

Descent 1431

[Chapter 1431 Familiar Senior](#)

Leonel and Aina stood back to back in an elaborate throne room.

Making it here wouldn't have been too difficult, if the construction of the castle hadn't been so conniving and vindictive.

Describing the layout of an inanimate object like this might feel like a bridge too far, but if Leonel had the dictionary or Wise Star Order to explain it to him, he would understand that the Dwarven Race had always been like this. Even if it wasn't for all the sinister traps and lurking dangers, the design of the castle alone would have been enough to drive the two of them crazy.

The reality of the matter was that from the very beginning, the castle was designed for people half their size. Aina was just a bit over six feet tall herself, while Leonel was over two meters tall. The number of times they found themselves ducking or getting stuck in cramped locations was too much to count.

Luckily, the throne room was a vast and wide hall. Unluckily, there were a swarm of protective knights and soldiers that would rather die than see Leonel and Aina kill their king and queen. That led to the current situation where the both of them were surrounded by swarms in the hundreds. Let alone to their fronts, backs and sides, they were even assaulted from above.

In truth, this mission was designed for a team of eight to take it on at the first or second Tier of the Sixth Dimension. It was already quite ridiculous that the two of them had chosen to take it on. But, that didn't stop the both of them from grinning ear to ear all the while

As the saying went, the couple that slays together, stays together.

...

Leonel and Aina walked out of the portal side by side, a healthy sheen of sweat coating their bodies.

The senior manning the gate once again found himself stunned. But this time it wasn't due to Aina's beauty, but rather the time.

The mission was meant to take a week for Sixth Dimensional existence. Though the senior was aware that Leonel and Aina were in the Fifth Dimension, it wasn't too rare for more talented Quadrant Ranked disciples to take on lower class Galaxy Ranked missions. While it was true that most of them died as well, it wasn't this senior's job to try and save them, he didn't get paid nearly enough to deal with uppity geniuses who thought too much of themselves.

Sometimes, though these geniuses would manage to survive, if only barely, and he would give a slight nod of approval. However, even among that number, he would very rarely see them try again without an ample grace period.

Something like this, though, where a pair went into an eight person mission and came out completely unscathed outside of some heavy breathing... It was unheard of.

Leonel smiled, reaching out a hand to get their mission plate back.

"Ah... Right... Yes."

The senior handed over the plate which had subtly changed in color. Such a thing would only happen after the mission was, indeed, completed. So now he was absolutely certain that there wasn't a mistake.

He could only watch silently as the two walked away, his heart beating slightly faster than usual.

The Void Palace was already a location where geniuses all came together from across the Human Domain. Even the youth at the lowest rung of his place was an overlord back at his home.

To see two individuals who could even stand at the very top here...

The senior glanced at his checkbook and made note of their names. In the future, this tidbit of information just might make him quite a bit of money in any one of their gambling dens.

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Leonel checked their gains and nodded to himself. That mission was among the harder one in the first Galaxy Rank, so their returns weren't bad. The two of them had made 70 000 Void Points. While that was only a few dozen percentage points better more than what Leonel had made with the spatial bristle rings, it was still a great sum.

Leonel didn't expect to make a great amount, he just wanted enough so that he and Aina could finally switch out of their beast skin clothing.

As great as his crafting was, because he had yet to learn how to counter Anarchic Force, there was only so long his Force Arts could last before degrading. Right now, the only reason their clothing hadn't fallen apart was because they made it was Cursed Beast fur to begin with.

That aside, as great as it was staring at Aina's long legs and toned belly all day, he was starting to get tired of running into people whose eyeballs threatened to pop out of their skulls.

Soon, Leonel and Aina had swapped into the Galaxy Ranked uniforms of the Void Palace. The layered robes and deep violet-black colors made Leonel feel quite good. In addition, they were only a thousand Void Points each since it was a mass produced product. Plus, higher level disciples rarely wore the uniform to begin with unless on official business representing the Void Palace, so there was no point in marking up prices.

'I can also exchange for robes of any rank I want because of my limbo state...' Leonel smiled to himself, tucking it into the back of his mind.

Following this, Leonel and Aina used the rest of their points to exchange for healing items. Both had insane healing factors, but they still chose to err on the side of caution. Leonel also insisted on buying Aina some flexible armor as well as her defenses were weaker than his own.

With that completed along with a small rest, the two of them nodded toward one another and stepped toward a desolate region almost devoid of students.

Up ahead, a singular senior stood, but this senior happened to be one that Leonel was almost too familiar with.

His gaze narrowed, a slight killing intent manifesting around him in a subtle sheen of red.

Aina blinked, taking note of the change. That was definitely not something Leonel had ever done before.

When she saw who was ahead, though, she came to an understanding.

It was none other than the envoy of the Void Palace, Orinik.

[Chapter 1432 Lucky Star](#)

Leonel had known for a very long time that Orinik was the one that had spread information about how he had gotten his Amethyst Token.

In reality, Leonel didn't care much about this alone. After all, Orinik was telling the truth, he didn't spin a lie. Leonel had, indeed, used his connections to gain his Token.

However, the matters of back then were quite a bit more complex than others knew. While Myghell hadn't used the Innate Node during their battle, Leonel hadn't used his Ability Index. When Leonel's Ability Index was active, he could even defeat Sixth Dimensional existences while at Tier 1 of the Fifth Dimension.

Of course, those Sixth Dimensional existences couldn't possibly match up to the Sixth Dimensional existence of the Void Palace. But, Myghell hadn't been in the Sixth Dimension back then either.

On top of that, if Myghell had insisted on using his Innate Node, he would have lost even faster. Even back then, Leonel was already completely immune to the Fourth Dimensional Scarlet Star Force Myghell had access to. And, he was completely immune to Destruction Runes in general.

This was all to say that if Leonel hadn't wanted to fight a thrilling battle, he could have made it very boring and left without suffering the injuries Orinik seemed to look down on him for suffering.

While Leonel could admit that he would have still been lacking compared to the other true geniuses of the Void Palace back then, he had also never denied that. His problem with Orinik was the fact that his actions put Leonel's life and death in the line of fire, something he was well aware of.

