

Descent 81

Chapter 81

Leonel gazed out of the shuttle windows with a serious expression. Even though they were now traveling several times faster than they had been in the jeep, the uneasy feeling in his heart refused to let up.

The shuttle was large and spacious. After all, it had carried six men to this place. Thanks to this, Aina was able to lie in the back, trying to get a grip on her injuries.

As for Leonel, he sat at the front, his wooden spear laying across his lap. However, the current spear was unlike it had been before.

Though it had been crude already, the current primitive spear was on the verge of collapse. It was cracked in many places and seemed it would splinter under the tiniest bit of force.

Leonel had a vague feeling that the moment the spear broke, he wouldn't be able to enter that state again'!

'I need to remain calm. Panicking isn't going to help me.'

"Is there a GPS signal coming from this shuttle? If so, how do I turn it off?" Leonel asked.  
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He didn't know much about shuttles or cars, but what he did know was that if he could have this shuttle autopilot to a destination, it meant it had a GPS of some sort. In that case, it might very well be communicating with a larger hub. If that larger hub sent information about their whereabouts, it would only bring them more trouble.

Though the shuttle was far faster than the jeep, it would still take an estimated one hour to make it back to the Fort. That was long enough for a lot of things to happen.

[ \*Ping\* Yes. With Seed's current abilities, the only way to disengage this signal is by disassembling the shuttle. ]

Leonel felt a headache coming along. Disassemble such a high level shuttle? He wasn't an Engineering Professional. Plus, if he did, wouldn't that mean he would have to stop the shuttle? That option was even worse.

'There's no other option.' Leonel's jaw clenched, his gaze narrowing. 'I've overestimated myself too much, compared to Aina, my combat sense is too poor. Without this spear, I would be finished. But, not only is it going to break soon, but my spirit still hasn't recovered from the first time, so I can't enter and take another spear' ; There's not even a guarantee that the next spear will be as useful as this one' ;'

Leonel's brows became locked in a furrow. PANDA NOVEL

If it wasn't for his depleted spirit, even if the wererat made eye contact with him, he wouldn't have lost consciousness like that "" though it helped him in the end.

His depleted spirit also made him realize another thing: he was entirely reliant on his ability.

With his spirit fatigued, his ability to calculate and make plans had taken a massive dip. With that, his combat prowess took an ever deeper dip downward. In addition, his coordination and reflexes suffered, while his Internal Sight had been limited' ;

'I can't fix all of these problems in a short time.'

"Is there any way for me to recover my spirit quickly?" Leonel asked.

This was his only chance. He had to allow his ability to regain its peak performance as quickly as possible. Then, he could make use of Dream World to dissect the things he learned from that primitive consciousness as quickly as possible. Even if they were headed toward the Fort at blazing speed now, he had no confidence in making it in time. ρ??∪??????

And' ; he had a sinking feeling that even if they did, it wouldn't matter.

[ \*Ping\* It has been deduced that Seed is practicing [Dimensional Cleanse] and has formed a One Star Cleansed Body. Optimal route to recovery is to circulate [Dimensional Cleanse]. ]

Leonel's expression became weird.

“[Dimensional Cleanse] is a Force technique. It shouldn't affect spirit. Why is this the optimal route?”

Circulating [Dimensional Cleanse] might as well be like putting up a beacon that cried out “I'm here, come get me now!”. Leonel couldn't blindly follow the dictionary if this was really its plan, or else they would die long before they had a chance.

Leonel hadn't seen all of the abilities of the world yet. But, he didn't dare to assume that there was no ability capable of knocking them out of the sky. As such, he didn't dare circulate his Force so brazenly.

Unlike Baruke, he had formed three Force Nodes. In addition, his Nodes were far larger than the norm. If he really did this, let alone the nine remaining A-grade Invalids of this Perimeter 7, Invalids from other Perimeters would likely charge here at their fastest possible speed.

[ \*Ping\* The term 'spirit' is unrecognized. By context, it is likely that Seed is referring to Internal Sight also known by some as Soul Force. Calculating response'! ]

If it wasn't for the situation, Leonel might have blushed. He almost forgot that 'spirit' was just a term he randomly made up for the sake of measuring the comprehensive stats of his enemies.

[ \*Ping\* Responding to Seed, [Dimensional Cleanse] is indeed a Force technique. The ability to recover Soul Force is a product of the One Star Cleansed Constitution. The Star, located in the Ethereal Glabella, has the effect of explosively increasing 'spirit' and clearing the mind. ]

Hearing these words, Leonel finally understood. It wasn't Force impacting his spirit, but rather a product of Force, the Star, that did.

Leonel's lips pursed into a thin line. It seemed he would have to take some risks.

With a deep breath, his eyes focused once more, a familiar pressure billowing from his body. A fiery light hid behind his pale green eyes, growing in strength with each passing second.

At that moment, Invalids for several miles all looked in a single direction.

Like a typhoon, Force spun into a cyclone and charged toward Leonel's body. Those who could sense Force felt as though the world was quaking. As for those who hadn't awakened their Internal Sight, an unease crept into their hearts.

PANDA-NOVEL To them, a subtle sense of inferiority latched onto their souls.

The shuttle creaked and groaned. It seemed the Force was badly influencing its internals. But, Leonel pretended as though he didn't notice its bobbing and swaying in the air.

He felt as though someone had locked their sights onto him, as though there was something lurking in the shadows, waiting to pounce. A dangerous warning far greater than the wererat was blaring in his mind.

## Chapter 82

[Bonus chapter for 600 powerstones. Next at 900 😊]

For the first time, Leonel felt the might of his One Star Cleansed Constitution.

According to the creator of [Dimensional Cleanse], just the act of forming his First Star was enough for him to be ranked in the top 1% of talent. Of course, 1%, even on Earth, constituted tens of millions of people before the Metamorphosis began, let alone the fact that the creator was likely referring to a multiverse of people. However, this still meant that out of a hundred people, Leonel would be the very best amongst them.

Still, though Leonel had read the words of the creator, he had thought it was an exaggeration. What was so difficult about forming three Force Nodes and forming the First Star? To him, it was as easy as

breathing. So, he had thought that that narcissistic creator who had been bragging about his own technique was just exaggerating.

But, Leonel couldn't have been more wrong.

What he didn't know was that the frame of reference the creator used wasn't a mere Third Dimensional world evolving into the Fourth like Earth at all. Even the dictionary Leonel's father left recognized the technique as exceptionally high grade. The only reason Leonel could even see a piece of it like this is because the part in his hands was the mere first part of many, as for the later parts, he was nowhere near qualified to trade for them.

What Leonel needed to understand was that forming the First Star wasn't just about creating three Force Nodes. This was simply a minimum requirement. There were many who formed even all nine Fundamental Nodes while failing to form even one Star!

All of this led to Leonel vastly underestimating himself. Not only was [Dimensional Cleanse] a great Force cultivation technique, it was practically the perfect technique for him.

Leonel found that when he circulated [Dimensional Cleanse] in full force, his mind was clearer than it ever had been before. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

His Internal Sight blossomed and he could vaguely feel that he had entered a new world. This world was somehow both less material than Earth, but more material than his Dream World. It was an in between kind of space that left him feeling light headed but comfortable at the same time.

All sorts of conflicting sensory feedback assaulted his mind. He felt weightless, but heavy, that the space was infinite in size, yet as small as a pebble, like up was down and down was up.

The only thing that seemed to make sense was a singular floating star above his head. Like an anchor, it silently pulsed in the sky, radiating a pure white light as it slowly revolved. It was only when Leonel focused on it that everything in his mind grew calm once more.

'This' is the Ethereal Glabella the dictionary spoke of?

Leonel felt a subtle control over the Star. The slower it rotated, the weaker the streams of Force entering him would become. The faster he egged it on, the thicker the invisible lines of Force would become.

A portion of the Force would enter his body and nourish him, subtly increasing his stats. Another portion would nourish the star itself, causing it to pulse. Every pulse would refresh his mind, recovering his spirit several times faster than normal.

Under normal conditions, it would take about three hours for Leonel to recover his spirit if he took a nap. If he didn't and simply let it recover in his wakeful state, it would take six. But now he felt just half an hour was enough!

If that was the case, what would the result be when he formed his Second Star? Or the penultimate Third? Even if the effect was only additive, the benefits would be unimaginable. PANDA NOVEL

A large part of the reason it took him almost 24 hours to Dream Sculpt Joan's polearm was precisely due to lack of spirit. But now'

'Thirty minutes is still not fast enough!'

