

Descent 1551

[Chapter 1551 Seamless Teamwork](#)

The coordination between Leonel and Aina couldn't have been more perfect. In fact, it was so seamless that it was almost impossible to watch. Anyone who wasn't familiar with the two of them would think that any time now, Leonel's hand would slip or his calculations would be just a small measure off and he would end up causing irreparable harm to Aina who wasn't guarded against him in the slightest.

For the likes of Uvile, Silyn, and especially their Pavilion Head, this kind of sight was especially difficult to stomach. The idea of trusting a man so deeply was such a foreign concept to them that they short-circuited for a moment, trying to find a different explanation for what they were seeing. But no matter how many times they blinked, the images never stopped coming.

As time passed and awe set in, those who had thought Leonel to be a master of the spear didn't even know what to think any more. Spear? Wasn't this youth clearly a pinnacle expert with the bow? Why did he even waste his time picking up the spear in the first place?

His anticipation, the control of Bow Force, his effortless calculations, it made the elders who also used a bow freeze in their seats. Were they even as good as a youth who had yet to mature?

Even though they were used to fighting at speeds far beyond that of Leonel and Aina, even they wouldn't be so confident as to shoot their arrows so close to her body.

It was almost as though every frame of Aina's speed movements, if frozen, would look as though had been stuck onto a canvas and had her silhouette outlined by hundreds of arrows.

If she took a step forward, in the instant she widened her stances, dozens of arrows would curve between her legs and skewer the targets before her.

If raised her arms, dozens more arrows would sweep underneath, barely missing her toned arms and ample chest.

If she leaned her head back to dodge the blow of a demon that had overestimated itself, arrows would whiz by her slender exposed neck as though they could see glimpses of the future.

All of these elders were experts. Even with Leonel firing at hundreds of arrows a minute, they could track every single one. Most of the time, these arrows would already be halfway there by the time Aina decided on her next move.

Just how many battles had they fought together to reach this point? No, that wasn't even the most important question, how could one person trust another person to this level?

It might not be impossible to find several people with the skill to do this, but was it even possible to find a partner who would allow you to do so? Would said partner even be able to display their full strength without feeling hesitant and suffocated thinking that you were just one slip of the finger away from ending their life entirely?

By that point, the partner would end up holding back their true strength, looking out for the moment you screwed up so that they could safely extricate themselves. But Aina didn't look like she spared a

single thought toward Leonel's actions at all. It was as though she didn't even consider the possibility of him messing up.

No matter how skilled you were, it was impossible for you to never make even a single mistake, right? Wasn't this girl a little bit too foolish? Wouldn't it be a shame if a genius died in this way?

Ophelia gripped her armrests, ready to go down right this moment. But as the arrow count increased from hundreds, to thousands, to tens of thousands, to even hundreds of thousands, the shock only grew deeper.

Leonel didn't show any signs of slowing down. In fact, he was getting faster. It was almost like he hadn't been fully used to his weapon or his Bow Force.

The first was fine since they had all seen him buy the bow just now. In fact, that only made things more shocking because he hadn't even sent out a practice shot before he started firing toward Aina, something that only made their hearts shudder all the more.

But the second? How could such a skilled archer not understand their Bow Force fully?

What they didn't know was that Leonel's Bow Force progressed with such speed that for most of the time he had had it, it had surpassed his Dimension level. Just using it had placed a great strain on his mind. It could be said that while he was familiar with True Bow Force, when it came to Enlightened Bow Force, he was nothing more than a novice.

And now that he finally had its full strength at the tip of his fingers, he was relentless. Marksmanship had always given him a feeling nothing else could match, and now that he could allow it to breathe in all its glory, it was as though one shackle around his body after another was shattering to pieces.

Leonel's eyes flashed, dancing between a pale violet to a bright one as though it couldn't make up its mind.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

The sound of the heavy thud of arrows colliding with the bodies of powerful demons echoed out every second. None seemed to cause a large amount of damage, but without fail, every time an arrow-ridden demon met Aina's blade, they would fall with a single sweep.

It was as though Leonel's arrows sapped them of all their strength, forcing them into a position where they could do nothing.

Aina's point total kept jumping.

From around 11 million, to 12, to 13, in a blink, it felt like it doubled, crossing into the 20 million threshold.

With every kill she made, a large amount of blood was surge around her, increasing her area of attack and placing more pressure on Leonel's arrows to dodge her attacks and support her.

And yet, he did so as easily as breathing as though it was never a challenge to begin with.

The trio of the Sacred Light Pavilion finally seemed to notice what was happening.

[Chapter 1552 Stophiar](#)

Stophiar and the others had already deployed their own formation and were killing off a large number of demons. They were confident that they'd be able to out-speed anyone, so their main goal was to travel to a location in the city where they wouldn't be interfered with.

They formed a huge formation of light. All they needed to do was pump their Light Force into it and it would burn most low High Class demons to ash. As for the middle and high ones that entered, they would find themselves greatly weakened and they would be directly killed by Stophiar.

They couldn't move very fast due to the formation, but they didn't need to with so many demons swarming them in the first place. Stophiar himself had already jumped from around nine million to over 12 million in just a small while.

He felt that no one else could match this pace and that their stamina was performing well, so they wouldn't have to worry about lasting until the end. Once all of this was finished, only then would he think about dealing with Leonel. There were more important things than his own ego right now.

However, he would have never expected that when he looked at the point totals rather than finding that he had closed the gap and surpassed Aina, to find that he had actually been thrown so much further behind.

At first Stophiar thought it was a fluke. If the Endless Twilight Pavilion just happened to have a large one time use item they used right at the beginning to expand the gap, then that was still acceptable. He was confident in his ability to catch up.

But just after a few more seconds, he realized that he couldn't have been more wrong. The increase was steady, predictable, and coming in a strong, unrelenting stream. Although there were some small jumps, they happened again and again, making it clear that this was definitely not a one time use item.

Stophiar realized immediately that this wasn't working. If they didn't first obstruct the Endless Twilight Pavilion and only worry about meeting the 10% mark later, they would definitely suffer.

