

## Descent 1511

### [Chapter 1511 \[Bonus\]](#)

Leonel sighed.

All things considered, this sort of place really was the best to use to gather information. A gathering of noble and rich people, all a little too drunk to always act in their best judgment, this was the perfect place.

'Forgive me Aina, this is for the greater good, I swear.'

Leonel stripped and began to put on his uniform. When he saw what it was, he sighed a breath of relief. At least it wasn't too outrageous. He had been expecting the worst—skin-tight speedos, oil, and maybe a pair of bunny ears for himself, the works. Luckily, it wasn't that exaggerated.

The pants were a pair of dress pants. Though they were a bit tight, it wasn't too bad. Leonel was just surprised that they actually had a set tall enough for him.

The shoes matched the pants quite well. Leonel slipped them on and then clipped on the suspenders to the pants. As for the shirt...

'I knew it was too good to be true.'

Leonel looked up toward the ceiling. There was no shirt.

Leonel weakly put on the bowtie, his eyes threatening to flood with tears. Then, without a choice, he stepped outside.

The steam of the kitchen assaulted him once again, only making matters worse. With this moisture clinging to him now, he might as well have lathered himself in oil too.

"Oh, who woulda thought. You actually had quite the frame under there, huh?"

The chef, who Leonel had realized by now people called Chef Lucca, laughed when he saw Leonel's appearance, nodding to himself. While he spoke, several of the female cooks couldn't help but look over as well, twice, even.

Leonel's Metal Body definitely did him several servers. Whether it was vascularity or muscle definition, he didn't lack any of it. Plus, he also wasn't overly large and could even be considered to be quite slender. He truly did have a lethal attraction to a certain demographic, and it only made it better than his face was quite handsome as well.

Just when Leonel was going to respond, another bunny lady poked her head in.

"Chef Lucca, VIP 3 is still clamoring. You said the newbie would be ready soon?"

Chef Lucca slapped Leonel on the back, nearly sending him sprawling forward.

"Yup, the kid's right here. Don't eat him up before he gets up there, he's for the customers."

The new bunny girl's eyes lit up when she saw Leonel, eyeing him up and down. Her hand even had the audacity to reach for his crotch as though she wanted to check the goods, but was quickly caught by Leonel's hand.

She giggled as though it wasn't a big deal. "Feisty. If you let me touch I would have given you a taste, too bad. Alright, come, they're waiting."

Leonel could only speechlessly follow. He had been about to get angry at the bunny girl, but she moved on so quickly that he couldn't even ramp up a response. It was either she really didn't take it to heart, or she was also too good with certain kinds of social interactions.

When Leonel stepped out of the kitchen, he was hit with a wall of sensory information. The first floor was quite bustling. Waiters dressed in skimpy clothing glided in and out of the kitchen, customers shouting out their orders or demands, and in the background, an odd music that seemed a cross between rock, jazz and hip-hop played.

There weren't very many women on the first floor at all. In fact, the only women were the waiters and all the customers seemed to be men. However, as Leonel traveled up the stairs, he could see more female customers, usually hidden behind doors.

It seemed that even in this world, women were more secretive about this kind of stuff. Though, Leonel was a bit baffled that this was a co-ed sort of place. Usually, such gentlemen and women's clubs were for one gender or the other.

"Here's VIP room three. Go get 'em tiger."

Leonel was unceremoniously kicked into the room. He even felt that it was a bit of payback for snubbing her earlier, something that was confirmed when he heard her voice from the other side.

"If you survive this, handsome, I just might forgive you. My name is Amerie, by the way!"

Amerie's giggles faded as Leonel turned his attention to the room before him, the sliding door closing to his back.

Leonel had expected a similar sort of reaction to what he had received outside. He assumed that women who came here were quite eager and forward. Plus, Amerie had even described them as "clamoring". But, when he actually saw the state of the room and its guests, he didn't even know what to say.

There were four pairs of cold eyes staring back at him, each colder and more frigid than the last. Of course, each of them was also paired with the face of a beauty. Or, maybe that was more surprising than expected.

There were five total people, the fifth of them seeming to be the most amused of them all. Leonel didn't need anyone to tell him that this mischievous young woman had probably been the one to insist on his appearance. From what it seemed, the others didn't even welcome him here, and that just made the clothing he was wearing seem even more inappropriate.

Leonel wasn't a person who got embarrassed easily, but that was more a product of the way he lived life. He did and acted as he pleased, following his own mind and heart, so of course there was nothing to be embarrassed about.

But this... he hadn't planned or decided on any of this.

To make matters worse, of the five women, only two were the young age of the mischievous woman. Of the other three, one looked to be over 50 years old, while the other two seemed to be in their late 30's to 40's.

Of course, this wasn't their real age and they were likely much older. But, as a person of Earth, Leonel had gotten used to judging people like this.

At that moment, a flicker of killing intent flashed within the eyes of one of the two middle aged women and Leonel's heart skipped a beat.

It seemed he had really gotten stuck in something ridiculous this time.

### [Chapter 1512 Off Guard](#)

It didn't take a genius to understand what the problem was. Reputation was a woman's currency in worlds like this. Or, more accurately, this sort of reputation in specific.

The young woman might have thought that this was a funny joke to play on her elders, but clearly she hadn't thought of the fact that doing such a thing put Leonel in danger.

These women were all of high status and the pressure they gave Leonel was not small. They made the burly man and even Chef Lucca look like jokes. Leonel had no doubt that if they wanted to kill him, or at least someone in the Fifth Dimension like himself, it would be a simple matter.

These women had likely not even known what kind of establishment this was before they came, only deciding to dine here at the poking and prodding of the woman. And now Leonel was stuck in the middle of this mess.

In their eyes, the easiest thing to do would just be to kill Leonel and be done with it. As for the young woman, at worst she would get a light reprimand. The fact that she had dared to do this in the first place reeked of coddling. This young woman had definitely been doted on and spoiled all her life.

