

Descent 1471

[Chapter 1471 Three People](#)

Dmitry's lip twitched when he heard Leonel say this. But, since the two had been able to complete a seemingly impossible mission just a year ago, who knew what they could accomplish now? Even though they hadn't broken into the Sixth Dimension, Dmitry highly doubted that they had made no improvement whatsoever.

"Is this all of them?" Leonel asked.

Before Leonel sat about a dozen and a half plaques. They were, of course, all Galaxy Ranked Void Missions.

Though it made sense that Void Missions would be rare, Leonel was still a bit disappointed. If he and Aina had to clear regular missions to deal with their debt to his aunt, not to mention handle everything else they needed to, it would take at least ten times the time.

As much as Leonel wanted to overestimate himself and go for Sector Ranked disciples, something he could probably accomplish if his Unranked Disciple status was still intact, he wasn't a fool.

According to his mother's story, she had become a Sector Ranked disciple not that long ago. With his impeccable memory, Leonel could still judge the pressure his mother would give him now and she was at a level he couldn't even see the peak of yet, let alone climbing to such a height.

There was definitely a dividing line between Galaxy and Sector that Leonel didn't quite understand yet, and it was definitely something deeper than just Tier as Leonel was pretty sure his mother was still in the Sixth Dimension as well.

This was all to say that Leonel was stuck with what he had.

"Well, these are all the Zones that are on Palace Grounds. If you wanted to try Void Star Missions off Palace Grounds, the selection is much larger. The trouble is that there's a huge dividing line between what we call Restrained Void Missions and Wild Card Void Missions.

"As you might expect, it's easier to keep tabs on the difficulty and variables of a Void Star Mission here than it would be elsewhere. We don't have an endless amount of resources to just monitor everything, especially since some of these locations are on the Void Battlefield, making the variables even more volatile."

Dmitry emphasized volatile.

The rules of the Void Palace couldn't be upheld on the Void Battlefield, so it was a no man's land of sorts.

In addition, it had to be remembered that you couldn't enter the Void Battlefield until you had a certain number of merits. Usually, that was about the equivalent of a Grade 7 Galaxy Ranked disciple. So, this matter had nothing to do with Leonel and Aina to begin with.

That said, the Void Battlefield was one matter, but other off Palace Grounds missions were a different matter altogether.

The clause that Leonel had used to corner Orinik existed for a reason. It was possible for Void Palace disciples to interact with the outside world on a mission by mission basis.

Leonel's mother had tried to take advantage of this to see her family many times, but as one might expect, with the power of the Void Palace, how could they have missions to complete in such a weak galaxy?

Leonel was, of course, aware of all of these things after reading through the rules.

The guidelines one had to follow for off ground missions were quite stringent and there were even methods of monitoring your progress and location. But, as Dmitry had said, the variables were also much more wildly varied, especially for Void Star Missions.

The only grace given was that off ground missions tended to reward far more. Depending on the situation, anywhere from two to ten times more than on ground missions of similar perceived difficulty.

"I can show you those missions, if you'd like."

Despite his expression, Dmitry was just happy that Leonel wasn't asking for any Death Void Missions.

"No, I think this is fine. If we complete all of these, we should make about 60 to 70 million Void Points and 33 Void Merits. That's good enough. We'll take them all."

Dmitry's lip twitched, but he couldn't say that he hadn't expected this.

The number of Void Star Missions was low, after all, this place was a gathering of geniuses. There were many who just waited for Void Mission to hit Three Star before even caring to go after them.

Still, something like claiming 20 Void Missions as once was definitely a first.

Well... Dmitry didn't dare to even say that. He was sure there were madmen of the past somewhere in the history books.

"Oh, right. Dmitry, can you check my disciple status for me."

Dmitry rolled his eyes. He knew that Leonel purposely waited until after accepting the missions to ask this just in case.

"Here."