"Dammit!"

Stophiar's hair flared out, several rays of light coming out from him as he crushed the demons in the surroundings.

"Return, now!"

Stophiar suddenly regretted having gone so far out to hide their methods from others. By the time they made it, Aina and the Endless Twilight Pavilion would probably have already crossed the 2 or 3% mark. The gap would only widen from there.

"Shit..."

Stophiar frowned and made a tough decision.

"Manifest!"

His roar thundered, his Star slowly manifesting itself. He only brought out one, but the difference was that minor Runes could be seen dancing within.

Stophiar stomped his feet. His two juniors looked toward one another, but their trust in Stophiar was deep. Without hesitation they followed suit and followed in hot pursuit.

They were supposed to save their Stars for the final stretch, but if this were already like this, there wasn't any time to mind anything else. They had seen the leaderboard too and they knew why their senior had acted like this. They could only go all out to make it back. There was no point in conserving their strength because if they had energy left in the end they couldn't use, then it truly wouldn't be worth it.

It took several minutes for them to return, and by then, Aina was already approaching 30 million. What they saw, though, shook them.

Blood whirled about Aina like a bloody rose. It was somehow both beautiful and fearsome, the rose becoming an inescapable grinder.

However, while the rose alone was definitely powerful enough to make them shudder, it should have been an attack that could easily be grinded down. With his insights, Stophiar could tell that while it was beautiful, it had no structure or core principle. This meant that there was no technique powering it and was rather no less complex than a simple, ordinary punch.

And yet, this simple Blood Force attack was tearing through High Class demons as though they were nothing... and that was when they saw the arrows.

Stophiar's eyes widened. He hadn't thought of Leonel the whole way here, simply assuming that everything was related to the Endless Twilight.

After shock, Stophiar's expression darkened and his gaze sharpened. The moment Leonel fell, Aina's killing speed would plummet.

His trajectory changed. With a strong step, he became like a speed bullet.

Uvile and Silyn hesitated. They should probably step in now. But Aina had said that they didn't need any help. While she had been protecting Leonel, it had still left them with quite some dissatisfaction.

Plus, wouldn't the Pavilion Head kill them in a fit of rage if they stopped what could be Leonel's death? They valued their own lives far more than that and they knew how irrational the Pavilion Head could be when she was enraged.

Aina frowned, thinking of retreating to get closer to Leonel and intercept them. But she only received a shake of the head and the rain of Leonel's arrows only seemed to become greater.

Leonel's eyes were still focused on Aina as though he hadn't sensed Stophiar's charge at all.

But he knew everything he needed to.

Stophiar was definitely exceptionally powerful. It seemed that he was already in Tier 7 of the Sixth Dimension and would more than crush the usual Sector Ranked disciples of the Void Palace. He definitely deserved his place as the head disciple of a Human Class power.

Stophiar seemed to know this about himself as well as he confidently charged forward.

He closed the distance, leaping when he was just ten meters from the base of the sky rise Leonel stood upon.

He shot up like a streaking star, dancing lights of white gold following his wake.

Unfortunately...

He actually dared to use Light Force in Leonel's presence.

Stophiar's head appeared, shooting past the ledge of the building and ready to shred Leonel to pieces.

But at that moment, Leonel's hand had appeared above his Star. For some reason, an overwhelming amount of fear gripped him in that instant.

"Didn't I tell you to piss off?"

Leonel's hand squeezed.

Under the astonished gazes of those watching, the Star of a Human Class genius shattered like glass and his aura plummeted out of the Sixth Star.

[Chapter 1553 Hurry](#)

Leonel retracted his palm and sent a strong kick at Stophiar's chest.

The sound of bone cracking and shattering resounded like a crack of thunder before the air blasted apart in violent concentric circles. In one moment, foot and chest were connected, and in the next, Stophiar had already crashed through an adjacent building.

Leonel didn't even focus on the result. From the beginning, his priority had been Aina. He didn't seem to feel like what he had done was special at all.

However, all the elders who had been paying attention to that screen rose to their feet, their eyes wide with shock and their hearts threatening to beat out of their chests.

Shattering an enemy's Star wasn't impossible, but it required one of two things. The first was to have overwhelming power over them. Sometimes, even an entire Dimension of separation wasn't enough, especially if the target was a talent that had formed a Star Runes.

At best, if you were much stronger, you could crack it and force the target to retract it. But, even a cracked Star, while it couldn't be manifested for fear of worsening the damage, could still function normally in the body as it absorbed Force to heal itself.

Usually, one would have to have almost two Dimensions of separation to do this with the ease Leonel had. However, it was very clear and obvious that Leonel was not in the Eighth Star. If he was, they would have definitely sensed it. Plus, the city wouldn't allow anyone about the Sixth in.

So that left only one explanation.

The second possibility was that someone had to both have exceptionally high affinity aligned with the target Star and... They had to have exceptional Star Force affinity!

There were very rarely people born with two separate affinities like this, but most often, these affinities were born into one and fused into a single state. Any Force with such a high fusion of Star Force into it, enough to give their owner such a high affinity with Star Force, was called...

A True State Star Force!

The odds that Leonel had a True State Star Force were greater than 70%. And, even if he didn't, he had already displayed such a high Water Force, Bow Force, and Spear Force. But now he had such high Light Force and the incredibly rare Star Force affinity?!

Even if it wasn't a True State Star Force, his individual affinities were so far beyond a Human Class genius that he could crush them with a single palm and a single kick...

Just where did this child come from?!

Of course, Leonel had a True State Star Force, the only difference was that he called it a True State Force.

Top 10 in Star Forces. Top 3 in Light Forces. Top 1 in Fire Forces.

Not only did he have it, but if he displayed the number of Star Runes he had also formed for it, he could raze this entire to the ground.

After truly comprehending [Dimensional Cleanse], Leonel found that his Mage Core's ability to control atmospheric Force, especially ones he had affinity for, had increased hundreds of folds. If he wanted, he could have simply sapped Stophiar of all his Light Force just not and rendered his attack useless. But he didn't like the look of the latter's face.