But, at the end of the day, Leonel wasn't a normal person. The hint of killing intent he had sensed was all it took to flush the embarrassment out of his system, his own gaze even flashing with its own coldness for a moment as he stood straight.

However, as quickly as the coldness had appeared, catching the oldest woman of them off guard, it vanished.

This older woman was the only one to have shown killing intent, but that didn't mean the others wouldn't have caught on quickly. It was just that this woman was the most experienced of them and understood the magnitude of the situation very quickly, so much so that she was ready to act almost instantly. Clearly, given her strength, Leonel's own thinking speed might actually be inferior to hers.

That said, that didn't mean that Leonel's reaction would be slow.

Just when the coldness in his eyes vanished, he revealed a bright smile. Taking a step toward the table, he did something that left the women speechless.

Leonel picked up a large pitcher of water, raised it high, and poured it.

This much would have been fine if his aim was a cup, but to the horror of the women, he poured the water toward the head of the mischievous young woman who had caused all of this to begin with.

The young woman squealed, expecting a splash of water to drench her through. The other women were so caught off guard by the happenings that they, too, didn't know how to react. Was this young man crazy? Did they scare him so much that he lost his wits?

Despite having the strength to dodge the water quite easily, as Leonel had deduced, this young woman had been coddled all her life. If even her seniors couldn't react to such a ridiculous situation, how could she?

She ducked and covered her head with her hands, her speed actually fast enough for Leonel to raise an internal eyebrow.

Other than this, though, Leonel was quite calm. In fact, he was sighing a breath of relief. So long as they didn't act now, they wouldn't act later, at least not until much later, that is.

Luckily, they hadn't thought of the possibility that he could be trying to start a wet t-shirt contest. If they did, then he really would be finished. But, to these prim and proper older women, when would they have ever stumbled into such a thing? They would probably only realize the problem after the young woman was drenched.

That said... Leonel never had any intention of actually doing that.

Just when the water was about to hit the young woman's hand-covered head, Leonel's free hand rose and sparkled with a delicate blueish-black energy.

Like that, the flowing water became a sled of ice, the ice cubes that had once been in the pitcher following the winding trail of Leonel's fingers.

The ice cubes became like sleds flowing down a mountain of snow, curving and often nearly falling time and time again as though they were in a real race.

The ice track wound around Leonel and the young woman's bodies, filling the room with a refreshing cool air that it had lacked before.

Then at the end of it all, the ice cubes fell from the end of the track and it seemed as though Leonel had finally made a mistake. But, to the astonished gazes of the women, one by one, the ice cubes neatly stacked themselves into a tall tower, wavering only slightly, but ultimately remaining steady.

"Wah!" The young woman had long since risen her head, watching this scene with a hint of unconcealed delight in her eyes. She had never seen anyone with such masterful control of Force before.

At that moment, Leonel clapped his hands and the slide of ice shattered into twinkling crystals that he quickly caused to gather up above his hand.

With a pitcher in one hand and a twinkling ball of ice in the other, Leonel brought them together once more. Just like that, there was a plop of water and the ice had once again become a pitcher of liquids, the frosty Force having been pulled out entirely.

Leonel flicked his wrist, allowing the frosty energy to shoot toward the ceiling as he used his now free hand to pick up another pitcher of water. Then, he began to pour them both over the tower of ice cubes without even the slightest hesitation.

Right then, the ball of frosty energy he had thrown into the air fell back down, colliding with the two streams of water and the ice cube until they all formed a giant cube of ice about the size of a head.

Leonel placed the two pitchers of water down and revealed a charming smile. He tapped his foot on the ground, causing the table to quake and allowing a butter knife to fly up, spinning into his hand.

Then the butter knife began to glow with a golden light that caught the older women off guard and left the young woman dazzled.

### [Chapter 1513 Which Path?](#)

The young woman might not understand the magnitude of what they were seeing, but how could these older women now? In order to control the ice slide like Leonel had, he not only had to be able to control Force outside of himself. In this world, this was something so rare that they didn't know how to put it into words.

Leonel was oblivious to this, only doing what he needed to do to survive. But, he had already shocked the oldest women of them to such an extent that not only had her killing intent vanished, she looked toward Leonel with quite some interest.

Of course, this interest had nothing to do with Leonel's looks, she was long past that age. And, even if she wasn't, she was trained enough not to show it on her face. No, this interest was something entirely different, and it only grew further when the butter knife began to glow.

The older woman sat up, perched toward the edge of her seat. And then, Leonel's hands began to move.

It felt like watching poetry in motion. Though, it mostly lacked substance. Leonel didn't have the skill to add Artistic Conception into something so complex, but what he did have was his Dream World projection.

When it came to copying, Leonel was even better than a computer.

A camera would be limited by its lens and the number of pixels it could capture, how could it compare to the human eye? And, beyond that, how could the human eye possibly compare to Internal Sight? And, even a step beyond that, how could Internal Sight compare to Leonel's Starry Spirit Domain?!

In just a few elegant strokes, the cube had already become a head. In a few more, it gained delicate feminine features. And, in just a few more, it was so obvious what the results would be that the young woman began clapping her hands excitedly, the pinkish hue of her irises dancing with life and vitality.

Just a few minutes later, Leonel scooped up an empty plate and slid the head onto it, the gorgeous portrayal of a beautiful young lady being left behind.

"I hope you've enjoyed, I don't wish to intrude on your meal any longer so I will be leaving now. Take this as a parting gift."

Leonel bowed and stepped back, his hand already on the handle. He had no intention of pushing his luck any further, these women were far too dangerous.

He was relieved that he had managed to get so far and thanked himself for his quick thinking. But, considering his style of dress, things could quickly get ambiguous if he stayed any longer. Plus, these women probably wanted him to leave sooner rather than later in order to avoid misunderstandings. He could be considered to have done his job.

The young woman pouted, but she didn't say much. It seemed that she also knew that she had pushed this prank of hers a little too far this time, and since Leonel had already done his job and given her such a nice show, she might as well let him go.