Leonel took a deep breath. "I can't wait for it to finish, I need to try and use the incoming replenishment at the same time.'

Leonel's thoughts were impossibly immature. If others knew that he was attempting to circulate a Force technique while distracted, their only conclusion would be that he was courting death.

In truth, Leonel wasn't so naive. He knew that Force and that manipulation of it was dangerous. He learned as much studying [Call of the Wind]. However, the uncomfortable feeling in his heart only grew greater and greater, it was like hundreds of tiny ants gnawing at his heart.

No matter what he tried, he simply couldn't calm down.

Leonel could vaguely feel that this was the instinct of the primitive man. He could smell the danger lurking with a nose refined over decades in the jungle. Since he was so certain it was coming, Leonel knew it couldn't have been baseless.

'Dream World.'

Leonel stretched his ability's computation prowess to its limits, madly accepting the Force that poured into his body. ρ??(???????)

One half of his mind remained in the Ethereal Glabella while the other entered a blank white space that looked like an insane asylum ward. Leonel had no choice but to keep the surroundings as bland as possible, he couldn't spare thoughts toward anything superficial.

He began to run simulations. No, it was more accurate to say that he was replaying every action the primitive consciousness took while it had control of his body. Every step, every strike, every twitch of the muscle.

He ran the simulation again and again as though trying to sear it into his mind.

Sweat poured from his forehead, but he didn't spare the effort to wipe it away.

Time dilated.

One could think far faster than they could act. Leonel's simulations broke what would have been normal pacing under his agitation. The movements of his Dream World avatar grew quicker and quicker, but since it all occurred in Leonel's mind, it felt to him that nothing had changed.

Aina laid behind Leonel, watching his back slowly drown in sweat. Though she knew what he was doing was dangerous, she didn't stop him. Instead, she was focused on her own recovery.

'One isn't enough'!' Leonel's jaw clenched tighter.

He felt that at this speed, it would take him three days to fully digest the combat ability of the primitive consciousness and a full week before he could translate it to use in his true body. However, he didn't have this kind of time, he really didn't.

If other owners of the Spear Domain ring knew of this, they would definitely faint from shock. Let alone completing such a task in a week, many past owners of the ring never succeeded in fully digesting a 'Spear Consciousness', at least not on their first try. And, even when they did succeed, it was only with the spears they had the highest compatibilities with and only after several months and even years.

PANDA-NOVEL Not only was this primitive consciousness the polar opposite of Leonel, he even said he could fully digest its insights in just three days! It was completely ridiculous.

It could only be said that Leonel's ability was perfectly suited for Spear Domain. So perfectly suited it was enough to make others green with envy.

Like a madman, Leonel's Dream World suddenly gained two shadows.

He stripped the avatars bare of everything. They wore no clothes, they wore no expressions, in fact, they had no faces at all! Leonel stripped them of everything that would waste his computation ability, even taking their Force Nodes away.

The fact the man was so primitive was a blessing in disguise for Leonel. Because of this, everything about his fighting capability was firmly rooted in the Third Dimension, making it much easier for Leonel to simulate his fighting style.

The bad news was that this meant the simulations didn't teach Leonel how to make the best use of his Force, but Leonel couldn't afford to be picky anymore.

'Two isn't enough!'

A third shadow appeared. This one was even less detailed than the first two. At best, it could only be considered a stick figure. Without muscles, its simulation was even less accurate. But Leonel threw everything he had at the wall, burning his limits to the very edge of what they were capable of.

Blood dripped from his nose and his face paled, but his expression was without change. He had returned to the Leonel on the football field, the Leonel taking a pop quiz, the Leonel who would take even the simplest of tasks with the utmost seriousness.



It was at that moment that it happened.

SSSSKKKKRRRRREEEEEEEEEEE

The sound of sharp, whistling wind and the screech of a beast resounded through the skies.

A massive tentacle stretched up taller than even the wreckage of skyscrapers and slammed down with all its might onto the silver shuttle.

Chapter 83

Leonel's eyes flashed open.

His reaction was impossibly quick. With swift movements, he darted to the back of the shuttle, swooped Aina up, and jumped from the opposing door.

Their free fall would have led to the deaths of even evolved humans who had awakened their abilities. After all, the shuttle had a maximum elevation of 20 meters from the ground. But, Leonel was prepared.

"Aina, your rope."

Even as he fell from the skies, Leonel's gaze held a hidden sharpness. Falling from a tall height? That was what he feared the least. How many times had he done this exact same thing just on a single journey to school?

With a heavy boom, Leonel landed on a fallen building. Due to his preparedness, the fall was barely five meters.

At that time, the tentacle viciously whipped against the shuttle, crumbling an entire side of it with unstoppable momentum.

Leonel's pupils constricted.

As though a ball accepting the swing of a bat, the shuttle deformed and rocketed away at a speed almost faster than its forward momentum.

Leonel felt his teeth getting itchy. What the hell kind of power is this? If he assumed the shuttle weighed a few tons, that was still a vast underestimation. If that was taken into account with its forward impetus' | Just how much strength did it take to make it deviate like that?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Luckily, the forward momentum wasn't entirely disrupted. The shuttle spun and flew into the distance, missing Leonel and Aina by a large measure.

It was only now that Leonel got a good glance at just what had attacked them.

The tentacle was massive. Just the portion Leonel could see was over 20 meters in length. The rest of it was hidden behind the building it had attacked from the back of. However, this alone was enough to make Leonel's heart quake.

A strong fishy smell came from it, marring the air with a combination of a salty sea smell and a disgusting, rotting odor. A sticky, viscous liquid dripped, hitting the ground in intermittent intervals.

Every inch of the bottom of the tentacle was filled with suction cups. They were each more than double or even triple the size of Leonel's head. They all vibrated in a rhythm that made it seem like they were breathing. And, judging by the destruction they caused to the shuttle' | they definitely weren't as soft as they seemed either.

PANDA-NOVEL As though on cue, the shuttle landed heavily on the ground. The resulting explosion was deafening. Even the buildings beneath Leonel's feet shifted as though they might collapse into a further heap once again.

A ring of hot air blasted into Leonel, making him feel as though his skin would be burnt to a crisp at any moment.

It was then that Aina finally handed him the rope he asked for, the very same rope they had made use of to climb the castle walls in Paris. Without hesitation, he swung her to his back, tying her firmly to him with an unquestionable aura emanating from him.

At his current physical level, Leonel's body was far stronger than a horse. In that case, since a horse could carry one and even two passengers at times, how could Aina's petite figure do anything to stop him anymore? In fact, he only barely felt the weight of her family Heirloom that was now strapped to her own back. PANDA NOVEL

'It hasn't launched a follow up attack in quick succession. It's likely that it still believes we're in the shuttle, which also means that its vision is either poor or obscured "' let's assume the second to be safe.

'No matter what the answer, it ultimately means that it locked onto us using my Force as a guide. Which means its likely uncertain of our exact location now that I've stopped circulating [Dimensional Cleanse].'

Leonel's thoughts revolved madly. Though he had used his spirit as quickly as it formed just now, he still managed to recover a bit "' about 40%. He now knew that the recovery of spirit wasn't uniform. He could recover it much quicker when he was fatigued, but the recovery became slower after 50%, and even slower above 80%.

Thankfully, this worked in his favor. As long as his spirit wasn't below 20% recovery, he wouldn't feel lethargic and his ability could work without shackles.

Leonel broke out into a run after handing the Metal Spirit to Aina to hold. At the moment, the only things in his hands were the primitive spear and the dented shield on his left arm.

The sound of breaking rumbling and collapsing buildings sounded behind Leonel. He didn't need to look back to know that whatever monster that thing was had definitely knocked the building in its way over to get to the shuttle it had knocked down from the skies.

Leonel didn't bother to look over his shoulder. Even if he did, with Aina's body and her ax in his way, he wouldn't be able to see anything anyway.

SSSKKKRRRRREEEEEE

Leonel clenched his jaw tightly, leaping from building remnant to building remnant. He could feel the muscles in his body madly heating up, but he had no mind to pay to them. He focused entirely on increasing his efficiency, on tapping into the mind of the primitive man and controlling his body as he had controlled his. ρ???(???????)

He knew that that thing's cry was due to finding out that its prey had escaped. If he delayed by looking back at it' ; he would only be courting death.

