

Descent 351

Chapter 351

Auspicious Air. Ancient Aura. Heavenly Enlightenment.

It went by many names across just as many worlds. But, regardless of what it was called, the rarity of it didn't change at all. Even the normally calm and unflustered Heira couldn't help but be shocked at this moment. It was to the point her eyes widened uncontrollably.

"Sist –"

Heira raised her slender finger to her pink lips, shushing Syl. It seemed that she was afraid of waking Leonel from such a rare state. It was clear that she had no idea that Leonel had entered this state by choice and it wasn't a mere rare chance... It was something beyond that.

A few minutes later, the air around Leonel suddenly vanished and he woke up within his Dream World. At that moment, he too was stunned.

'Three minutes... It took three minutes...'

Leonel was shocked. Usually, it would take him a few hours to master a spear if he went all out.

In truth, this was already shockingly fast. If others came to know he could do this, there was no telling what kind of sensation it would cause.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

However, Leonel came to realize that as he climbed the hill, the more difficult it became and the more hours he had to pour in to master these spears. Before he realized it, a few months had passed and he had only mastered 300 or so of the over 2000 he needed to.

But, this took him only three minutes?!

The most shocking part was that he had only comprehended with one mind. What if he split his mind eight ways and reflected on the Force Art from eight different directions at once?

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Heira sighed. 'It only lasted a few minutes, but that would be enough for him to meditate on for a lifetime. He's quite a lucky child —.'

Heira almost choked. Leonel entered the state again.

Her elegant demeanor was suddenly thrust out the window. PANDA NOVEL

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Leonel began to experiment. Would it be more efficient to comprehend numerous spells at once? Or meditate on the same spear? What about if he spent four mind splits on one spear and four on another? What if he spent two on each spear?

Leonel exhausted all these options, hopping into and out of a state Heira thought was nearly impossible to touch in the first place. By the end of it all, she felt so numb that she may very well have been close to losing her mind.

Syl and Rie watched this scene play out from the side, completely stunned. They didn't know what had happened to their elegant and refined sister-in-law to make her act like this.

In truth, Heira's reactions weren't very exaggerated. To other people, they could only be considered to be a slight reaction. Maybe a slight opening of her pink lips, a slight raise of her brows, a slight twitch at the corner of her eyes and lashes... However, for Heira, this was the equivalent of her jaw dropping to the floor.

Of course, Leonel had no idea what these women were feeling. He wouldn't care even if he knew. After all, the Force Art was within his Dream World which was essentially just a projection of his memories in his mind. It was impossible for anyone to take from him.

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‘Is this his ability...?’ Heira finally concluded.

When Heira came to this conclusion, she sucked in a cold breath. She suddenly understood why Leonel would disdain to be a bodyguard.

Though Heira had already seen through Leonel’s potential, it seemed that even her own evaluation was too low. Someone with such an ability wouldn’t be restricted by... anything!

Of course, Heira was technically incorrect, but also could be considered to be correct in a way as well. Without his ability, it would truly be impossible for Leonel to do what he was doing now.

‘... If this is truly the case, we have picked up a treasure... But... This treasure will be difficult to control...’

Mistress Heira regained her calm. No matter how one looked, it had become impossible to read her thoughts from her expression.

...

‘So that’s how things are...’

Leonel realized several things through countless experiments.

For one, it was far more efficient to split his mind and meditate on the same spear.

From Leonel’s trials, for a spear at the bottom of the hill, it took about a single minute to master while meditating on the Natural Force Art. For one nearer the middle, it took about five minutes. For one near the top, it took upwards of ten minutes.

However, if he meditated on a spear with two minds at once, the time was lowered by a factor of three. A lower tier spear would take 20 seconds and so on...

The more minds Leonel used, the efficiency became greater and greater. Eventually, when he used all eight minds, it took him no more than a second or two for a lower tier spear and not even a third of a minute for a higher tier one.

Still, even this wasn't the greatest realization Leonel had made.

When he went back to the base of the Spear Peak in order to experiment with lower tier spears, he realized that masteries could be separated into tiers.

Leonel personally chose to split masteries into two tiers. One, the lower, was what he called 'Shallow Mastery', while the higher was named 'Depth Mastery' by him.

Shallow Mastery was all Leonel had grasped until now. In order to evoke this mastery, he had to recall the memories and project the image of the spear consciousness outward. This was why whenever he battled with his spear, the images of the spear owners would pop up.

However, when he reached Depth Mastery, this evocation was no longer necessary. It became ingrained into his very bones.

In order to reach Depth Mastery, the requirement was ten times the time.

This meant for a lower level spear, it would take about 20 seconds. For a middle level spear, it would around two minutes. For a higher tier spear, it would take around four to five minutes.

But for Leonel, this was well worth it because he realized that when he reached Depth Mastery...

The stamina it took him to use his Dreamscape Battle Sense plummeted!

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Leonel lost track of the days, causing the ladies within the carriage to almost become worried.

This wasn't because they were worried for Leonel and it wasn't because they were worried about their own safety having to sleep in the same region as a man either. After all, with Mistress Heira here, even if Leonel had evil thoughts, whether or not he'd be able to keep his life for more than a few seconds was the real question in such a situation.

What they were really worried about was cleanliness. They were very much worried that Leonel would ruin things with his presence. And, as though this wasn't bad enough, he hadn't moved in almost a week already.

But, as time passed, they began to realize something extraordinary. Despite not making any attempts to clean himself, Leonel actually didn't smell. In fact, he looked the exact same as he had when he began to meditate without a care in the world.

Not only that, but he didn't even try to strike up a conversation with any one of them. It made sense for him to maintain distance from Heira. After all, considering how much Syl's elder brother doted on his wife, he might very well kill Leonel just for being in her presence like this. But what about Rie and Syl?

The two women began to feel that there was either something wrong with them, or something wrong with Leonel.

"Hm?"

Leonel's eyes suddenly shot open. A piercing gaze seemed to tear through the air before him as the faint light of a spear shot into the void.  
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Mistress Heira didn't miss this subtle change. But, before she needed to act, Leonel snuffed out the aura himself.

Leonel sent his gaze out of the carriage window, finding an ever looming city quickly approaching. But, this city made the one he had landed in seem like a children's toy.

