerful aura came crashing down on Leonel from above, but the latter's sharp gaze didn't waver.

He knew where these powerful auras were coming from. One was from the man he assumed was an overseer of the city. He was the one who had spoken with the carriage leader and brokered a deal between them and the city.

The second was the carriage leader himself.

The former wore what looked like a military uniform made of soft fabrics and covered in pockets and simple lines. But, the latter was dressed like a wealthy businessman. If not for Leonel's sharp eyes, he would have never known that he was a powerful existence, to begin with.

It was clear in an instant, the pressure these two gave off made the burly man of the village look like a joke. However, the fury in Leonel's eyes only grew.

He could see it in their eyes. They were actually angry with him for trying to free slaves? He would have respected them more if they took this matter in stride, accepting that this was a normal part of the business they partook in.

But, from their gazes, it was clear that they felt like they had an ingrained right to do as they pleased.

Such people, quite frankly, disgusted Leonel.

At that moment, the seal in Leonel's left kidney shattered, breaking through several layers all at once. From the size of half a fingernail, it grew to about half the size of a large grape, flooding Leonel's body with Scarlet Star Force and turning his pale violet eyes into a liquid red-gold.

The fifth arrow was already prepared as Leonel's eyes flickered with dancing Destruction Runes, each more elaborate than the last.

Since he had trouble pulling from the atmosphere in this place, he would just pull from his own Innate Node. Who could stop him?

Leonel's fingers released his bowstring, a streak of crimson cutting through the air in its wake.

[Chapter 1506 Shocking Ability](#)

The eyes of the businessman and overseer widened, a spike of danger twisting into their hearts as they felt their lives flash before their eyes. They thought that they had already understood the strength of the attacker, but for this mysterious person's strength to suddenly skyrocket to this level...

BANG!

The lock of the cage shattered. Flames raced across the bars like a disease or a curse, flashing with complex runes as they ruined the structural integrity of the metal.

In one moment, the cage felt like it was impregnable. In the next, it crumbled to ash, whistling in the wind as though it was nothing more than the fluttering leaves of a dying tree.

When the businessman and overseer realized that they weren't the target of the arrow, they inwardly breathed a sigh of relief, but their expressions became ugly not long later.

However, in response, Leonel shot three more arrows, each twisting toward a vital point of their bodies. While none of these arrows were powerful by Scarlet Star Force, they application of Forceful to their bodies made them carry the strength of a shotgun.

The wind clapped like thunder under the speeding arrows, the release of Leonel's bowstring sounding no different from an iron ball tearing a path out of a canon.

Myghell's expression flickered. How could he not be familiar with Scarlet Star Force? With the rarity of the Force, and the fact the person wielding it was trying to save them, he would be a fool to not think of Leonel.

Truthfully, Myghell had a lot of reasons to hate Leonel. After all, because of Leonel, his years of effort and accumulated strength at the Quasi Sixth Dimension was all ruined. Without Leonel's Innate Node, he had to find a completely different path to enter the Sixth Dimensional God Path, and as such, he was actually growing weaker by the day instead of stronger.

However, Myghell never really took this personally, he just took it as him being unlucky. Whether he won the fight against Leonel or not, he would have still given Leonel his Innate Node back. The main reason he hadn't earlier was that it would have left him too injured to fight in the first place.

Seeing Leonel now, though, left him with a whole host of complicated feelings. Still, these complicated feelings didn't slow his movements in the slightest.

Myghell and Noah sprung action at once. Though their hands and feet were both bound, the two were experts in their own right.

The chains that bound their ankles were two feet apart and were linked to the chains that bound their wrists. Still, they were able to begin running with a crouch and short steps.

The two of them weren't the only ones in the carriage. In fact, there were others of the Void Palace inside as well. However, it was only the two of them who recognized Leonel without laying eyes on him and as such shot in his direction without hesitation.

Seeing their reaction, many subconsciously followed while other broke off in different directions, hoping to take advantage of the situation. With most focused on a single path, there might be less people who chased after them.

Leonel continued to cover their retreat, his arrows peppering the guards, businessman and overseer to the point they couldn't even begin to run after the escapees.

