

Descent 1451

[Chapter 1451 Billions](#)

Leonel coughed, another mouthful of blood coming out. But, his gaze glowed with a feverish sort of light.

The bad news was that he hadn't had time to find out anything about the Spear Domain. Unlike the Segmented Cube, the Spear Domain Heirloom had a counterpart like the Sword Domain. In fact, the Suaird family seemed to have an identical Lineage Factor to the Morales family as well.

Due to this, Leonel felt that it was more likely for information about the Spear Domain to be available as it seemed that it wasn't a unique treasure. In fact, it was very likely that there might be others of its kind. For all Leonel knew, there was a Bow Domain and a Battle Ax Domain out there somewhere.

All of this made him conclude that the Void Library would likely have information about it.

The good news, though, was that he believed he had found information on what he needed to restore the Segmented Cube.

<The Shelf-Life of a Spatial Treasure> had exactly what Leonel needed, though it wasn't exactly the same, as he had expected, it was close enough.

When the 'shelf life' of a spatial treasure ran out, it was rarely because of space itself. There were two possibilities. One was that the Force Arts had degraded and the second was that the material had degraded.

Leonel had been forced to read it all, but the most important information he gained was actually from the second where the researcher posited a method to extend the life of a spatial device, there was even a note that specified that such a method would only be worthwhile if the Force Arts that formed the spatial device were especially precious, like ones that took rare ingredients to form.

Leonel had never needed precious materials to draw his Force Arts before, he only needed his Force Quill and nothing else. However, at the highest levels, this wasn't always possible, especially since as Force Arts got more and more complex, some even needing weeks, months, to even years to finish drawing. A single person couldn't possibly have enough Force or stamina to finish such an endeavor. And, even if they had the stamina, the quality of their Force most definitely wouldn't be enough unless they had special Innate Nodes, Familiars, or Ability Indexes, or affinities that could help them cover for what would otherwise be a weakness.

When Leonel read to this point, he understood where the researcher was coming from. He had thought that the Force Art used to draw the runes of a spatial treasure couldn't possibly surpass the material used to hold the space. But, he was using his limited views to comprehend something profound.

When it came to Life Grade spatial devices in specific, they were capable of housing life. The complexity of drawing the Force Art to support such a thing practically required recreating an entire world from scratch. This was exactly why most spatial devices couldn't house life.

In that case, the materials needed to house the world weren't nearly as valuable as the Force Arts needed to create the world themselves.

In such a situation, when the material reached the end of their shelf-life, anyone would feel heart ache, unless... You were able to preserve it.

The process was complex and unfortunately even more expensive than it was complex. But, simulating it roughly in his Dream World, Leonel felt that it had about a 80-90% chance of succeeding. All of the fundamental principles that made up the theory were sound.

Unfortunately, the process wouldn't be exactly the same. But, by virtue of that, Leonel actually believed that it might be a bit simpler. The material forming the Segmented Cube was far from being worn out, making the situation Leonel was dealing with far more stable.

Leonel sighed. 'How much will this cost me? And do I even have the skill for this? My hands will need to reach a Sixth Dimensional Designation at the bare minimum. And, I'll need a Gold Grade Force Quill for sure.'

Just those two goals would take tens of millions of Void Points. And, considering their level, it would probably require quite a sum of Void Merits as well.

The worst part was that this didn't even include the material he would need for the process either. It could easily end up costing him billions. That was a sum of wealth that even Sector Ranked disciples wouldn't easily have, at least not without taking into consideration the assets of an entire Faction, likely of at least the Silver Grade.

Leonel exhaled another breath, spitting out the remaining blood that lingered in his mouth before weakly standing.

His first priority was to take a step firmly into the realms of a Silver Grade Crafter, bring his hands up to standard, and buy himself a Seventh Dimensional Force Quill, only then could he turn his attention to the materials he would need.

Then, he would have to pray that it was all worth it.

Leonel's leg wobbled beneath him. He really needed some rest, some real sleep would be helpful.

Luckily, Aina had said she would find them a home, so he just had to go and find her.

Leonel took out another pendant and began to use it to head in the direction of Aina.

The annoyance of Anarchic Force was especially bad when you were in a less than optimal state. Leonel, who could usually ignore it with ease, found himself struggling.

He realized now why it was that so many disciples died on their own. The Void Palace was a place where you weren't allowed to be weak, even for a single moment. If you were and didn't have the backing or Void Points to make up the difference, you would be ruined.

This frontier of humankind would run you into the ground if you weren't careful enough.

Suddenly, the sound of battle caught Leonel's attention and his gaze, which had been focused on the ground, looked up.

He frowned. Cross referencing with the pendant, Aina was in that direction.

Leonel tucked the pendant away and shot forward with what stamina he had left. But, what he found left him completely infuriated.

Aina stood with her back straight and her ax brandished. To her back, what looked like a small home was burned to the ground, still smoldering with flames.

Before her, three stood, two women and a man. The woman in the center brandished a whip as the two to her side seemed to be controlling a plant-like domain of vines and thorns. Every one of them was well into the Sixth Dimension, and two of them had striking green hair.

Aina's clothes were charred in many places. But, where they weren't, whip-like marks were left.

It was immediately obvious to Leonel that she had been within the home when it burned down.

There was another crack of the whip. Aina dodged, but just a margin too slow, another cut being left in her robes and a bloody mark streaking around her shoulder.

Leonel could tell that Aina's right leg was injured and she was waiting for it to heal. At the same time, she needed to wait for an opportunity to use her Blood Force, it was clear that these people had caught her off guard.

However, whatever logic and deductions Leonel was making was thrown far to the back of his mind and happened subconsciously. Right now, he was furious.

[Chapter 1452 Smoldering Heat](#)

Leonel's mind spun with the events, his senses stepping into hyperdrive.

Aina had likely been within the house when she was suddenly attacked. Caught off guard, the home had collapsed onto her.

For someone like Aina, a normal home collapsing wouldn't even be able to leave a dent on her. However, one that could stand in this dense Anarchic Force was a different matter entirely. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that if she was caught beneath the wrong avalanche, not to mention a severe injury, she could end up crippled, and there was even a small possibility of her being crushed to death.

Aina managed to pull herself out, but by that point, the fire had latched itself to her and burned large segments of her robes. On top of that, her leg was broken.