Leonel's life and death was one matter, but he also had the weight of the others on his shoulders during the first part of the True Selection.

If Leonel really hadn't had the strength of an Amethyst Token wielder back then, then not only would he have died, but their entire Sector would have been wiped out, all because of this man before him.

Leonel's steps didn't falter as he stepped forward. Orinik's gaze narrowed as well, but neither said a single word, at least not for the moment.

When Leonel stepped before Orinik, he handed over his mission plate, causing Orinik's expression to change.

Orinik had originally thought that Leonel had come here for revenge. It made sense, this place was quite secluded and disciples almost never came here. His job was more of a formality, another easy job he managed to land thanks to his connections.

Everyone knew that this mission was practically suicide and higher level disciples weren't allowed to go backward and complete Void Missions after promoting past their rank. The only exception to this rule was if a Void Mission had grown to the point that access to the resource would be lost without action. But, in those cases, the rewards usually tied to Void Missions were discontinued.

However, Leonel needed this mission. Aina was right, rather than leaving things in the hands of others, they should go all out and leave no doubt.

Complete Void Missions came with a special reward where one could request a rule break from the Senate. With the exception of a pardon for killing, you could pardon anything else. The only catch was that the person in need of a pardon had to clear a Void Mission of their rank and a pardon couldn't be used on behalf of another person.

Depending on the Star Level of the Void Mission, you received a certain level of pardon. To void a contract, you needed a Three Star Void Mission, so this was the only choice.

Obviously, Leonel wanted to help Aina clear this Void Mission so that they wouldn't have to fall into whatever scheme Sceio might or might not have concocted.

After a few moments, Orinik, who had been ready to teach Leonel and Aina that there was still a large gap between levels of Galaxy Ranked disciples, relaxed. So long as the two of them got themselves killed, he wouldn't even need to bother looking over his shoulder anymore.

His lip curled. He didn't even ask any questions, nor did he try to talk them out of it like someone else might.

Plus, even if he did, they were pretty much finished anyway. You couldn't retract a mission without having a One Star Pardon. And, if you failed a mission, you would end up doing manual labor until it was cleared.

Considering this mission hadn't been cleared in over a thousand years, they would be mining until they were old and grey. Orinik almost couldn't believe his luck. His problems were wrapping themselves in a neat little bow. It was beautiful.

The portal whirred to life for the first time in a long time. Orinik's hands were practically a blur as he worked, as though he was scared that Leonel would change his mind.

Leonel watched this coldly, not saying a single word and his expression not giving anything away as he thought of how he would deal with Orinik in the future.

After a careless glance, he took Aina's hand and disappeared into the portal.

When it closed, Orinik almost couldn't hold himself back from laughing. It was only after he managed to rein in his mad cackle that his mind began to spin.

He had made it to his current level by biding his time, backstabbing when he should and retreating when he should. He had made quite a pretty penny selling out information about Leonel and making him public enemy number one during his True Selection.

Even if it wasn't Leonel, someone entering a Three Star Void Mission was already a money making machine. The fact that it was the son of Velasco and the rising star Aina Brazinger who had entered made Orinik feel like he could practically print his own money.

'I can take advantage of this.'

This was the second reason he had pulled strings to net himself this job outside of its ease. There was money to be made.

There should be a week until the portal told him they had failed. In that time, he had more than enough leeway to start a betting ring. With Aina's and the Morales' names, the number of people who would join wasn't small at all. In fact, there might even be some Sector Ranked disciples that joined.

Orinik almost rubbed his hands together. Leonel was his lucky star. He just had to milk this star before it inevitably died.

[Chapter 1433 Familiar Scene](#)

Leonel and Aina had no idea that they were being used by Orinik once again. And, even if they did know, they wouldn't have the luxury of thinking too much about it because almost the instant they stepped through the portal, they found themselves being thrown into a bed of hot oil.

Their first mission had placed them right in enemy territory, something that wasn't so bad considering the enemies they faced were still weak and manageable. However, when this Void Mission chose to do the very same thing, it was much less of a funny matter.

Almost the instant Leonel and Aina appeared, they were surrounded by five Sixth Dimensional members of the Dwarven Race, their strength layering down with an oppressive might.

Just as Wise Star Order had said, most races outside of humans had maximized their evolution down one path and as such, they tended to share the same Ability Indexes, Lineages Factors and overall strengths.

The Rapax were often born with explosive power and flexibility, the Ability Indexes falling in line to maximize their strengths. Pixies and Sparrows, however, had extremely sharp eyes, high dexterity, agility and speed.

The first two helped greatly with their Crafting and their traps. The latter two were exceptionally difficult to handle in battle.

They tended to be excellent swordsmen and archers, not to mention assassins.

The main reason that Leonel had chosen this Three Star Void Mission in particular was so that they could use their first mission to get used to the battle style of the Pixies and Sparrows. But, the leap in skill in danger was so large that he felt he was naïve to have thought it would be very helpful.

"We'll retreat first," Leonel called out to Aina. "Only step where I step, then we'll cut a path outward."

Leonel's palm flipped over to reveal his stinger spear, his gaze flashing with a blaze of glory as he unleashed a barrage of piercing strikes.

Almost instantly, the two archers of the ground reacted, each brandishing two arrows wrapped in vines. They communicated with their eyes seamlessly, releasing their bowstrings in a breath.

Leonel's eyes glowed with he saw this scene. Despite the danger, he felt that these two had truly become one with their bows. When they inhaled, they bowstrings were pulled tight, when they exhaled, their attacks were released, following the trajectory of their gazes as though being controlled by nothing more than their wills.

'Beautiful...'

Leonel's Spear Force shattered apart beneath the twisted Level Two Bow Force. They tore apart the impurities and faults in his blade Force as though it was nothing more than dried weed.

Leonel took note of their target, taking a strong step forward and allowing light to envelop him. Right now wasn't the time for training, he had to go all out or else he and Aina would be buried here.