With Stophiar down, especially the way he had gone down, his two juniors didn't dare to step forward and could only rush to save their senior.

No matter what, they refused to join in losing their Stars. If their Star was shattered, it would take months to even years to reform. Then they would have to re-do the Sixth Dimension all over again.

It was safe to say that at least for now, Stophiar's time as a genius was finished.

With no other obstacles, Leonel and Aina tore through the city of demons without the slightest rest. Not even half an hour later, it clicked and they crossed the 10% mark.

Aina returned to Leonel's side with a sweet smile. She wasn't very surprised by the result, but it filled her with satisfaction knowing that others had been proven wrong about her man.

"There was something different about your Bow Force."

"Hm..."

Aina stayed still and let Leonel dab away the slight sheen of sweat on her face, her smile only growing brighter.

"... It does feel different. I feel like I could make it enter the Seventh Dimension whenever I want. But after experiencing that once, I don't really want to do it again."

"Oh," Aina nodded as though this was only a matter of course.

The duo were speaking in a language no one could understand. If it wasn't for this, who knew how others would react?

"Okay," Leonel stepped back after he was satisfied, "quickly go trade for it. We still have to go to Human Class. It will be dangerous if there are many as powerful as the annoying guy."

Aina nodded and flashed toward the top of the sky rise. As for Leonel, he used some of his points to exchange for quite a few items. But ultimately, he was still missing three things he needed.

The good news was these were quite high class items, so it was likely that the High Class Sector simply wouldn't have them but others would.

Just buying what he needed, Leonel had gone from over three million Demon Points to just over a million, the rest entering his "spent" category.

The observers had no idea what he was doing, but they simply concluded that he wanted these items for his own personal use. But a lot of them seemed to be spatial items, did Leonel also have a spatial affinity?

They shuddered at the thought.

Aina came back out quickly, her aura having already changed considerably. It seemed that Golden Tablets were actually special and fused with you, allowing her to learn many of its lower level techniques without even trying.

Leonel nodded. "When we have time, I have another technique I want you to learn. I didn't think it was important before but... I'll explain later. We should hurry."

Aina didn't even have a thought to spare for Uvile and Silyn as she and Leonel charged into the Human Class Sector.

[Chapter 1554 Human Class Sector](#)

"Do you really have a way out?" Aina asked.

"Of course, aren't I amazing?" Leonel grinned.

The two shot through the portal, appearing in an all new city Sector that was clearly even larger than the High Class Sect. But what was special about this location was the fact that there didn't seem to be any demons present to attack them automatically. In fact, even after a quick sweep with his senses, Leonel found that he couldn't find any in a kilometer range either, at least not with a surface level sweep.

Leonel's gaze narrowed at this prospect. This was the Human Class and it was considered a huge dividing line between the Low, Middle and High Classes. Demons of this caliber were truly dangerous.

If Stophiar's strength was anything to go by, this Sector would definitely not be easy to manage. The level of power Stophiar had was the equivalent of top level Sector Ranked disciples of the Void Palace, yet his elders had still sent him down to the High Class Sector.

This meant one thing for sure: that they only felt that Stophiar could guarantee them a victory there. That meant that, without a doubt, there were people equally as if not more powerful than that here, and not all of them would have affinities that Leonel could easily just crush, so they had to be exceptionally cautious.

It was very likely that many of these people would have power, maybe rivaling or even surpassing that of his mother, and to Leonel, he still couldn't see the peak his mother stood at.

The higher up in Dimensions you went, the larger the dividing lines between individual Tiers was. It would be difficult. Very difficult. The other Sectors had been almost too easy, but this time Leonel would have to prepare a bit.

His greatest evolution wasn't in the strength of his body, but rather the strength of his mind.

Even if he couldn't leave this place with a Gold Tablet of his own, he had no intention of leaving behind the Silver Tablet. He had to have at least that.

"Are you sure?" Aina raised an eyebrow.

"Are you doubting me?" Leonel's serious expression vanished into a teasing one. "I'm hurt."

Aina rolled her eyes. Was there even anyone in the world who trusted him more at this point?

When it came to matters of strength, Aina didn't even think twice. She didn't even blink when he said he could promote his Bow Force whenever he wanted.

But right now, they were stuck in a Zone. When she had met Leonel again, she had shed a tear because seeing him at least meant that if they were going to die here, they could do so together. She realized then that even if she could never get revenge for her mother, she would be able to calm her heart so long as Leonel was by her side.

Ultimately, she had already resigned to a life of being stuck in this place. Though it was quite harsh and demons were a constant, looming threat, it wasn't much different from their own world, the threats were just different.

Plus, this place didn't seem to have Invalids obsessed with stealing her away to force her to birth their children. So, in her books, this was an enormous plus. She couldn't even put into words just how revolting and sick just the thought of it was to her.

But now Leonel was saying that he could bring them out.

It had to be known that in the history of the Dimensional Verse, no one had ever succeeded in such a thing. Powerful experts had been lost inside, never to return. Even the children of powerful experts had been stuck, but even their parents couldn't get them out.

It was impossible. Completely impossible.

"You aren't lying to me to make me feel better, right?"

Aina didn't look angry at the prospect. In fact, her eyes looked quite vulnerable right this moment. Regardless of the answer, she wouldn't get angry.

Leonel probably knew how important revenge was to her. Even if she could force her heart to settle down and forget, that didn't mean that she would be truly at ease if she couldn't make the Brazinger family pay.

But she wanted him to know that it was alright. He didn't have to go so far and push himself so much if it was truly impossible.

Leonel's smile faded and his expression turned serious. His hand reached forward and he smoothed out a piece of loose hair, his actions impossibly gentle for a man who had just crippled another with that very same palm just moments ago.

"I can do the impossible."

They were simple words and wildly boastful, but Aina still felt her heart bloom. For some reason, she was certain that he wasn't lying.

"Okay," Aina grabbed onto Leonel's arm with a happy smile. "If you really succeed, I can clear my baby making time slots for you."