Its walls were hundreds of meters tall, projecting an air of not only strength but also artistry.

Leonel never thought that he'd be thinking such a thing about wall, but here he was.

The walls were a gentle gold color accented by a strong crimson red. Depictions of valiant warriors and magical beasts were etched across its surface, projecting a three dimensional landscape of war.

Just staring at the images made Leonel feel as though the clanging of weapons and the roaring of beasts were reverberating in his mind. Yet, he couldn't take his eyes off of it.

He felt his blood boil, his eyes flickering on and off with a violet-red color that shrouded the carriage in an oppressive air. PANDA NOVEL

This feeling... It was the very same feeling he had the first time he faced an army of demons.

Syl and Rie shivered, inching away from Leonel while lamenting that the massive carriage was still too small.

Mistress Heira's gaze trembled. She too felt her heart palpitate.

She could tell that this was the first time Leonel was seeing these walls. Usually, it was impossible to become so immersed during a second or third attempt. In addition, most would miss the opportunity and look away after losing courage, not knowing they were leaving an opportunity of a lifetime behind.

Heira could have never expected that Leonel would not only keep looking, but he had even awoken from his meditation as though he had sensed it calling out to him.

"... This has no business on a Fourth Dimensional World..." Leonel suddenly mumbled.

The words were only meant for himself, but Heira's eyes widened when she managed to grasp them.  
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In the end, she smiled lightly. Though she did, with her demeanor, it was no more than the slightest curl of her lip.

“Leonel, you are quite patient. All this time, you haven't asked what it is you'll be participating in.”

Leonel blinked out of his thoughts and looked toward the future Matriarch of the Keafir family. This was the first time she had spoken with him since he entered this carriage.

“... I figured you'd tell me when it was time.” Leonel finally replied.

Heira's beautiful blue eyes fluttered. Then, without responding directly to the question, she looked toward the city in the distance.

“Do you know what that city represents?”

“Bravery.” Leonel said without hesitation.

Heira seemed surprised by this answer before she smiled lightly. This time, her smile seemed much more obvious than it had been in the past.

“That's one answer.” She said noncommittedly. “My answer, though, is even simpler than that. It's Survival.”

Leonel's heart stilled for a moment. A flood of unknowable emotions surged through him, causing his blood to rumble once more.

“You say bravery because you have the strength to say as much. To those without power, it's never about something so idealistic. All they want to see is their next day, their next meal, their next breath. It's not about anything more than that.”

Syl's eyes glittered as she looked toward Leonel. Is this boy really powerful enough to gain such an evaluation from her sister-in-law?

As for the simplest among them all, Rie, she almost couldn't refrain from harrumphing. She clearly didn't like anything that praised Leonel. What powerful man would bully a young, beautiful girl like her? More pointedly, what powerful man would have such a slave brand?

Leonel didn't respond to these words.

This wasn't the first time he had run into such a problem. His talk with Roaring Black Lion all those months ago still resurfaced in his memories from time to time.

"You could say that this is a matter of survival for our family. So, I hope that you'll treat this with the appropriate amount of seriousness."

It was only now Leonel realized that he was dealing with a mad woman.

This woman knew nothing about him. Yet, she directly snubbed a genius likely handpicked by their family in favor of him, a man branded with a mark that might as well have assigned him as a slave.

If she wasn't mad, then how else would you describe it?

Yet, Leonel couldn't help but find himself grinning.

If he couldn't find Aina, the next best option was to raise holy hell until she caught wind of him being here. If this place was really so important, wouldn't it be perfect for him?

He was beginning to think that Heira might have taken a liking to him because he too was a madman.



“That’s the Kaefir family’s entourage!”

The outside of the valiant city was bustling. It was not much different from the people of Earth meeting their celebrities.

To the common folk, a family that ruled of a City like Kaefir’s was far beyond their reach. To see them in the flesh like this was an opportunity of a lifetime.

These people knew that they would never have the chance to enter Brave City. But they still traveled here from all over just to catch a glimpse of the festivities. The best part was that they could do so safely. No beasts or Invalids would dare to enter even the ten kilometer radius of Brave City. The aura around it was simply too oppressive. Thanks to this, it was often even safer to be here than it would be to stay at their homes...

“The Swan family escort is here!”

The crowd boiled once again. What could excite the people more if not rivalry and competition?

Not only were the Swan and Kaefir family’s both long standing enemies, but they also both had the strength to stand out amidst the crowd.

Terrain had a system of Cities and Powers. They worked together to balance one another. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

While the Cities were ruled by City Lords, the Powers were ruled by Patriarchs and Matriarchs.

Of course, there were divisions amongst Cities and within Powers. But, both Kaefir and Swan City were both the highest Tier 9 Cities. They stood at the helm of the world along with the strongest Powers. If not, they would never have teleportation hubs.

The warriors of the Swan and Kaefir families swept glances over one another, a haughty air exuding from them all. They seemed to toe a line of acknowledgement and indifference.

Both entourages came to a stop about half a kilometer from the looming city gates. Even as members of the escort, they were aware that they wouldn't be allowed to enter the city gates. Only the elites amongst the elite would be allowed to do such a thing.

At that moment, the crowd became entirely focused on the carriages near the middle of the entourage and the small group of elites around it. They all knew that the group of young men and women around the center and the elites within the carriage were the only ones that would be able to take the stage.

At that moment, Zilar's expression was gloomy as could be. He gripped the reins of his war horse so tightly that the imprint seeped into his skin and even became soaked with blood.

Those who had gained a quota along with Zilar looked toward him with pitying gazes and couldn't help but push their hatred for Leonel up another notch. PANDA NOVEL

This adulation should have been Zilar's. Yet, he wouldn't even get to participate in something he had worked so hard for. How could he also not be enraged? But, in a world where power spoke over all, there was nothing he could do.

Mistress Heira was more powerful than he was, so her word was final. Nothing more, nothing less.

At that moment, the door to the Swan family's carriage opened.

The first to step out was a young woman. Her demeanor and elegance was a step below that of Mistress Heira. However, her looks were not in the least bit inferior.

Her charm lay in her openness. She wore a modest blue dress that matched well with her deep black hair and fair complexion. A perpetual, inviting smile hung from her lips, capturing the hearts of all those who saw her.