Each one of Leonel's arrows was menacing and placed in an awkward position. He aimed for their eyes, their knees, their feet, even their crotches. He held nothing back, assaulting them with numbers.

"Fuck! He can't use it anymore, charge forward!"

The overseer's skin suddenly flashed with a metallic light. His hands snapped outward as though he was throwing daggers, but he had nothing in his palms at all.

To Leonel's shock, though, layers of the overseer's skin peeled off, attaching to the thick trees in the surroundings.

Soon, the overseer shot forward, bouncing between the trees at a speed that was almost impossible to track. Between bounces, he would throw out more silver disks, attaching them to more and more trees.

He flew forward like a speeding bullet, his body becoming a large streak of silver. It took no more than a single breath for him to cut the distance between himself and the nearest escapee to less than five meters.

Leonel was stunned by what he was seeing. He could tag this ability to a specific Ability Index and it even seemed like a combination of many of them, including Allan's magnet Ability Index. However... that was all.

The overseer might be far faster than Leonel now, but his movement had also become far more predictable. Facing an enemy like Leonel, he had basically just sealed his fate.

Leonel didn't even take a breath of time to calculate, his fingers having already released.

The overseer suddenly panicked. He release that with the way Leonel's arrow had curved, he was adding to its force with his own momentum. Even if Leonel didn't use Scarlet Star Force again—!

THWACK!

The overseer was pierced through the forehead, the head of Leonel's arrow tearing into his skull just as the body of the arrow exploded into countless pieces.

With a heavy thump, the overseer crashed into the tree he was magnetically attached to. There was such speed and force behind it that the tree cracked, beginning to slowly fall forward.

Leonel frowned slightly. This was a bit of a problem.

He took a breath, Sixth Dimensional Force spinning around his arrow as he released it.

It tore through skies so quickly that there was absolute silence even after it crashed into its target.

BANG!

The arrow curled around, smashing into the side of the tree. An explosion sounded, a huge chunk of the bark and trunk imploded until it looked as though a giant had taken a giant bite out of it.

The falling tree deviated, stopping its forward momentum and beginning to fall back and to the side.

The pursuing guards, businessmen and lagging overseers suddenly found the behemoth-like shadow of a tree quickly falling toward them, their faces contorting in shock.

[Chapter 1507 Not Enough Information](#)

Heavy breathing filled the depths of the forest as a group of escapees gathered around one another and leaned on the thickness of the trees around them.

At that moment, Leonel appeared at the treetops, his face still obscured by a blinding golden light. Seeing such a thing, Myghell and Noah frowned for a moment, but after realizing the potential issues, their brows relaxed.

As the saying went, when smart people met together, there wasn't a need for so many words. The three of them very quickly came to a tacit understanding.

"Where are you all from?"

Leonel spoke in the language of the village people. Very quickly, he could see who among them grew confused and who among them responded with acknowledgment. It was just that easy for Leonel to tell who came from the Void Palace and who didn't. Aside from Myghell and Noah, there seemed to be three others.

Still, this wasn't 100% factual. For all Leonel knew, there were different dialects. But, from what he had observed around the city, at least in this region, everyone should speak the same language.

Leonel received many answers to his questions, much of which he couldn't really understand. They spoke of landmarks and locations he had never heard of, but they did so with confidence so it was obvious that these were likely common places everyone knew about.

After hearing their words, Leonel went through everyone one by one and began to destroy their shackles. It was more delicate work than breaking the cage had been, harder too, but since Leonel could use his hands, it wasn't that big of a problem.

'Their gazes toward me turn a lot more worshipful the more I use my abilities. It seems like I was right about some stuff...'

Leonel could have shot more than one arrow of Scarlet Star Force, however, he had purposely chosen not to, his mind thinking of the old man that had tired out after using his ability just twice.

Although there wasn't much information, nor enough data points, if Leonel was correct, as he usually was, this world likely separated itself into people with powerful abilities and those without. And, it was likely that the marker for "powerful" abilities was whether it could manifest itself in some sort of outward projection of Force or not.

In addition, though this was a greater stretch and a conclusion that Leonel was more doubtful of, there seemed to be more restrictions on abilities in this place as well.