'Dammit, there are other Invalids here' ;'

Leonel's gaze flashed, finding an Invalid with a massive upper body blocking his path forward. Its legs were far too small in proportion to its figure, making it look like a human gorilla. But, Leonel didn't have the mind to laugh because he could sense the incredible power radiating in those massive forearms and fists.

He spared a glance toward his spear and felt a pang in his heart. It looked like it would only survive a few more exchanges. He didn't want to waste them on an A-grade Invalid. To others, an A-grade Invalid already meant death. But to him, the current situation slotted them in as canon fodder.

"Use my ax." Aina suddenly said.

Leonel agreed to the suggestion without hesitation. He put the primitive spear away into his spatial bracelet, accepting the ax Aina handed to him.

A blazing aura erupted from Leonel. Though he didn't think much of it, Aina's eyes widened.

'I thought I would have to suppress it so that he could use it freely. But' ;'

Though the werewolf seemed to have been using Aina's ax without issue, this wasn't the case. In fact, the ax was more than ten times heavier in his hands than it was in Aina's. In addition, it wouldn't smoothly accept his Force either, or why else would Aina defeat him so easily without employing her own Force and even while being bare handed?

However, the Brazinger Clan's Heirloom didn't resist Leonel in the slightest.

There were only two explanations. Either it trusted Leonel unconditionally or it had accepted him as its inheritor just like it had Aina. The second could be thrown out, which meant that it was more definitely the former.

And since that was the case, there was only one explanation: it meant that she trusted him unconditionally.

Aina couldn't help but blush when her thoughts reached this point.

The fibers of Leonel's muscles vibrated as one. His expression remained calm, almost cold. He was completely unlike the primitive man who loved battle. To Leonel, there was nothing but objective calculation.

The A-grade Invalid roared, wildly beating its chest before raising its fists high in the air and smashing toward Leonel.

Leonel didn't even blink.

As though a carbon copy of the primitive man, his hips flexed, his thighs bulged, and his toes seemed as though they might rip out from his treasure shoes at any moment. He held onto the ax with both hands, exerting all his might.

**BANG!**

A small circle of air was left where Leonel's feet were last. He shot forward explosively, appearing behind the A-grade Invalid in less than the blink of an eye.

His breathing was already ragged as though that move had taken everything out of him, but the head of the Invalid flew into the air, leaving its roar swaying in the wind.

Leonel didn't even look back. He broke out into a sprint. As long as he could leave this jungle of buildings, he could pull out his bike. By then, his speed would increase by 50% and he would have a better chance at escaping the range of that ridiculous beast.

But it seemed that nothing in his life would go the easy way.

SSSKKKKKRRRRRREEEEEEEE

BANG! BANG!

Leonel didn't turn back, but he could sense what happened with his Internal Sight.

A tentacle stretched into the skies and whipped downward toward the ground.

Its suction cups bulged and became like dozens of obscenely powerful springs. They rebounded off the ground, launching the creature into the air.

The sky seemed to go dark. A massive shadow covered the land, making Leonel feel as though the world had descended into darkness.

Finally, he couldn't hold back anymore and looked back. Without Aina's ax in the way, his field of vision was much wider. And, what he saw sent shivers down his spine.

It was massive. An enormous eight tentacled beast almost 50 meters from one tip of a tentacle to another.

And' it was descending from the skies and falling down toward him.

Chapter 84

[... I don't even want to know how you guys hit 900 powerstones so quickly...]

“Holy shit.”

These were the only words Leonel could say. He had never seen such a scene in his lifetime. The sight was so shocking that he didn't even have the mind to pay attention to the stomach churning scent.

In that moment, the world seemed to slow to a crawl. Leonel's pupils flickered continuously, his mind running several calculations at once.

A split second later, he dropped into a low squat, jumping almost five meters into the air.

If someone was watching this scene, they would think he had lost his mind. Such a jumping height was indeed impressive in comparison to a normal human. More than impressive, in fact. It was simply inhuman.

However, it did him absolutely no good. What was five meters to a monster so large? Not to mention the fact Leonel was jumping right toward it!

The resolution in Leonel's eyes didn't fade. Just when his body was about to lose its upward momentum, the sole of his right foot erupted with a bright green light, causing a square platform of just over a foot in length to appear.

Leonel's thigh bulged as small measures of Force erupted from his leg, sending him another over ten meters into the air.

His pupils constricted.

'I miscalculated. I didn't account for the fact these platforms could also increase my leaping ability. I'll reach that point 0.2 seconds faster than I calculated, but I'll also be able to save a platform jump.'

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Leonel's gaze carried a steely coldness, a hidden blazing green light crouching behind like a lurking beast.

His body soared through a gap in the beast's tentacles, appearing above its falling form in a flash.

As expected, the creature hadn't reacted to him until it was too late. This was exactly why he hadn't used his Force for his first jump. This way, the creature wouldn't be able to lock onto him too soon.

However, what Leonel couldn't have imagined was that the moment he appeared 'above' the creature, he would be faced with a massive eye the size of his body, gazing at him with murderous intent.

One figure rising, the other descending.

For a moment, it seemed that time had stopped. A cold sweat matted Leonel's back. He felt that if this creature had a mental attack like the wererat'; he really wouldn't be able to resist it this time.

BOOM! SKKKRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEE

The beast landed on the ground, immediately launching several tentacles toward Leonel who was above its bulbous head.

Many years after this, Leonel would still cry tears about this battle. Even after so much time passed, he wouldn't know how he got so unlucky to have an octopus attack him on land.

That massive round head, those weird S-shaped eyes, those tentacles'; After seeing the top of its body, it was undeniable. PANDA NOVEL

Now, he was certain that this octopus's vision was only obscured before. He had taken a marine biology class in the past only because Aina took it. They had vision sharper than even humans. And, who knew what kind of mutations had appeared afterward. This creature's vision might very well be even better than the norm.



Leonel didn't have time to think anymore about it. He had thought of blinding it, but he completely gave up on the idea. Not only was it too dangerous, but it might not even be useful.

Normal octopuses had complex sensors on their tentacle suction cups. It was appropriate to assume that the senses of this octopus had evolved, or how else could it have accurately swatted a shuttle moving at 300 kilometers an hour with a single tentacle all while its vision was obscured? And, how else had it locked onto him again despite how far he had run away without activating his Force?

At that point, Leonel felt that he was incredibly lucky he had thought ahead enough to not use his Force on his initial jump.

'The tentacles of normal octopuses can touch and smell. These evolved tentacles can likely also sense Force. In that case...'

Leonel's left shoes glowed a bright green light before he leaped with all his might to the right.

His instantaneous speed was blinding. He left streaks in the air, barely managing to leap over the tentacle that was sweeping toward him. He had already calculated the longest reach of the octopus after it attacked the shuttle. He wouldn't forget such an important tidbit at such a time.

Leonel landed on the top of a dilapidated building, his feet sliding across its roof.

'58 second cool down on the right. We were ten minutes away from the Fort according to the shuttle. That's 50 kilometers. There's no way I can cross such a distance with this thing hounding me. It's destructive capability is too great and it isn't even hampered by speed with that insane jumping ability. Its agility is also covered thanks to its eight tentacles' ;

"! I need to kill it.' p??J??????

Leonel's jaw clenched as he jumped from the building without hesitation.

SSKKKRRRREEEEEEE

PANDA-NOVEL The building collapsed. Leonel had hardly leapt from it when the octopus flattened it to the ground. However, even it could not imagine that Leonel would actually jump back down toward it.

Leonel knew that running would put him at a disadvantage. His best chance to run was right after the shuttle had been destroyed when this thing had yet to lock onto him. But, who knew it would find him again so quickly?

If he tried to run now, he would fall victim to that jumping attack again. If he was unlucky enough to get caught before the cool down of his shoes ended, he would be finished.

This wasn't even the worst possibility. With how monstrous this thing was, knocking down buildings like they were houses of cards, Leonel just might get flattened to death just by its attempts at chasing him.

In that case, his best choice was to stay close to it.

"Can you scan this thing and tell me its power, abilities and weakness?" Leonel yelled as he fell from the top of the building toward the octopus.

He was shooting a shot in the dark. But, if this thing could scan a shuttle it didn't have in its database, and even potentially scan Zones, maybe it could do this too' | ?

Finally, it seemed someone was smiling down upon Leonel.