The moment this young woman stepped out, eight youths riding war horses of their own stepped down from them, following to her back in an orderly fashion.

“Young Miss Swan...” ρ??∫???????

The crowd seemed to be breathless for a moment.

Just as the atmosphere was reaching its peak, the Keafir family carriage opened.

Syl descended with a bright smile. She didn't look directly at the crowd, but it still felt as though she had greeted them all one by one. She was nothing like the flustered young lady who didn't know how to respond to Leonel's bluntness and played every bit the part of elegant noble woman.

Her charisma was no less than Young Miss Swan. In fact, since she picked up some tips from her own sister-in-law, her own demeanor was even slightly more refined than the latter.

However, it was at that instant that something no one could have possibly expected to happen occurred.

Another person stepped out from the carriage, but his appearance came with what sounded like the shattering of countless hearts.

The moment the young man appeared, it was as though a spear had suddenly been brandished before the world. A sharpening blade resonated in the ears of all those who saw him, causing the air to grow several times heavier.

The young man's almost golden hair swayed gently beneath his billowing aura, a faint violet hue collecting around him like a cloud. It felt as though his immediate surroundings had become his inescapable domain, a place he controlled all to his own.

For those moments, he overshadowed Syl completely. Thoughts that he wasn't worthy to stand by her side didn't even have a chance to manifest before they were ruthlessly crushed. It was to the point that no one even noticed the black brand between his brows.

At that moment, let alone those watching on, even Syl was stunned. Was this the same young man who had sat quietly within their carriage for so long? The same young man who had entered their city in rags?

The legs of the war horses around Leonel trembled, causing some of the riders to almost fall off completely.

Zimo's eyes narrowed. At that moment, he admonished himself for ever doubting the judgment of the Mistress.

Leonel swept a gaze over the crowd. He knew that in order to catch Aina's attention, he had to stand out as much as possible. He no longer bothered to restrain his aura, nor did he feign his usual modesty. Since he was here, he would make sure his name resounded throughout Terrain.

At that moment, even the elegant Young Miss Swan couldn't help but look toward him with a hint of shock and curiosity in her eyes. Then, she swept a glance toward Syl with a teasing expression.

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Within the carriage, Heira was holding back a pouting Rie who was clearly dissatisfied by the fact she wasn't allowed to go.

"Sister-in-law I want to go too!"

Heira shook her head. "You can enter the spectator stands with me later. You won't be able to enter the gates the normal way regardless."

Though Heira spoke these words to appease Rie, it was clear that she was absentminded.

Her gaze glistened as she watched Leonel's back through the curtains of the carriage. She felt that this was the true Leonel... But if that was the case, he'd be even more difficult to control than she thought.

Still, he was a bit too naïve. Regardless of what reasons he had for showing off his sharpness now, he was already being slowly ensnared by her.

Looking toward her little sister-in-law's blushing face as she gazed toward Leonel who had suddenly appeared to her side, Heira's slight smile appeared once again.

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Leonel's aura blazed like the sun. Somehow, even with a beauty like Syl standing by him, she was the one who was overshadowed.

"Who is that' !?"

The crowd had fallen into a temporary silence before they suddenly erupted with discussion.

"Am I seeing things? Did the Kaefir family marry my goddess away?"

In the minds of those on Terrain, the only reason a male could be sharing a carriage like this with the younger sister of the Kaefir family Heir could only be this. These big families cared too much about their reputation to allow even an inkling of rumors to start without adequate cause. This meant that even if these two weren't betrothed now, it wouldn't be long before they were.

Of all those here, Syl seemed to be the one who understood this the most clearly, especially after she realized her sister-in-law was actually blocking Rie from exiting the carriage.

Even if Rie's appearance wouldn't completely quell the rumors, it would at least calm some of the heat she was feeling now.

Leonel, however, seemed oblivious to all of this. He took a step forward, his gaze sweeping over the youths who had descended from their war horses. He could easily sense the hostility in their eyes. But, surprisingly, Zilar, who should feel the most wronged, was silent and refused to meet his eyes.  
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“I can tell that you all are unsatisfied.”

Syl blinked, not expecting Leonel to be so direct. The version of Leonel she knew was closed off and restrained. She had no idea that this wasn't the real Leonel.

Leonel wasn't a cold or arrogant person. He liked to think of himself as social and lively. But, circumstances seemed to constantly be pushing his true self away.

Hearing Leonel's words, as though they held some compelling spell to them, the youths who were glaring at him still couldn't help but listen.

“And, though I know you all don't want to hear it, I'm sure you also understand that it wasn't my choice to be here either, right?”

Zilar clenched his fists.

“Hey, watch your words!” PANDA NOVEL

A petite young woman stepped toward Leonel. Clearly she didn't like Leonel's words.

What worse thing was there to hear after losing something that the person who got it didn't even appreciate it? In some ways, that felt worse than said person just gloating.

That said, how could Leonel not understand this?

He swept a glance toward the petite young woman, causing her next words to get caught in her throat. For whatever reason, beneath Leonel's direct gaze, she couldn't seem to muster up any courage to continue her tirade.

“I don't say this to belittle Zilar, I say this so that we can get an understanding of one another. Those were simply my feelings in the past. Now that I've seen those city gates and laid eyes on the war scenes it depicts' !”

Leonel's hair billowed beneath his aura, his eyes blazing like two torches. He couldn't help but grin, the rushing of his blood sounding like crashing waterfalls in his ears.

“I have not a single intention of giving my spot up.” ρ??ϕ??????

Leonel's almost fiendish grin caused the petite woman to stumble.

“You seven and Syl are my teammates. I hope that instead of letting animosity get the best of you, you'll realize that sabotaging me is the very same as disrespecting Zilar.”

The young woman and the others were stunned.

That was right, if they could get enraged simply because Leonel said that he didn't want the position to begin with, how much worse would it be to ruin the opportunity he had?

Suddenly, the petite young woman felt as though she had fallen into a trap she couldn't get out of.

Leonel smiled. “Let's go.”

Leonel turned toward the gates. Despite the fact they were half a kilometer away, it felt as though they were bearing down on him. This level of majesty was far beyond anything he had seen in his lifetime before.

Syl and the others subconsciously followed his steps, not realizing their actions until Leonel suddenly stopped and looked back toward Zilar.