Right this moment, they were stuck in a familiar forest with yet another castle built into the face of a mountain to their backs. It was clear that this was a staple of the Dwarven Race. But, this one was far more elaborate than the last and the powerhouses protecting this one were on a completely different level.

This wasn't something that Leonel and Aina could just barge their way through. They needed to plan, scope out the situation, get a lay of the land, and approach with purpose.

Leonel's pupils dilated, his pale violet irises waking up. They shimmering like two purple torches in the darkness as Leonel's canines grew.

BANG!

Leonel exploded forward, his speed completely unlike what it had been before. The two archers didn't even get the chance to pull their bowstrings again before their throats were pierced through.

Leonel blazed a trail by them, Aina enveloping herself in a cloak of red as she shot ahead as well, the heads of three swordsmen flying.

Leonel didn't even look back as five orbs of Scarlet Star Force forms and enveloped their bodies and blood before they could even touch the ground. He knew that this wasn't a video game. He had to make sure that he and Aina left no traces behind to give their enemies the least amount of time to prepare.

Their ashes scattered into the wind as the two disappeared over the horizon.

Mere seconds later, another squad of Pixies and Sparrows appeared, only to furrow their brows when they found nothing at all. They could have sworn that there was a commotion here, but now there was absolutely nothing. What was going on, exactly?

It would be several hours before they realized that an entire scouting unit had vanished. But, by then, Leonel and Aina would be long gone.

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Leonel exhaled a breath, landing on a thin branch. Not long afterward, Aina landed on a tree across from him, putting her ax away to stop it from snapping in two. At the moment, her brows were a bit furrowed. She realized that this would be difficult.

If they didn't have a time limit, they could just take their time. But, they only had a week or this would be considered a failure.

The good news was that in a controlled Zone like this one, failing just meant they would be ejected. The bad news was that failure also meant manual labor, not to mention a heavy monetary penalty.

Leonel suddenly laughed. "Worried about failing?"

"A bit."

"Don't worry about it..."

Aina's brows rose as she listened to Leonel's explanation. Eventually, she started laughing too, her body becoming far more relaxed.

She believed in them as a pair, but something about the looming potential punishment still made her feel suffocated. Now knowing it didn't matter if they failed, she was far more relaxed and composed.

She still had the weight of her mother's revenge on her shoulders and she also cared about Leonel achieving his goals as well. Something like being stuck doing menial labor for hundreds of years wasn't something she could accept, she would rather fall out with the Void Palace and kill herself a path out.

"So what do we do first?"

"First, I'll do some scouting. Stay here, I'll be back within an hour. After that, it'll be the same as usual."

The couple grinned at each other, seemingly liking the scent of blood a bit too much.

[Chapter 1434 To Improvise](#)

Leonel flashed through the trees. He kept his Light Force restrained as much as possible. The atmosphere was a huge help to him, there was no reason for him to ruin it for himself.

In the past, he had hated the atmosphere of the Void Palace. But right now, the perpetual darkness, the heavy fog, and the restrained Internal Sight was a huge benefit to his stealth right this moment.

Instead of projecting it, Leonel allowed this new Light Force to circulate through his Nodes. It felt weird no longer having Snow Force within him. But, the unique Light Force of the Starry Tailed Fox was so far beyond it that he was sure he would get used to it very quickly.

Not only did this Light Force boost his speed for more than Snow Force ever did, its passive healing was unlike anything Leonel had ever experienced before, and it was also certain that its potency in battle was on a completely different level as well.

Leonel could see images of a majestic illusory fox with three long spiritual tails, sweeping out a claw that collapsed solar systems. The blades of light traveled through even space itself, tearing apart everything in its path.

This unique Light Force practically spoke its name into his mind... Ethereal Star Force.

In that moment, Leonel understood just what kind of weight this Force held. His Starry Spirit Domain, powered by Ethereal Star Force, made him immune to Internal Sight on his level. That meant that only someone with Seventh Dimensional Internal Sight, or Sixth Dimensional Internal Sight stronger than his own, could detect him.

Grasping this truth, Leonel became more confident in his scouting mission. Though this ability wasn't as strong as the Rapax's immunity, it wasn't far. So long as he stayed out of sight, he would be fine.

He understood now that Ethereal Star Force wasn't just a Light and Star Force mixture. It was also a Space Force mixture. It was just unfortunate that his Dimension was too weak to make use of its spatial properties just yet, but this much was enough for now.

Soon, the castle appeared before Leonel. As expected, he appeared as its further right edge where the scouting units were the thinnest.

He closed his eyes and unfurled his Internal Sight. Another benefit of the Wisdom Spirit Branch was that his Internal Sight had also become far more difficult to detect as well, so he didn't hold back in the slightest.

If he really ran into someone with stronger Internal Sight than his own, he would simply directly give up. Such an existence wasn't something that he and Aina would be able to beat. He would then use his loophole to avoid punishment.

The senses of the Dwarven Race seemed to be very good, something Leonel had experienced during both missions already. So, it wasn't absolutely impossible for him to run into such an individual.

Luckily, even after sweeping through the whole castle, Leonel didn't find such a person. However, his expression didn't relax in the slightest.

'This castle is far more elaborate. Even with my Internal Sight improving to hundreds of meters under the influence of Anarchic Force, I still can't see the whole layout. It's also far deeper underground than the last one was as well, and the traps—the ones I can detect, anyway—are also far more elaborate... I'll need to move to... three more locations to get the full scope.'

Leonel finished his calculations quickly, deducing how many more spots he needed to visit to get the full layout. Then, he moved.

In order to complete this mission, they need to crush the power structure of this base. That meant they needed to kill all eight generals, all four Dukes, and both the King and Queen.

Obviously, though, the situation was more complex than that since each of them was heavily protected.

From what Leonel saw, they wouldn't need to enter the castle to deal with the eight generals. But, the four Dukes and the King and Queen were all located within the castle.

The upper half of the castle was split into the north, south, east and west directions. These were controlled by the Dukes.

The underground layout was far more elaborate and far more protected. That region was the location of the King and Queen.

In Dwarven culture, darkness and being closer to the earth was seen as noble, something that was ironic considering they tended to fly in the air in battle. Either way, knowing this, it made sense why the King and Queen would be so far underground.

