

《Unlimited Power - The Arcane Path (COMPLETED)》

Chapter 35

Leon couldn't fly at his top speed carrying a massive box of steel, so he only managed to see any land around noon. Thanks to the continuous attacks of megalodons, he spent the entire morning eating blue angel leaves, which was something he hadn't done in a while. But thanks to that, just when he was about to reach the land, the stock ended, and the monsters stopped attacking him. Thankfully, he didn't see any dragons along the way. Maybe they were eating the corpses Leon left behind...

"I guess a trail with hundreds of corpses was enough to make them give up... Regardless, what the hell is that?"

Leon felt quite thrilled when he saw a few buildings in the distance; he even cried a little... he finally returned to the civilization, or so he thought. The buildings on that island looked quite archaic. It made him recall of feudal Japan.

"Is this Japan? I knew that I was going toward Asia, but... why this place looks so old?"

Leon knew a little about Japanese history, enough to recognize the fact that the port in front of him looked like the cities of Japan two hundred years ago. Despite that, he shook those thoughts out of his head; his image of Japan was of the huge megalopolis called Tokyo. Actually, it wasn't weird that some places looked forgotten by the time.

Leon's heart started to beat faster the more he approached the island; despite that, he couldn't act without thinking. It was better to operate normally in order not to get in trouble if he wanted to return home as fast as possible; the last thing he wanted was to make enemies. He also decided not to draw much attention, but it looked like that was beyond his power. A huge number of people started to reunite in the port, where he was heading.

"Ah... obviously, someone flying in a steel armchair would attract other people's attention."

Much to his surprise, those people in the port also draw their weapons... it looked like strangers weren't welcome in that place. Despite that, Leon kept moving forward; he needed information. When Leon was ten meters away from them, they started to get agitated. Leon heard something in Japanese being shout, but he couldn't understand

what was being said.

"Hello... I come in peace."

Leon forced a smile and waved his hands, trying to look friendly, but those guys only got angrier. It looked like four years of isolation rusty Leon's social skills. That being said, he was quite confident that he would be able to find at least one person capable of speaking English in that crowd. But after a while, no one came. Instead of that, they were looking at Leon as if he was a piece of trash. Instead, they were looking at his clothes that were in tatters.

"Mmm... they look pretty tidy while I look like a beggar."

Just like the buildings, the clothes of those people looked quite traditional. Most people were wearing kimonos, and the feeling of feudal Japan increased since most of them were also armed with spears and katanas. Regardless, Leon was wasting time there. He had mana to fly in his chair forever, but that wasn't his goal. His butt was already hurting since the steel chair wasn't comfortable.

When Leon said that, the surroundings got eerily silent. Then he noticed the glare in some people's eyes; some looked at him with absolute hate while others trembled in fear. Leon was aware that after world war two, something like that was inevitable, but the situation looked far more intense than any historical hate.

"Uh-oh... I guess some Americans caused problems to them in those last four years."

The gazes full of hate and fear were quite discomfoting, but at least things got quiet. Despite that, things weren't progressing, so Leon started to consider retreating and entering the port using another method. However, with his clothes in that state, he doubted that anyone would listen to him... while Leon was thinking about that. A man wearing a traditional Japanese armor stepped forward with one hand near his sheathed katana.

"... Are you American?" The man asked while furrowing his eyebrows. "What do you want here?"

Although Leon pretty much was like them since had had the same dark-brown hair and eyes, he wasn't welcomed there. But at least it looked like someone who had some authority wanted to hear him.

"Hello, my name is Leon." Leon smiled again despite being looked like he was a wanted criminal. "I would shake your hand if I could, but I don't want to be stabbed."

Leon told the events of the last four years to that man, but his eyes only looked more severe. Just as Leon thought, it was too hard to believe. Surviving an airplane crash was stupid enough, not only that, enduring a tsunami and killing hundreds of megalodons, the more Leon told, the more it looked like it was bullshit.

"... So, do you want to find a means to go home." The man said. "You won't find any means to return to America in all Japan. You will have better chances of returning home crossing the ocean again."

Leon could feel the contempt in that man's voice, it was annoying, but it couldn't be helped. Until he understands why those people are so cautious of him, he had to keep calm.

"... You say that you spent four years alone on an island." The man said with a dubious expression. "But aside from your clothes, you look pretty clean."

"That is because I shaved and cut my hair before coming here," Leon explained.

"How? Come to think of it, how did you manage to forge steel like that alone on the island?" The man asked again.

Leon didn't want to show what he could do to people who clearly didn't like him, but that was a chance to prove that he was telling the truth. So, he made a steel plate. Despite that, things only got noisy again, and he started to massage his eyebrows.