However, what Leonel didn't expect was for him to be stopped.

"Hold on a moment, lad."

The old woman had quite a soothing voice, though hints of age and hoarseness could be heard within. Just looking at her, it wasn't difficult to accept that she had once been an astounding beauty in her youth, and she retained much of that even now though she looked to be in her 50's.

"Yes, ma'am?" Leonel asked politely.

"Have a seat. This old woman would like to ask you some questions."

Leonel coughed lightly. Had he heard correctly? Him? Have a seat? What was going on here, exactly? He didn't sense any killing intent, but quite frankly, he would prefer if he could just leave now. He wouldn't be able to relax around these people and his senses were constantly primed.

Still, without much of a choice, Leonel could only pull up a chair and sit, lamenting for the hundredth time about his lack of a shirt. But, by this point, the old woman didn't seem to care. The others, though, also seemed to be curious about what was happening.

"What is your name?"

"Leonel Morales."

"Oh? You have a last name?"

Leonel inwardly swore, did this world have such customs?

In some cultures he had studied, a last name was mostly something the nobility had. Usually, the commoners would only have their first name and nothing else. In such a society, last names were either bestowed by royalty or passed down through the lineage.

This was why, often, being stricken from a family record had such a heavy negative connotation. It was akin to stripping your name from you.

Of course, Leonel had always had the Morales name, so he didn't care much for the Luxnix name. But, the picture was clear enough.

Leonel's mind jumped into overdrive, trying to figure a way out of this situation. But, he knew that this old woman's thinking speed might very well be beyond his own, so he could wait too long or his lie would seem obvious.

Luckily, the old woman had likely already gauged his strength and would give a small grace to him for his assumed weakness.

It wasn't long before Leonel made a decision and his gaze flashed with a cold light the old woman easily caught. From what he had observed in this world, there was a lot of butting heads and strife. He also felt that the secret to the abyss was deeper than he knew. In that case...

"Yes."

That was Leonel's response, simple and to the point. And yet, it seemed to be exactly what the old woman wanted to see and hear.

She nodded in understanding, her gaze seeming to soften somewhat. However, this reaction only made her next words all the more hypocritical.

"I see. Then what I'm asking of you now might be difficult for you to accept, but in your current situation, it's the only out I will allow you.

"Join my Oliidark family or die. Which path do you choose?"

#### [Chapter 1514 We Leave](#)

Leonel's expression grew frigid, and this time, he didn't bother to conceal it.

Before, it had been an act. He wanted the old woman to believe that he was indeed from a family with a last name, but also imply that this family had been destroyed.

Leonel had made a bet that in a world like this one, such a thing wasn't rare at all. In fact, he wouldn't be surprised if in every city like this one, there was a constant overturning of the big shots. Just from walking the streets, he had sensed the division of power and the tension, and just by the fact this old woman's first instinct was to kill him rather than shoo him away, spoke volumes.

This old woman was a veteran of this world, she had definitely seen a lot. Just reading her disposition and inclinations told Leonel all he needed to know.

So, he assumed the identity of the final heir to a destroyed family. But, that was exactly why this old woman's ask of him was so disrespectful.

Her words were very precise. She asked him to join her family and even named them for extra emphasis. She didn't ask him to work for her family, she didn't ask him to become a retainer or one of their guards, she asked him to join.

She was asking the last member of a dead family to discard their duty and their name to become her little pet project.

Put as bluntly as possible, she wanted Leonel to discard the Morales name and become an Oliidark. This was something far worse than a slap to the face, she might as well have dug up his ancestors' graves and given each one of them one too.

Despite seeing Leonel's expression, the old woman seemed unhurried and unbothered, even taking a sip of the tea she had before her until she realized that Leonel's little performance had actually taken the heat off quite a bit.

Unfortunately, this small victory wasn't enough to do much for Leonel.

This world didn't mean much to him, it was just a Zone he would be doing everything in his power to get out of. However, the character he was playing had no choice but to react like this.

Well... if Leonel were to say that it was all an act, that would be an outright lie. His name was given to him by his father, the man he respected most. And, even if he hadn't cared about his name that much, he didn't take too kindly to others disrespecting him.

The young woman seemed stunned by the change in the situation, and even more stunned by Leonel's demeanor. She couldn't remember anyone ever daring to look at the old woman like that, ever. People were usually as quiet as mice around her, which was precisely why she thought that this prank would be so funny.

"Hey! Don't look at my grandma like that! What's so wrong with joining my family?!"

Leonel completely ignored the young woman. He had already forgiven her once for ignorance, but now he was getting annoyed. She looked to be in her 20's, he really couldn't understand how she had made it so far while being such an air-headed brat.

Seeing Leonel ignore her, the young woman almost flared up again, but she was doused by a gaze from her grandmother.

Mistress Oliidark put her tea cup down, her movements unhurried. She couldn't enjoy lukewarm tea, plus, she didn't really care about giving Leonel time to think. They had already been in this establishment for far too long and they had indulged her granddaughter's prank enough as well.

She calmly rose to her feet.

"You will come with us. If you perform well, you will receive more chances. I can see that you've yet to be promoted to the Sixth Star, likely because your records of how to do so were lost along with your family. If not for this, I doubt a talent of your caliber would still be in the Fifth Star after all this time.

"Do your duty and you'll earn a path even to the Charmed Path. If you exceed my expectations, I might even give you a chance to court and marry my granddaughter."

Leonel furrowed his brow. Sixth Star? What the hell was that?

The young woman blinked before she suddenly registered her grandmother's words. In that instant, she flushed completely red.

"Grandma!"

Mistress Oliidark chuckled and walked over to ruffle her granddaughter's hair.

"We leave. Now."

The other women stood quickly, following the old woman's lead. In the end, it seemed that there was no intention of giving Leonel a chance.

\*\*

The process of leaving the restaurant wasn't very difficult at all. Leonel was a new recruit to begin with and Chef Lucca seemed too scared even to raise his head too high.