Before her healing factor could even deal with these things, she was surrounded by three Galaxy Ranked disciples, two of which seemed to very obviously be from the Viror family.

And now, the Viror family member brandished a whip, treating Aina like some sort of dog she was punishing.

"I've already said it once and I don't like to repeat myself. Sign this contract and we will let you go, it's quite simple. If you want to see how far we can take your humiliation, feel free to keep testing my patience. There are countless things I can do without killing you. In fact, if you let me go through the list one by one, you just might kill yourself before I'm through."

A cold light flashed in the young woman's gaze. However, seeing the cold glare Aina was giving her, her own flashed with rage.

"Haha, Emonie, you're a woman. Aren't you aware of how to piss off another woman best?" The only one without green hair, a young man by the name of Eliot, grinned.

"Just spit it out."

The young man laughed harder. "Just look at her, even in such a state, she's actually such a beauty, and so much of her clothes have been burnt away already. Half the work is already done."

Emonie's brows furrowed. But, seeing the cold light in Aina's gaze and her lack of a reaction. She could easily tell that Eliot's "suggestion" wasn't just in the interest of their mission. However, she also couldn't deny that for a prideful person like Aina, it was the perfect tactic.

The next time her whip cracked, it left a large gash across Aina's toned torso. The large cut ripped a streak across her robes, almost splitting them entirely in two width wise.

"Don't test my patience any more or else you'll suffer. I'm sure you heard him, I don't mind stripping your naked and tying you up to allow everyone to admire—"

The words had hardly begun when a furious roar drowned them out. Aina's gaze flashed, her gaze snapping toward Leonel. The three youths couldn't help but turn to look as well, their expressions changing.

However, under the astonished view of everyone, a resounding crack echoed.

Leonel, who had just begun a billowing pillar of towering fury suddenly frozen, his crimson eyes twinkling before they began to dim.

Out of his control, Leonel felt his consciousness fading. Then, he fell forward, crashing into the dried and cracked grey and black grounds.

He... fell unconscious?

The odd change to the situation left everyone, including Aina stunned.

**

Leonel felt his mind spinning, the embrace of sleep clawing its fingers into him. He couldn't think or feel anything. He drifted off into a land of dreams.

Leonel couldn't remember the last time he dreamed, the kind of dream that made little to no sense and yet felt so all encompassing and real at the same time, the kind of dream where you couldn't run or jump or even speak as well as you wanted to.

It wasn't until a long while later that Leonel's mind suddenly snapped awake and he remembered what he had been doing.

He went from enjoying comfort to absolutely furious in the blink of an eye, his eyes snapping open and his body rising up with fury practically manifesting around him.

But, when Leonel awoke, he found himself high in a tree. His sudden movement almost caused him to lose his balance and fall from a height that must have been at least 200 meters.

Before he could, though, two strong hands caught him, keeping him stable.

The tree branch swayed, but it remained firm. The hands only released Leonel after they were sure that he had regained his bearings.

When Leonel looked up, he realized that he had been sleeping on Aina's bosom. He wasn't sure how long it had been, but she smiled back at him with a beautiful smile. Her robes were beaten and torn, not to mention burnt and ravaged in many areas, but her face radiated a healthy, happy light.

Leonel blinked. She was truly gorgeous.

But, remembering his fury, his brows couldn't help but furrow.

"What happened?"

Leonel listened to Aina's words. But, his fury didn't vanish. However, this time, he wasn't furious toward someone else, but rather himself.

Leonel really had lost consciousness back then. His mind had already been at its limit, but then he not only used it to analyze and simulate the past with far too much detail, his fury had also forced his King's Might to flood forth.

All of these things were heavy loads on a mind that was already on its last legs. He couldn't just expect to magically poof more stamina into his body just because he was enraged.

He was an idiot. This was the Void Palace, this place was no different from being stuck in a perpetual war zone. He couldn't afford to show weakness, ever. Even if he had to sacrifice for it, he had to always maintain at least some strength at all times if he didn't have his <Instant Recovery> easily accessible to himself.

Leonel's jaw clenched. As furious as he was with himself, this was already the third time now that the Viror family had tested his bottom line. If he didn't thoroughly cripple their place in the Void Palace, he wouldn't be able to rest this smoldering heat in his chest.

[Chapter 1453 He Would Start...](#)

Leonel's roar had ended up distracting the three Galaxy Ranked disciples. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Aina launched one of the most powerful attacks she could, catching them off guard.

Her attack didn't manage to have a large effect. After all, these were veterans of the Sixth Dimension and high class Galaxy Ranked disciples. But, she did manage to injure them just enough to take advantage of their Blood Force.

With that, she was able to accelerate the healing of her leg and once it was good enough to run on, she used what remained of the Life Force to accelerate her speed.

She picked up Leonel's unconscious body and shot into the distance, entering the outskirts of the residential zones.

It had been three days since then. Aina had been using her Life Force affinity to avoid them all this time. Though she didn't fear them, she didn't want to fight with Leonel unconscious. She was actually worried about him, but all her expertise told her that he was just in a deep sleep.

Luckily, she had been able to stop moving Leonel around recently as it seemed that they had stopped following her. It was either they were called away, had another obligation, or they had gotten tired of looking.

It was also possible that they had expended too much energy. Sleep was much more important in the Void Palace than it was anywhere else. Sixth Dimensional existences could probably stay awake for months to years at a time without on lower Dimensional worlds. But here, not only was it the pinnacle of the Seventh Dimension, but it was also a place rife with Anarchic Force.

Though it didn't seem like it, every waking moment was spent combating Anarchic Force. This made not only sleep, but food especially important as well.

Leonel had been planning on sleeping and eating three days ago, but now he had been asleep for that long instead and it was likely that Aina hadn't gotten a wink of sleep in that time either.

"I'm sorry, I won't forget this." Leonel said.

Aina smiled. "It's about time I carry you sometimes too, right? It almost always feels like the other way around."

Leonel shook his head. Though she said this, it wasn't true. Most of the time, the two of them were side by side.

"Seriously."

Aina emphasized this word, pulling Leonel's face back to force him to look at her.

One of the moments she felt the safest she ever had in her life was in the middle of a warzone. She could still remember the rage Leonel felt facing off against the Puppet Master, fighting someone so much more powerful than himself just because they dared to harm her.