These restrictions likely weren't a product of their birth, but rather the world itself. This place was more stifling than even a pinnacle Seventh Dimensional world flooded with Anarchic Force. In such an environment, the suppression of Ability Indexes was also exceptional.

If it wasn't for Leonel's ability strengthening in the Rapax Nest, even his own Ability Index would have fallen to Tier 3 or even worse in this place, let alone the average person.

As such, in a place like this one, those that could display powerful abilities were even rarer than they were back in Leonel's Dimensional Verse. And, as a result of this, there was an even clearer dividing line between the talented and untalented, even to the point there was slavery here.

Still, this left more questions than answers.

Where was this place? What point in history did it represent? The Human Domain didn't have such a powerful world anywhere.

Could it be a snippet of the future? Was this a Variant Zone?

It was possible. A Variant Zone appeared when a world was at a crossroads and it was a chance to turn things around for the better.

But, a Variant Zone was also known for its low difficulty. What about this place was easy, exactly?! And where were the rewards?!

Plus, a Variant Zone wouldn't be styled after a real world, at least not usually. It would be more like a challenge or a game, left behind by future generations who didn't like how things had turned out. This was why the only Variant Zone Leonel had ever heard of was found on Terrain and entered by Aina.

That wasn't to say that a Variant Zone couldn't be like this, but it wasn't the most efficient use of resources for a world likely on its last legs, to begin with.

Then the only logical conclusion seemed to be that this was a Zone not from the Human Domain, but another Domain entirely.

But in that case, why was it that everyone here was human? Even the powerhouses who ran the city seemed to also be human.

From what Leonel had learned from Wise Star Order, it wasn't that humans didn't exist in other Domains, it was rather that they were instead treated like second class citizens. However, clearly, there were humans in power in this place. Unless there was another tier of overseers that Leonel hadn't seen and humans were actually selling their own to their other-race overlords, this conclusion seemed unlikely as well.

Then what was the truth?

Quite frankly... Leonel had no idea.

After freeing them all, Leonel was profusely thanked and he didn't stop any of them from leaving. However, he did take the opportunity to secretly tag some of them, tracking their location for a while both so that he could place a mental mark on the locations they spoke about and... for a more unfortunate reason.

Once they were all gone, Leonel was left with just the Void Palace members, but he still wasn't quite sure if he should reveal his face just yet. If this was truly a hopeless situation, that would mean that this would essentially be their world now until they died. In that case, he couldn't trust anyone even if they were formerly from the Void Palace.

Once despair sunk in, who knew what people would do?

"You five don't seem to be able to understand me?"

Leonel trusted in the genius of the Void Palace disciples. After so many days, he didn't believe that they wouldn't have picked up at least some of the language even if they lacked his processing speed.

After several attempts, though, Noah eventually said something that left Leonel in silence.

"Body... Weak... No... Force."

Leonel's eyes narrowed. What was going on?

[Chapter 1508 Touching?](#)

Was Noah trying to say that he couldn't use Force?

Honestly, while the group was running, Leonel had noted that they hadn't used Force. Although Myghell had lost the Speed Branch after stepping past the Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor, Noah definitely still had it. It didn't make sense that he wouldn't try to multiply his speed as he ran.

Leonel had thought that it was related to the chains wrapped around their bodies. After all, Earth had had Force blocking methods, so even though Leonel hadn't run into such a thing at higher Dimensions, that didn't mean that they didn't exist, maybe he had just been lucky to not stumble into such a thing.

However, while Leonel had been destroying their bindings, other than the strength and power of the ores used to forge them, he didn't sense anything else about the chains.

If they had been designed to block Force, they would have resisted his Scarlet Star Force a lot more and a lot better as well.

Leonel's brows furrowed behind the mask of bright light that covered his face. He turned his attention toward the others and their reactions seemed to be similar. Even Myghell, who should have been close to if not the most talented among them, reacted in the same way. But, he should have known.

'Myghell and Noah should be equally as talented, actually. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if Noah surpassed Myghell in the future with the setbacks the latter has faced. But for them both to be in this situation...'

Leonel felt like a headache was coming along. He thought he had finally gained some help and support, but instead, the people here were actually so weak. This was more than a little troublesome.