Leonel's serious and cool demeanor shattered as he choked on air. "Clear? Time slots? What's that supposed to mean?"

Aina looked away as though he hadn't heard him at all.

"Look, a demon!"

Leonel's head snapped in the direction Aina had pointed in, but there was nothing there. Realizing he had been duped, his head snapped back only to realize that Aina had vanished into a puff of crimson, her speed impossibly fast.

Leonel was speechless. How had he fallen for the oldest trick in the book? Especially when his senses were the strongest ability he had?

After recovering, Leonel laughed, a whirl of Light Force appearing around him as he shot forward. Compared to the speed he had displayed before, this was easily dozens of times faster.

A streak of crimson and one of gold tore a path through the city, toeing a line between two accumulating armies.

The Human Class Sector was, indeed, a lot different. The demons knew how to use their brains, how to strategize and bide their time.

This was why, the moment Leonel and Aina appeared, they immediately became number one and two on the leaderboards.

Once the battle truly began, it would be a bloodbath.

[Chapter 1555 Show Off](#)

Leonel and Aina made it all the way to the center of the city without the slightest obstruction. Leonel had been lamenting the fact that they wouldn't have a teleportation method here, but surprisingly,

although it was slower, it wasn't a terrible experience either. With their speed, it took maybe an hour to reach the center of the city, but not much more than that.

When they got there, though, there was, once again, nothing to see.

By this point, Leonel had noticed the leaderboard and he realized even those with the highest point totals only have Demon Points totaling in the tens of thousands. According to what he knew, these totals were what one could expect for killing one or two Human Class demons.

This meant that even the strongest here only had so few kills. No, it was more accurate to say that the luckiest here had so few, because Leonel highly doubted that such a list was representative of the strongest here.

However, that left Leonel and Aina with a huge advantage. Aina alone had over 100 million points. And Leonel, though his points were already used, had over three million. Leonel's points weren't very important, but Aina should be able to exchange for what they needed.

Like the proud gigolo he was, Leonel let Aina pay for everything and they became the first to step into the central sky rises and the only ones with access to their shops. Very quickly, they began looking for what Leonel needed.

"This is a necessity, with this there should only be one thing left."

Leonel held the Force Quill in his hand, but it felt impossibly heavy in his hand, almost like it was a spear or a greatsword instead of the quill it was meant to be.

The tip was carved out of a bronze metal that almost made it look like the embroidered helmet of a sentinel. This tip led to a dense black that seemed smooth upon first look, but needled into Leonel's metallic skin as though it was wet tissue paper.

The moment Leonel touched it, his blood dripped down and pooled at the bronze tip, ready to drip at any moment. At the same time, the pure white feather that connected to the black stem began to glow a fierce rouge light.

CLANG!

Just like that, the rouge light snapped close like the pieces of an armor and shield, dancing with complex Runes.

Without much of a thought, Leonel drew a pen stroke across the air, causing the rouge light to tremble and cause a surge of Force to multiply and fuse with Leonel's own.

This was exactly the effect Leonel needed. This Force Quill was a Quasi Life Grade Force Quill, a treasure on the same level as the White Lion Bow. What Leonel needed to do couldn't be done with just his power alone, he needed to borrow power from the world around him.

The good news was that mastering [Dimensional Cleanse] had actually made this Force Quill almost unnecessary. The even better news was that the combination of the two made his odds of success all the greater.

There was no doubt that this Force Quill would be with him for a long while. If not for this Zone, who knew how long it would take him to get his hands on one of this caliber?

"This Force Quill is a bit sinister, it skimming at your Life Force to work."

Leonel nodded. "It's also a bit unruly. It's taking more than it needs, probably because it's near the Life Grade so it thinks it's too good for me. If it broke into the Life Grade right now, I probably wouldn't even be able to pick it up."

Leonel chuckled. A Force Quill not acknowledging him? He would like to see how long it would remain stubborn for. In no time at all, it would be obediently taking only as much Life Force as it needed.

As for right now, Leonel wasn't even worried about it. With Vital Star Force fueling his body, Life Force wasn't something he needed to worry about.

Vital Star Force could be considered to be to Life Force what Soul Force was to Dream Force. Of course, Life Force was of a higher grade than Vital Star Force. This was because Life Force encompassed everything while Vital Star Force was only designed for the body.

However, when it came to purely body related things like a body's strength and longevity, Vital Star Force didn't lose out to Life Force in any way. This was why Leonel's raw physical strength had finally caught up to Aina's.

"So you said there's one more thing we need?"

"Yes, one more thing. I need a material strong enough to withstand the procedure. It needs to be both very sturdy and have a spatial affinity. The trouble is that materials like that are simply too rare. Ores with high Spatial Force tend to be more volatile and unstable. I need one that's the exact opposite.

"It doesn't seem like the Human Class Sector has something strong enough."

"Then we'll need to go to the Fiend Class."

Leonel nodded slowly. He didn't say it, but he felt that without an opportunity to first complete the final leg of his plan, and with Aina not having time to meditate on her Gold Tablet, the Human Class was their limit. And, even then, they were greatly stretching themselves.

If they wanted to exchange for something in the Fiend Class Sector, they would definitely need to earn all the points they could here.

After just purchasing two things here, Aina's more than 100 million Demon Points had almost been completely wiped out, she barely had 10 million left. It wouldn't be enough to buy the material even if Leonel had found it here. This told Leonel that if they didn't go into the Fiend Class with enough points, they would never be able to gather enough there.

Getting 10% of the kills in this Sector would be hard enough, but now they couldn't stop there. Leonel felt they would need to kill at least 20% to ensure that they would have enough to trade for what would likely be a Life Grade Ore.

Leonel took a breath and closed his eyes.

"We can't do this like we did in the High Class..."

Leonel spun his new Force Quill through his fingers, his dexterity seemingly having increased to an impossible level.

"... So it seems I'm going to have to show off a bit."

Blueprints danced through Leonel's mind. He didn't realize that the commotion he was about to cause would lead to a cascade of events he would have no power to stop.