'It might be smarter to tackle the King and Queen first. Once they're dead, the Dukes will begin fighting over power, simultaneously splitting the generals as well.'

This was the conclusion Leonel came to after finishing his scouting. From a cursory glance, the North, South, East and West Duke had a bit of a rivalry going on. If he poked at this, he could benefit them.

From the very beginning, Leonel's approach was far different from others. Most took out the generals first, then the Dukes, before targeting the monarchy if they even got that far to begin with. But, Leonel hadn't even considered doing this for more than a moment. Like a madman, he chose to complete the hardest task first.

When he returned to Aina and explained his plans, she agreed immediately. When it came to such plans, she would always leave it up to Leonel. Her only issues arose when he didn't explain himself. But with things like this, she was fully onboard.

"Alright, give me some time. If we're going to do this, I can't go in without a bow."

"You should just steal one," Aina suggested.

"They're too small," Leonel shook his head, "After using a longbow, I can't imagine going back."

The White Lion bow was three meters tall, even his Bronze Grade black bow was that tall. But, the bows of the Dwarven Race were half that size often. He would have to carve his own.

But, how would he Craft without Little Tolly?

Leonel didn't regret using their Void Points on Aina's armor instead of a bow for him. Now, though, he needed to find a solution.

He exhaled a breath. It seemed he would have to improvise.

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As Leonel and Aina were preparing for their raid, a small commotion had already begun to buzz in the Void Palace's Galaxy Region as Orinik's advertising began to spread like wildfire.

[Chapter 1435 Anonymous](#)

"What did you say?"

Vega furrowed her brows.

The current situation was completely unlike what one would expect from such a powerful disciple. Vega wasn't in the middle of some hard training, nor was she practically a technique or cultivating her strength. Instead, she stood behind an enormous desk.

Despite the fact she was standing on her feet, the number of documents she was rifling through was still enough to obscure her face. The subordinate that was reporting to her right now had to talk through a wall of this stacked paper or else they would never be able to get access to their Faction leader.

In truth, the documents here were worse than they usually were. But, because Vega had wasted so much time with Aina, they had built up. Now she was paying for it. Such a thing only made her more infuriated with Sceio for butting into her matters. But, that little weasel had vanished and she couldn't find him.

"... We've been keeping an eye on young Aina's movements. She spent most of her time in the hospital, but a few hours ago she entered a Senate Branch and accepted a mission. But, she returned not long later and accepted another one.

"We weren't able to learn what these missions were, but she completed the first one smoothly. It was a mission that should have taken a week, but she completed it in just about 6 or so hours."

"What level?"

"Level 1 Gala—"

"Not a big deal, move on."

Vega didn't look up as she continued to rifle through the documents before her. Others might have used pendants to accomplish this task, but she didn't like the vulnerable state it put her in.

The Void Palace was dangerous, especially for Faction Leaders and even more especially for beautiful women. She always had to be in top condition to handle every and anything. So, she was the type to refuse to leave herself vulnerable, even to the point of doing things like this.

"The main issue, Faction Head, is that she's now entered a Three Star Void Mission."

Vega's hands froze. "What?"

"She's entered a Three Star Void Mission and a Galaxy Ranked disciple has begun to take bets on her odds of coming out."

The reporter seemed to completely ignore Leonel's presence. But, this wasn't due to any disdain on her part, it was rather because she understood the personality of Vega well and didn't want to step on her toes.

After what happened with Sceio, Vega was especially sensitive to women she had taken a fancy to being lovestruck fools at the beck and call of men. Of course, 'fancy' in this context was for their power. As much as she seemed to dislike men, Vega was, in fact, straight.

In truth, it wasn't even that Vega disliked men. She just found things easier to deal with if she lorded over just a single gender.

But, everyone had emotions, so she had been soft when it came to managing relationships. Unfortunately, it was coming back to bite her now. So, she was wondering if she should change her approach.

The trouble with doing that was that she also understood how the hearts of people worked. If these were the rules from the very beginning it would be fine. But, taking away a right after having already given it was a recipe for disaster.

If things were handled incorrectly, the Faction she had labored decades over would collapse.

Hearing what Aina had done for just her second mission, though, Vega's expression couldn't help but darken.

She had, obviously, not given up on Aina yet. But, she needed a method to bring Aina in. If Aina died, though, it would obviously all be for naught.

Vega's expression flickered. 'Maybe this is an opportunity?'

"Move some funds around in the third vault. Bet 10... No, that's too much for a bet that'll be mostly Galaxy Ranked disciples. In that case, use vault five. Bet a million Void Points on their failure."

"But Faction Head, she's with..."

"You mean Leonel Morales? His climbing of the tower was weird, but I have a feeling that it was more related to Dream Force than anything else. I sensed the concentration being exceptionally high."

If Leonel knew that Vega had drawn a conclusion similar to the Void Elders, it was difficult to tell how he would react.

Vega's thoughts were clearly far more vague and even quite off base, but the fact she realized that she had been affected by Dream Force at all spoke volumes.

"I'm aware of these things already. But, the only Three Star Void Mission they could enter should be the goblin castle mission. I have some inside information on that mission, they'll definitely fail."

"But if she dies..."

"There's about a 20% chance she comes out alive. In that case, she'll need my help to get out of manual labor and the penalty. By then, she won't be able to escape my grasp even if she wants to."

Vega's grasp of the rules was deep, but it was clearly not as deep as Leonel's.

"Even if she dies, we'll make back my investment in wasting so many days on her and we'll move forward with the original timeline of things."

"Yes, Faction Head."

"Oh, and keep my bet anonymous."

Vega's irises flashed as her hands began to move again. She would cover all her bases. In the slim likelihood they really succeeded, she wouldn't offend Aina any more than she already had.

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"Interesting. So the little girl who cut my Void Merit pool down by so much is seeking her death? I've heard some inside information on that Zone. They planned to send some Sector disciples in to deal with it within the century, it's already that close to beyond what Galaxy Ranked disciples could handle.