He couldn't understand what was happening no matter how he racked his brain. This world was, indeed, stronger than the Void Palace grounds, but it wasn't exaggerated to the point that such geniuses couldn't even bring out at least a portion of their strength.

Leonel needed more information, he had to enter the city.

Leonel stood before he hesitated slightly. Leaving everyone here without his protection would make things a bit troublesome. They had been caught once already, what if they were caught again? Clearly, they didn't have the strength to protect themselves.

No, that wasn't exactly true. Although they couldn't use Force, their bodies were still quite powerful, and that was especially so for Myghell who had the White Stone Elephant Lineage Factor.

Leonel shook his head. He obviously couldn't bring them into the city with him, they wouldn't even be able to cross the bridge in their current state.

Gritting his teeth, Leonel made a decision.

"You all will have to protect yourselves. Stick together, there is power in numbers. Head in..."

Leonel explained how to get to the village. Although he wasn't completely certain, he believed that the villagers would take them in. He hadn't spent much time there, but what he did know was that the village was in need of helping hands. If they had more hunters, their lives would be easier. Plus, Leonel would also have a method of finding them faster.

After he was finished, he gave a small signal to Myghell and Noah, both of whom understood. They were grown men, after all. Even if Leonel wanted to coddle them, they wouldn't allow it to happen. Their pride ran deep. They had been caught once but they wouldn't allow it to happen again.

Plus, they realized the gravity of the situation. Leonel was like a light at the end of the tunnel, but if there were really so few of them who could use their Force, what chance did they stand of getting out alive?

This might be a world, but it wasn't their world. And, even if they forced themselves to feel comfortable here, what of the human race? What would they do without them?

Weren't they meant to be the protectors of the Human Domain? The frontline warriors? How could they not do everything in their power to return?

And, even if they could forget their duty and stay here indefinitely, they were geniuses! They were used to wielding power and authority! How could they settle for being the bottom rung of society?!

Leonel turned and left, the group watching as his back disappeared with clenched fists.

Noah rose to his feet, his Emperor's Might flickering in his eyes with a dense green. In the past, it had been able to blanket his surroundings in an oppressive pressure. But now, it was like a caged dragon, continuously ramming against its cage to no avail.

"Let's go, everyone."

...

Leonel appeared by the edge of the abyss once again. The commotion had yet to die down and there were several more overseers in the region. Some had surrounded their dead companion's body, others were still discussing how to capture Leonel and his friends, while there was another group that Leonel was sure had likely already set off on a hunt.

Still, despite this, Leonel acted as though nothing special was going on, strolling forward until he was eventually stopped.

"Halt!"

Leonel, who had spent hours observing the city, was already long since prepared.

His hand flashed with Bronze Runes and he smacked the hand of the overseer away. His actions were so abrupt and powerful that a resounding clap sounded through the atmosphere followed by the crack of bone.

"Who the hell do you think you're touching?"

The overseer who had tried to stop Leonel had been reaching a hand for Leonel's chest and definitely hadn't expected such a thing to happen at all, however, he only paused for a moment before he grabbed his hand in agony, falling to the ground as he sucked in a cold breath.

With the influx of overseers in the region, not all of them were as powerful as the one Leonel had killed. Realizing this, Leonel had purposely aimed for one he was certain he could handle, teaching him a swift and savage lesson.

Without another word, he walked toward the chains and hopped on.

[Chapter 1509 Shameless](#)

The overseers looked over to see their companion on the floor, but none of them moved to do anything. In fact, some of them shook their head and sneered.

Rookies.

As an overseer, you had a great deal of authority, but you required the strength to enact it first. If you targeted the wrong person... Well, this would be your outcome.

Leonel had observed enough to see the subtle sort of balance that was played out here. This world was far more unregulated than the ones he was used to. Just judging by the fact that people died here every day trying to cross the chain bridges spoke volumes.

This place was one where power spoke above all else. In that way, it wasn't too unlike the Void Palace. But, Leonel highly doubted there were rules against killing here.

One might wonder, then, why it was that Leonel was chased like he was? That was even simpler. Where power ruled and money talked, there were obviously some people's bottom lines that shouldn't be touched. The fact slavery was allowed here meant that there was someone higher up that benefited from them.