[Chapter 1556 Subtle](#)

Leonel walked up to the side of a building and began inspecting it. Aina didn't say anything as she followed along, simply allowing Leonel to focus. But as unexpressive as Leonel's face was, his mind was like a raging storm.

Due to what had happened at the Void Tower, Leonel's Dream World looked a lot more like a universe of its own, his synapses becoming like the usually imaginary lines that connected the stars of a constellation.

Planets moved, asteroids rushed about, and stars sparkled and faded. It was as though Leonel's thoughts themselves could force world shattering changes, the changes the likes of which could cause upheaval on a cataclysmic scale.

'As expected, practically everything here is made up of Seventh Dimensional materials at worst. That's both a good and a bad thing...'

Leonel's thoughts danced about in his mind. The Dwarven Races Force Arts, the Morales family's Force Arts, the Luxnix family's Force Arts, and even snippets of the Spiritual Races Force Arts all danced about in Leonel's mind, a raging tempest of thoughts forming up and then collapsing one after another.

'It's possible... It's possible if I copy... Maybe with a few changes here and there...'

Leonel's mind was on a completely different level than it had been before, but when it came to the Force Arts of the Dwarven Race, copying with just a few liberties was still the best that he could do.

However, he felt that he was getting closer and closer on that front, all he was lacking was time. But time was maybe what he lacked the most. He had given himself two more weeks to gain enough strength to leave the Oliidark family, but now it felt like that timeline was trying to swallow him whole.

Despite the pressure, Leonel only seemed to grow calmer, his mind working faster and faster.

At that moment, Leonel's palm flipped over the Force Quill appeared, his pale violet eyes glowing with a blinding light as he began to draw across the side of a building. He seemed to forget about everything else, trusting Aina entirely to protect his back.

...

The appearance of Leonel and Aina had definitely caught the attention of the Human Class geniuses who were still biding their time and waiting for the events to begin. But the ones caught the most off guard were the trio who recognized Aina's name.

Could it be that Aina had already claimed the Top Prize of the High Class? That much was great, but where were Uvile and Silyn, then? And also, why hadn't there been any attempt to contact them? There were more than a few options on how to do so even if you were scared about the retaliation of the Human Class demons.

The trio of young women looked toward one another. They realized that something here wasn't quite right, especially since there was also this Leonidas character. But the benefit of an extra helper wouldn't be small, so they had to try and find Aina.

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In the skies above, Ophelia continued to watch on with a cold gaze. When she saw Aina waste a 100 million Demon Points on Leonel, buying up everything he pointed out without the slightest hesitation, her smoldering fury only became deeper and deeper.

She seemed to have completely forgotten that it was only because of Leonel that Aina had accumulated so many points so easily to begin with. She couldn't seem to wrap her head around the idea of mutual aid, trust and respect.

Her gaze focused on Aina, never leaving her once. She didn't even seem to notice what it was that Leonel was doing at all. Or maybe it was just that she didn't care.

Avras, though, was watching on in confusion. That was clearly a Force Quill, but why wasn't it a Force Art language that he didn't recognize?

Not recognizing it was still fine, but he should still be able to deduce its effects much like Leonel could with the Dwarven Race's Force Arts. However... he actually couldn't make heads or tails of it. It felt impossible that Leonel's attainments in Force Arts could be deeper than his own. Could it be that he was just trying to show off for a girl and doing whatever nonsense came to mind?

But that didn't seem to make much sense either. Leonel clearly had enough skill that such tricks weren't necessary. Plus, he already had the heart of the bastard child of the Brazinger's, so was doing such a thing even worth it?

'... Odd.'

...

Leonel didn't have time to pay attention to the thoughts of others. As he moved, he only seemed to become faster. It had been so long since he had Crafted anything that he forgot how much he loved it.

To Leonel's shock, though, as he continued to draw, a subtle sort of feeling began to dance on the edge of his quill's tip. In fact, the unruly Quasi Life Grade Force Quill only seemed to become more and more obedient with each passing second.

For a moment, the quill felt no different from a spear or his bow, his control over it was immaculate and the Artistic Conception that flooded forth from its body enveloped Leonel, causing him to sink even deeper into his thoughts.

He had felt this feeling once before. When he forged the final creation of his last Force Quill, a Force Quill that had followed by his side for years, he could almost feel its mourning, its excitement, its final will.

That feeling was oh so subtle before, but after grasping the first stage of his grandfather's spear technique, it became sharper. Rather than a slight melody pulling at his will, it felt as though the DONG of a sonorous bell was ringing in his mind.

Leonel seemed to vanish, fusing into the world itself. It suddenly wasn't clear where his hand stopped and where his quill began.

And then it clicked. He realized what was lacking from his Bow Force and from his Spear Force.

[Chapter 1557 Cat Fight](#)

Leonel moved faster and faster, gorgeous semi and quarter circular arcs beginning to layer atop of one another to become more and more complex. Even before it became functional, it was beautiful. And even before it was beautiful, it was perfect. Every line, every edge and every overlap was precise to the millimeter, not a single piece out of place.

Leonel shattered a window and began to weave in and out of the building, his Force Arts swallowing more and more of it all without a care for what function it had produced before.

"Aina."

At that moment, Aina had been entirely focused on Leonel, her own eyes in somewhat of a trance. But she still knew that her role was to protect Leonel as best she could during this period. So, she had already noticed when others were approaching and she frowned when she heard them call her name.

Aina turned to find three familiar faces, all of whom were from the Endless Twilight Pavilion.

Compared to the other powers, the Endless Twilight Pavilion had been the most brazen. Some others might only participate in two separate Sectors if they had the means to do so secretly. The Endless Twilight Pavilion, though, sent in nine disciples to cover three different Sectors: the High Class Sector, the Human Class Sector and the Fiend Class Sector.

In fact, if it wasn't because she disdained to do so, Ophelia would have sent people into the Middle and Low Classes as well, all so that she could maximize her chances at laying claim to as many tablets as possible.