"At the very least, if she dies like this, I'll regain my spot on the current leaderboards."

Treanna shook her head, seemingly not satisfied with this.

"Bet the last year's supply of Void Merits on their failure."

Treanna clearly didn't care as much about remaining low profile like Vega did. In fact, when she learned that Leonel was also with Aina, she doubled her bid again.

[Chapter 1436 A Game Changer](#)

Leonel and Aina had no idea what was going on nor did they know that their choice had stirred up such a commotion.

Leonel jumped from tree to tree, knocking on their wood as he tried to find exactly the kind he was looking for.

There was something odd about trees that survived the density of Anarchic Force, they all looked the same. Leonel assumed they had undergone a convergent evolutionary path, following the same methods to combat their environment. That said, their interiors were very different.

There were two ways to tell. The first was by observing the shape of their leaves and the second was Leonel's method.

Leonel didn't know much about plants, herbs and the like. But, he could recognize his material needs when he found them. By knocking on the wood, he could make out practically all of its uses and whether it was suitable for certain Crafts or not.

The foundational knowledge his father had left him with was more than enough to extrapolate to a whole range of situations. And, his wood carving lessons came with an added help benefit right now.

Leonel was looking for a wood which was rigid enough to maintain its form while also being flexible enough to take his strength without snapping.

Leonel came to a grinding halt, the branch beneath him swaying.

He jumped, landing on the very same branch again and forcing it to bend.

Leonel bent it so far that he slipped back down to the ground. But, the branch itself snapped back up, whipping back and forth with so much forward that a whistling sound lashed out through the wind.

'Perfect.'

Leonel pressed his fore and middle finger together, a long strand of Spear Force manifesting and beginning to slowly tremble.

Leonel's eyes narrowed as he watched this. He didn't normally use Spear Force like this. It lacked the flexibility of form Bow Force did. But, that was also exactly why he did this. He knew that there was something about Spear Force that he was missing and he wanted to understand it better. With it in the range of his Starry Spirit Domain like this, he could feel it much more clearly than he ever had before.

The comprehension he had used to build this Level Two Spear Force felt so empty. 'Range' was the word he had used, but it felt so odd to think like that when the Spear could never match something like the bow in range.

Still, Leonel felt that his comprehension was correct. It was just.. incomplete. There was something beyond range.

Leonel's finger trembled, causing motes of Scarlet Star Force to fuse with his trembling Spear Force and turning its golden hues into a deathly golden crimson.

He swiped across with a deft speed, slicing the top half of the tree off and then repeating it with the bottom. In the end, a thick log about three and a half meters tall stood, stripped of its bark to reveal a silvery sort of wood.

'This wood should be powerful enough without Force Arts, I wouldn't have a Force Quill to draw them anyway. In that case...'

Leonel smiled, an excited gleam lighting in his eyes as his design for his bow began to manifest in the real world.

A pale blue construct took form, completely transparent.

However, that was when things began to change.

A perfect replica of the wood Leonel was working with appeared in his mind. He reconstructed it down to a chemical level, understanding its in and outs as though it was the back of his own hand.

Then, the pale blue construct began to change. It slowly became real in form, losing its pale blue color and becoming almost solid.

'Let's try a... Sixth Dimensional cursed beast tendon.'

With a thought, a bowstring appeared on it.

Leonel's finger grasped the string, pulling it back. With another thought, an Arrow also appeared, nocked perfectly.

Leonel's back strained, his muscles tensed.

'Interesting, I can only pull it out to about 70% even without additional Force Arts. Let's see how it reacts to Destruction Runes.'

Leonel tried out many things. When he finished his tests, he grinned. Testing things with his real body felt so different.

The construct of his mind obviously wasn't tangible. The reason Leonel could 'feel' the bowstring and 'feel' strain was because he was using his Tier 4 Control to simulate it all. By fusing all of this information together, he could gain a perfect replica of how a Craft would act and react in the real world and control the reactions of his body so that it reacted as though his illusions were tangible.

In fact, with this new ability, Leonel could even form a sparring partner that could make him feel as though he was really being punched and harmed.

Now that he thought about it, it was like he could take the simulation ability of the Void Tower with him everywhere!

This would change Leonel's Crafting ability forever. He already felt he made a breakthrough after his quill self-destructed, but this was another massive leap forward. When he finally got Little Tolly back, his skill would be on a whole other level.

Leonel snapped his fingers, causing the bowstring and arrow to disappear.

With very deft control, he covered his bow construct in Ethereal Star Force. Once he was finished, he slid the construct into the center of the log of wood.

Leonel hopped down from the log, placing his hand on its body.

His hair fluttered. Closing his eyes, a smile curling his lips. He should be able to do this in one go.

Leonel's eyes flashed open, an avalanche of Destruction Runes forming in irises.

BANG!

The log exploded into a rain of ash.

With a swift hand, Leonel snatched forward, snagging the surviving bow out of the air.

His grin widened. It was perfect down to the smallest deviation, its silvery glow dancing in his hand.

Leonel dispelled the Ethereal Star Force that had protected it, feeling the nice heft on his palm.

This was a game changer.

'Time to slaughter some goblins.'

[Chapter 1437 The Heart](#)

When night fell in the Void Palace, it just made the blacks blacker. It was already difficult to see ahead of you in the day, but the darkness of night made it impossible to even see your hand before your face.

This wasn't normally a problem during the modern day because the Void Elders had set up formations that allowed a perpetual dull light. Though it didn't help with the fog, it made the transition from night to day almost impossible to track.

However, in a Zone like this one, back before the humans had reclaimed their territory, there was no such luxury. But, that also left things in the perfect state for Leonel and Aina. It made them even more difficult to detect in the darkness.

Aina was surprisingly quite able to navigate in the darkness, but Leonel didn't ask about it. He assumed that it was related to her Life Force affinity. Unlike other Forces, almost everything had Life Force. And, the things that didn't really stand out by virtue of that fact alone. Using this sort of perspective, it wasn't hard to imagine how someone with Life Force could parse apart their surroundings without their eyes.