The overseers watched in silence as Leonel crossed the bridge. Since this young man they had never seen before dared to be so arrogant, he should have the strength to cross the bridge as well.

Honestly, even they as overseers would choose to ride the snakes across unless it was an urgent matter. It wasn't that they didn't have the strength to cross, it was rather that no one would want to place their lives at risk for no reason.

The rookie overseer who was still seething on the ground couldn't help but look toward Leonel's back with red eyes, hoping that he would fall over to his death. But, he didn't dare to voice this out loud.

The chains swayed beneath Leonel's feet and his eyes narrowed. His control over his body was immaculate, but even he felt shaky in this place. There was definitely something deeper to these chains, something that went beyond what the naked eye could see.

Leonel tapped his foot and shot forward as though he was racing across a track. His actions left the overseers frozen. There were very few who dared to use that kind of speed on the chains, they were few and far between. However, something told Leonel that this kind of speed was the only way to ensure his survival.

The odd rushes of wind, the rhythmic swaying of the chains, there was something oddly hypnotic about them. Leonel subconsciously wanted to find out more, but it was precisely because of this that he blazed for. He had a feeling that if he focused so much on it, he truly would fall.

In just a few minutes, Leonel had made it to the other side. But, the fact it took him so long at such a speed was enough to show just the kind of behemoth-like city he was dealing with.

When Leonel entered the gates, he found a world of metal. The homes, the shops, the skyline, all of it was encased in some sort of silvery metal, some sections far more rusted than others. The combination made some of the city look like a futuristic utopia and other parts look like the dilapidated ghettos of a dystopian hellscape.

The push and pull somehow reminded him of the swinging chains to his back. Why did it feel like everything about this place was playing on his mind somehow?

Leonel walked forward, trying to get a lay of the city. He had come here for information, but he didn't even know where he should be going, or even what he was looking for information about, truthfully.

The answers he needed felt too broad. Understanding would require a comprehensive understanding of a world he had only just stepped foot into.

'Maybe there's an easier way? A library? An information center? What should I do about currency? It would feel suspicious if I just entered the city only to leave because I didn't have a place to sleep. After observing the city for a while, there seem to be a lot of people who enter, but those that left were far fewer and didn't seem to be the same individuals either.'

Leonel shook his head. 'I should have extorted that overseer for some cash.'

It didn't take long for Leonel to learn about the currency system. He just needed to casually observe some shops for a bit.

The currency system this city used was coin-based. Oddly enough, though, these coins seemed to flicker with their own light as though there was a universe of stars hidden within them. Leonel was entirely certain, he would have to personally inspect them to see what was so special.

Luckily, there were many who entered the city like Leonel who were looking for jobs and money. It didn't take long before Leonel found a "Job Center" with a long line up outside.

Unfortunately, while Leonel could speak the language, he couldn't read it, so it had taken him longer to find this place than he cared to admit. But, after reading so many signs and posters, and cross referencing with the services they gave, he was slowly building a database of their alphabet as well.

"What job would you like?"

An uninterested voice came from the counter. The middle-aged woman behind it had already sunk into the monotony of her life and job, so she wasn't very eager to show any enthusiasm.

Leonel was a bit embarrassed because he could read the postings very well. So, instead of taking such a route, he decided to be a bit shameless.

"Good afternoon, gorgeous. How about you help me out a bit? I need a job that is easy and high paying, do you have one?"

Leonel leaned forward, whispering so that only the woman behind the rusted metal counter could hear him.

The woman was quite used to such asks, so she looked up, still uninterested. Until, that is, she met Leonel's eyes. Something about their pale violet drew her in.

What beautiful eyes.

[Chapter 1510 Bunny](#)

Leonel smiled as he strolled away from the counter, his mission successful. However, he soon cleared his throat and put on a semi-serious expression. He would have to take this to his grave, he definitely couldn't let Aina know he was selling himself like that. He couldn't appear to be so cheap, his body was sacred.

Leonel looked down at the permit in his hands, oriented himself, and began to walk forward.