This was what Aina had missed the most about Leonel, and it was why her not coming to save her in her greatest time of need was exactly what snapped her personality back into her body.

It wasn't that Aina wanted or needed Leonel to constantly save her, it was just the thought that he would wade through hell and high water for her sake. No matter what odds faced them, so long as said odds stood in her way, he would be the first to pierce forward.

Aina's heart was still riddled with guilt. She loved this side of Leonel when it worked for her, but when he brandished his spear to save others, she had selfishly tried to hold him back.

She hoped that she would have more opportunities to protect Leonel like this. He was the man she was determined to remain by the side of no matter what happened in the future.

Leonel gripped Aina's wrist, nodding.

But, on the inside, he had already sworn that he wouldn't allow this to happen again.

Maybe this was just the difference between men and women. Leonel would never feel at ease being protected by Aina. He felt an endless desire to stand before her, to bear everything. It was a foolish masculine pride, but it was a pride he was proud of regardless.

"Come on, you can sleep on my back. I know you're tired."

"Okay." Aina said softly, letting Leonel pick her up.

Soon, she was strapped comfortably to Leonel's back, her cheek pressing down on his shoulder as she almost immediately drifted off. She didn't feel a single ounce of reluctance trusting Leonel.

Leonel leapt down from the tree, a starry road manifesting beneath his feet that allowed him to flutter downward. However, the cold look in his eye was nowhere near as elegant or beautiful.

A thin sheen of Ethereal Star Force coated Aina's body. Like this, she couldn't even feel or hear the harsh winds. He finished this just as he hit the ground.

The moment his feet touched earth, he shot forward in a blazing light.

His mind was back in top condition, running smoother than it ever had. His thoughts ran on overdrive and several ideas popped into his head as though they had presented themselves for his viewing pleasure. Many of these ideas were already things that chief strategists would be proud of, but Leonel threw them out one by one without the slightest care, only keeping the ones that were relatively decent by his standards.

By the time he could see the residential area of the Void Palace again, he had come to a conclusion in his thoughts.

Up ahead, he noticed...

'One... Two... Four... Seven total.'

Almost the instant he appeared, seven seemingly unrelated individuals had odd changes to their expressions before carefully turning and beginning to walk away. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with their actions at all, but Leonel suddenly accelerated.

Appearing before the first in the blink of an eye, his fist shot outward.

He didn't ask questions, he didn't double check his conjecture, he didn't even ask them for information.

His father's name made even the Void Elders quake in fear, but he wasn't his father. It seemed he would have to teach these people one by one that he could be more fearsome than even his old man.

And he would start with these Galaxy Ranked disciples.

The sound of shattering bone echoed.

[Chapter 1454 Winding Shadow](#)

Leonel's actions were vicious and without regard.

The first student shot out like a speed bullet, their chest caving inward and pieces of flesh and organ flying out of their mouths as they spit up blood.

Leonel's body flickered, his speed touching realms these lower level Sixth Dimensional existences couldn't even fathom, his fists radiating with Bronze Runes as he pummeled them down one by one.

Those who happened to be lingering in the surroundings watching on with flickering gazes. Leonel didn't speak, he didn't give them a chance to explain, he didn't even seem to be looking them in the eye. He didn't even show any mercy for any of the women within the group.

His palm grasped the face of a young man, slamming the back of his head into the touch ground. The latter's arms seized, reaching up into the air as he seemed to go into some sort of epileptic shock. But, Leonel had already moved on

Appearing before a young woman, his heel had already slammed into her temple before she registered his existence.

Her head rebounded off the ground, only to be forced to come to a halt as the sole of Leonel's foot stomped downward, deforming her cheek and shattering her jaw.

She reached up a hand, trying to grasp at Leonel's leg to pull him off of her. But, he simply grasped her wrist, his gaze flashing with a blinding light as he pulled.

A heart rending shriek shook those watching to the core as Leonel ripped her arm from its socket, a bloodied mess pooling into the surroundings.

Leonel let the arm drop, his cold, indifferent expression fading into the distance as he walked away from the scene, not sparing anyone else a glance.

He hadn't done this to stop information from spreading to begin with. He had only done it for two reasons. First as a warning, and second to vent.

Soon, he appeared before a Senate Branch. Entering, he finally turned in the Three Star Void Mission and received his rewards.

The mission initially had an award of 118 000. After becoming a One Star Mission it doubled, it doubled again after becoming Two Star, and it doubled once more after becoming Three Star. That gave Leonel 944 000 Void Points.

In addition, because it was a Three Star Mission, that also gave them three Void Merits to work with.

Taking advantage of their pardon, Leonel gave the contract over to the administrator overseeing the branch and had her void it. After that process was through, Leonel turned and left.

If these Void Points were combined with what Leonel had taken from Orinik, he actually had nearly 5 million Void Points.

Toward such a thing, Leonel could only inwardly shake his head. He and Aina had put their life on the line for less than a million, but Orinik had made more than four times that exploiting their hard work. It was no wonder he had been feeling so smug.

There was still a bit more than a week and a half until Aina could turn cash in her Void Merits, and it was quite obvious from what those lackies of Treanna Viror had said that this was what the latter was targeting.

Aina had told Leonel that the contract was actually meant to trade her Void Merits in exchange for 'protection services'.

Obviously, if Aina was handing all her Void Merits to Treanna, she would never be able to use the Void Merit method to get out of the contract in the first place. It was an obvious trick, but it was also clear that Treanna thought so little of the matter that she hadn't even bothered to hide her attempt to clearly extort Aina through threats that weren't even veiled.

Right this moment, Leonel needed information.

He had a whole database of laws in his mind, but he didn't know anything about Treanna or what he assumed to be her Faction. He didn't know if the Viror family even had a Faction, honestly.

For example, the Morales family didn't seem to lock themselves into one Faction. From what he could tell, the Morales family never bothered to start its own Faction like the Suaird family had. It seemed that the Stalwart Polearm Party was under the control of someone else.

Regardless, none of that mattered. There were several information networks that Leonel could take advantage of. But, the best one was probably related to an organization Leonel had no love lost for: Shield Cross Stars.

The Sith family, the head of Shield Cross Stars' Stealth Unit. They were the best bet.