No longer worried about Aina, Leonel shot forward at a faster speed, weaving through the trees. Aina followed to his back, their steps in perfect sync.

Leonel knew that they still had to be careful even in this environment. Because of their culture, the Dwarven Race was very well adapted to seeing in dim and no light situations. While Leonel couldn't even see his hand without activating his Lineage Factor's eyes, they could probably see just fine, albeit worse than they would otherwise be able to do in the day.

But, he had already taken this into consideration the moment he saw that the castle's lighting situation was... less than optimal.

Soon, he and Aina made it to the last line of trees.

Without a spatial ring to use, Leonel could only strap his bow to his back along with his arrows. He didn't make much of the latter, though. With so many Dwarven bowmen around, he would have more of his fair share of arrows to steal.

With a thought, Leonel and Aina's Internal Sights linked as one. This time, the two of them were ready for the level of intimacy required and didn't flinch as they had before. They had nothing to hide from one another, so the process was even smoother.

Their tandem was already seamless in the past. But now, they didn't need to waste energy calculating and using their instincts to understand the other's actions.

The moment the connection was established, they bolted forward, practically cutting a line through the earth with their speed.

Leonel had timed it perfectly, picking a blind spot and appearing at the base of the castle in the blink of an eye.

After a moment of lamenting the fact he couldn't use his Earth Force to dig through the ground here before leaping up and over the wall.

Leonel and Aina didn't spend even more than a fraction of a second atop the wall before falling down lightly on the other side.

Shrouded in darkness, they bolted forward, slipping not the gate furthest to the right.

Much like medieval castles, the castles of the Dwarven Race were far more city than home. Beyond the walls Leonel and Aina had just fallen from, there were five gates or doorways. These five gates were actually the starting point of grand tunnels dug into the face of the mountain.

After slipping through them Leonel and Aina were greeted by an enormous tunnel followed by yet another wall. This wall was the start of an underground city. However, they ignored it entirely, slipping around to the back of the tunnel and slipping into one of the many mining tunnels that dotted the landscape around them.

The Dwarven Race liked to use the terrain when they were building their settlements but a robust landscape for their safety was only one consideration. The second was resources.

Precious metals and anything that could help their Crafts was exactly what the Dwarven Race wanted. Any Pixie or Sparrow that wasn't a combat specialist or a Crafter, was likely a miner. But, this didn't come with the same negative connotations it did in the human race. In fact, they took great pride in their strengths.

Usually, these mining tunnels wouldn't lead to much of anywhere. But, during his scouting, Leonel found that some of these passageways doubled as escape routes and bunkers. Many of them led to dead ends where stockpiles of food and water would be kept, but if you chose correctly...

'Trap ahead.'

Leonel spoke to Aina before accelerating once again.

The two of them reached one of the so-called dead ends but Leonel had already slammed a palm forward.

His momentum was swift and fiery, but just before he hit the wall, his hand slipped right through.

'What a clever mechanism,' Leonel thought as he slipped right through.

The wall was designed to pick up on intention, but the way it did so was quite ingenious.

It calculated your speed and acceleration along with your distance from the wall. The moment you crossed a threshold the trap deemed impossible to stop from, it would deactivate. If your speed was beneath a certain threshold, it would feel like hitting a wall. However, if you had crossed a certain speed and hesitated at the end, the trap would put an arrow right between your brows.

Leonel had to admit that there was a lot to learn from the Dwarven Race. Although their Force Arts were crude, even cruder than what Leonel had seen from the Human Race, their applications of them were intelligent, crafty and quite economical.

They did a lot with a little and their minds worked in wondrous ways.

The moment Leonel and Aina passed through this trap, Leonel was certain that there wouldn't be any Pixies or Sparrows ahead. This was a tunnel reserved for emergency situations and could only be used by the nobles, their families, and their royal guards.

However, on the other side, there'd be a battle that was unavoidable and would place them right at the heart of Dwarven territory.

[Chapter 1438 Abnormality](#)

There was nothing to hesitate about. Leonel and Aina had already secured their escape route by choosing this path.

The moment they approached the exit, Aina gathered up another burst of acceleration, blazing a trail right by Leonel.

Leonel's lip curled into a smile. With a single movement of both arms, he brandished his bow and nocked an arrow.

The smooth feeling of beast fur tickled his palm as he wrapped around its center tightly, the beast tendon bow string wafting a deathly black fog.

Leonel's smile vanished in the blink of an eye, his gaze becoming cold and calculating.

His vision went blank for a moment. But, when it cleared once more, he found himself deep with what looked like catacombs.

The pillars that surrounded the region were carved directly out of the ground, connecting with the ceiling. It made it feel like the entire place was carved out in one piece, creating a beautiful, albeit somber, sort of ambience.

This was a location of reflection and silence for the older members of the Pixie and Sparrow Race. But, due to the fact this was a Unique Zone held open for so long, much of the logical progression of things had become twisted and tainted. So, not only were there no children to be found around, there weren't any members of the older generation either.

Regardless, Leonel wasn't aware of these things. His main focus was Aina up ahead who had already crossed the halfway mark.

With a single powerful leap, Leonel shot into the air and crossed a distance of over 20 meters. He pulled his bowstring back, his gaze calm and unhurried.

He seemed to sink into a rhythm, one not much different from the Sixth Dimensional Pixie they had faced when they first landed on this world. His bow became an extension of himself, time itself almost seeming to slow.

Then, he released with an exhale.

'Not good enough.'

Though he thought these words, his arrow flew true, piercing through the head of the right Sparrow just as Aina's ax sliced the left Sparrow in half.

Leonel landed on the ground, a blinding trail of gold appearing to his back as he finally unleashed his Ethereal Star Force. As though a bird being released from his cage, he felt free. If not for the stuffy air so far beneath ground, it would almost feel like he was galloping through the skies.

He caught up with Aina in a blink as the two let their presences be known.

This location was within the most sacred region of the King and Queen's stronghold. It was located right to the back of the throne room and it was adjacent to the King and Queen's chamber.