What Leonel didn't know, though, was that soon after they left, a squad dressed in deep blacks appeared, slaughtering everyone. Whether it was Chef Lucca, Carra or the mischievous Amerie, all of them were now nothing more than corpses drowning in crimson alongside the customers they had been serving that day.

...

Oblivious to this, Leonel could only make his way to the Ollidark estate, a large land near the very center of the city. No, it could be said that it was the center of the city, the very beacon of the land itself.

Leonel was, of course, finally given a shirt. And, this shirt also happened to make his dress pants and shoes quite well, turning him from half a male stripper to a respectable young man in a single bound.

The young woman, whose name Leonel knew to be Athrae by now, seemed to become far more reserved now. However, Leonel wasn't in the mood to be bothered with her at all because his situation only seemed to become worse.

Upon entering the estate, he was ushered toward what they called their Crafting Hall where he was unceremoniously tattooed with an odd mark on his shoulder blade. He grit his teeth as the energies that formed it drilled down through his skin and onto his bone and seemed to drain his Force.

Leonel's senses were far too sharp. After seeing the tattoo just once, he knew it was designed to track him.

They really wanted to keep him in his place.

Without even time to rest and recover, he was called to Mistress Oliidark once more. It seemed that she already had something for him to do.

### [Chapter 1515 Guarantees](#)

Leonel entered what he assumed was Mistress Oliidark's office. However, despite seeing the older woman there, he didn't say a word, simply standing silently.

He met her gaze and he even seemed to be quite relaxed. The coldness in his eyes had been replaced by a dull indifference, but his mind was constantly working at faster and faster speeds. He took in everything, sorted them, and then filed them away for a later date.

Mistress Oliidark seemed to realize that Leonel had no intention of respectfully greeting her like most would, but the result only made her chuckle.

"The more stubborn you are, the more difficult this will be for you. It's really that simple, a smart boy like you should be able to understand this."

Leonel didn't respond at all, his eyes meeting Mistress Oliidark's without a word.

He wasn't a fool. In fact, if he fell in line so easily, rather than appreciating it, Mistress Oliidark would keep him even further away. Someone that couldn't control their own emotions was far less of a threat than someone who could change their face on a dime.

Any talent of Leonel's caliber would have their own pride. If he could so easily ignore it the moment a juicy piece of meat was dangled before his face, then he wouldn't be worth much to begin with.

Mistress Oliidark wanted him to both abandon his family name. And, to add insult to injury, she even said that the ultimate reward would be marrying her daughter.

Setting aside the fact that Leonel had Aina and that that braindead girl would drive him to an early death, what kind of man would want to marry into his wife's family? To become a live-in son-in-law? And that was supposed to be the ultimate reward?

Plus, even if Leonel was so shallow as to go after Athrae for nothing more than her beauty, could she even compare to Aina? She was still several points below his girlfriend, so Mistress Oliidark was far too arrogant to believe that her granddaughter was really so enticing.

At that moment, Mistress Oliidark pulled out a document that seemed to be made of thick hide and unfurled it. On it, there were many words, a lot of which Leonel had already begun to understand now. He had about a 40% grasp of reading this language. He would probably need an extra two or three days to grasp it fully.

That time frame could be made faster if he gained access to a library or a dense amount of text. But, he somehow doubted that he would get such an opportunity any time soon.

"Sign it."

Leonel's eyes narrowed.

Signing something he couldn't fully understand? Absolutely not.

There didn't seem to be any binding Force Arts on it, but Leonel still knew too little about this world to make a perfect judgment just yet. He felt that he was sensitive enough to pick up on such things, but he also had no idea what sort of abilities someone as powerful as this old woman might have. Plus, he didn't know what her Ability Index was either, and the abilities of this world seemed far different from the ones he had gotten used to, so he was currently in no man's land.

For all he knew, she could bind him for life with this signature.

However, after thinking to this point, Leonel calmed. If that was what this signature was for, then what would have been the point of the tattoo on his back? It made little sense to do both if one was so binding.

Secondly, this might be an opportunity.

Leonel remained unmoving, he didn't even glance at the outstretched pen.

As time passed in silence, Mistress Oliidark's light smile became colder and colder. This Leonel was truly testing her patience.

"It seems that if I don't teach you a lesson, you'll believe that you're truly unbendable, hm?"

The pen flew forward with a flick of Mistress Oliidark's fingers, a pressure exuding from it that made it impossible for Leonel to move. However, even with this being the case, Leonel never had the intention of moving in the first place.

He stared at the flying pen. The moment it entered the current six inch range of his Starry Spirit Domain, he had already pinpointed exactly where it would land and exactly how much damage it could do.

Without even hesitating, he used Dream Sense, cutting off the nerves in the area from sending any signals to his mind.

The pen seemed to be aimed right for his throat, but it veered away at the last moment, piercing right through his collarbone and splitting the bone in two.

Mistress Oliidark had expected Leonel to show a hint of when the pen aimed for his throat, and then fall in pain once his bone broke. However, he didn't even flinch. His gaze never left her eyes, staring her down as though he wanted to see if she would actually dare.

The pen snapped back, ripping out of Leonel's collarbone and back into Mistress Oliidark's hand. Blood dripped from the end, a pitter-patter sound echoing through the room as it fell onto the parchment paper.

"If you want me to sign anything," Leonel started coldly, "then there had better be guarantees. I'm not going to sign away my name and my dignity just so that you can string me along for a few decades until I've run out of use to you. If that's your plan you might as well try and kill me now."

"Try?" Mistress Oliidark's cold smile turned into a deeper sneer. "Do you think you can even breathe if I don't allow you to?"

The files in the room rustled, a pressure the likes of which caused the room to shake. The force threatened to bring Leonel to his knees, but his gaze only continued to flicker with a hidden violet.

"Yes, you can try."

Leonel's voice didn't waver, his coldness matching Mistress Oliidark beat for beat.

#### [Chapter 1516 Light And Dark Branch](#)

Some time later, Mistress Oliidark sat in her room alone, calmly stacking papers.