Zilar stood with his fists clenched, looking toward their backs as blood trickled between his fingers. He was the first person to not avoid Leonel's gaze when he met them.

“Second place was never an option for me.” Leonel said plainly.

At first, it sounded as though Leonel was leaving behind some scolding words for Zilar. However, what Zilar heard was completely different. What he heard was a promise.

Syl blinked, not really believing what she was seeing. How did he rein in these arrogant geniuses? Even she could hardly do it, and that was only because of her family background while the other half of the reason was because they wanted to marry her. Plus' | How did she suddenly become a background character?

Before she could realize what was happening, their group had caught up to the Swan family's.

Leonel stood at the helm with Syl by his side. Young Miss Swan stood at the forefront of her own group, looking toward them curiously.

All of them stood at the demarcation line. Those without talent didn't dare to cross this 500 meter mark from the Brave City Gates. If they dared to do so, they would only be asking for death.

Young Miss Swan blinked. "Is this your man, Little Syl? He's quite good. I'm a little bit jealous."

Leonel pretended as though he hadn't heard anything, but Syl suddenly became flushed.

The men within Young Miss Swan's group stared daggers toward Leonel. It seemed they didn't quite like that their goddess was praising another man.

A particular large one amongst them, standing a head taller than even the already tall Leonel, shot an aura of competition toward him.

Leonel planned to ignore this and take the first step forward, however, it was then that a rush surged through the crowd once again.. It seemed that another City Lord power had appeared.



“The Black City escort!”

This City seemed to take their name quite seriously. Their war steeds were a deep shade of night with a singular jagged horn gracing their foreheads. Their carriage seemed carved of carbon and an oppressive aura hung over them all.

BANG!

The carriage doors opened.

The first thing anyone saw was a heavily armored leg smashing against the ground. Leonel could tell that if it wasn't for the fact this was a Fourth Dimensional world, the ground would have been cracked beyond repair.

But, even then, the weight of this man was undeniable. And, when he came into view, his oppressive presence seemed to overshadow all things.

The man's beard could only be described as 'furious. It ran across his face and jaw like the blades of a knife. It was objectively unkempt. But, if the man groomed it, something would feel off as though this was his natural state.

The state of the man's face made it hard to tell his age. But, those with sharp senses could tell that he was also a youth. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

His heavy black armor clinked about as he walked. Without having to say a word, eight followed him in tow, soon reaching the demarcation line as well.

At that moment, the young man grinned seeing the two beauties.

“Lucky, lucky. I was assigned to the same entrance as two beauties.”

Syl and Young Miss Swan looked toward this young man with a hint of disgust and trepidation in their eyes. It was clear to them that Leonel was far more pleasing to the eye, especially since other than his odd beard, this young man's head reflected the sun about as well as a polished mirror.

That said, considering his status, his bald head had never gotten in his way of wooing women. So, why would he care.

At that moment, the little mink around Leonel's shoulder snickered. It seemed that many had missed its presence, just like many hadn't noticed the brand between Leonel's brows.

When the man heard this, it looked toward Leonel and found the little mink, causing his eyes to glow. He could sense something he deeply liked within the body of this little mink. PANDA NOVEL

"I want your beast." He suddenly said.

The little mink hopped to Leonel's head, wrapping around itself and yawning. The appearance of its little pink tongue made it seem as though it wasn't worried about the black armored, bald man at all.

Leonel swept a glance toward the black armored man.

There was a reason he had waited here and it definitely wasn't out of respect for this man.

Achievements were only worth something if others didn't achieve. There would be no happiness if there was no sadness, no joy if there was no despair. The more people there were to act as a contrast to him, the better.

The black armored man could tell that despite the fact Leonel had to look up, he wasn't oppressed by his aura in the slightest. However, unlike everyone else who had been starstruck by Leonel's appearance, the black armored man was, likewise, not.

"Life's unfair." Leonel said plainly. "Unfortunately, you can't always have what you want." PANDA NOVEL

Hearing Leonel's words, the young man was stunned for a moment before suddenly grinning fiendishly.

"Slave brand. Third Dimension. Little pretty gigolo. I never thought that someone like this would actually dare to speak to me in this way."

The man's words were like a bomb going off in the crowd. Everyone had been so overwhelmed by Leonel's presence that they hardly dared to observe him closely. It was only after hearing these things that they suddenly realized that the black armored man was correct.

Leonel's lip curled, but the smile held a hint of coldness to it.

He actually didn't mind the man saying such words. Sometimes, infamy was the best form of fame.

However, Leonel still marked this man as one that needed to be taught a lesson. Now, he just had the perfect excuse to do so.

Seeing Leonel's unperturbed smile, the black armored man felt some discomfort.

"It seems we have something in common." Leonel said lightly. "Before, no one dared to speak to me in this way either. It was only after the world began to change that some gained an overinflated sense of self-importance. It seems like you're another one of them."

"How about we make a bet?"

The smile within Leonel's gaze deepened.

"I don't have any words as pointed as gigolo to call you, but what do you say, baldy?"

The man's gaze narrowed as a silence fell over the crowd.

"It seems you want to die."

His voice became like gravel as his aura bore down on Leonel.

“Do you accept, or not, baldy?” Leonel replied.

The man stared toward Leonel before bursting out into a fit of laughter. When he finally stopped, his aura had become as heavy as a mountain, bearing down on everyone present. Whether it was his love of women or his want for the little mink, he forgot about them all in that very instant.

“What is this bet? If the stakes are too small, I just might take your life right here and now.”

“Isn’t there a trial right before us now?” Leonel said plainly. “I’ll not only outperform you, I’ll embarrass you. As for the stakes’ ¦ Do you dare to bet your life?”

Maybe it was because the valiant aura of the Brave City Gates was fueling his raging blood. Or, maybe it was because Leonel was going all out to stand out as much as possible’ ¦ but, whatever the truth was, a bloodthirsty and cold presence seemed to exude from him.

The man faltered slightly. Then, he seemed to truly see Leonel for the first time.

“I, Jefrach Black, have never stepped down from any challenge.”

“Good.” Leonel replied plainly.

Leonel took a step forward and crossed the line. As though a beast was roaring in his face, his hair whipped back violently, his face even distorting slightly.