If the King and Queen were in the throne room, it would just be a straight shot to their heads. However, if the King and Queen were in their chambers, they would have to follow a U-like path. If the King and Queen were in neither, they would have to continue past the throne room in a straight line toward the dining, dance hall, and other like regions.

Leonel, though, was already well aware that the King and Queen were in the throne room. Despite it being the dead of night, higher Dimensional beings didn't function like normal humans did. In addition, Third Dimensional Pixies and Sparrows were nocturnal to begin with.

So, the moment Aina burst into the throne room, crashing through their doors, all the nobles of the Dwarven Race were alerted immediately.

Leonel's gaze flashed, taking everything in with no more than a single glance.

The thrones seating the King and Queen were to the far wall, a distance of at least 100 to 150 meters separating them from him and Aina.

Large swaths of nobles lined the sides in their seats, similar to what one might expect from a senate or congress. Before them, royal guards took the stairs and the railways to maintain order, with the most powerful of them standing near and around the king and queen.

Leonel took a breath, his gaze becoming colder on his exhale.

This was the trouble of this Zone. Due to an oddity, the King and Queen, along with the nobles, were in a perpetual meeting. In real life, this wouldn't make any sense. But matters like this could easily happen as the Unique Zone became more twisted.

The only nobles not present here were the Dukes.

One would think that if you killed the Dukes, then the nobles would be forced to make a move. But, if you did that, what would actually happen is that the Duke's noble guards would also join the meeting, making the task even harder.

Leonel wasn't aware of this prior, but he made a simple observation.

He noticed that the throne room was packed to the brim, and yet the Dukes weren't present. How could the King and Queen hold a meeting like this without their highest nobles being here?

That was when Leonel realized that there was something wrong with this Zone. If he wanted to defeat it, he would have to take an unconventional approach. And the result of that was taking on this suicide mission right here and right now.

The strongest people here were the King and Queen, both of whom were at Tier 4 of the Sixth Dimensional. The royal guards were all Tier 3. The noble Pixies and Sparrows were all either Tier 1 or 2.

There total over 300 noble Pixies and Sparrows, 36 royal guards, and two Monarchs.

It was no wonder this was practically a death trap.

Leonel, though, wondered how far he could push this oddity in the Zone. The mission only stated that they had to collapse the structure of power. Kill the King, Queen, Dukes and Generals.

So, if they killed the King and Queen before escaping, would the nobles and royal guards still be stuck here?

A boundless pressure wafted from him, his canines growing and the illusion of three tails that towered dozens of meters appearing to his back.

"Let's do this."

Aina responded with a roar, her foot stomping down hard as a pillar of crimson shot through the ceiling.

[Chapter 1439 Change](#)

Leonel's eyes sharpened, his pale violet hair becoming a bright white before lengthening to the point it waved out to his back like a river of light.

His side burns grew with the same blinding white, his canines continuing to grow to the point that they were almost double the length of any of his other teeth.

His pale violet eyes flashed with a white-gold light, his dilated pupils growing even larger. His field of view became monstrous.

A normal human, even at higher Dimensions, would only have a focused view of about five degrees and a sharp view about 30 degrees. But, Leonel's had grown to 90 degrees! At the same time, his peripheral vision had increased from just about 200 degrees to just over 330, with only the remaining 30 degrees centralized to the back of his head.

Nothing could escape Leonel's vision. It was as though the entire world had opened up to him.

Aina charged forward and he wasn't far behind. He only had ten arrows with him, but they were more than enough to start this off with a bang.

He nocked two arrows as Aina charged forward, his eyes glowing with such a radiant light that his dilated pupils could no longer be seen. It was almost as though his eyes had been replaced by two dancing white gold flames that licked against his eyelashes and brows.

In that moment, Leonel released his arrows.

They twirled through the air as though they had minds of their own, whizzing by Aina's ears and appearing before the throats of two royal guards that had already stood in her way to stop her.

The expressions of the two Sparrow guards changed, brandishing their short spears to block. However, this decision was the worst one to make.

The moment they moved to block, Aina's foot smashed against the ground. What had already seemed to be her greatest speed doubled, the air around her front collapsing like a clap of thunder as she appeared before the two guards.

A towering Blade Force surged.

Leonel thought it felt like a sword at first, and then it felt like a spear, and then a rod, before it finally settled into the form of an ax, shattering past a barrier and sparkling with the grace of a Level Three Blade Force.

Sixth Dimensional Battle Ax Force.

Two heads soared into the air, spurts of blood following their arc through the air.

Leonel's arrows had long since ricocheted off of their short spears. His pupils flickered within the dense gold they hid behind, reading trajectories as a cascade of numbers flooded his senses.

Even as his eyes bounced back and forth, and Aina charged forward, his free hand had already reached for his arrow, pulling out three and sliding each one between his fingers.

He watched as his first two shot arrows spun wildly in the air, having been knocked off to the side.

From all sides, noble guards surged toward Aina, while only a few along with some more fearless nobles charged for Leonel. But, he didn't seem to see them at all. His eyes focused on the spinning arrows

through the air. They rotated with speed that could put anyone in the Fifth Dimension to shame, and yet to Leonel...

They flowed oh so slowly.

Leonel nocked three arrows, their tips blazing with Level Two Bow Force as he exhaled, a golden breath leaving his lips as though the skies themselves were sighing as the elegance of his shot.

The three arrows shot through the air, curving past the heads of several guards and appeared before their targets in the blink of an eye.

The leftmost arrow caught up with Leonel's spinning arrow. In Leonel's eyes, the event couldn't have been slower. Both arrows rushed by one another, completely perpendicular. However, just as the blazing arrow passed by the spinning arrow not by more than a hair's breadth, a portion of Leonel's Bow Force influenced it.

As though being given new life, the spinning arrow shook in the air, its spinning momentum along its length becoming concentrated into a spiral along its width.

The arrow became like a drill bit. Catching a royal guard off guard, it shot through the Pixie's head, sending her flying to the side only for her corpse to be pinned to an opposite wall.

The scene replayed itself on the right side. But, this time, both arrows applied pressure on the rotating arrow, causing it to pass through the heads of not just one royal guard, but two.