The three women had auras far more dense and powerful than that of Uvile and Silyn. As three of the top six disciples of a Fiend Class power, this was all to be expected. As for ranked fourth through sixth of a Fiend Class power, they should be able to easily bury the likes of Stophiar.

Aina felt quite a bit of pressure facing them, there was nothing much she could do about that. These three were already very close to entering the Seventh Dimension, if they didn't make her feel so much pressure, their decades of practice would have all gone to waste.

"Yes?"

Aina's reply left the three not quite knowing what to say.

The one who had initially spoken was the fourth ranked and the leader amongst the three. She had a fiery head of red hair and bright violet eyes. However the aura she gave off was quite electric, the air sparking around her before fading back to normal.

If her Lightning Force was compared to the trio of the Lightning Lance Pavilion, it could only be said to be akin to night and day. The gap was far too large, so much so that Lightning Force itself seemed to react to the fluctuations in her emotions.

"Did Pavilion Head not make herself clear? In the case that any one of us finishes early and promotes to the next Sector, we're to gather together as quickly as possible. I would be able to make concessions for you if you were delayed, but it doesn't look like you were delayed at all. What do you think you're doing?"

Aina's eyes narrowed. "I have something to do, I won't be joining you."

"Excuse me?"

Sparks flew around Lovira, dancing between golden, red and violet. The sizzling of the air seemed to raise the temperature, an oppressive might descending.

"I said that I won't be joining you." Aina's voice grew colder. "Good luck."

"Are you betraying the Endless Twilight Pavilion? Are you breaking the trust of the sisterhood?"

The one who spoke was the fifth ranked Marcy, while her temper was much gentler in comparison to Lovira's hot bloodedness, she didn't seem very happy with what was happening either. They were Aina's seniors, just by virtue of that alone, they deserved her respect, this was how the world worked. To actually dare to try and blow them off, and for what, exactly?

Their gazes shifted from Aina to a shadow that continuously appeared and vanished in the windows of the adjacent shop. They had no idea what he was doing, but when they laid eyes on the elaborate patterns surrounding the building, their hearts couldn't help but tremble for some reason.

"Betraying? I was taken into the Endless Twilight Pavilion to be a maidservant. If it wasn't for my own personal talent, I would have already been flogged to death. Even after I survived that ordeal, I was forced to choose between dying and becoming a student of your Pavilion, what sisterhood, exactly?"

The coercion in Aina's voice only seemed to increase with every word she spoke.

She was already tall for a woman to begin with, standing after over six feet. Her hair might not be the same crimson of the Brazinger's, but her aura was no less potent if not more so. Facing the likes of Lovira, if it was in terms of raw power, she might lose, but if it was a battle of momentum and aura, she would lose to no one.

Lovira felt her heart quake. Looking into Aina's bright golden eyes, it felt as though she was staring into the soul of a War Goddess.

"Your sisterhood is worth nothing to me, and certainly not as much as a single hair on his head. I advise that you leave us alone and preserve your strength for the coming final phase. If not, I'll make certain that you suffer here even if I lose."

Lovira's gaze flickered. If anyone else so weak had said such nonsense to her, she might spit in their face long before she took it seriously. But a Blood Sovereign... A Blood Sovereign was too unpredictable. It was precisely this Blood Sovereign ability that caught the eye of the forever unimpressed Ophelia.

At that moment, the sound of clapping echoed.

"Ohoho, front row seats to a cat fight, lucky us. Do you think we'll get any nipple action this time?"

A teasing voice came from the top of a sky rise. A foot appeared on the ledge before a handsome face peered over to catch a glimpse of what was happening below.

[Chapter 1558 Pathetic](#)

Lovira's expression darkened as she looked up. She had hoped that this could be dealt with without involving others, but it was quite clear that their movements would be monitored by anyone with a vested interest in winning. And, just as obviously, anyone who dared to so blatantly provoke them like this was yet another power that wouldn't lose out to the Endless Twilight Pavilion by much at all.

The Star Force Pavilion.

The Star Force Pavilion was famous for only accepting disciples with rare Star affinities. It could be said that outside powers that could be considered subsidiaries of the Great Families like the Sacred Light Pavilion Stophiar had been a part of, the Endless Twilight Pavilion, the Star Force Pavilion, and the Eternal Dream Pavilion were the very strongest.

All three were Fiend Class powers only below that of the Great Families, but truthfully, it was a bit inaccurate to see them like this.

There was only one Chaos Class Bubble in the Human World which was protected jointly by the Four Great Families. This Bubble often received the support of these powerful Fiend Class powers as well and often the greatest geniuses of these Fiend Class powers would play a large role in defending said Bubble.

It could be said that the only reason these highest level Fiend Class powers weren't considered Chaos Class powers was that there wasn't enough opportunity to grow. At least that was what it seemed like on the surface, in reality, things were even more complicated than just this alone.

Regardless, the Eternal Dream Pavilion was one that was quite mysterious and didn't often take part in such affairs. They were the only power not to send a single individual here. That mostly left the Endless Twilight Pavilion and the Star Force Pavilion to butt heads and figure out how to divide these spoils alone, something that quite frankly left everyone else stuck.

The one who had spoken just now was the fourth ranked disciple of the Star Force Pavilion, Tybth. He was the equivalent of Lovira in almost every way, so it wasn't a surprise that he didn't care about offending her with his words.

"Lovira, don't be like that, is there a need to glare? I've already told you that if you keep this up, you'll end up with more wrinkles than you know what to do with soon enough. How about I give you a massage and help you to smoothen them out? I can help you smooth out a lot of things."

Tybth grinned wildly, his eyes scanning Lovira up and down. Despite the fact he was standing on top of a building at least a few hundred meters tall, to him, she might as well have been right in front of him.

Lovira's jaw set, the lightning around her continuing to dance and spark. They almost looked like fine cracks in space, ready to implode at any moment.

Suddenly, and completely without warning, Lovira's arm shot forward, her hand forming into a crackling blade that pierced right for Aina's heart.