At that moment, a seemingly insignificant shadow in the corner moved and morphed into a person.

"Is it done?" Mistress Oliidark asked.

"You shouldn't have allowed his leash to be so long, you will regret it," the figure cloaked in black spoke.

"Too long? Maybe it isn't long enough. He isn't useful to me as he is now. He won't even defeat even the weakest of all the live-in son-in-laws I've collected, let alone becoming the strongest of them. If I don't allow him some free reign, I might as well just kill him now like he said."

"Then let me kill him, you've given him too much. His benefits are even better than an elder's. Free access to all of our techniques and cultivation methods was a bridge much too far."

Mistress Oliidark chuckled. "If you were in the Fifth Star right now and I stripped you of all the knowledge you had ever learned past that point, and then I gave you access to all the knowledge I have now, how long would it take you to be able to threaten me?"

The figure fell into silence.

"My level isn't one you can reach even if you have all the resources in the world, at least not with 100% certainty. At best, you would have a slightly better chance than most. And, even if the certainty was 100%, how long would it take you? Five decades? A century?"

"Even for my husband, it took at least this long, let alone for a brat who's already passed his prime age for reaching the Sixth Star."

"Then you want him to be your spearhead?"

"I want those who've forgotten the name Oliidark only because my husband and my son-in-law have been gone for a decade to remember it. Aside from Sebastian and Slaton, the others I've brought into the family are far too lacking, and even those two aren't good enough.

"This family needs a man."

"You believe that he is a better option than those two?"

The figure seemed somewhat surprised. It was rare for a person like them to show any sort of emotion at all, so just this little bit might as well have been the equivalent of an avalanche to anyone else.

"Maybe, I'm still unsure. If what he's shown is all he has, then no. But if the answer is no, then giving him such a long leash is even less of a worry. But if I'm correct, and the answer is instead yes, then it's because he has something much deeper within him that I'm quite interested in."

"If this is your plan, then I assume you plan to use the Ancestor's Altar when the time comes. Are you sure you want to subject Athrae to a life of marriage with a puppet?"

Mistress Oliidark shook her head.

"That little girl has grown up too spoiled because she has no real talent of her own. Her only use is the Oliidark blood that runs through her veins. With a talented husband, she might be able to produce an heir worthy of our family name. To do so is her duty.

"This life that she gets to live is built off the backs of the talents of the previous generations. She will also have to sacrifice something if she wants to be so carefree."

The figure nodded. In fact, it didn't seem to actually care about Athrae at all, it just wanted to hear exactly this response.

The Oliidark family was split into the Light Branch and the Dark Branch. The Light Branch was currently headed by Mistress Oliidark while the Dark Branch was headed by the figure.

They were both of the same family that had split many generations ago. In order to survive for as long as they had, a family needed a group of individuals with just as much vested interest in their success, who also happened to be willing to do the dirty work, and that was where the Dark Branch came into play.

The truth was that the only ones who even knew of the existence of the Dark Branch were very select members of the Light Branch. This secret was one that was passed down in silence from generation to generation.

Before, the figure had questions about whether their Mistress would be strong-hearted enough to do what needed to be done. If the answer was no, then as they had done before, the Dark Branch would have to remove her and allow a branch family to come into their own.

But the figure was very satisfied with the Mistress' response. This was the character an Oliidark should have.

It was fine if the Light Branch had weakened somewhat. It couldn't be helped, the summons of those people could not be ignored and it wasn't yet confirmed whether or not the former Patriarch and their family son-in-law had died yet. There was still a good chance they hadn't.

Physical weakness was allowed. However, a weakness of the heart should be rooted out as quickly as possible.

In fact, it was also because of this that the figure didn't oppose the long leash Leonel was given either. To be dauntless in front of death was exactly the kind of character an Oliidark son-in-law should have.

"That said, I haven't let him off too easily." Mistress Oliidark finished arranging her papers and stood. "If he wants to take advantage of that long leash of his, he'll have to earn it. I've used a squad to keep an eye on him to make sure he doesn't get any funny ideas, but I'm sure he's smart enough to know that since I've released him so easily, I can reel him back in whenever I want."

...

As Mistress Oliidark had said, Leonel was already sent out of the estate on a mission. And, he could obviously guess that he would be monitored if he was being let go so easily.

What wasn't easy was what he was tasked to do.

He stood at the edge of a deep abyss, shaking his head. His collarbone had yet to heal but he was being sent on a death mission. How fun.

### [Chapter 1517 Abyss](#)

Leonel took a seat at the edge as though he couldn't sense anything around him.

As expected, the abyss had wrapped all the way around the city. As for why, Leonel felt that he had a small understanding now after listening to Mistress Oliidark.

This city was placed here to protect what Leonel assumed was the world at large. As for what it was protecting the world from, it was down there, in the abyss.

Leonel assumed that all of the cities were probably like this, protecting some sort of abyss from something. This sort of environment would also explain why everyone was always so high strung and focused on power. They were, quite literally, on a battlefield.

Mistress Oliidark's exact words just a few minutes ago were.

"My Trith City has been protected by my Oliidark family for centuries. If you want guarantees, fine, I'll give them to you. But, you won't receive them for nothing. Since you want to make this an equal exchange, we can do so.

"Everything you do will be done based on merits. You will be constantly monitored and your performance will dictate how much you receive.

"However, if you want to unlock these options, you'll have to bring me back the head of a Six Star Demon. If you can't do that, you're not worth investing in."

From these words, Leonel had made his deductions, and now he was sitting at the edge of the abyss. There were several people around him giving him odd looks, but they didn't say anything more and went about their business.

This section of the city not only had chains running across, but they also had chains dangling down. Clearly, these chains were meant to be used to descend to whatever world was below.

Leonel watched a group climb back up, beaten and haggard. One of them had lost an arm, and yet he was helping another who had lost a leg to walk.