Leonel had learned about most of these things through Fourth Dimensional tier information. Things like simple history and general information like this were easily accessible to him now, so he didn't have to wander around so blind.

The Sith family didn't have just one Faction as there was great competition between its younger generation as well. In fact, it had a Party and a few seats in the Void Senate as well.

However, Leonel probably couldn't even afford to have a Party act on his behalf right now. Instead, he targeted a Gold Grade Faction headed by a Sith family member. They called themselves the Winding Shadow Faction.

There were Silver and even Bronze Grade Factions to choose from, but Leonel felt that there was a good chance that any Faction Treanna was a part of was at least Bronze Grade, likely Silver. She was an expert on the leaderboards, after all, so she couldn't be underestimated.

Leonel didn't want to take the chance of the Faction he requested help from giving him false or partial information just so that they could benefit on the backend. A higher level Faction was less likely to do this.

Of course, Leonel knew that it was unlikely for even a Bronze Faction to betray him. After all, an information center that couldn't be trusted wasn't very far from collapsing. But, he still chose to go this route.

In the end, half of his five million Void Points went up in smoke. But, in return, he got information about the entire Viror family from top to bottom.

[Chapter 1455](#)

"Oh? That happened?"

A light chuckle came from a training room shrouded in darkness.

The spear stretched his back, basking in its cascade of crackles until he sighed in relief.

This person was quite the existence. A person near the pinnacle of the Sector Ranked disciples and also an individual in competition to form the next Legacy Faction, Ronan Sith.

When he heard about Leonel's request, he didn't really care much. He might have to care about the higher ranked members of the Viror family, but Treanna was still a relative newbie, only heading a Bronze Faction on the verge of becoming a Silver Faction.

Though, this was a bit misleading as the resources at Treanna's finger tips could make even the best Silver Factions tremble. The reason was because she controlled the most lucrative field in the Void Palace: Medicine.

If you were a Nominal, Quadrant or even a Galaxy Ranked disciple, it was almost 100% guaranteed that you would need her services. Her family supported her and handed this lower level business off to her, and she suffocated the market competition to the point others didn't dare to raise their heads.

Even if many were unsatisfied, there was little to nothing they could do. If they wanted to survive and have their injuries cured in a timely fashion, they could only suck it up.

Treanna knew this well and took great advantage of it, upping prices, demanding exorbitant fees, and using this control over the market to begin influencing others of her level.

The only reason she was still heading a Bronze Ranked Faction, the Green Touch Faction, was because they lacked the combat related merits to reach higher levels, but they had already ticked all of the other boxes. It was only a matter of time.

In fact, if Ronan remembered correctly, they should be able to accomplish it in a month or two.

This was probably why Treanna was so infuriated with Aina. With her Void Merits taking a hit, it would take more effort and time to accomplish something that was once inevitable.

Thinking to this point, his lip curled. How interesting, it seemed they would have a nice show to watch.

He had originally asked to be informed about any Leonel related information because he was very interested in Velasco and Leonel happened to be at the center of a lot of conflict right now, more than maybe any other single person.

Setting aside the Treanna and White Lion Bow problem, the largest conflict currently ongoing in the Void Palace was between the sword and spear factions. This conflict was pretty much perpetual, but the expulsion of the Stalwart Polearm Party and their demotion back to Legacy Faction was like oil to the fire.

There was a lot of hot blood to go around and for someone like Ronan, this was the most interesting show to watch.

'It's not fun when things are too one sided. I'm glad this Leonel has the stones and wealth to try and level the playing field. But, Treanna won't be an easy opponent to deal with.'

"Let my younger cousins in on this. There's likely going to be a ton of people wanting information on this struggle, so let them benefit. Others can't afford our prices anyway."

"Yes, Faction Head!"

**

It took Leonel only a few seconds to go through all of the information.

So, it seemed that the Viror family didn't have anyone on the Void Senate, this was good news. Leonel would have still dealt with Treanna, not to mention those three who had attacked Aina, without the slightest hesitation anyway. But, this just meant that things would be less troublesome.

'This situation is still complex, though. If this information is correct, then the stake the Viror family has in Treanna isn't small. It's very likely that they're propping her up and accelerating her growth so that one day she can get them the seat they're missing.'

If Ronan could read Leonel's thoughts, he would be shocked to see that Leonel had already drawn such a conclusion.

The information they gave out was bare bones. It didn't have any theories or deductions on it, just raw numbers and facts. For Leonel to reach this conclusion, and so quickly at that, without having understood the family dynamics prior to this, was shocking beyond belief.

'Whatever I do, then, I have to account for their reaction. The strongest Faction of the Viror family is Gold Ranked. They aren't combat specialists, but their Lineage Factor is exceptional at area control. And, considering Treanna is ranked on the leaderboard, there's little doubt that believing they can't be lethal will cause me to suffer.'

Leonel soon returned to where the home Aina had gotten for them burnt down.

Unfortunately, this wasn't against the rules. Though Leonel had methods of using his unranked status to make them suffer, he wasn't satisfied with this alone. It would at most be a small papercut to a behemoth like that.

The flames had long since gone out and there was nothing remaining but charred fragments of wood. He stared at it for a while before turning away.

He didn't plan on lifting a single finger to clean it up, he would make Treanna get on her knees and clean up the pieces one by one. Then, she would buy them another home with a bright smile on her bruised face.

If she didn't, Leonel wouldn't mind tying her up in the nude for everyone to 'admire her figure'.

With a flicker, Leonel vanished, his speed nothing more than a line of white gold to most until he appeared within Spear Faction territory.

Right now, he had time to kill until Aina woke up. The next step of his plan relied on her. Not her power, but rather her ability.

The smart thing to do would probably be to get a head start on raising his finger Designation. But, he really wanted to use a spear right now.

What happened when he tried to enter a training room, though, left him baffled.

"Uncle Montez?"

"Kid, you've been here for so long already and this is the first time you've tried to train your spear? Do you think I just have time to waste here waiting for you?"

Leonel's lip twitched. How was he supposed to know he was here and waiting for him?

[Chapter 1456 Really?](#)

"What's with that face, do you need a beating, brat?"

Leonel's expression became weirder. Uncle Montez had always been a nice guy, why did he sound so much like Wise Star Order all of a sudden?