Truthfully, he was a bit worried about what he had gotten himself into. A job that was both easy and high paying didn't come so freely, as ironic as it might sound. And, remembering that knowing, coy smile the middle-aged woman had given him, Leonel could only shake his head.

But, this was the best option he had. He could take a laborer's job, but if his head was stuck in a mine or an oil rig all day, how would he find the information he needed?

No matter what world you were in, information was the resource of the strong and powerful. In that case, Leonel could only aim for the very top.

When Leonel reached his destination and saw that it was actually a high class restaurant, he grinned. It seemed he had hit the jackpot.

Not wanting to cause trouble, Leonel wrapped around back. Nothing would be worse than ruining such a good thing.

It only took a glance to see the kind of people they let into this place. If Leonel tried to enter with his current clothing, he would get chased out with a broom.

After reaching the back stealthily, Leonel knocked on the door a few times and waited.

About a half minute later, the head of a man wearing what looked like a chef's cap poked out, a large cloud of steam following him. The man's face was so rosy that one would have thought that he was doing something very different from cooking.

"Who're you?"

The man's voice came out in a loud shout. It was either he was too used to his bustling work environment, or there was something wrong with his ears. Still, Leonel didn't say much and just handed over the permit.

"Ah, a new brat? Good, good. And you're actually sensible enough to come around back instead of scaring away all my customers, not bad. If you can survive a few hours, I might call you back tomorrow."

Leonel's lip twitched. What was that supposed to mean? Wasn't this supposed to be an easy job?

"Come to think of it, there's actually a group of ladies that just came in. Good timing."

Leonel found himself being pulled in by his collar like some sort of ragdoll. This man had more strength than it seemed. Why he would become a cook with this level of strength was beyond Leonel entirely.

"Carra, get the new brat into an outfit and show him the ropes!"

When Carra rounded a corner, Leonel choked on his own spit. He didn't like where this was going one bit, not the slightest bit. This wasn't an easy job at all. In fact, if he wasn't careful, he would leave here only after losing a layer of skin.

Carra was dressed like a bunny rabbit, her legs covered in fishnet stockings. Leonel was in an all new world, but he was sure that this was a universal language all men could understand.

She was tall, or maybe it was just the six inch high heels she wore. Either way, her legs were definitely long, slender, and toned. The black leotard she wore gripped tightly to her ground and around her waist, wrapping around her back to split what must have been two fleshly mounds into four. It wasn't shy about tightening around her in the slightest, and that pattern continued with her chest as well.

Carra was definitely a world class beauty, but her outfit only made it all the more exaggerated. And, like a finishing touch, her fake bunny ears actually moved along with her eyebrows as though they were real!

Carra must have thought that Leonel was ogling her by this point, but the truth was that Leonel never really reacted to women outside of Aina, even if they were objectively just as beautiful. Though, in this case, Carra was actually a tick below.

What Leonel was really reacting to was the realization of what he had gotten himself into.

He wanted to shed tears, but it was already too late. That middle-aged woman had really taken nice care of him.

"Alright, come, come. My customers are waiting I only have a few minutes."

Carra pulled Leonel along toward the back of the kitchen and dragged him into the workers' change room and office.

Without a care for Leonel's gaze, she turned her back to him and pulled down her leotard to her belly button, revealing a beautiful back view. Then, she reached into her locker. With one hand, she pulled off a pair of nipple pasties, and with the other, she replaced them with a new, less sweaty pair, before pulling her leotard back up.

She took no more than a few seconds to finish. Once she was done, she went to the only desk in the room and pulled open a drawer, taking out a new uniform.

"This is the uniform for the male workers. Most of them can't hack it, and those that can are usually chased away by the customers. Those women have pretty high standards, but judging by your looks, you should pass with flying colors. The only question is how entertaining you can be.

"Female customers are more difficult to please than male customers are, so you'll need to work harder. Think of a routine, or find something interesting to chat about.

"Remember the rules, though. They're a bit different for male hosts. Touching can only be initiated by the customer. All forms of sex are not allowed within the walls of the restaurant. And, above all else, the customer's pleasure comes first."

Leonel caught the uniform Carra through over and watched her sway out.

He stood in silence for a long time, not knowing what to think.

"Fuck."