“Since you’ve reported your name, I’ll do the same. I’m Leonel Morales.. Remember it well.”

Syl panicked. The first reason was Leonel's crazy challenge and the second reason was the little mink.

Leonel was still in the Third Dimension while Jefrac had long since entered the Fourth. On top of that, there was no way the little mink could withstand the pressure of Brave City.

She had been so distracted before that she hadn't remembered the little beast until Jefrac mentioned it. Now that she had, she couldn't help but close her eyes, not wanting to watch such an innocent little beast die like this.

However, even with her eyes closed and several seconds ticking by, the sounds she expected to hear never reached her ears.

Everyone watched in shock as Leonel took one step after another. It seemed as though the pressure couldn't do much more to him than kick up a strong wind.

As for the little mink, it growled a bit. But, afterward, its body exuded a slight black fog. Soon, it was sleeping again as though nothing had happened.

At that moment, Leonel turned back toward their group.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

"Aren't you all coming?" Leonel asked.

With that, Leonel continued forward. In his sights, the looming walls bore down on him as though trying to crush his will.

Syl grit her teeth and took a step forward as well. The instant she did, she felt her knees buckle for a moment before they straightened.

As though her actions were a cue, the youths began to move as one, their actions the subject of great entertainment for the surrounding crowd that didn't dare to follow.

Jefrac, too, took a heavy step forward, plowing through the pressure until he matched up to Leonel's speed. His gaze didn't leave Leonel's side profile as though he was waiting for the latter to collapse.

Since he had accepted the bet, he wouldn't attack Leonel now. However, the moment Leonel showed any signs of collapsing, he would strike him dead. No one, not even his own brothers, would dare to talk to him in the way Leonel had. And, this arrogant prick actually dared to report his name right after his?  
PANDA NOVEL

He really wanted to see how far a Third Dimensional ant could go.

At that moment, across the Eight Gates of Brave City, similar competitions were happening all over. The fervor of the crowds in these locations were no less. However, the location of the Swan, Keafir and Black families was still among the most heated. How could it not be if a bet to the death was taking place?

However, the quick conclusion many were expecting never came.

Leonel's steps remained steady. In fact, it seemed as though he had forgotten all about the world around him. He continued to stare intently at the Gates before him, the images of battle being firmly ingrained into his mind.

He lost himself in his focus, causing a familiar aura to billow out from around him.

Jefrac felt his heart seize when he felt it. ρ??∪???????

To a genius like him, making it to the Gates was an easy task. He was leisurely strolling just like Leonel was. They both knew that the true distinguishing factors would only make themselves known at the Gates themselves.

However, feeling such an aura, Jefrac steps faltered. He even felt that the pressure coming from Leonel was a step more forceful than even the Brave City Gates.

Soon, the group separated.

In the very front, there was Leonel and Jefrach. A step behind them were Young Miss Swan and Syl. And, much further behind them were the petite young woman and the other lackies of the City Lord powers.

“Who is he?” Young Miss Swan looked toward Syl with curious, blinking eyes.

A delicate sweat covered her elegant brow. But, rather than destroying her demeanor, it made her look more pitiable. She played the role of vulnerable princess in need of saving exceptionally well.

It was clear that the two women could be walking side by side with Leonel and Jefrach should they want to. However, there was no need to enter a big dick contest between men. Whether they reached the Gates first or last, it wouldn't make much of a difference as long as they did so within the allotted time.

Realizing this, why would Young Miss Swan not take the opportunity to learn a bit more about this mysterious Leonel character.

Syl blinked innocently, a beautiful smile crossing her soft pink lips.

“None of your business.”

The two women walked side by side, smiling amicably. Yet, the atmosphere was deathly cold. Maybe this was the hypocrisy of women. They too were having their own big dick contest, it was just more covert.

At that moment, Jefrach was still observing Leonel. Maybe due to the influence of the Brave City Gates, but he was the only one who could sense this oppressive aura coming from Leonel. He seemed to realize this as well judging by the reactions of everyone else, so he bit down hard on his tongue so as not to lose face.

However, Leonel couldn't be bothered to deal with him. A huge chunk of Urbe Ore suddenly appeared in his hand.

‘This pressure’ ¦ makes it easier to absorb the Urbe Essence’ ¦’

Thanks to his breakthrough, Leonel was already within the Superior Stage. At this level, his body was already comparable to a weak Pseudo Fourth Dimension metal and he was only a stage away from Perfection.

Disregard' ;

Leonel had already gotten his use out of Jefrach. What happened from here on out between them didn't matter to him as long as he beat him.

Jefrach seemed to sense this as well and it lit a fire in his chest. However, no amount of his anger seemed to change a single thing.

For entities as strong as them, it should have only taken less than a minute to cross 500 meters. Yet, under the pressure, it took them a half hour.

When the Gates became clear, everyone seemed to understand that this was where the true trial began.

The doors loomed to an impossibly tall height. Standing beneath them, Leonel could only lift his head vertically. And even then, it was hard to see the tops of the walls.

However, it was these very doors they needed to push to enter' ;

Chapter 357

Jefrach was drenched in sweat.

In order not to lose face, he had kept up with Leonel's pace from start to finish. But the result made his lung scream.

Unfortunately, the pressure of the Gates had nothing to do with strength. Even a Fifth Dimensional entity would face a proportional amount of pressure. This was, of course, the same for Jefrach.



But, what Jefrach couldn't believe was that Leonel seemed unaffected. Let alone breathing as heavily as him, Leonel didn't even seem as though he had sweated a single drop. To make matters worse, Jefrach was certain that the reason he was in such a sorry state was because of the pressure of the wall, but rather because of the pressure from Leonel himself.

Finally, for the first time since their competition began, Leonel looked toward Jefrach.

"You don't look too good, baldy. You doing okay?"

Jefrach's gaze flashed with a bloody red. He glared at Leonel, his chest heaving.

At that moment, from atop the city walls, a few individuals looked down with curiosity. They all seemed like youths as well. However, whether they had gone through the same trials or not was unknown.

"Isn't that Black City's bald boy? He looks like he's in a pretty sorry state, what happened to him?" PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The few on the wall chuckled. However, let alone hearing them, those below couldn't even see them. It was as though they were in a completely different world.