[ \*Ping\* Evolved marine life form detected. ]

[Kingdom: Animalia]

[Phylum: Mollusca]

[Class: Cephalopoda]

[Order: Octopoda]

[Superfamily: Octopodidae ]

[Family: Megaleledonidae]

[State: Evolved]

[ Abilities: '!' \*Ping\* Generating nomenclature'! ]

[ Reinforced Suction Cups: Can alternate between softness and hardness. Can compress and explode with force, multiplying power several times. ]

[ Ultra Sensitive Tentacles: Has gained high grade Force talent. Can absorb Force through its numerous limbs. Sense similar to Internal Sight maturing from tentacles. Still in its infancy stages. ]

[ Weakness: Head ]

[ Evaluating power'! \*Ping\* ]

[ Evolution Stage: Peak Tier 7 Black ]

Leonel landed heavily on the ground, Aina's ax being tightly held by his two hands.

He no longer held back, his Force erupting. The space around him became like a billowing hurricane, ripping the wind around him apart.

His hair danced, the hidden green light in his eyes blazing to life.

This damned octopus was actually an S-grade monster. But that was fine.

Shackles that usually held Leonel back were released in full force. He might foolishly hesitate against a human. But, against a beast' † he had no qualms.

This beast might be a monster. But he was one too.

[Leonel Morales (Force Amplified)]

[Strength: 1.30; Speed: 1.30 ; Agility: 1.30; Coordination: 1.70; Stamina: 1.50 (+0.05 – nullified); Reactions: 1.70; Spirit: 1.30; Force: 0.40]

## Chapter 85

Force howled around Leonel's body. A towering aura surged from him, causing the octopus to hesitate. Its tentacles continuously twitched as though sensing something more monstrous than itself was standing before it.

From its vantage point, it could barely see Leonel. Its eyes were too high and Leonel was too short. Such a bug should have been all too easy to kill. So, why was it feeling like this?

Aina laid on Leonel's back, her breathing incredibly steady. Though every time Leonel made a sudden movement, she would feel a jolting pain rampage across her body, she hadn't had the slightest change in expression, nor had she made the slightest sound.

But now, she was surprised once more. This form of intimidation was so potent.

" † However' † He isn't yet strong enough to boast such an aura' † After a while, the beast will just be more infuriated' †"

SSSSSKKKRRRREEEEEEEEEEE

Aina had hardly finished her thoughts when the roars of the octopus shook the surroundings once more.

The two tentacles closest to Leonel slammed toward him. Due to the size of the octopus, Leonel could only stand between the two of them.

“Pour your Force into the ax.” Aina quickly said. “It has one main ability that can be used now, you’ve seen it before.”

Leonel hadn’t needed Aina to tell him this. He was already prepared.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

His Force surged, causing the red glow of the battle ax to grow several times. An illusory blade extended from the ax’s edge, expanding the size of the weapon by several fold.

“Ha!”

A roar left Leonel’s lips.

His body flexed as one. His Force was wild, but his muscles churned in a controlled rage as he swung down with all his might.

The extended blade pierced into the right tentacle by several meters, but failed to make it all the way through.

At that time, the mournful howl of the octopus was followed by the strike of its second tentacle which lashed against Leonel’s back.

There was nothing in this world that would have allowed Leonel to let such a thing happen. After all, Aina was on his back and she was already injured. How could she suffer such a strike?

The moment he realized he didn’t have the strength to sever the tentacle in one strike, he immediately executed his secondary plan.

As though the massive ax was the hook of a rock climber, he pulled down hard, making use of the octopus's tough skin as an anchor to launch himself up and above the second strike. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel landed on the top of the half severed tentacle, his steps faltering. He hadn't accounted for just how slippery the skin of the octopus would be and his feet were almost swept out from beneath him.

BANG!

The second tentacle landed on the first, having failed to squash Leonel between them like pincers. But, the impact caused Leonel, who had just barely regained his footing, to falter once more. And this time, he couldn't regain it in time.

'Dammit!'

Leonel fell to the side, the enraged and pained roars of the octopus playing as the backdrop to his clown show.

Seeing that Leonel was now within striking range of its third tentacle, the maddened beast didn't hesitate to swing toward Leonel's falling figure.

Leonel's mind spun hard and his gaze flashed.

'Since it's like this, don't blame me for taking advantage!'

Staying on top of its tentacle was too dangerous, even if it was a tentacle that he had just severely injured. If this beast grit its way through the pain, launching Leonel into the air with a casual flick would basically guarantee his death. ☹️

Leonel knew how risky this would be before he did it, which is why he tested to see if he could sever a tentacle first. After he was forced to take such a risk, he wanted to run toward the octopus's head as quickly as possible. After all, even though this monster was large, it was still only 50 meters from edge to edge, and the distance from one tip of the tentacle to its head was barely 20 meters. In that case, Leonel could still cover the distance in time.

But, who knew this damned thing would be so slippery even to the point where he, who boasted maybe the highest coordination stat on Earth, stumbled around like a newborn calf?

It should have been hopeless, he should have been finished. But, Leonel's gaze was burning as bright as two torches in the depths of the night.

Without hesitation, Leonel raised the ax once more, slicing into the already injured tentacle he was falling from without hesitation.

In one swift motion, he stopped his falling and used the ax as a hook once more, launching him forward at blinding speeds.

Leonel was a madman. As though the slippery liquid coating the octopus was a surfboard and its body was an ocean, he slid across it, leaving afterimages in his wake.

The octopus's tentacle missed, lashing against its own injured limb once again.

It couldn't grasp how it could accurately knock a ship flying in the air at 300 kilometers an hour, yet couldn't swat this annoying fly to death. It had yet to evolve to the point of understanding that hitting something going in a straight line with a predestined path was far easier than hitting something which adapted to the situation like a feather drifting in the wind.

However, Leonel still had a price to pay. He needed speed. He practically thirsted for it.

He was using his Force to the limits, not to mention the fact his body was already reaching its limits. He couldn't afford to stay here any longer. Who knew if there was another monster like this lumbering toward him now?

But, most importantly, he needed to glide across the tentacle as quickly as possible. So'! He left Aina's ax embedded into this thing's skin.

Leonel, like a streaking flash, careened toward the octopus's head. However, he wasn't as weaponless as one would expect. Instead, a primitive spear had appeared in his hand, his aura rising and billowing in the air.

His blood boiled, a seething excitement bubbling forth from its depths. But, Leonel couldn't afford to let the primitive consciousness possess him this time. Right now! Only he could do this.

The octopus felt the looming danger. It tried to lift its injured tentacle to launch Leonel away, but by the time it did, Leonel was already near the end of it. So! Though Leonel was sent flying! It was right toward the center of its head!

To the octopus, Leonel was like a god of death descending from the skies. The murderous intent was enough to make the beast freeze. For a moment, it really couldn't tell which of them was meant to be the true monster.

In its panic, the octopus launched everything it had at Leonel, not minding its head as all eight of its tentacles bent backward and toward the demon in the skies headed for it.

The first time Leonel used [Call of the Wind] with his spear, he had only formed one Force Node. The last time he used it, the Force Art on his hand was restricting how much Force he could use.

But now! he had no such restrictions.

The spear in his hand vibrated wildly, but his hand was like a steel clamp, holding it down as the light in his eyes grew brighter and brighter.

'[Call of the Wind]!'

The wind around Leonel's spear tip grew so wild that it could be seen with the naked eye, a violent cyclone concentrated into a single point.

The moment Leonel pierced forward, his primitive spear burst into a rain of shrapnel. But, the attack stayed true, tearing through the air toward the octopus's head.



SSSSSSKKKKRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE

The world was silent for a moment. It seemed as though Leonel's final strike had done nothing.

However, an instant later, the center of the octopus's head began to twist. Then, its tough skin ruptured, following the twisting pattern and ripping itself apart.

PANDA-NOVEL The twisting tunneled through, its speed picking up. At first, everything seemed to slow to a crawl, but in the next moment, it accelerated. It seemed to take several seconds for the first layer of skin to be pierced, but in the blink of an eye, a torrent of wind had exited from the back of the octopus's head.

A mournful cry left the massive monster, the last of its tentacles lashing toward Leonel as a final, desperate plea.

In the air, Leonel had no way to dodge. The cool down on his shoes still hadn't ended. And, even if it had, he wasn't sure he had any Force left to activate them. He had put everything he had into that last strike.

This wasn't the most important point either. Even if his chain necklace could save him from dying, what about Aina who was strapped to his back?

Leonel's fighting intent blazed as he fell from the skies, the last bits of his strength blooming forth.