Yet, they were all grinning ear to ear, carrying bags of a bloody something. It was clear that whatever they had killed down there made the journey worth it for them.

However, there were quite a number of teams that didn't have expressions that were nearly as happy. It was either they had lost someone precious to them, or their harvest wasn't as great.

Just by observing this alone, Leonel was sure that there were huge numbers of groups that never returned at all. It was cruel.

Leonel had thought that the Void Palace was already a cruel enough place, but at least that establishment was a gathering of geniuses, the best humanity had to offer. But from what it seemed here, no one had such a chance. The entire world was the frontline when the enemies were right beneath your feet.

It was a sobering thought, and it almost helped Leonel to understand Mistress Oliidark's forcefulness. With such pressure constantly weighing down on you, how could you always worry about doing what was morally upright? Leonel himself had been grappling with this problem ever since he stepped foot into the Dimensional Verse, and yet his problems weren't nearly as severe as this.

Or so it seemed.

Leonel touched his collarbone, it was still very tender. His passive healing factor had done quite some work, but it wasn't enough.

Of course, he could use <Instant Recovery>, but he didn't want the Oliidark family to know he had a trump card. If he could help it, he would only use what he had already shown them, his Water Force affinity and his Spear Force.

He knew that he was likely being followed or monitored, he just didn't know how. So, he had to be cautious.

Plus, he was about to enter a battlefield, who knew if he would need to use <Instant Recovery> within the next 24 hours? It would be foolish to waste it now.

With his touch, Leonel winced a bit, but eventually shook his head. Freezing his collarbone now would actually make him heal more slowly. So, since he was about 20% healed, he might as well go now.

Luckily, his collarbone was cracked to one side, so it was still manageable to use one arm even though it stung a bit.

After making his decision, Leonel hopped down, his feet gliding along the chains. With every tap, he would slow down tremendously. But, the light around him only seemed to dim faster and faster. It was at a rate that didn't make very much sense, but the Dark Force in the surroundings only multiplied.

That odd feeling Leonel had experienced before came back, trying to lull his mind into an odd trance-like state. But, in return, he only went faster and faster, focusing his mind more.

Leonel had no idea how long he had fallen for, he was so focused on not losing his mind that his sense of time distorted. There was an odd coercive Force in this place that was placing pressure even on his mind. Toward this, his frown could only deepen.

'Is this... Anarchic Force...? Why does it feel so much more powerful...?'

Leonel exhaled a breath, his brow furrowing. The Anarchic Force he knew could eat away at his Force, but it mostly left his mind alone. This Force seemed to be able to do both, attacking his body and mind simultaneously.

Just when Leonel was wondering if he should climb back up to regroup, the Stars in his Ethereal Glabella rotated, cleansing away the force that attacked his mind and catching Leonel off guard.

'It had such an ability?'

Leonel was a bit stunned. If this was really Anarchic Force, nothing should be able to just wipe it away like that. What was happening?

Leonel's feet suddenly hit solid ground. Caught off guard, his knees bent somewhat awkwardly, but he managed to catch himself.

Leonel frowned. Looking around, it felt like everything was dark, his eyes could hardly see anything. He couldn't even see the chain that had been by the side of his own as he descended.

After walking forward, Leonel's expression changed. The chain actually wasn't there at all. It was like the two chains had transported people to completely different regions despite being right next to one another.

Just when Leonel was going to mark the location of his own chain so he didn't lose track of it, the growl of a beast licked at his shoulder and neck.

### [Chapter 1518 Demon World](#)

Leonel's expression went cold, his body flickering. Even without relying on his Ethereal Star Force, the speed he could tap into with his body alone was far beyond what most could match.

A spike of pain came from his collarbone, but with his Dream Sense, he would never allow it to impact his movement.

At that moment, a sharp wind whistled by his neck and shoulder. The danger made Leonel's hair stand on end, but he still didn't see the result. However, just because he couldn't see it, doesn't mean he couldn't hear it.

A whip-like mark cut across the ground, the grating sound of stone splitting entering Leonel's ears.

Leonel tapped his foot on the ground, his speed accelerating once more as his palm flipped over to reveal his Chain Domain Spear.

In that moment, an Absolute Domain formed around him. His Spear Force acted like it had a mind of its own, springing to light like a flashbang of gold.

A cycle of Spear Force spiraled to life, rotating with a vicious momentum ready to shred everything in its path to pieces.

At the same instant, Leonel secretly tapped into his Wisdom Spirit Branch, allowing his eyes to be replaced by that of the Starry Tailed Fox.

His pupils dilated, a slightly brighter sheen taking hold of his irises. Though it was weaker than when he allowed himself to fully enter his fox form, it was far sharper than his normal vision. What he saw, though, made his eyes narrow once more.

His Spear Force formed a wall of rotating golden energies. Beyond it, a grotesque humanoid-beast-like creature fought against it, its flesh somehow strong enough to withstand it.

It looked like a werewolf, but not. It stood on digitigrade hind legs, but its hands, or rather paws, had sharp claws that were each like scythes. Not a single one of them was shorter than two to three feet.

It had a long snout like a wolf, but it also had a mane like a lion. Well, if a lion replaced all its hair with a dense black fire instead, that is.

Its crimson gaze stared at Leonel through the rotating cyclone of Spear Force, its scythe-like claws trying to rip a path through.

Leonel's expression turned cold.

"Piss off."

Forceful.

Leonel's spear pierced forward, his blade unceremoniously tearing a hole through the werewolf's fire-mane and leaving its neck in pieces.

The werewolf demon beast's crimson eyes widened, before it fell to the side. It didn't think that Leonel would actually be so powerful. However, what made Leonel's heart grow cold was the fact he didn't see any fear of death in the creature's eyes. There was only surprise at Leonel's strength and nothing more, it was as though it never really cared about its life in the first place.

The shadows watching Leonel's progress also paused in surprise. Even for someone in the Sixth Star, taking out a Five Star Demon in a single strike was not a simple feat. Demons were far more exaggerated creatures than beasts, they tended to be much more powerful than their base realms would dictate.