Granted, Leonel hadn't seen him for a few years since he hadn't cleared an Earth Zone in a while. But, that wasn't enough for a man well into his middle ages to have such a sudden and drastic change in personality, right?

The commotion Montez caused wasn't small, and it also didn't help that he was still wearing that dazzling golden armor he usually did.

The spear faction community was a neighborhood of sorts, but there were no residences. Everything in the region was tailored toward the spear and its training. In comparison to the other regions of the Void Palace Leonel had been in, this region was tidy and well kept, and it even seemed that the perpetual darkness was lifted here.

There was definitely a formation of sorts protecting this region.

That said, not just anyone could enter. Not only did Leonel have to display his Spear Force, he had to pay a fee of Void Points AND Void Merits. After paying a Void Merit and a 100 000 Void Points, he gained the right to stay here for a single day.

It was only after entering, though, that Leonel understood why things were like this. If he could stay here indefinitely, he wouldn't even bother to go and find a residence for himself. This place was much too luxurious.

Even if it hadn't looked so nice, just the fact the Anarchic Force in this region seemed to be dimmed by at least tenfold was worth it. It would be far easier to recover and train in this place.

But, it was also because of all of these reasons that Montez's reaction was far too over the top. He should know that Leonel had just made it here, how much quicker was he supposed to gather 100 000 Void Points and a Void Merit, exactly?

Leonel looked around to find that a lot of people were looking over.

Some looked toward Montez with reverence, others looked amused, but before Leonel could reconcile what was happening, the shout of a woman echoed through the skies.

"MONTEZ, WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT STEPPING FOOT HERE?!"

"Shit. Get to running, kid."

Montez's figure flickered and vanished. But, Leonel wasn't nearly as vast and couldn't do anything before a woman fell from the skies like a meteor.

BANG!

Montez had already vanished but Leonel found himself unable to move.

The woman had a valiant head of bronzed hair, her skin reflecting a healthy sheen of brown and olive. However, the oddest thing was that she looked to have covered her exposed skin in oil, making several young men in the surroundings gulp.

Didn't she know what kind of enticement this brought?!

The woman wore a short, pleated skirt, made of plates of armor. It barely covered a third of the way down her thighs, and when she swayed, the leather-like bottoms she wore were revealed, clinging tightly around the curve of her groin.

On top, her chest was bandaged and pressed down firmly. She wasn't well endowed in that area, but the bulges still left quite little to the imagination.

Other than this, she wore no other clothing aside from wrist guards and a ribbon to tie her hair up.

In her right hand, she held a spear even taller than herself, which was saying something considering she was almost eye level with Leonel despite her gender.

Of course, you would manage to notice all things if your eyes hadn't gotten stuck roaming along her chiseled abs. She managed to make Leonel wonder if he was even considered to be fit, but he then concluded that the oil was definitely a great help to her.

The woman snarled, realizing that Montez had escaped before her gaze shifted and landed on Leonel. She looked him up and down, her gaze still as fierce. But, seemingly noticing that Aina was sleeping on his back, her expression suddenly softened.

"Forget it. Go off, he probably has something he wants to share with you."

The woman shook her head, turning to leave.

"Um, miss—!"

Leonel called out, a hint of confusion still in his eyes.

"Hm?"

Leonel smiled. "I'm a bit confused, can you tell me about Uncle Montez?"

"Oh? You call him uncle? He's probably happy about that."

Leonel blinked. He had only started calling Montez uncle because he felt it was more ingratiating, it had also helped him gain some extra benefits from him. Plus, he liked Montez and it could be said a lot of his current accomplishments were thanks to Montez, whether it was <Dimensional Cleanse> or Little Tolly, not to mention Little Blackstar's copy bloodline.

But, this woman's words seemed to imply something else?

Seeing Leonel's confusion, the woman shook her head, disdain flashing in her eye.

"Others might choose to keep their nose out of this, but I don't particularly care. I hate seeing things that annoy me."

Leonel's lip twitched, but he didn't say anything. This woman was quite fierce.

"Just an annoying pair of brats. That Velasco fool also ran away before I could shove my spear up his ass. And now that Montez bastard is breaking the rules by coming here when he was very clearly kicked out of the Void Palace, he's not even meant to be here.

"A pair of idiot brothers, each more annoying than the last. How they managed to remain practically the same person when they've refused to talk to one another for almost decades now is beyond me."

Leonel's brows shot up, his heart skipping a beat.

The woman sniffed the air.

"I can smell the same annoying air on you, you're definitely going to cause trouble just like them. I'm watching you, brat. I have enough spears for all of you."

After saying this, the woman turned and walked away, leaving Leonel in a daze.

Montez was really his uncle?

[Chapter 1457 Art](#)

Leonel walked toward the direction Montez had gone, his gaze still flickering.

If what the woman implied was true, then his dad and Montez seemed to be at odds. In that case, depending on the reason, maybe the reason Montez was acting weird was because his dad had probably done something to make the situation worse recently.

Leonel wouldn't be surprised. He heard his dad was the reason the tensions between the spear and sword factions had taken such a huge turn recently, accelerating a lot of the issues the two groups had already been having.

"Kid, you're quite slow."

"You're really my uncle?"

Leonel ignored Montez's words and got right to the point.

Montez tilted his head to the side. "You're quite slow, kid. You think I just allow any random riffraff to call me uncle? You have no idea the kind of weight words hold, especially when you've reached my level. You can't just casually allow ties to form between people."

Leonel blinked. Why was he always getting reprimanded by old people, couldn't any of them be normal?

He really didn't know why he hadn't seen it before, honestly. If Montez had acted like this before, he would have been the spitting image of Velasco. Both of them were insufferable, but in a special sort of 'I'm only doing this for your own good', kind of way.

"Alright, now follow me."

Montez ignored Leonel's weird expression and turned away as though this wasn't world shattering news, also something that was identical to his father. Only Velasco would be so casual with such a large piece of information as though it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"You two really are brothers," Leonel laughed.

Montez's head snapped back, a glare in his eyes.

"Ooo, scary." Leonel rolled his eyes.

He had spent every day of almost 18 years with his father, he had already built up enough immunity to this stuff and he had his own bag of tricks to deal with it.