The only one who frowned, seemingly realizing something was off, was Leonel. However, even with his senses, he had no way of seeing through the Brave City barrier. He only felt a faint itching at the small of his back as though he was being watched.

"Which door do you think they'll be able to open?"

"Pft, aren't you just wondering if we'll have any competition?"

"Regardless, if they're anything below Royal it'll be too much of a disappointment. If that was the case, I would have gotten up to come all the way over here for no reason."

“If you wanted to watch true elites, you should have gone to watch the Gates with Powers rather than this City Lord Gate. It’s rare for anything meaningful to come out of the Cities. And, those that are worth watching have already entered the city.”

“Well, isn’t that that madman’s sister down there? Maybe the genes run in the Keafir family.”

The others looked at the young man who spoke like he was crazy. PANDA NOVEL

“You know that madman is over protective about anything related to his wife and his little sister. You better watch your mouth. I don’t care if you die, but if I’m guilty by association, who will I go complain to?”

It was clear that these people were speaking about Syl’s elder brother. It seemed that he had already entered the city. However, oddly enough, his wife and Syl’s sister-in-law, Heira, didn’t seem to be a participant.

It obviously wasn’t because Heira was too weak and it obviously wasn’t because she was too old’ ; Whatever the true reason behind this was seemed a bit complicated.

Regardless, Leonel wasn’t privy to this information as he couldn’t even hear the conversation.

Still, all those on the top of the city walls seemed to accept this person’s word as law and they all closed their mouths.

“; It’s a shame though.” Someone else picked up the conversation that had fallen to silence. “The Cities are only going to fall further and further behind the Powers at this rate. If they don’t get themselves together and see the bigger picture, they’ll be left behind.”

The others sneered hearing this. It was clear they were all from Powers themselves, or they wouldn’t be reacting like this.

“It isn’t their fault. Their structures are flawed from the beginning. Us Powers are built on strength first and foremost while their foundations are economy and governance. To them, abandoning Terrain would

ruin their futures completely, whereas for us, wherever there's room for self improvement, we'll be able to thrive. ρ??∫??????

“They only have themselves to blame for their collapse.”

The words these young masters spoke easily uncovered the dark underbelly of Terrain without regard. Unlike the common people who had to tiptoe around their words, these nobles spoke their minds freely and boldly. This was the representation of true power.

The group snickered.

“Oh, looks like someone is going to try? Huh? Is that boy really in the Third Dimension?”

They had been so lost in their own worlds that it was only now they noticed that the young man teaching Jerach his place was actually within the Third Dimension.

For one, they had never heard of a person in the Third Dimension even making it through the pressure of the Gates. Though the pressure was adjusted based on strength, there was still a minimum requirement for foundation. They had simply never seen someone within the Third Dimension meet these standards.

And, secondly, anyone who could make a fool out of Jerach should definitely be a monster.

The only reason they hadn't paid more attention to Leonel before despite this was because the City Lord system was declining harshly. Though Jerach had some fame, they all docked him several points simply by virtue of this.

Why would they care about someone who was only beating someone they didn't care much about to begin with? Would you care about the power of someone capable of stomping an ant to death?

“He'!”

BANG!

At that moment, Leonel's palm touched the tall doors, his robes and hair billowing.

Jerach, who was already hardly able to stand on his own two feet, was blasted flying, rolling in the dirt until he slowly landed before the feet of the two women who were still a good distance from the Gates.

Leonel felt a force trying to rip his arm apart. Strong energies surged toward him, but they rebounded off his body like crossing blades, filling the air with the sound of harsh sharpening metal.

BANG!

The ground beneath Leonel's feet cracked slightly. Fine lines raced across, meeting together and separating just as quickly as they spread outward.

Leonel closed his eyes.

He could sense the five levels of the door. In fact, it wasn't much different from the scene he saw when unlocking his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor.

Soldier. General. Royal. King. Emperor.

The whole city quaked.

Leonel thought of waiting for Jerach to go first again. But, after seeing his poor performance, Leonel felt that it was beneath him to even need such a person to contrast himself with. He simply served no purpose.

In that case, he would make it a one man show.

His singular palm rested the door. He could feel it pushing back against him, wanting to throw him away the very same way Jerach had been.

Leonel's eyes shot open. Bronze Runes raced across his body, a halo of bronze violet appearing above his head.

Those with Lineage Factors suddenly felt their hearts tremble, their blood running in reverse.

“Open.”

BANG!

The scene was one those watching would never forget.

Chapter 358

BANG! BANG!

The Gates flew open. In those moments, it felt as though a tornado had formed around Leonel.

On one side, wind rushed in violently, blowing everything away. On the other, an undefeatable suction surged, sweeping up everything in a rush of quicksand-like wind.

However, nothing was as deafening as the sound of the Gates smashing against the hallowed walls of Brave City. The reverberation was so resounding, so cacophonous, so tempestuous that the whole city quaked.

At that moment, no matter what section of the city you were in, everyone looked toward the same direction, shock coloring their features.

This commotion? What could it possibly be?

Those that could see what was happening were shocked to the point of speechlessness. The crowd that had been spectating from half a kilometer away only saw Leonel place a single palm forward before doors that towered into the skies nearly flew off their hinges beneath his presence. In fact, the ground beneath their feet quaked endlessly, causing some weaker individuals to fall to their butts, unable to understand what they had just seen. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Just what level of strength was this?

Of course, these people had no idea that opening the doors wasn't a contest of strength, it was a contest of will and battle aura. However, to Leonel, who had already fully awakened the first level of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor' | It was nothing but a joke. In fact, Leonel even felt it was too easy.

'Soldier, General, Royal, King and Emperor?' Leonel thought to himself, looking into the massive window toward the city he had created himself. 'Something seems to be missing' |'

Leonel took a step forward, crossing the threshold.

A wash of energy flooded toward him, coalescing into a golden brand between his brows.

Compared to the Runes that shone across his body, it was lacking in momentum and radiance. However, to those of Brave City, this golden mark was the highest entry honor of the city' | the Emperor Class!  
PANDA NOVEL

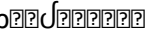
Leonel had no idea the level of commotion his actions would cause.

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Brave City was separated into tiers. Much like some parts of society, there were locations one could not enter without the appropriate credentials or standing. Within the City, these separating lines were even more exaggerated.