Leonel's hand reacted quickly and snatched the badge out of the air. When he saw what it was, his expression flickered.

"Level 9 Quadrant Ranked?"

"You should thank your cousin for that. They originally wanted to give you a Level 1 Quadrant Ranked status. This was a compromise. But, remember if you fail these missions, the penalty is harsher because you're rising above your level."

Leonel frowned for a moment before grinning. "But the rewards are also better, right?"

Promoting from Quadrant to Galaxy was a bit of a hassle and would require Leonel to do some annoying things. But, that was at least better than rising from Level 1 Quadrant Ranked all the way to Level 1 Galaxy Ranked.

Dmitry laughed. "That's also right."

"Which cousin helped me?"

"First Nova." Dmitry replied.

Leonel nodded and remembered this. He would have to thank him when he got the chance.

"I wouldn't be too happy, too quickly. It's partly because of this that the pressure on the Spear Faction has been so heavy. They gave you the benefit of the doubt, but you spent a year "hiding"."

At that moment, Dmitry froze.

The dense killing intent suddenly coming from Leonel made even his spine freeze.

Just now, Leonel had sensed a very familiar aura outside the Senate Branch as people began to gather around for a show, the three people he wanted didn't just want to cripple—he wanted to kill.

[Chapter 1472 Only Used To Talk](#)

"Thank you for your help, Dmitry."

There didn't seem to be anything wrong with Leonel's words and his tone even seemed to be somewhat warm, the coldness in his gaze didn't recede even the smallest bit. Dmitry could only nod in silence, watching as Leonel scooped up the missions and walked out, Aina following to his side.

...

Outside the Senate Branch, a group was accumulating. Though, most were simply spectators who had gotten lucky enough to get swept up in the festivities. Now that they were here, why would they leave?

The moment Treanna's people started gathering, those around understood exactly what was going on. It must have been that Leonel and Aina had finally been found.

In the Void Palace, being in the know was a matter of life and death. If you casually strolled into a high level Faction War, no one would lament your crippling or your death. Keeping your head on a swivel was a must. And, of course, the person who had reported their appearance also helped spread this news for those that weren't in the know.

Said individual, who went by the name Narat, was feeling quite happy with himself. He was quite a high level Galaxy Ranked disciple, having already reached the middle tiers and become a Level 4 Galaxy Ranked disciple. He didn't fear newbies who had only been here a year to begin with, even if they were Amethyst Token disciples. There was a certain order to things.

When Narat saw that Leonel and Aina had entered the Senate Branch just as he was leaving, he couldn't believe his luck, so he made the report, collected his rewards, and came back to view the show.

This time, Treanna had once again sent some big guns. Emonie and Eliot, the two that had cornered Aina previously, had returned, Eliot still carrying his very same smug smile. The third of them had remained silent during the entirety of the first clash between them, and her name was Jova.

Jova remained silent as usual, allowing Emonie to take the lead while Eliot's big mouth seemed to be perfectly designed to help things spread even further and faster than they had already been.

"Hey, what do you think? It can't be that they'll hole themselves up in there for another year, right?" Eliot laughed.

Everyone knew that the Senate Branch was a no fighting zone. Even they, who had come with a whole entourage prepared to take Leonel and Aina down, didn't dare to cross this line.

"There are rules against that." Emonie replied coldly. "The Senate Branch isn't a safe haven, it's a place for inquiries. The Senate Branch member has a right to kick them out if they feel that these lines are being crossed."

Eliot chuckled. "How convenient to have a bookworm like you to inform me of such things. Now it seems I can finally fulfill my wish, it's almost a shame that I have to share the view of such a body with everyone else, it's been on my mind for an entire year."

Eliot howled as though he really was a dog, his antics receiving him glares from half his audience and laughs from the other half. As for the gender split, it was all too obvious.

There were many rules in the Void Palace, something like sexual assault was as prohibited as killing was. This was why Eliot was quite careful to draw a line with his words as he had heard that Leonel was quite adept at cornering people with his words.