Leonel's head snapped in their direction, his cold gaze squinting somewhat.

The shadows didn't move an inch. They had slipped up once, but they were extremely professional, it was just that Leonel's feat was far too surprising. This was definitely something they would have to report later.

In their estimation, so long as they didn't move, Leonel would eventually believe that he had made a mistake and turn away. And, sure enough, Leonel turned away again after frowning slightly. Still, they couldn't help but be inwardly shocked again. Such a small slip up wasn't something that a Five Star should have been able to see through either.

What they missed, though, was Leonel's sneer after he turned away.

He had been making it a point not to show too much of his strength. But, this was still within the realms of acceptability. He would be fine so long as he only continued to lean on his Water Force and Spear Force.

However, he had purposely made that strike as dazzling as possible for two reasons. First, he wanted to learn of the standards of this world, and he also wanted to expose those following him. Now that he knew where they were, they could forget about continuing to hide from him.

So long as he knew exactly where they were, he would be able to protect his life better without being too restricted. He could take advantage of their perspective to hide more of his strength, while simultaneously not being worried about displaying a bit more of it.

Leonel shot forward. In such a dark area, he had definitely released far too bright of a light. He was practically yelling and screaming to every threat that he was right here.

He made sure to note where the chain was. While he trusted his sense of direction, the fact the adjacent chain had disappeared told him that there was more to this world than he thought.

Surprisingly, though, the darkness didn't remain for long. Leonel went from being shrouded in a perpetual black to entering a work of red-black a moment later.

Up ahead, there was a land of mountains and hills. The earth was a dark red and the skies were a black-violet. The clouds had a weird bluish hue to them that made it feel like the fog of a hallucinogenic drug.

Leonel's head snapped back and he found a curtain of blackness. The abrupt change was jarring and didn't make much sense, but Leonel deduced that this was likely something that kept the city and the above world protected.

He was correct. Only humans and Demons beneath the Sixth Star could pass through this seemingly flimsy curtain of black. But, this also meant that Leonel was in the true world of Demons now.

Leonel's steps pushed forward, entering a forest of dead and black trees, looking for his target.

However, his goal was deeper than just this.

### [Chapter 1519 Six Star Demon](#)

Leonel stepped over another corpse, his gaze incomparably focused. There was a large population of Five Star Demons in this region, he seemed to run into another one every few dozen meters.

Every time he took one down, he tried to see if there was anything special about them, or maybe something that connected them, but the answer seemed to be no. What he didn't know was that the shadows that were following him all had weird expressions.

They had never seen someone so casually ignore Demon corpses like that. Did he not know the value of them? Or did he really not care?

Five Star Demon corpses were very useful even into the Sixth Star, only Seven Star individuals wouldn't bother to give them a second glance. Well, either that, or the true geniuses of the Sixth Star.

Of course, they had no idea that Leonel truly didn't know.

Leonel knew that he was being watched, so he was trying to find a method of stealthily finding out what he needed. If he couldn't, that much would be fine too. After he gained access to the Oliidark family's library, he would find out one way or another. It wasn't that difficult for him to kill these demons to begin with.

It was at times like this that the range of his Starry Spirit Domain being so short was truly a problem. If he just had a meter or two, then he could envelop the demon corpse entirely. Then, he could enter it perfectly into his Dream Simulation then use a Dream Clone to check several methods of making use of these corpses. So long as the process wasn't too involved or require anything too complicated, it would only take him a few seconds to figure out why these Demons were so valuable.

Unfortunately, he couldn't do this, and there wasn't anything that seemed to tie these demons together. They all were of varying sizes and strengths, they used different methods to attack. They didn't even look the same. After the first werewolf demon, he ran into a spider demon, a snake demon, and he had even run into a weird looking whale demon that quite legitimately looked like a whale with two powerful legs.

How could he find any patterns like this?

Leonel's steps paused, his heartbeat becoming more solid and sustained.

Up ahead, there were two Demons. No, more accurately, there was one Demon and the other was nothing more than a ravaged corpse.

Leonel had never laid his eyes on something so eerie in his life.

It was a beautiful creature. Or, rather, it should have been. It was a unicorn with a beautiful white mane and silver hooves. From the back, it looked like it had come right out of a fairy tale.

However, when Leonel got closer, he noticed that it was nothing short of a nightmare.

Its neck and part of its torso was split in two. Grotesque vines wiggled out from the oval-shaped bloody hole, dripping with a sticky, viscous and clear liquid.

The mouth of the unicorn demon was filled with three rows of sharp teeth. Every time it bent down, it ripped out another chunk of the demon beneath it, chewing with a sickening look of satisfaction in its eyes.

It seemed that Leonel had found his first Six Star Demon.

The shadows watched this scene with their own gazes focused. Would he run?

That was their first thought. Leonel didn't understand anything about demons, but they knew "beautiful" demons like this were among the most dangerous. The less demon-like they were, the more powerful they were. As for why this was, no one was entirely sure. Or, at least those of their level had no idea.

Even if this was just a Tier 1 Six Star Demon, it was more dangerous than even most mid-level demons. In their opinion, Leonel's luck was terrible. Even if he chose to run, it was probably already too late. Even though the demon didn't seem to have noticed Leonel yet, it had likely already sensed him long ago.

However, much to their shock...

**CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!**

Leonel didn't bother to even try and hide his presence, a dense frosty aura radiating from him.

With every step he took, another patch of ice appeared on the ground. It looked like he was paving a road of glowing blue, a color that made his pale violet hair and eyes look all the more pleasing to the eye.

"You're pretty powerful, huh?" Leonel spoke to seemingly no one but himself, his smile cold. It wasn't a guarantee that the demon could even understand what he was saying as it finally looked up from its meal, curious about why this small human wasn't running. "How about you play with me a bit, then?"

Leonel stretched out his spear with a hand, the point beginning to glow with a furious golden light.

The unicorn demon bared its teeth, all three rows glistening with blood, saliva and chunks of flesh.