He didn't seem to realize, though, that he had also slipped back into his role as a child, his heart feeling light. He couldn't even remember the last time he had rolled his eyes, it just wasn't something he did. But, it just felt quite easy to be childish around his dad, and it somehow also felt natural to be like this around Montez as well.

Montez's glare suddenly became a smile, a devious sort of grin.

Leonel's heart skipped a beat. He also knew that look. He was just a toddler the first time he saw it, back when that old man put the first cup of that vomit brew right in front of him. Now, this face was practically an exact copy of what Leonel remembered.

'Oh boy...'

Montez turned back and soon led Leonel into a tower-like building. After passing through the reception, they entered what felt like an elevator and eventually came to a room.

Large tiles of about a meter by a meter lined the floors, walls and ceiling. They were all matte black and were somewhat soft and warm to the touch.

At the center of the room, there was a kneeling table with some objects on it.

Montez strolled forward and Leonel followed, the door closing after them. Turning back, Leonel couldn't even see the entrance any longer.

There didn't seem to be any light in this place, but somehow there was still just enough to see around.

Seeing Montez kneel at the table, Leonel carefully untied Aina from his back and kneeled as well. He thought of finding a place for her to sleep more comfortably. But, she ended up rolling in her sleep and claiming his left thigh as her pillow.

Montez didn't say anything about this, just looking at the items on the table.

"That annoying chauvinist probably didn't leave you anything about the spear, right?"

Leonel thought for a moment before shaking his head. His dad really hadn't left him anything obvious, but wasn't the Spear Domain ring still on his finger?

"He left the Spear Domain with me. It's helped me with my spear training a lot."

Leonel wasn't wrong. The Spear Domain was probably the best trainer of the spear in all of existence, filled with tens of thousands of teachers.

Montez's eyes flashed with an enraged light for a moment, but it quickly faded.

"I don't mean that, I mean something like he likely did with your Crafting training. That chauvinist is arrogant, he thinks he's above even the Spear Domain. If he really cared, he would have left you personalized training."

Leonel nodded, Montez was probably right. His dad really was like that.

But, then again, that old man had said he'd teach him a lesson if he dared awaken his Spear Domain Lineage Factor first. So, he must really not like the spear for some reason.

"You're right, he left me a Crafting training program, but nothing about the spear."

Montez shook his head, clearly expecting this.

"It's no wonder you haven't grasped Sixth Dimensional Spear Force yet. If you can't grasp it before entering the Sixth Dimension, I'll take it upon myself to kick you out of our family line."

Leonel was speechless. He really didn't know what to do about this uncle-father pair of his.

"Now focus, what do you see here?"

Leonel's brow furrowed.

Before was what looked like a xylophone mallet, a paint brush, and an elaborately designed fountain pen and its ink.

"A mallet, a paint brush and a fountain pen and an ink well."

"Good, you're going to learn how to play music, write poetry and paint from me until I'm satisfied."

Leonel was left stunned.

"Excuse me?"

"Did I not speak clearly enough?"

Leonel didn't know what to say. He had never done any of that stuff, not to mention the fact he didn't think that he would be very good at it. With his logical personality, how was he supposed to make art?

Wait, that wasn't even the point. What was the use of this? What did this have to do with the spear?

'Distraction. Right, I need a distraction to escape from this place.'

"Um, Uncle Montez, who was that beautiful lady? I think she likes you, maybe you should pursue her. In my experience, women don't get so riled up about men they don't care about."

Montez raised a brow. "Of course she likes me, she's my wife."

Leonel was thoroughly defeated. Who runs away from their wife like that?

[Chapter 1458 Failed Distraction](#)

Leonel cleared his throat, trying to gloss over the awkward gaffe.

"It's nice that you're not a bachelor, having someone by your side in your old age is good."

"Are you calling me old, brat?"

Leonel smiled. "I heard for auntie that you're not supposed to be in the Void Palace at all, how'd you pull it off?"

Montez seemed gratified for a moment that Leonel was calling his wife auntie. But, hearing his question, he snorted.

"Morales men do as they please, as if they can stop me from visiting my wife and nephew if I want."

"Your wife doesn't seem to want you to visit, though."

Montez seemed to blush for a moment, but he quickly recovered.

"What do you know?! That woman told me not to appear before her again until I decided to put a baby inside her, she's crazy!"

Leonel sputtered, rolling his lips over each other to stop himself from laughing any harder. He realized that finding his uncle's weakness was the same as finding his father's weakness. Velasco was lucky that Leonel hadn't known his mother for most of his life, but now that he did, he wouldn't let that old man off next time he saw him.

"Then just put a baby in her, don't tell me you're impotent, unc?"

Montez's expression darkened. "Who's impotent?! My vitality could run circles around yours, you're lucky I'm a married man or else I'd take you to the closest brothel and bury you!"

Leonel laughed so hard his vision blurred. The role models in his family seemed to really be top notch. It was no wonder their wives had such a tight leash on him. Luckily, he was a much better man and hadn't stumbled into these degenerate ways.

Montez shook his head.

"You did a good job distracting me, but you're not getting out of this one."

Montez snapped his fingers and Leonel's teleportation attempt shattered, leaving his face sunken.

"How'd you find out?" Leonel practically pouted.

"You think that you hide anything from me within my absolute domain? You'd better forget about running away. You're going to sit here until I'm satisfied, and you're going to continue coming here as well, or else I won't mind spanking you in front of your little girlfriend."

Leonel sighed and shook his head. "What is the point of all of this? If you're really capable, go and take your rage out on my that old man, why are you torturing me?"

SNAP!

Leonel winced, rubbing his forehead.

Montez had moved faster than he could track, flicking his forehead so hard he was almost certain that a lump would form if not for his Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor.

"Oh? That's not a bad bloodline, surprising for that trash family. I bet it still hurts, though. There's more where that came from too if you keep wagging your tongue."

Leonel rubbed his forehead, realizing that he wasn't going to get out of this.

How annoying. He didn't have a single artistic bone in his body, how was he supposed to do this, exactly? And how was this going to be helpful?

Painting and calligraphy wouldn't be hard. Leonel was fairly certain that he could copy perfectly. However, he had a feeling that his uncle wanted him to do much more than just copy.

"You've almost reached full mastery of your—."