## Chapter 86

Leonel really did feel like an unlucky star was following him around everywhere.

The reason he dared to jump into the skies like this despite knowing the octopus might make an all out last assault was because he was hoping that it would disappear after it died just like Invalids. In that case, there would be nothing to worry about.

But, who could have guessed that not only would it not disappear, but the final momentum of its dying embers of life were enough to threaten him to this extent?

Even though the tentacles had lost the power backing them, thus making them far weaker than when the creature was alive, they were still falling toward Leonel and Aina. Considering the size of the octopus, Leonel didn't even want to calculate the weight each of those tentacles carried, or else he might pass out in shock before he even had a chance to resist.

Suddenly, Aina's voice called out.

"Catch the ax!"

Her voice snapped him out of his thoughts. He turned quickly to find that the ax he had left embedded within the octopus's limb had pulled itself free and was now flying toward them.

Leonel understood Aina's intention immediately. If an ax that heavy soared toward them fast enough, it would be able to knock them off the path of trajectory the tentacles were aimed toward!

PANDA-NOVEL Leonel twisted his body in the air, catching the flying ax with both hands. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

"Oof!"

Though Leonel felt his arms go numb as a strong force rammed into him, he couldn't have been more happy. This was enough!

Their direction was forcefully altered, sending them flying through a gap in the octopus's limbs and crashing toward the remains of a collapsed building.

Leonel braced himself, circulating the last dregs of his Force into his legs and landing heavily.

Thunderous booms sounded as the octopus finally collapsed. That battle hadn't lasted for even a minute, but Leonel felt completely spent.

'Weird' ¦ Leonel frowned. " ¦ Why aren't there any Invalids here yet?'

Before Leonel could ask his father's dictionary to see if it had an answer, he suddenly felt his spatial bracelet activate on its own.

The Segmented Cube flew out, its numerous pieces breaking apart and enveloping the octopus's corpse before forming back into the size of Leonel's palm once again. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel blinked in astonishment. 'This thing seems to have intelligence of its own? How else do you explain this?'

Though Leonel wanted to scrutinize the cube more, he didn't have the luxury. After putting it away, he broke out into another sprint.

Without a spear, it would be difficult for him to use [Call of the Wind] again. Force techniques were too dangerous so he had learned to not modify them on a whim. It was impossible for him to change it into a technique suitable for axes.

Plus, even if he could' ¦ What Force would he do it with?

"Why are there no Invalids here?" Leonel asked the dictionary which now lay in his palm.

[ \*Ping\* Calculating' ¦ The most likely cause is related to the nature of Invalids. Invalids are creatures of instinct whose sole aim is to devour and evolve. However, they can only devour creatures of their species. Powerful creatures of a differing species are great deterrents to them as they are sources of danger without profit. ]

Hearing this, Leonel skidded to a stop. That A-grade Invalid only appeared after he was a distance away from the octopus now that he thought about it. It was just that the octopus could cover obscene distances with that leaping ability of its.

But, if there was a species limitation, then why would this octopus come after him so fervently?  
p??∫???????

‘Wait’! This octopus didn’t disappear, so it’s unlikely to be an Invalid. There must be another reason it saw me as a potential meal, and that reason may very well be related to why the Segmented Cube acted on its own’! Forget it, now isn’t the time to think about this. I need to focus on getting back to the Fort.’

“Quickly, how do Invalids differentiate between members of their species and those that are not?”

Leonel realized that this likely meant that not all Invalids were humans, but he didn’t have time to ponder on this.

[ \*Ping\* Responding to Seed, it depends. Low level Invalids mostly rely on olfactory senses. High level Invalids have many more options, too variable to list. ]

Leonel’s gaze shone. The place he had skidded to a stop by was exactly the place he had sliced into the octopus’s tentacle. There just so happened to be ghastly blue blood here.

Gritting his teeth, he made a decision.

“Sorry about this, Aina.”

\*\*

A day and a half later, in the depths of the night, the patrol unit of Royal Blue Fort felt as though they were walking on eggshells.

In recent days, the number of Invalids had taken a sharp tick upward. According to the superiors, something big had happened in Perimeter 7, causing the first instances of Invalid Tides to form.

The good news was that their target wasn't the Fort, but the residual effects had made what once was a fairly easy job to gain Ascension Points to become a life and death struggle.

The Head Patrol Guard during this round was a certain Tier 2 Officer Doran. He could only curse his bad luck. Had this happened just a day later, he would have been able to apply to enter an F-grade Zone and dodge all of this nonsense.

But now, the superiors didn't want to risk having to train inexperienced patrol units at such a dangerous time, so he could only swallow his grievances and continue on with his patrol job. At least he had gotten off better than those Tier 3 Officers who had Perimeters to patrol.

'Hmph'! That's what you all get for looking down on me'!

Realizing that others had it worse than him seemed to make Doran feel much better.

He swept a gaze from the top of the Fort walls. He had completed this action so many times already that he had lost count. He had expected this time to be no different from the others, but he suddenly froze this time around.

Without hesitation, he pulled out a telescope, extending it and looking through. With the restrictions on technology, he could only use such a primitive tool. But, that didn't change its effectiveness.

Doran blinked. What he saw shocked him.

There were two humans, but covered in some weird, cracking dark blue substance. One of them seemed to be carrying the other, but their states could only be described as sorry.

The young man carrying the young woman dragged a massive ax along the ground. He probably knew that such an action would slow his steps, but his arms didn't have the strength to lift that large weapon up anymore.

Who else could these two be if not Leonel and Aina?

Though the octopus blood had worked to a certain extent' † it was just a certain extent.

It had 100% effectiveness on Invalids below the B-grade, but at the B-grade, it was barely 50% effective. For A-grade Invalids, it was not even 20% effective.

In the end, it had taken them over a day to cross just 50 kilometers because the initial commotion Leonel raised had caused an Invalid Tide. He felt spent to the point that his legs didn't even feel like his own anymore.

However, despite seeing the looming Fort walls, the unease in Leonel's heart didn't settle down. Instead, it grew' † because the danger he had been waiting for hadn't appeared yet.

Doran's pupils constricted.

'It's them. I need to inform the Junior Governor Duke.'

## Chapter 87

Leonel weakly dragged his body into the gates of the Fort. His eyes were half closed and his steps were so small it hardly looked like he was taking them at all, but he eventually made it.

Every part of his body felt as though it was on his last legs. Even he was quite surprised that he was still alive. It could only be said that the human capacity for survival was very large.

"... Hello? Hello!"

Leonel's head shook as he suddenly felt someone was calling out to him. He looked up to find the very same Tier 2 Officer Doran standing across from him, a blinding flashlight waving in his hand.

Leonel squinted, finding it difficult to look at the light.

'Why the hell is this guy waving something like this in my face?'

It was safe to say that Leonel was at the end of his rope. He was lacking in both sleep and strength, so even if he was a saint, his fuse would be much shorter. In that moment, he even had the faint will to gather this massive ax he was dragging one more time and cleave this bastard in two.

In the end, he managed to restrain himself.

"... Do you think you can just ignore me? You might be some big shot, but there are still protocols to be followed —"PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Spittle flew from Doran's lips, some of which even attached itself to his bushy mustache as he tried to interrogate Leonel.

He wasn't exactly wrong. Leonel and Aina had left their Perimeter before their post could be taken over, this was already an offense. On top of this, they failed to return with the military jeep they were assigned — yet another offense. Now, Doran had already asked Leonel several questions, to which he got no answers. And, of course, this was another offense.

Right now, they were still in a Code Red: Class 9 state. In such a state, crimes had punishments several times harsher than the norm. Even something as mundane and benign as shoplifting might get one 20 or more years in prison.

When the offenses were related to military order, the punishments would be even harsher as military law tended to be.

PANDA-NOVEL Leonel and Aina weren't official members of the military, which might still lighten their sentence. After all, the Fort was strapped for helping hands and every powerful individual was worth a lot. Doran obviously knew this, but he felt dissatisfied because he thought Leonel was ignoring him.

Clearly, Doran didn't realize that the reason he was still a Tier 2 Officer was because of his own stupidity. Considering the state of Leonel, who would assume that he was ignoring a person instead of realizing he was an arrow at the end of his flight?

Leonel's barely opened eyes slowly opened wider. The action seemed to take all of his strength, but what Doran saw made him stumble backward uncontrollably, finally allowing the blinding light to move from Leonel.