The city itself isn't like how one would think it would be. Rather than being a metropolis, Brave City looked more like a war camp.

There were no paved roads. Just like the outside of the city walls, the ground was covered in nothing but a brownish soil that looked like the land of a military practice ground.

In every which direction, one could find monuments of stone called the Bravery Pillars. They depicted the exploits of soldiers and generals of the past and were among the most important staples of Brave City. 

Rather than buildings, much of Brave City was an arrangement of tents, especially the outer city limits. Only Royals were allowed to live in small hut-like structures while only Emperors had stone housing for themselves.

However, despite this seemingly organized structure, there was nothing peaceful about this city.

Battles of all sorts seemed to take place every moment. Whether it was a battle for resources, for the monuments or even for housing, it seemed as though one would take place all the time.

Outside of the seemingly territorial housing system, there didn't seem to be a single ounce of order throughout the whole city. Except for in just one place.

A singular tower stood in the very middle of the city. Aside from the walls of the city itself, it was the only structure that stood above two or three stories tall. In fact, it shot hundreds of meters into the air much like the war etched walls on the outside.

From the top of this tower, one could overlook the whole city and all eight of its Gates. However, to be able to step to this floor, the minimum requirement was to be a King. For someone of such standing, they obviously wouldn't come here to overlook ants they thought to be beneath them.

That said, there were exceptions to every rule.

Just how much commotion would the swinging of doors hundreds of meters high cause? Just how much worse would this commotion be if the action was so violent that the doors hardly stopped even after slamming into the walls that held it up?

Everyone knew that for the whole gate to open, it could only mean that a new Emperor had appeared. However, even past Emperors hadn't caused such a commotion and most people could only hurriedly squeeze through a crack they caused in the Gates. Who had ever heard of someone being given such a wide berth?

At that moment, the usually bustling top tower floor fell into silence. Their eyes all landed on the same young man.

Compared to the size of the doors, he seemed so small, like an ant that could be stamped into a meat paste at any moment.

However, it was as though the doors didn't dare to close as he walked through. They stayed attached to the walls, still reverberating with residue of the previous impact that, even to this moment, resounded in everyone's ears like an endless echo.

Who is that?

They were all stunned to find out that none of them recognized the young man. Other than feeling some trembling in their hearts toward the odds Runes drawn across his body, there was nothing else they could glean about him.

It seemed that a variable had appeared.

Within the tower, three familiar faces could be found. Well, they weren't quite familiar to Leonel. However, had Aina been there, there would be no doubt that she would recognize these people at first glance.

Young Heir of Cliff's Edge Terrace, Reynred Solar.



Young Heirress to World's End Falls, Jilniya Falls.

Young Heir to Mirage Pavilion, Wilas Mirage.

These four people had no idea how they were connected, but it didn't seem to matter. Brave City would make them enemies regardless.

At that moment, as though everyone had realized a singular threat before them, several auras locked onto Leonel.

Chapter 359

BANG!

A shadowy figure shot through the roof of an inn, causing brick and chips of wood to fly through the air.

The shocked screams of the citizens rocked the small city, but the shadowy figure continued to leap from wall to wall and house to house, eventually landing atop the city walls.

These walls couldn't compare to those of Brave City in the slightest. They were at most ten meters tall and a few meters thick. This place was only considered a Tier 7 City that couldn't compare even to Swan, Black or Keafir City.

However, it was unique in that rather than being under the jurisdiction of a City Lord power, it was beneath the Power of World's End Falls.

When the shadowy figure finally came to a stop, those that could see it shivered.

The figure was completely covered in a black cloak. Its back hunched up in a curved arc, making it difficult to tell just how someone with a body like this could possibly move so agilely. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

The figure held a massive great sword in their hands that spanned the length of three meters. Even now, it glistened with the blood of several guards.

At that moment, the city guards charged from all directions wearing white robes alternating in a sky blue soft armor.

“Sword Monstress!”

The cloak covering the face of the Sword Monstress blew off, revealing the figures features. It took but a moment for them all to recognize this scourge of Terrain.

She could only be described as a grotesque woman. She had a hunched back, her hair was unkempt and wild, and her face made the stomachs of all those who saw her crawl.

They had long since lost count of the number of massacres this beast had been the cause of. She had wanted posters almost everywhere, yet she somehow managed to vanish whenever they seemed close to catching her. PANDA NOVEL

The Sword Monstress’ gaze looked particularly demonic. As though she had lost all sense of human reason, she all but growled in response.

Without a word, she leapt forward, her monstrous sword being raised in her claw-like hands.

The guard who had spoken found his vision splitting in two. Before he could even react, his consciousness faded, his body falling to the ground in two halves.

The Sword Montress’ body flashed, her sword drawing lines of crimson throughout the streets.

Blood flowed to the stone paved ground, seeping through the cracks and dying them red.

Each life she reaped was only met by a violent gaze that only seemed to grow more and more bloodthirsty. It was as though it wasn’t enough, as though she wanted more. PANDA NOVEL

At that moment, the Head Guard of the Tier 7 City had finally gotten word of what was happening and began to rush over.

The Sword Monstress, seemingly realizing the incoming danger, suddenly stopped her endless slaughter. She looked toward the distance, two sharp teeth shining through her heaving breath.

Her body blurred, accelerating toward the distance. She leapt over the city wall as though it didn't exist, vanishing toward the wilderness before the Head Guard could long onto her.

By the time the Head Guard appeared amidst the carnage, she had already long since left, leaving him standing there with a chest filled with rage and nothing to vent it on.

“Inform the higher ups that she's escaped the encirclement by unknown means. Her next destination is unknown.”

The Head Guard clenched his fists. He already knew that his punishment for this wouldn't be small, but it was simply too difficult to lock onto a single target who hadn't been branded.

With everyone headed toward Brave City, the in and outflux of tourists and citizens was too high. This was likely the worst time to be trying to catch a criminal' ;

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Leonel walked into the city. He swept his gaze over everything once before heading in deeper.

Heira hadn't told him much about the city and how things worked. All he knew was that entering was a test and the better he performed, the greater benefits there was. Other than this, he also knew that when he chose an abode to stay in, he had to stay in this Eastern Section of the city since he entered through the Eastern Section.