"Wait! I don't want to hear about future and current Spear Forces, I want to comprehend them all on my own."

Hearing this, Montez's expression flickered, his brow furrowing before loosening. Then, he laughed, his booming voice almost shattering the protective sheen around Aina and nearly making Leonel's ears bleed.

"Fine. You've almost reached full mastery of your Fifth Dimensional Spear Force, how would you describe it?"

"Controlled range."

Montez blinked. "I've never heard it summed up in two words before, but this is probably the most correct explanation I've ever heard at the same time.

"The spear is not just about being able to kill enemies from a larger range. It is the King of the Battlefield, a General's weapon, because it represents not elegance, not fancy tricks, not flare, but rather a dominion.

"Within the range of a spear, nothing should be able to enter without dying, and nothing should be able to get close without your permission.

"That "controlled range", is your Spear Domain. But, I can see at a glance that your control is lacking. You have no discipline and no method of honing it."

Leonel shook his head. Him? Lacking control? That was probably the one thing he had in spades, he didn't understand or agree with this conclusion at all.

Someone else might eat up the words someone so much stronger than they were saying, but Leonel was known for his stubbornness and he didn't like accepting things he couldn't understand under the purpose of. He had even spent so long in the Four Seasons Realm all because he couldn't understand why the Heavenly Body Realm had to come next, and only barely accepted it and broke through after Wise Star Order explained it to him.

Quite simply put, he would need more than this.

Plus, didn't his uncle just say the spear didn't have any elegance, fancy tricks or flare? What was poetry, music and painting if not exactly those three things? He was already contradicting himself.

Montez sighed.

"A man needs to have a hard exterior, but his heart must be boundless. The spear is just the same. It is the weapon of a man willing to place everything on his shoulders, but the root of that is just as important as its outcome, the method by which you go about it is maybe even more important.

"Simplicity itself isn't beautiful. It's simplicity that has roots in complexity that is beautiful.

"If I describe my emotions to you, I can easily say: I am angry. That is simple, that will get the point across, but it lacks any sort of beauty. However, if I say..."

Montez's palm flipped over, revealing a calligraphy pen.

He unfurled a sheet of paper, his demeanor shifting and a mark of dignity appearing between his brows.

His wrist flexed, his pen racing across the paper.

"Thunder claps to the beating of my heart. The world remains ignorant to my thoughts."

Leonel squinted, the forceful strokes making his eyes sting.

"Two simple phrases, barely five times the number of words, but the depth is infinitely greater.

"At the same time..."

Montez's arm shot forward, his pen stopping a mere tenth of a centimeter from Leonel's brows.

Leonel's hair blew back, a bead of sweat falling down his forehead and dripping onto the tip of the pen.

"...The strength beyond the strike gains the same profoundness."

[Chapter 1459 DONG!](#)

In a few moments, Leonel could think of quite a few interpretations of his uncle's words, the most important and profound of which was the dichotomy between the presence of a clap of thunder, compared to the irony of the world's ignorance.

The clap of thunder was supposedly the subjects beating heart, and everyone could so clearly hear it, and yet they had no idea just what that represented.

Whatever hidden rage and fury that caused the skies to quake was still bottled away, hidden in the tip of the very pen before him.

It was a powerful imagery, and it made Leonel somewhat understand what his uncle was trying to say. The spear was a steady and controlled weapon, but that didn't mean that the intent behind it had to be. In fact, if the intent behind it was too shallow, then it also made the spear weak.

It was just like what his uncle had said about being a man. It was good if a man was willing to take on burdens and weigh down his shoulders. But, if he didn't have a good reason for doing so, if his resolve was weak and lacking, then his back would easily break.

Montez wanted Leonel's spear to be steady, swallowing up all its elegance and flare, and exploding it forth in a single strike.

"The calligraphy pen teaches the weight of words, but not just that. It teaches you how to embody the meaning and feel of those words into strokes. They're not just words, they are strikes of your spear."

Montez unfurled another sheet of paper.

"They can be FORCEFUL. They can be SUBTLE. They can be SWIFT. They can be GENTLE."

With every emphasized word, he wrote another, his strokes changing like the wind. Leonel's eyes glazed over, he could almost see the pen as a spear and the stance of his uncle, his style morphing on a whim and without the slightest pause.

The variations made what Leonel had learned from the primitive woman seem like a joke. He couldn't change like this, he lacked the proper sort of intent.

"These four words are the ones you will start with. Until you can replicate the intent to my liking, I won't let you continue to do other things, at least not related to this."

"What happened to poetry?" Leonel asked.

"Poetry? You can't even understand the intent behind single words, how can you string them together?"

"Words...?"

Leonel's gaze flashed. He suddenly thought back to his battle with Myghell. That cousin of his had the habit of speaking out single words before he attacked. Could it be...?

After hesitating, Leonel decided to ask. He had originally thought that that was Myghell's Ability Index or something related to it, but then Myghell exposed his devour type Ability Index, so Leonel never got the answer he wanted. And, after that, so many things happened that he had forgotten to ask.

"... Ah, I see. This Myghell is interesting."

Montez scratched his chin, smiling. He suddenly wanted to learn a bit more about this Myghell.

"The truth of the matter is that this method of training the spear was self-created by your grandfather. I refined it somewhat after I matured and your father always ignored it, insisting on doing things his own way. He doesn't even use his spear 90% of the time."

Montez shook his head, stopping himself from going on another rant about Velasco.

"However, just because it is created by our family line, doesn't mean that others might not have thought of similar methods. This Myghell is quite the genius.

"You, though, my little nephew, seem to be a bit dumb."

Leonel's lip twitched. Was that necessary?

It wasn't that he was stupid, but his mentality wasn't right to think of such a method on his own.

'Maybe I am a bit slow,' Leonel laughed at himself. 'With how important Artistic Conception is to strength in this world, I should have guessed that there was such a method. But, if it was me, I wouldn't choose poetry, painting or music. I would choose to use Force Arts.'

In Leonel's opinion, the beauty of a Force Art was far beyond poetry, painting or music. But, the difficulty in creating an Artistic Conception through Force Arts was several times more difficult.

Force Arts were the foundation of life and being. If Leonel wanted to give it life, it would quite literally be like creating life.

Leonel picked up the calligraphy pen, ready to start. But, his uncle's palm stopped him.