A beast. A wild beast that might lash out at any moment. That was what he saw. PANDA NOVEL

A roar assaulted his mind as he fell to the ground.

Cold shivers and sweats traveled through his back as he stared up at Leonel, eyes filled with fear.

The other Officers looked toward Doran with weird expressions. Leonel hadn't done anything but look at him. Was there a need to react like this?

Leonel slowly walked by the fallen Tier 2 Officer. He only had thoughts of finally resting. He just had to make it back to his bed. No.. Any bed would do, he wasn't picky.

Then, he could sleep for a whole week and forget about all of this.

At that moment, more bright lights blocked Leonel's path. But, this time, they didn't come from a flashlight, but rather a few vehicles. Beneath the night sky, their high-lights made Leonel's eyes burn.

The frustration in Leonel's heart grew deeper. He just wanted to sleep. Why were all of these people continually blocking his way?

He was already so close to home. He had walked through the outer city, through the illusion mist, and into the inner city. He had been moments away from his bed when he suddenly found the mansion he had been given was surrounded by a few shuttles. p??(?????)

"Leonel Morales, the Junior Governor Duke would like to have a few words with you."

At this point, Leonel felt a boiling anger in his chest.



A word with him? Right now? They didn't send medical personnel or even ask if he was alright, but instead asked him to drag his body to see some Governor Duke's son who couldn't even bother to appear himself?

Leonel didn't even care about the fact that the Junior Governor Duke's appearance here meant that he had cleared an A-grade Zone. Compared to what he had just been through, could an A-grade Zone even be comparable?

However, with so many shuttles around him, maybe even equipped with weapon technology Leonel couldn't imagine, what could he even do? He found himself too tired even to express his rage.

Others believed that Leonel was very mild tempered, and that he was. But there was something about himself that James had pointed out on the day of the National Championship.

Leonel knew that James was trying to throw the game. He also knew that his friend must have had his reasons. However, he couldn't decide between his best friend and a game he had already won three times before.

James was like a brother to him. They had stayed side by side for four years. Anyone else, for the sake of such a friendship, might have acquiesced that one time and lost the game on purpose.

Yet, instead of doing so, Leonel found a method to both not hurt his friend while also winning the game in the end.

Of course, having known Leonel for so long, James saw through his friend with ease. Others may have thought that Leonel was simply unaware, but James knew that while Leonel was soft hearted, what he hated the most was losing.

Leonel's insistence on his father's mantra of Persistence and Respect might sound like a kid just idolizing his father, however, it was deeper than that. It was so deep that Leonel himself didn't recognize it, only those who were the closest to him did... Just like James.

So, when Leonel was making his way to the Junior Governor Duke's residence with a bubbling rage in his chest he could do nothing about, that hidden beast kept lashing out.

The aura around him became insufferable. Even the veteran soldiers around him felt like it was difficult to breathe. Only those Tier 5 veterans like Admiral Millan just barely managed to keep their knees from knocking together.

Soon, weak body and all, Leonel found himself in the living room of a mansion far more luxurious than his own. Everything seemed flooded with gold and white as though the Sun God Apollo was the owner of the residence.

Still, there was no sign of the Junior Governor Duke. It wasn't until Leonel heard a pair of voices that he realized there was a ledge above the living room that was being fed into by a pair of curved stairs.

Unfortunately, he felt too weak to raise his head, he could only barely see the shoes of the two above him and make out that they were two men.

"Miles, I really have to thank you this time. Without your help, I don't think I could ever get revenge for my fallen comrades."

"Is there even a need for such words between us, Simeon? Plus, my Governor Duke Family has an obligation to keep law and order. Whether you came forward or not, there would be appropriate punishments."

"It seems I've worried too much, then. The Leum Family is indeed trustworthy."

The words of the two young men stopped. Leonel could faintly guess that they were looking down the ledge and toward him.

"Leonel Morales. Aina Brazinger." The voice of the man called Miles filled Leonel's ears. From their conversation, Leonel could understand that he must be the Junior Governor Duke.

“We have evidence that you’ve cooperated to slay six citizens of our Ascension Empire. Even without Martial Law, the penalty would be death. As citizens of the Empire, you have the right to know what you are being imprisoned for, so I have told you. Escort them to the basement. They will remain there until the trial.”

The young man spoke with indifference. To him, the trial was just a facade. The two of them were as good as dead.

Well... Leonel would die. As for the girl on his back, she would be sent off in chains to the Brazinger Family.

Leonel came to understand something. He had been a bit naive. He hadn’t thought much about what would happen here since they were entering a mansion. If they were in trouble, shouldn’t they have been directly sent to the jails?

But it was then he understood. For two Variants like them... Miles’ illusion ability was the best kind of trap.

Leonel barely struggled to raise his head and only then did he see the faces of the two young men.

One of them had a bright head of white-gold hair that almost looked like the mane of a lion. As for the other, Leonel’s vision was too blurred to see most of his features, but what he did see was the monocle over his left eye. No... one would be hard pressed to call it a monocle at all. It had eight lenses that seemed to hover in space in a circular formation.

## Chapter 88

[Bonus chapter for 1200 powerstones. Bonus chapter for reach 300 coming later. Pray for my ligaments :’( ]

Leonel didn’t react much to Miles’ words, something that was out of the expectations of the latter.

Though he spoke those words with indifference, that didn't mean he expected indifference in return. In fact, he was very much expecting to hear several shouts and a torrent of cursing. It wasn't even out of his expectation that Leonel might try to run away and fight his way out.

Of course, all of this would be futile. The range of this illusion world was almost like his own lucid dream. The downside of his ability was that it took a lot of time to set up a range so large, but the benefit was that once it had been, not only was the drain on his spirit minimized, but his power was several times greater as well.

In truth, Leonel was finished the moment he crossed into this city. Miles' confidence was obvious by the fact he hadn't even confiscated the ax in Leonel's hand.

The Officials who escorted Leonel here had long since surrounded him. Seeing that Leonel didn't react, they didn't relax as one would expect.

By now, Leonel's vision had cleared a bit more. He could see that the young man with a monocle over his left eye had blazing red hair and eyes just like the six weremen had. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, a light smile on his face. His impeccably clean and crisp clothing made his meticulousness evident.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Leonel slowly raised the ax in his hand, causing the officers to tense. But, Miles and Simeon continued to look down with indifference on their faces. Even if Leonel was in peak condition, they wouldn't have to fear him in this place, let alone now in his current state.

However, they could have never expected that instead of attacking, Leonel would be using the last of his strength to slip the ax back into the holster on Aina's back.

To those watching him, his actions didn't make much sense at all.

“¡ So you want to deal with me, is that right?”

Leonel's voice sounded quite hoarse. It could be imagined that he hadn't had a drop of water in a day and a half now. With how hard he had been pushing his body, it was a wonder that he was even standing.

Miles' brows knit slightly. His first instinct was to not respond. He simply disdained to. However, he found himself opening his mouth to do exactly that before he knew what was happening. It was as though he had been compelled to. PANDA NOVEL

This level of charisma' | It was hard to imagine it was a boy before him and not a Tier 7 or higher General.

Though he managed to stop himself right before the words came from his mouth, he was left in an awkward position. Everyone could tell that he had been about to speak and could only look at him in confusion when his mouth hung open without a word.

However, in the end, though he spoke, it wasn't to Leonel.

"Take him away."

Leonel moved again and Miles' frown deepened as he watched the Officers continue to hesitate. They watched as he took out three silver rods and twisted them together into a long pole, one after another.

"What methods do I have to protect myself from illusions?" ρ??J??????

Leonel seemed to be speaking to himself. Every action he took was like a madman that couldn't be seen through. It felt like he just might lash out at them at any time. But then, unexpectedly, something responded.

[ \*Ping\* Seed's Soul Force is too high to be influenced by illusions beneath the Bronze grade, only Seed's eyes can be fooled. It is suggested that Seed close his eyes and make use of Internal Sight to battle. ]

[ \*Information Omitted\* ]

The words of the dictionary made Miles' pupils constrict.

“Stop him ”!”

The words had hardly left his lips with the blunt tip of Leonel’s rod had appeared before Admiral Millan.

Leonel had already guessed that this Tier 5 Admiral had an ability that utilized his voice. If not for this, an Admiral with no personal combat ability like him wouldn’t be sent here to escort Leonel.

What Leonel could afford the least right now to lose his hearing or have his inner ear be affected.