Aina, however, didn't seem very surprised by this result at all. The more powerful her Life Force grew, the more sensitive she became to such things.

BANG!

The polearm of Aina's battle ax appeared between herself and Lovira, its blade slamming heavily into the ground. The timing was perfect and Lovira's middle finger slammed heavily into the ax.

A crackle of lightning surged forward, but Aina had already retreated, her expression cold.

Lovira's beautiful countenance twisted, seemingly not expecting her surprise attack to fail, but she had already followed up with another strike, her palms raining down like a torrential rain.

Aina's eyes narrowed, her body seemingly moving on its own. None of her strikes were telegraphed and she moved as freely as a leaf in the wind. The gentleness she had learned from wielding a silk cloth as her main weapon for so long seemed to have long since been ingrained into her very being.

SLAP!

Lovira's face swiveled to the side, hard. It looked for a moment as though her head might twist off her neck just from the force of the blow alone, one of her teeth even flying out from her mouth as her cheek quickly swelled only to just as quickly begin to heal.

Aina took a back, grabbing her ax.

"Your close combat skills are pathetic. If you want to teach me a lesson, I advise you to fight for real, or else I really won't mind killing you right here and now."

Aina's voice didn't seem to carry even the slightest emotion, but the bloodthirstiness wasn't to be underestimated. She had never been like Leonel. She never hesitated to kill and she would never blink an eye toward slaughter. Leonel only seemed capable of flipping on that switch when those he cared about were harmed, but she didn't even need this much. So long as someone stood in her way, she would rip out their intestines and strangle them with it if it was the only way to win.

And all the while, she wouldn't blink a single time.

Tyboth clapped and laughed from above. He even took a seat, his two juniors laughing and sitting by his side. It seemed that they were having the time of their lives.

"... You slapped me?"

Lovira touched the cut on her lip that was already almost entirely closed, her expression as dark and murky as a swamp's waters.

Aina didn't respond. In truth, she would have preferred a solid punch to deal some real damage, but the gap in Lovira's defenses was too small and narrow. Since she didn't expect to win this battle in one blow anyway, she chose to humiliate and enrage her enemy instead.

When it came to close combat instincts, Aina didn't feel like there was anyone in this world that was her match.

Her grip on her ax's polearm tightened somewhat and she raised it into the air, pointing it straight at Lovira.

"Come."

[Chapter 1559 Shattered Window](#)

Lovira's met Aina's gaze, a smoldering fury within their depths.

"You two, don't you dare interfere. If you do, I'll kill you personally."

Marcy and Farra looked toward each other somewhat helplessly. On the one hand, they knew that they needed to deal with Aina. Not only were her actions a humiliation to their Pavilion, but she could also jeopardize their mission once the final phase truly began.

However, on the other hand, it was too difficult to deal with Blood Sovereigns. Their healing factors were out of this world, their ability to scale their abilities beyond their limits was greater than in any other path, and when you paired that with a stubborn attitude like Aina, the results could be disastrous.

Up above, the members of the Star Force Pavilion were already chuckling and laughing at them, but Lovira had already stepped beyond the threshold of no return. Her temper was too fiery. And it definitely didn't help that she wielded not one, but two top ten Lightning Forces.

Violet Bolt Force, known for its piercing power and Crimson Implosion Force, known for its explosive power. When the two were put together...

Lovira shot forward, her speed fast and her palms already rising into the air to reveal a greatsword with a blade that was two meters tall and two feet wide. It swirled with a violent tempest of red and violet lightning and it descended like a howling wind.

Aina's gaze flashed, her ax arching backward and then swinging upward. A moment before the collision, her wrist shifted ever so slightly, causing her ax's blade to nick the side of Lovira's greatsword and knocking it to the side.

BANG!

Lovira's greatsword glanced by Aina's shoulder, its spark of lightning tearing into the latter's white leather and plate armor almost down to her shoulder's tender flesh. Then with a harsh sound, it collided into the ground, as Aina's Ax Force blazed to life.

Enlightened Ax Force trembled, wavering between a golden and a white color before settling on the latter.

By all rights, Aina had the advantage. With a single glancing blow, she closed the distance between herself and Lovira, the latter's greatsword still stuck in the ground as Aina transferred the upward momentum of her battle ax one again into a downward momentum.

Her ability to shift and use strength that she had already accumulated was immaculate. Every movement was seamless and not even a hint of energy was wasted. There was simply no one who understood her body better than herself.

However, the gap between her and Lovira was too large. While it was clear to anyone that Aina's skill was greater, Lovira could close the gap with sheer raw power.

Lovira took a heavy step back, forcefully changing the momentum of her greatsword and pulling it out from the ground to block Aina's blow.

Aina's wrists trembled, her ax threatening to fly from her hands but she had already prepared to use this new momentum to swing down again.

Unfortunately, Lovira, after making Aina go numb once, forced her to do it again, and then again.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Collision after collision resounded and Lovira pushed Aina back a step with everyone. At first it was even, but Aina's losses became more and more pronounced with every exchange. And to make matters worse, the sparks of purple and red lightning were having residual area of effect impact.

Aina's white armor became charged in several places, and if it wasn't for it, the results would have been far more difficult to handle.

Lovira's attacks became faster and faster as Aina's counters had no choice but to become less skilled. The stronger Lovira's attacks, the more difficult it was for Aina to prepare an adequate rebuttal, and the more pressure she had to face.

Lovira's expression only became more savage. As enraged as she was, she hadn't lost her mind yet. This was as much power as she was willing to use because this wouldn't impact her battle prowess later on. But it still infuriated her that Aina could last for so long.

She sneered when she saw that the web of Aina fingers were accumulating more and more blood. So what if they continuously healed, she would still make this junior who didn't know her place suffer.

BANG!

Aina skidded backward, her expression still placid.

Lovira held out her greatsword, the tempest of lightning around it growing by another measure.

With a heavy stomp forward, the ground quaked and a surging tide of red lightning split the ground.

"HA!"

Lovira released a low shout, her greatsword waving forward and causing a scythe of Lightning Force to shoot for Aina.