"Hold on, now. If I don't give you other tasks, you'll probably end up slamming your head against a wall trying to get this right. The only way for you to stay sane is by switching between tasks.

"Creativity isn't like any other training you've ever done, the drain is far heavier than a monotonous task. It's even more important, then, that you know how to switch when you've reached your limit.

"The next thing I will show you is the power of rhythm and music."

Montez's palm flipped over to reveal another mallet. But, this one had a golden ball on the end of it that radiated with mysterious ruins.

Montez clasped his palms together, his demeanor shifting once again.

At that moment, a flood of Earth Force surged.

Montez opened up his clasped palms, radiant Earth Force taking root in the air and suddenly forming illusory keys. They shimmering with a resplendent silvery bronze.

With a slight movement, Montez's arm rose, his wrist flicking and striking down.

DONG!

Leonel's eyes widened. Montez's Force hadn't even formed physical metal, but it struck the Force as though he had. He never thought that something like that was even possible.

However, Leonel soon lost himself entirely. The first strike seemed to be nothing more than a test, it echoed through the room and fused with the walls, making Leonel feel as though his whole rib cage was vibrating.

But, the following strikes were much more peaceful.

Leonel found himself breathing to the rhythm of the music. And then, he felt like he couldn't even hear the music at all, but rather than he had been transported to an entirely new world, one where a man stood alone in the face of an army with nothing more than a single spear to his side.

His hair fluttered, his eyes losing focus.

[Chapter 1460 Trash](#)

The music became something beyond just its notes and its resonance. It painted the atmosphere itself, deciding the rhythm of Leonel's heart and plucking the strings of his emotion. It was almost like nothing else mattered but the sounds he was hearing, even what was truly before his eyes no longer mattered.

When the music stopped, Leonel sat in silence for a long while, unmoving. His blood boiled, rushing through his veins like flood dragons. The beating of his heart thrummed like the roar of beasts.

It took him several moments to calm and realize that the music he had just heard sounded nothing like a xylophone. It felt like an entire orchestra was roaring at him.

Strings, brass, wind and wood instruments. It was far fuller than a single instrument could possibly hope to replicate. He couldn't understand how such a thing had been replicated.

When he snapped out of his daze, his brows furrowed as he tried to understand.

"Are you confused?"

"Yes," Leonel replied without hesitation.

In return, he gained a mallet to the forehead. Only when he started rubbing his forehead again, did Montez begin to explain.

"When you create your own instrument, you can make it sound like whatever you want it to sound like. If I want it to sound like a xylophone, I simply strike."

DONG!

Montez struck simply, allowing the metal on mallet sound to resound.

"If I want it to sound like a piano, I just have to change its form."

The thick bar of illusory silver bronze Earth Force thinned out, becoming as thin as a string.

When Montez struck down, it sounded no different from the hammer of a piano landing, almost as though Montez had pressed a key rather than striking with a mallet.

"If I want it to sound like a flute, I simply don't strike at all."

The string changed form again, becoming thicker. But this time, when Montez swung down, his mallet hit nothing but air.

The rush of wind resonated with the hovering illusory Earth Force, causing it to vibrate and release a soothing whistle.

"The malleability of Force is only as limited as your imagination. If I want you to hear a hundred different instruments with nothing more than a single strike, it wouldn't be difficult for me."

"Then I'm guessing the mallet isn't necessary either?"

"No, it isn't necessary. Much like your pen, it is nothing more than a guide. When you are in your strongest battle form, bringing out a pen or a mallet isn't possible. Though, I guess if you want to play around a bit, it wouldn't be impossible to deal with enemies like this.

"That said, you'd have to have strong enough attainments, or else you would just end up embarrassing yourself."

Montez chuckled to himself as though he could already imagine Leonel failing. The sight of his nephew trying to strike the air with a mallet, only to be cut in half by a sword, seemed quite amusing to him.

Toward this, Leonel could only shake his head. His uncle really was too much like his dad. If he wanted love, it seemed he could only rely on his mother and grandmother.

Montez's palm flipped over, his mallet vanished, and a paint brush appeared after he finished laughing. Somehow, the air he gave off now was far more profound and far heavier than when he had picked up the pen and mallet.

"The pen and the words of your heart guide the stroke of your spear. Your mallet and the music of your heart guides the core principle of your Absolute Domain. However, it is the brush and dreams of your heart that guides the power of your spear."

As Montez spoke, he dipped the brush, his gaze becoming sharper and sharper as he lowered it to the unfurled canvas.

"A single stroke sets a line. A dozen strokes sets a foundation. A hundred strokes sets a tone. A thousand strokes decides the atmosphere."

One stroke shone. A dozen strokes caused the sounds of sharpening blades to resonate through the room. A hundred strokes forced these blades to take form, circulating around Montez. A thousand strokes made the blades sing, the canvas shimmering with a blinding gold as a spear mark appeared before Montez's head.

When the canvas finally stopped shimmering and Leonel could stop squinting, he looked down to find a far simpler image that he would have expected to find.

It was just a single spear. In fact, it wasn't even a whole spear, the polearm was incomplete and the blade was only about a fifth to a fourth complete judging by these dimensions. However, when he looked toward his uncle, the latter was drenched in sweat.

With a flick of his wrist, Montez caused a blade of ink to split the canvas in half, not leaving a single mark on the table beneath it.

"Trash..." he mumbled beneath his breath, shaking his head.

The canvas suddenly corroded as though it was metal before crumbling to dust. A rush of wind blew it away as though it was never there a moment later.

"Don't even think about drawing a spear, it's beyond you. Start with simple sceneries. I'm too tired to draw an example for you, but I'm sure you'll figure it out. Also, you're only allowed to use black and white. Give your work color through the atmosphere it gives off. Color will only distract and fool you."

Clearly done with this, Montez stood, preparing to walk out.

His palm flipped over and a pile of paper and canvases appeared. Once he was done, he strolled out without another word.

Leonel didn't say anything as Montez left, he could tell that his uncle wasn't in the mood so he just remained silent. He didn't like talking much when he was upset either, which was usually why he didn't say anything to his enemies in battle, he just directly killed them. Things were easier like that.

Leonel looked back toward the table before him and sighed. Seems he would have to find that artistic bone he was lacking.