Leonel didn't seem to care about its answer. With another step, he vanished. But, the reaction of the unicorn demon wasn't slow in the slightest, the tentacles wiggling in the gaping hole shooting forward to intercept him.

**CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!**

Leonel's spear pierced outward with an unconscious speed, leaving after images in the air. It almost looked like he too had dozens of tentacles attacking at once.

To his astonishment, the tentacles of the unicorn were both flexible and as sturdy as blades. Every collision felt heavy and nothing like flesh at all.

Leonel's gaze flashed.

Swift.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

A curtain of gold seemed to cascade from Leonel, his speed reaching the point that the unicorn demon suddenly found all of its tentacles slapped into various directions. Before it could react, Leonel had appeared before it, his spear aiming right for its brows.

At that moment, the unicorn demon released a low growl, its singular horn and its silver hooves beginning to glow a beautiful bright crystalline color.

Its head lowered, its horn intercepting Leonel's blade.

BANG!

A strong force ripped Leonel from his feet, sending him flying backward like a speed bullet.

At the same time, the wave of tentacles recovered, chasing after him with an aura of bloodlust multiplying around them.

### [Chapter 1520 Composition](#)

Leonel felt his arm threaten to fracture. As he flew back through the air, his eyes couldn't help but narrow.

What a powerful creature.

That was the first time Leonel's Swift spear had actually been repelled. In fact, Leonel felt that if he had used Forceful instead, he would have fractured his own arm on impact. Without his Bronze Runes activated, his body lost quite a bit of its durability.

However, Leonel didn't seem panicked in the slightest.

His feet hit the ground, his cold and indifferent gaze locking onto the surging tentacles. It seemed that this unicorn demon was getting quite confident, it even wanted to end this battle early so that it could return to its meal. It probably even had thought of adding Leonel to that count.

Leonel's lips curled into a sneer. He didn't like feeling like things weren't fully in his control, and if there was anything the last few days had been, it was out of his control. His mood wasn't the best right now.

He was being followed by scuttling rats. The fate of his mother and his girlfriend were unknown. And now, he had no idea when he would be able to pull himself out from beneath the thumb of Mistress Oliidark.

This unicorn demon had picked the wrong time to come across. He no longer cared about the tender feeling in his collarbone.

Leonel didn't move an inch, watching as though tentacles continued to fly toward him. But just as they entered a five meter range, his Absolute Domain activated once again, but this time, it was like a raging tornado of golden flames, shredding everything in its path apart.

Fury.

Applying concepts of Fury to his Spear Force made it break apart like a volatile flame, even taking on slight characteristics of Leonel's Scarlet Star Force. There was no one in this world who could possibly understand the core meaning of fire better than Leonel could.

He embraced it all, taking a step forward and disgusting globules of violet and black flesh and blood fell around him.

Leonel brandished his spear, just the slightest violet glow appearing. His hair whipped about in the surging energy, his pale violet eyes and hair jumping to life.

"Slumbering in silence. Erupting at will."

It was a simple string of six words, their meaning deep and unfathomable.

In speaking them, Leonel's voice seemed to layer as though two entities were speaking at once, his cadence falling by several octaves with each syllable he spoke.

If one thought that Leonel took 10 months to learn just three words, they would be sorely mistaken. Leonel hadn't been satisfied to rest until he had fully comprehended the strength of calligraphy and poetry.

Now fueled by his projected Artistic Conception, the substance of his words held the weight of the world, unbridled and unfettered, unbothered and unhurried, untouchable and unquenchable.

The strike seemed to tear the world in two, even the high dark clouds above stirring.

The earth quaked and the black trees in the surroundings were ripped from the ground, their roots taking with them large swaths of earth as they were blown away.

Leonel's spear quivered in excitement. As though a roaring flood dragon ready to break out of its cocoon, its tip vibrated with its own and its body radiated a shimmering dark light.

In one moment, Leonel was dozens of meters from the unicorn demon. In the next, he appeared to its back, his hair slowly fluttering down from its raised state.

The furious light in his eyes persisted for a while longer, the elegant line he had drawn across the air still shaking the hearts of all those who had seen it.

It was fear. That single strike elicited a fear that they hadn't felt in a long while, a fear that they thought they had weeded out the moment they had stepped into the position in the Dark Branch. However, this child's strike had brought it back. At that moment, they realized that they had never gotten fear of that part of themselves, they had just managed to bury it deep.

Right then, the neck of the unicorn demon imploded, its head flying into the air and its body collapsing to the ground. Like this, a powerful demon collapsed to the ground, felled in a single strike.

Leonel looked back. He didn't seem surprised by the result. His Spear Force was far stronger after a year than most knew. Maybe only he, himself, was aware of just how far he had gone.

By this point, he could compose at will and execute it on a whim. So long as the word was in his base of prepared vocabulary, he could use it as pleased and then break it down and reconstruct it into a new phrase, sentence or composition.

To others, it would look as though Leonel had access to an endless supply of spear techniques, each more vibrant and powerful than the last, and most definitely more difficult to handle. The subtle conception was beyond what most could handle on a whim.

At this point, Leonel didn't even feel any desire to learn any spear or bow techniques, he could make his own, forming them and stacking them into powerful combinations of words his enemies could only hope to match.

Leonel put his spear away, picking up the unicorn demon's head up by its silver horn. However, at the moment he touched it, his expression flickered.

This feeling, it was like he was touching an ore. With his Earth Variant Affinity, he was very certain of this, he couldn't possibly be mistaken.

It was quite interesting. This meant that the bones of this unicorn demon could form metals of its own, something similar to the Morales family's Lineage Factor, Metal Synergy.

Leonel didn't recognize this metal, so it was probably a composite of several the unicorn demon had absorbed. Since this was a Zone, the metals should be the very same as what he had already long since memorized, so he was at least 90% sure of this. It would be 100%... but this Zone was simply too odd.

At that moment, another oddity occurred: Leonel felt his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor stir.