Aina's eyes narrowed. Rather than retreating, she took a heavy step forward as well, her ax swinging down with all her might as a crimson aura condensed around her.

"HA!"

Aina's out shout came out like a sonorous bell, an odd resonant feeling gripping the hearts of those who heard it.

At the instant before the two attacks met, the crimson aura around Aina seemed to respond to the shout, multiplying in force by tenfold just the instant before they met.

BANG!

Aina stumbled backward, her ax almost flying out from her hand, but her grip remained true. The ground cracked with each one of her heavy steps until she finally managed to stop on the third, a small exhale coming out from her pink lips.

Lovira's eyes widened.

She survived that without being heavily injured? How is that even possible?

It didn't make any sense. That attack was already enough for even the likes of Tybth to take seriously, let alone a small time disciple like Aina.

Just when Lovira was about to break her own rules and use more strength, she suddenly felt as though her soul had been plunged into the depths of hell.

Her head snapped up, only to find a boy years her junior looking down at her from the ledge of a shattered window.

[Chapter 1560 Why Don't You...](#)

Leonel hopped down from the ledge, landing on the ground as though he was nothing more than a feather. It was especially odd since he hadn't seemed to have done anything to slow his descent. In fact, it looked as though he had even sped up his fall.

Leonel frowned when he saw Aina's bloody hands. He could tell that the skin beneath was already healed, but it didn't make him happy at all.

He sighed. "Didn't I tell you that you should always carry around a bunch of blood, it's too useful to your combat abilities not to."

Aina only smiled but didn't respond. She didn't carry around blood with her mostly because it felt like a cheat. Her Blood Force enhanced her abilities, but they weren't her foundational abilities, at least that was the way she saw it.

In her mind, her main focus should be increasing her raw ability. Then, of course, her Blood Force would be able to boost that when she needed it, thus making her stronger.

All this time, Aina's Blood Force had been like an enigmatic existence looming at the back of her mind. She never really understood it or what it meant to be a Blood Sovereign. In fact, she somewhat hated it and wanted to run from it due to the bad experiences it had caused her.

The fusion with the Gold Tablet seemed to have subtly changed those thoughts within her, but she had only combined with it a few hours ago at most, how would that be enough time to change her entire mentality?

Ultimately, she knew that Leonel was right and had always been right. If she had stored the large amount of demon blood she had gotten from the High Class Sector instead of just leaving it behind like she usually did, then she wouldn't have suffered as much or maybe even not at all.

When she faced increasingly powerful opponents, she couldn't always hope to snatch their blood from them.

Just then when she had slapped Lovira and managed to draw blood, she realized that she couldn't even snatch away the latter's Blood Force, leading to her being pushed to the edge and forced to use a technique she wasn't even sure would work.

Luckily it had, but she still felt that it was a close call. If not for this, she would have been heavily injured if not dead.

"Are you the one who tricked my junior into doing your dirty work?"

Lovira seemed to have finally recovered, but she found herself frozen again when Leonel looked at her. Once was already enough, but for it to happen twice now, she realized that this wasn't a coincidence. Something about this man was even more dangerous than her, and that wasn't a feeling that she was used to being born with her two Lightning Force affinities.

"Who is that?" Leonel asked, ignoring her question.

"A disciple of the Endless Twilight Pavilion?"

"Endless Twilight Pavilion? What does she mean I tricked you?"

"It's a female only organization," Aina explained simply.

"Oh. No wonder it's called Endless Twilight, it's probably run by an old lady who thinks her prime extends to infinity. It makes sense she's raised such bitter disciples."

Aina opened her mouth to respond but when what Leonel said hit her, she was frozen in silence for a moment before she snorted beside herself, her laughter echoing throughout the silent city.

However, Aina was the only one who was laughing. Whether it was the three women, or Tybth and the other men above, none of them dared to. In fact, even if they found it amusing in their hearts, they wouldn't dare to.

Leonel had just said those words out loud for everyone to hear and there was an almost 100% certainty that the fiery tempered Pavilion Head Ophelia had heard them.

Old lady? Past her prime? Bitter?

"You dare say such words about Pavilion Head Ophelia?!"

Leonel's head turned back. "Since you dared to injure her, why don't you just die?"

Lovira, who hadn't expected such a change, suddenly felt an overwhelming danger take hold of her.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

At that moment, the building that Leonel had just been in shrunk by three factors. No, it hadn't shrunk. Rather, it had condensed, becoming a mass of Seventh Dimensional material that snaked into the skies and quickly formed the head of a horned dragon.

ROAR!

The devastating sound broke the sound barrier, shattering the windows of countless sky rises as a huge accumulation of Fire Force began to accumulate in the horned dragon's mouth.

'Run.'

This was the only thought in Lovira's mind as she sprinted away, her eyes signaling the very same thing to her companions.

"Dammit!"

Lovira instantly realized that there wasn't enough time. The other two disciples would have time, but she most definitely would not.

The heat already began to scorch her skin, a raging tempering swirling about the mouth of the construct before it even breathed out.

And when it finally did... It was as though the world was dyed in red.

Lovira unleashed her Stars all at once. Under the shocked eyes of the spectators, she was actually able to manifest four, but the despair on her face spoke volumes.

A pillar of fire descended from above, enveloping her completely.

The concrete melted to liquid, the foundation of several buildings to the side warping and collapsing.

The fire slowly waned, but the heat only seemed to continue to rise. The only two who seemed completely unaffected were Leonel and Aina, the former because no flame could possibly hurt him, and the latter because she had his protection.

"She survived..." Leonel mumbled to himself, watching as a half charred and completely naked Lovira coughed and stumbled, the molten pavement sticking to her and causing her to scream out in horror and pain.

Unfortunately for her, though, there was no beauty to see in her naked form. There was nothing but a half bald head, boiling skin, and charred flesh.

Leonel prompted the horned dragon construct to raise its head again to attack, but at that moment the ground rumbled.

He looked off into the distance, his eyes narrowing. It seemed that the Human Class demons were finally launching their assault.