Leonel's three shot arrows continued blazing a trail forward, their trajectories suddenly shifting drastically to aim for the head of the King as though this was the main goal all along.

The sudden change caught the royal guard off guard, but they were still ready. They dove before the two thrones, brandishing their weapons and their Force as they rose into the air, their wings flapping and rising them into the air.

Unfortunately, but now, Aina had gained the blood of not just one, but five separate royal guards. The crimson blood, tinged with a hint of violet, danced behind her.

Her steps came to a heavy stop, the soles of her shoes gliding along the polished marble floor of the Throne Room as she pulled her ax back, her back flexing and her polearm bending beneath the might of her gathering momentum.

The five globules of blood gathered, coating her blade and blazing with life. Fueled with the vitality of five Sixth Dimensional powerhouses, the power was unprecedented. Even further fueled by her Sixth Dimensional Battle Ax Force, and it was like her attack was given the wings of an angel as it shot forward.

The scythe of crimson shot forward like a wave, cutting down everything in its path and even bisecting some nobles scrambling to the side.

The solemn expression of the royal guards couldn't change anything. Their weapons were torn in two, their bodies being sent flying backward.

However, it was right at that moment that the King and Queen stomped their feet, countless patterns along the wall and ground springing to life.

[Chapter 1440 Five Meters](#)

A transparent and golden barrier shot up, connecting the floor and ceiling along with protecting the King and Queen behind a seemingly unbreakable shield.

The roar of a dragon sounded as an eastern version of the beast swirling about the barrier, tangling itself with other magnificent creatures of legends. Just with a glance, Leonel could see phoenixes, winged tigers, behemoths, centaurs, western dragons, unicorns, mermaids...

The number felt endless and they all roared in unison.

Even as the corpses of the royal guards splashed against the barrier, their blood incinerated to ash and wafted into the air.

BANG!

Aina's blood scythe crashed into the barrier, but it barely rippled. It only took a single glance to tell how powerful this barrier was. Let alone killing the King and Queen in their state, it would take a powerful individual of the Quasi Seventh Dimension to even think of shaking it.

The Dwarven Race weren't known for their combat prowess, but it was clear that this barrier was set up with the most powerful races of the Dimensional Verse in mind. It would definitely take a genius of the Sector Rank to shatter the barrier.

This was how the Dwarven Race closed the gap with other races. They focused on speed and evasion. Their senses were better than most and their bowmanship was especially profound. But, their greatest reliance were their traps.

This trap, though, was far more profound than anything Leonel had seen them use up to this point. If their previous Force Arts could be considered crude, this was on a level all to its own.

It was either the Dwarven Race had invited another race to draw it for them, something that was highly unlikely. Or, much like their usual scheming demeanors, they had lulled Leonel into a false sense of security with their 'crude' Force Arts, only to show their true strength when it really mattered.

This Force Art formation was hidden beneath Seventh Dimensional materials. It was no wonder he hadn't detected it before.

Leonel's pupils flickered. 'How clever.'

He and Aina were separated by over a hundred meters now and a swarm of royal guards were charging after the both of them, separating them further. On top of that, he had a feeling that the barrier wasn't finished just yet.

Just as Leonel thought this, statues that lined the top of the throne room began to shake themselves awake. The spirits of the beasts stuck in the barrier swam out, diving through the marbled ground, up the walls, and fusing into the statues before roaring to life.

The mythical beasts were instantly completely indistinguishable from the real thing, their stone bodies nowhere to be seen, replaced by scales, fur and rough skin that gave off a brimming vitality.

The beasts roared, their heads cocking back and before snapping forward to release beams of light that shot for Leonel and Aina.

Leonel's figure flashed, appearing before the royal guards that were trying to close in on him in an instant. His plan was obvious. These beams wouldn't dare to continue hitting him if they were just harming their own kind.

But, to Leonel's shock, the beams cut right through the bodies of the Pixies and Sparrows, not harming a hair on their heads before appearing before his chest in the blink of an eye.

Leonel's eyes bulged, sending this information to Aina instantly before a roar left his lips.

He spun to the spin, narrowly avoiding the beam. But, a trail of scorched skin was left on his chest as a line was ripped through his Void Palace uniform.

Leonel's gaze became cold, his skin blazing to life with Bronze Runes that peeked through the hole in his robes. The wound on his chest healed quickly, but it was still far slower than he had expected for his current Healing Factor.

BANG!

The doors to the throne room slammed close as the previously cowering nobles began to swarm Leonel and Aina.

It was only then Leonel realized that even their previous fear and cowardice was all an act. They wanted to trap Leonel and Aina, to push them to the point they would have difficulty escaping any longer. Suddenly, the enemies the couple had to face increased by a hundredfold.

Leonel's eyes flashed, his steps light and quick as he weaved through several attacks, beams of light continuously attacking him from above.

Sliding his bow onto his back again, Leonel's palm flipped over to reveal his spear.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

He was forced several steps back, the room he had to maneuver becoming smaller and smaller.

Leonel's brow furrowed. He needed to find the flaw of this formation but all of this commotion was making it difficult. His Internal Sight was being interfered with, and he was certain that it was another trick of the Dwarven Race.

His Starry Spirit Domain was just fine, but even with his tails deployed, its maximum range was only five meters. If he wanted to scan this entire room, he would need to do it piece by piece. But, with its size...

Leonel's gaze became frighteningly cold.

In the Void Palace, a day had already passed and the bets were only growing. Orinik couldn't help but grin ear to ear. He didn't even need to bet, he just needed to take a small percentage and he would be drowning in more Void Points than he would know how to spend.

Originally, he had thought that he would only have lower level Galaxy Ranked disciples participating, but after news of Treanna's wild bid was spread—strategically by him, of course—the heat for these events ramped up far more than even tenfold could account for.

By this point, some Factions had even begun sending their scouts to linger around the Zone, making a once dead region far livelier than it had been in a very long time.

...

In another part of the Void Palace, Amery opened and closed his hand, checking how well it had healed.

At that moment, a servant knocked and entered, relaying information about the commotion to the Sword Deity.