This wasn't to say that it was impossible to travel to other Sections, but rather that it was seen as an act of war that could spark something he currently didn't have the means to deal with.

Leonel, though, had his own reasons for being eager to enter the city. It wasn't just about making his name known so he could find Aina easier, it was also about finding a safe place to breakthrough.

Leonel felt like Brave City was the best place he could ever find to breakthrough with his Soul Force. In fact, Leonel knew that he had no choice but to do this. If he didn't, he would have no way of dealing with the trials to come in the future.

After claiming a home, you could receive a half day's protection. But, after that, Leonel knew that trouble would come knocking at his door.

In truth, even if he broke through, Leonel wasn't quite confident in protecting himself. All of the spells he had, even the most powerful Three Star Magus Arts, were still mere Third Dimensional spells. Leonel didn't know how useful they would be against Fourth Dimensional existences.

Knowing this, rather than going off to quickly find a house to claim, Leonel waited for Syl. He felt that this city would most definitely have opportunities for him to take advantage of. He would take his time to find them before taking advantage of the 12 hour protection he would receive.

This was, of course, the best plan. Leonel's thoughts were meticulous and well thought out. It was just a shame that trouble would find him before he could act on it completely.

Those youths that had just been standing atop the wall recovered from their shock and stabilized their feet, having almost fallen from the wall thanks to Leonel's entry.

After sending a glance toward each other, one after another, they descended the walls. Soon, they stood on level ground along with Leonel as the heavy gates slammed shut.

BANG!

Chapter 360

Leonel swept a glance toward the group before him. Though there were just four of them, each had the marks of Royals on their foreheads. Leonel still wasn't exactly sure what this system of ranking meant, but just by virtue of this, he was aware of why these four had come.

However, he wasn't worried. These four didn't have any ability to take his mark of an Emperor until he chose a home and had held it in his possession for 12 hours. Since he hadn't even chosen a home yet, it was impossible for them to do so.

That said, that didn't mean they couldn't act without reward, likely in an attempt to get him to hand over the mark himself.

The four young men and women looked Leonel up and down with curiosity.

"Who are you?" One of them suddenly asked.

The speaker wore red robes matched with violet soft armor. Had Leonel been well informed, he would know that this young man came from Mirage Pavilion. However, considering his ignorance, other than noticing the well matched colors, he didn't really think anything more of it.

Leonel smiled carefreely. "My name is Leonel Morales." [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

In Leonel's opinion, the more people who knew his name, the better. He didn't care about what tone the speaker was using, even if he was quite condescending. All that mattered to Leonel was that more people knew his name.

The happenings of Terrain meant little to him and he also didn't particularly care about what this Brave City represented and the reason so many youths had come to this place. All he cared about was making his way back to Earth after finding Aina.

If Leonel were to say what his goals were aside from finding her, it would only be destroying the Royal Blue Fort and helping Aina get revenge. Though he didn't know the full extent of Aina's backstory, knowing that the Brazinger family had wronged her was enough for him.

Seeing Leonel's bright smile, the four were caught off guard. They had fully expected Leonel to lash out or even ignore them, giving them ample reason to stomp all over his pride.

Though they asked who Leonel was, they already knew that he was a member of the Keafir family. To them, other than Syl's elder brother there was no one else worth fearing from this family. Even if Leonel was a bit more talented than their usual selections, so what? He was still within the Third Dimension.

Even the weakest individual knew how impossible it was to cross the Dimensional barrier to battle, let alone doing so against four people. As far as they were concerned, Leonel was finished. PANDA NOVEL

However' ¦ As the saying went, it was hard to punch a smiling face.

At that moment, the large doors were opened once again. However, this time, instead of the whole gate moving, it was simply one of the inner gates. And, instead of it almost flying from its hinges as it had done just moments ago, barely a crack was formed for a tall, black armored figure to squeeze through in a sorry state.

It could only be said that the harsh reality of comparing yourself to another was too heart wrenching.

Jerach practically collapsed to the ground, heaving out such heavy breaths that it seemed he might cough up his lung at any moment.

He placed his hands on his knees to keep himself from lying flat on the dusty roads. Unfortunately, he huffed up a big mouthful of kicked up dirt, causing him to cough violently.

He couldn't have been in a sorrier state, causing the four youths to snicker. PANDA NOVEL

When Jerach heard this, he looked up, his eyes reddening.

“Who the fuck are you? You dare to laugh at me?!”

The youths wanted to laugh again, but Jerach suddenly vanished, appearing amidst the group and sending out a fist.

The air shook beneath his strength, folding in on itself and layering his fists in a quaking wind.

Leonel's lip twitched as he watched this.

'What kind of man with a wind affinity this high wears heavy armor like that? At first glance, he should be an earth affinity mage like me!'

BANG!

The youth from the Mirage Pavilion was sent flying. Leonel could tell with a single glance that his jaw was snapped from its hinges. It was clear that whatever meals this youth would be having over the next few weeks would have to be through a straw.

"Who else?! Who else was laughing it up?! Come on, tell me! Where's the joke?! I want to laugh too!"

It was impossible for anyone to tell that these four youths had just been standing atop the walls of the city, commenting on how weak Jerach was.

Leonel watched in silence, a slight smile tugging at the corner of his lip. This Jerach was an interesting character.

Jerach's fist slammed into the second male, sending him tumbling toward the first. They piled atop of one another, groaning and without the strength to stand.

"Get a room you bunch of perverts!" Jerach growled before looking toward the two women. "I don't hit girls!"

Before the two women could sigh a breath of relief, Jerach continued.

“Smack each other until I’m satisfied!”

The two women looked at one another then back at Jerach as though they were ready to fight to the death. But, upon seeing Jerach rubbing his fists, their hearts trembled and they turned toward one another, each trying to get the first hit in.

Jerach clapped, a wide grin spreading across his face.

He brought his fingers to his mouth, whistling as though he was encouraging them to go on.

“Go on, fight harder! ‘! Yea, just like that ... Hey, I bet she won’t be able to fight as hard if you rip her clothes! ‘! \*WHISTLE\* What a show! What delicate skin! Oh, I think I see a little pink! Top tier, top tier!”

Jerach took out some Urbe Coins and started flicking them toward the two fighting girls. He looked like he was having the time of his life.

Leonel stood to the side, speechless.