The truth was that Leonel’s Internal Sight was far sharper, more detailed, and more useful than his eyesight. It was just that Leonel had grown up all his life using his eyes to see and interact with the world. Suddenly having Internal Sight now made him feel as though he suddenly had another pair of arms he wasn’t used to using yet.

However, now, he had no choice but to rely on it. What he couldn’t have imagined was that the moment he closed his eyes and leaned on his Internal Sight completely that a rush of comfort would overwhelm his body.

It was as though a drying river had suddenly been fed by a crystal clear lake. What was a shame was that the dam originally blocking the lake from the river was actually Leonel himself!

Everything felt sharper and more controlled. The finest details of everything from his own body to his surroundings were projected into his mind without delay.

Leonel wasn’t a fool. He knew that the lingering danger had yet to be resolved, so how could he come back here without any preparations at all? Though his body was in such a state, his Force and spirit weren’t running completely on empty.

Admiral Millan’s eyes widened. He had just been opening his mouth to send a concentrated blast toward Leonel when the rod appeared before him.

He sighed a breath of relief when he realized it had no blade. However, it was simply too fast for him to dodge. He could only brace himself for impact.

But' ¦ he could have never imagined that the blunt tip would carry so much force behind it.

PANDA-N0VEL The first thing he felt was the wall that hit his back. No' ¦ It should be that his back hit the wall.

Then, he registered that all of his ribs had been broken. He couldn't even scream without the searing pain of his lungs being minced by his own bones making his eyes roll back into their sockets.

He shook as he slid to the ground as though he was going into epileptic shock. This was maybe the only sign that his life was holding on by a small thread.

“The Empire has been pissing me off for a long time already.” Leonel said slowly, his eyes firmly clamped shut. “Since you want me, come and get me.”

## Chapter 89

[Bonus chapter for 300 powerstones, next at 600 😊 ]

It could only be said that they were caught completely unprepared. Just like Leonel had guessed, the surveillance on him wasn't as air tight as he believed.

After the Metamorphosis, technology of their world almost ceased to function entirely. Technology, even in this futuristic era, still fundamentally relied on electricity which was ultimately the movement of electrons from one point to another. However, Force was constructed of the quantum particles that governed the laws electrons used.

With the benign Third Dimensional Force evolving into the Fourth Dimensional Force of a Fourth Dimensional World, those fundamental laws that governed everything were changing. As such, how could technology continue to function?

The Ascension Empire had put a lot of effort and research into building technology that could function in the Fourth Dimension, but Earth was ultimately still in its infantile stages.

The only reason some technology continued to work now was because Earth was still only a Pseudo Fourth Dimensional World. The Metamorphosis hadn't been completed in its entirety just yet. But, it was safe to say that Earth had lost more than 90% of its original capabilities. And now, only more primitive technologies like the military jeep worked in the outside world.

PANDA-NOVEL As for the shuttle of the weremen, Leonel was simply unaware that the model of the shuttle had been modified and downgraded. If not for this, let alone 300 kilometers an hour, a true shuttle could break the sound barrier without issue.

This was all to say that let alone having his personal satellite like Leonel imagined in his worst case scenario, Earth didn't even have a single satellite remaining. In addition, the highest class of tech could only be used in specific places where towers designed to disrupt Force operated.

The good news, then, was that Leonel wasn't as hopeless as he thought. The weremen likely only found them making use of a gps hidden within the military jeep.

The bad news, however, as Leonel was finding out now' | Was that he was completely unable to use Force within the inner city where technology flourished.

This was a major miscalculation on Leonel's part. In his defense, he hadn't spent long enough in the Fort to notice such a thing. He was too inexperienced and only slept a single night here. But, at this point, he didn't have the mind to care. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

He was pissed.

There wasn't a single drop of emotion on his face, but to those facing him, it felt like he was three times their size.

At this point, fear had gripped their hearts. Leonel hadn't made another move after incapacitating Admiral Millan. It was as though he was waiting for something.

"He is resisting an arrest issued by a Governor Duke Seal. Kill him."



Miles' cold voice was like the gun of a drag race. Those who had been hesitating and even somewhat fearful, still pulled on the holsters attached to their hips without hesitation, pointing their guns at Leonel.

Guns weren't much different from the past. They didn't shoot laser beams, but rather still functioned on bullets. However, in this era, even a handgun had no less strength than a sniper rifle.

Technology, instead of evolving toward higher grade ammo, put the most effort into increasing the strength of alloys, compressing force, and mitigating recoil.

In this era, every gun was outfitted with a complex gyroscope capable of measuring force and a haptic feedback system that used the data provided by the gyroscope to nullify this force. As a result, even the most powerful pistols not only had amazing armor piercing capability, they were also as steady as airsoft guns kids used to play.

However, to Leonel, this wasn't an entirely bad thing! The steadier the hand, the easier it was to predict.

Leonel had always been worried about guns. Even the most primitive guns of the medieval ages made him nervous. However, after he stopped using his eyes, he suddenly realized something. PANDA NOVEL

Subconsciously, he could draw a line from the muzzle of the gun to where it would end up. It was almost like he was projecting his Dream World into the real world, as though he could simulate everything that would happen.

It was only a vague feeling, and Leonel could even feel that this was a still unawakened ability of his, but it was there nonetheless.

No one could have imagined that just when half a dozen guns had turned toward Leonel, he would take a step forward the instant their fingers pulled the trigger.

In the beginning, they thought that he was only fearless because he hadn't seen the guns. After all, his eyes were closed and these officials had never heard of this 'Internal Sight'. But, the scene that played out was completely out of their expectations.

It almost seemed like the bullets had flown through Leonel without obstruction, as though he had become transparent and blurry just for a moment.

However, Leonel knew the truth. One flew beneath his arm, two between his legs, one narrowly missing his neck, and the final two by his head.

He wasn't fast enough to dodge bullets. But, he was fast enough to dodge their trajectory.

With another two pierces of his rod, another two officers went down.

"What's his ability and what does it do?"

Leonel walked through a rain of bullets, taking down the final four officers. His attention was toward the young man with a monocle, who even now, couldn't have expected such a result.  $\rho\eta\eta\eta\cup\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta\eta$

Leonel was simply too calm. It really did feel as though they had woken a slumbering beast. Simeon and Miles watched from the ledge as Leonel, without an ounce of hurry, took six guns and twelve reload clips to himself.

[ \*Ping\* Generating nomenclature' | ]

[ Evolution Stage: Tier 8 Black ]

[ Evolution Type: Auxiliary ]

[ Evolution: Reinforced Mind, Genetic Manipulation ]

[ Reinforced Mind: Mental capacity several times that of normal a individual. Special emphasis on eyesight. ]

[ Genetic Manipulation: Can sense the evolution path of those below the Tier 7 Black grade and Diverge or Converge it. ]

“I see’!”

Leonel took a gun and aimed it toward Miles and Simeon with his left hand and shot twice in quick succession.

The power, the recoil, the speed’! He had already seen through it all.

“ ‘! Unfortunate.”

However, Leonel already mumbled this word before the bullets even landed.

**BANG! BANG!**

A thin energy shield blocked the bullets. The two young men, with cold sweat matted down their backs, watched on as the two bullets slowly fell before their eyes. Had it not been for the security system of Miles’ home’! they would be dead.

The most shocking part was that Leonel hadn’t shot toward the illusion Miles had set up’! but rather toward his real body.

His expression turned solemn. ‘Even if you’re ten times stronger, you won’t leave the city alive.’

In order to maintain the peace, there were exceptionally few who knew of this operation. This was part of the reason they allowed Leonel to go so far as to walk back to his own home.

However, if the secret couldn't be kept, that was fine as well. Now that Leonel had attacked so many officials, and even a Tier 5 one at that, it would be even easier. With such evidence, it was impossible for the Right to Autonomy Amendment to work in his defense.

Leonel turned his back to the two men. One of them had an illusion ability that was useless against him and the other had a mental ability. They were not his opponents. His true enemy was waiting outside.

As expected, Leonel had hardly taken a step outside when the sound of horns shook the dark night sky. Several spotlights converged from all directions, alerting everyone to the state of emergency.

Thousands were mobilized in a few breaths. And, it seemed that Miles was more cautious than he seemed on the surface because even the usually unguarded inner city doors were blocked.

However, this was a problem Leonel would love to be facing. Because, as it stood now, he was still a few kilometers from those very doors.

He felt that something was disrupting his use of Force. As long as he could make it out of the range of that something, he could threaten the city by causing another Invalid Tide. Though he didn't want to put people in danger, this would be his very last resort.

Leonel stepped out of the mansion on shaky legs, looking up at the dark sky, the twinkling stars, the silver moon'!

His breathing was ragged. Just a few moves and he already felt that he had hit another wall.

“ ‘! Do you have anything that can hold my body together a bit longer?’” Leonel asked, a bit desperate feeling so many converge onto him through his Internal Sight.

This time'! these weren't just normal, unevolved humans. They all had abilities'! And their technology was levels beyond.

[ \*Ping\* Replying to Seed, the meat of evolved creatures is the best nourishment for Evolvers. ]

As though having heard the question, the Segmented Cube popped out once more before vanishing. All that was left was a head-size cube of rich, pinkish violet meat.

” | Raw octopus, huh’ |? I hear it’s a delicacy’ |’

## Chapter 90

Leonel took a step forward, taking a large bite out of the hunk of meat at the same time.

‘In a city like this, they’re unlikely to use explosives. The greatest danger to my safety are snipers. The range of my Internal Sight can’t possibly be wide enough to take them into account. I also can’t guarantee there isn’t anyone with an ability that makes them confident in sniping even if I’m in the midst of a crowd. ‘”’

Leonel’s thoughts suddenly froze.

He felt as though a flame had suddenly dropped into his stomach and he felt incredibly heavy. The bloating in his stomach slowed his steps, making him uncomfortable.

Leonel was never one to eat much. In fact, he had had a poor appetite for as long as he could remember. Due to this disposition of his, it was a wonder that he wasn’t a skeleton. This aside, it was safe to say that he hadn’t experienced this feeling before.

” | No, that’s not true. I have’ | The first time dad gave me that vomit brew’ |’

Leonel’s burrow furrowed. The discomfort wasn’t enough to slow him down severely, but it made him feel a bit sick. He was already not in an optimal state. He couldn’t afford even the slightest tick down in his stats.

‘What the hell’ |’ Leonel felt like cursing this damn dictionary and his dad for creating a faulty product.

Leonel's frown deepened, but he couldn't continue remaining here. He had to make it to the doors out of the city as quickly as possible.

The moment Leonel broke out into a run, he felt his blood begin to boil. Before Leonel could even pause to figure out what was wrong with him, he found that his stomach was already rumbling.

PANDA-NOVEL The hunger was severe to the point Leonel almost fell over. The rolling and contracting muscles of his stomach felt like they might tear his body apart any moment. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Feeling a bit fearful and shocked, Leonel quickly took another bite. By the end of it, he bit into his palm, not realizing the meat was already consumed.

"What the hell is wrong with me?"

[ \*Ping\* Information Omitted ]

Leonel almost began cursing again, but his expression changed when he saw a troop of soldiers marching through the streets and toward him.

The sight of black clothes military men stomping in unison through a residential area was particularly dystopian. However, Leonel didn't have the time to take in the sight. He could only dive through the side gates of a nearby mansion.

He might be able to dodge the trajectory of bullets, but he wasn't insane. There were at least three dozen tactical rifles between them. Compared to the pistols in Leonel's possession which could already be considered as powerful as sniper rifles of the past, their power could be imagined.

Leonel leapt up with all his power, grabbing the edge of a house's roof and pulling himself up.

"Get down! Stop resisting!"

The roar of a man used to command entered Leonel's ears. But, he couldn't have imagined that Leonel would have already appeared on the roof when they were still seeking to cut him off from the side and back of the house.

'These men are clearly highly trained, but this is also their downfall. They don't dare to step out of line, which means they're restricting themselves from using their abilities. This is to my advantage' |' PANDA NOVEL

Leonel's gaze flashed. He put his rod away and two guns appeared in his hands.

He kept his head low as the tactical unit surrounded the house from all sides. The instant before they realized Leonel wasn't still on the ground, he had already jumped.

Leonel's body flew horizontally in the air, his arms pointed downward and his eyes blazing with fighting intent.

The sounds of gunshots rang beneath the night sky, followed by pained grunts and dull thuds.

With a flip, Leonel landed on the roof of an opposing house and broke out into another sprint.

"Give me another piece, I'm starving." Leonel said, hoping his words would be effective.

Thankfully, the Segmented Cube didn't let him down. Another head-sized cube of octopus meat appeared in his hand and disappeared into his stomach just as fast.

The burning in Leonel's blood grew. It was so comfortable that he almost forgot the aching of his muscles. It was a similar feeling to someone working out with sore muscles. After a while, the heat would make one forget the pain. However, if one stopped, the aching might return with several folds more potency.

Leonel knew he couldn't afford this, so he continued to push his body, hoping this heat would continue.

“Halt!”

Another roar entered Leonel’s ears. It seemed that the captain from before had found his dead squad members. With a single leap, Leonel had shot six bullets and taken out six of them.

He didn’t want to kill, but going down here meant that his life was basically over. The way Miles was trying to toy with his future left him sick to his stomach. However, what disgusted him the most was that if he were caught, Aina would definitely be sent to the Brazinger Clan. He refused to let this happen.

In that case, his conscience was clear. He could have easily killed them all, but he only killed enough to leave unscathed. He had already been merciful enough.

Aina watched silently as all of this happened, shaking her head. In truth, Leonel somehow thought she was still sleeping. But, how could she be sleeping in a situation like this?

” He needs to learn that being kind to your enemies is only harming yourself”

A cold light flickered in Aina’s eyes, but she remained silent. Pretending as though she was still ‘asleep’.

Leonel was absolutely unstoppable. The small tactical units sent after him one after another didn’t even pose any challenge. The terrain was too disadvantageous to them.

They didn’t dare to shoot toward Leonel carelessly. Who in this city wasn’t a big shot? Did they even have the ability to take responsibility if one of these figures died in their homes because they were shooting at Leonel?

To make matters worse, Leonel having guns was like giving wings to a tiger. His senses were too sharp, his coordination too elite.

Every time he shot, a bullet would perfectly land in the gap of their armor, ending their lives swiftly. They almost couldn’t believe that Leonel was only using handguns. Even if they were as powerful as sniper rifles of the past, the armors the tactical units wore in this age had advanced just as much.



However, it didn't seem to matter.

Over an hour later, Leonel sat behind the side gates of yet another home, his breathing ragged.

He had already swapped into the tactical gear of a soldier. The only thing he didn't change were his treasure shoes. Even if he couldn't use them in range of whatever was disrupting Force, they would still be useful to him in the future.

Leonel tied Aina to his back once more, gritting his teeth as he stepped forward.

From here until the doors, there were no longer homes to constantly hide behind. It was practically a flat plain.

Between Leonel's location and the doors out of the city, there was a city square and park. The space was as open as Royal Blue Academy's campus and the city square had no cover aside from a large fountain that spluttered water from the mouth of a mermaid and whale.

Not only were there units all throughout the park, but there was a small troop of at least 200 standing at attention right before the doors.

On a tower far away from the danger, Miles and Simeon watched on coldly. They hadn't managed to get eyes on Leonel just yet. They had a feeling that something with strong Force was protecting his body under these conditions, or else it was impossible that their surveillance systems couldn't lock onto him.

But that didn't matter. There was only one way into and out of the city. It had been specifically designed like this to stop rogues like Leonel.

Leonel practically inhaled another head-sized piece of octopus meat before slamming down the black head gear of the tactical unit.

In order to get this, he had actually doubled back toward the units he had already killed. This was part of the reason his location still hadn't been locked down and why he now had two tactical rifles in his possession.

Unlike the handguns, these rifles had 50 bullets per clip and were several times more powerful. With this kind of fire power, he still had a chance.

Unfortunately, things wouldn't be so simple. To now, the tactical units hadn't used their abilities. But, this didn't mean there weren't specially trained units. After all, Miles couldn't clear an A-grade Zone alone.

Since the beginning of the Metamorphosis, Royal Blue Province had experienced the appearance of four A-grade Sub-Dimensional Zones. One wiped out a special unit completely but three units survived, one of which, led by Miles, managed to clear the fourth just recently.

Leonel took a deep breath, his eyes gaining a deep calm as he stood out from the final home and entered the park with confident steps.

BANG!

Leonel's pupils constricted as he quickly fell to one side, but it was already too late.

A searing pain appeared in his left shoulder, precisely tearing through the smallest gap in the joint of his armor.

BANG!

Another shot rang out.