But his implied meaning was no less obvious. If it wasn't for the Void Palace's umbrella, his obscene nature made it quite obvious what he would choose to do.

As for angering Leonel and Aina? Who cared?

In fact, that was precisely what he wanted. He couldn't have them running away again. This time, he would make sure to follow through on his promise.

Before, Aina could have gotten out of this ordeal just by signing the contract. But now, her little boyfriend had crippled so many of their Faction's people. As a result, both of them would be thoroughly humiliated.

At that moment, the doors to the Senate Branch opened, a rush of cold wind suddenly rushing into the surroundings. In one instant, the atmosphere had been quite lively, and in the next, it became like a cold winter night.

Leonel's steps were quite light and one could almost not notice Aina lagging a half step behind at all.

A circle of wind rushed around him, kicking up a low strip of dust in a perfect pattern. It wasn't too fast, not too slow. It only felt controlled and unhurried.

His steps couldn't have been lighter or more silent, but it somehow still felt like pounding stones, rolling and skipping down a mountain pass and forcing the earth to tremble.

Leonel swept a casual glance through the spectator, his eyes feeling like blades of eyes searing into their skin only to land on a particular individual.

Leonel recognized this man quite well, his memory was too good. This was the very same young man that had brushed past them as he and Aina entered the Senate Branch. Back then, Leonel had already picked up on the skip of his heart and the rush of breath of Narat had undergone.

However, Leonel wasn't one to skip to assumptions without all the evidence. There were any number of reasons he could have been surprised, and even if it was purely for recognizing him and Aina, this didn't mean that he would definitely report them to Treanna.

Clearly, though, he had made the wrong choice.

It seemed that he hadn't been ruthless enough. Hadn't his actions made it clear that there was only one outcome for those who stood on Treanna's side? Maybe an arm wasn't enough.

Leonel vanished. Before anyone registered where he had appeared, he was already standing before Narat, his hand clamped over the latter's jaw and squeezing his mouth open.

However, by the time people saw this, a tongue was already rotating in the skies, having been cut out of Narat's mouth.

Since his tongue was only used to talk, he definitely didn't need it anymore.

[Chapter 1473 A Casual Exchange](#)

Several pupils constricted, a chilly wind sliding up their backs as Narat's howl pierced through the atmosphere.

Since he didn't learn from his predecessors, he could suffer double their fate.

Leonel's Spear Force spiraled like a drill, shredding Narat's arms to pieces.

And since Leonel didn't need him to go off and report anything, he didn't need his legs anymore either.

The shrieks of pain and horror curdled blood, spikes of horror piercing into the hearts of all those that saw this scene. No one doubted the message that Leonel was trying to send.

Despite the fact Narat had kept his life, it was a fate worse than death. He was a mere Level 4 Galaxy Ranked disciple. Though he had some talent, it wasn't enough for a top level Faction to invest into him. So, who could possibly cure such injuries for him?

He might have a chance if he begged his family members for help, but that would just ensure that any ambition he had ever had in his lifetime was finished. And that was only if Leonel's Spear Force was normal. As for if even millions of Void Points could heal such injuries from Leonel's current Spear Force, it was hard to tell.

At that moment, a whip suddenly cracked through the air. It was vicious and fast, faster than any movement that the human body could ever make. It was this sort of speed that made the whip such a dangerous weapon even in Third Dimensional worlds, let alone here.

Emonie didn't hold back in the slightest, aiming right for the back of Leonel's head as though she was intent on piercing right through it. She had already decided that if she didn't fight with intent to kill Leonel first and worry about everything else later, then they would most definitely be at a severe disadvantage.

The likes of Narat couldn't compare to the entourage that Treanna had sent.

To those that didn't understand how God Runes worked, divisions between Galaxy Ranked disciples, even of the same level, were usually decided by three factors. The first was what Token they had been given when they entered the Palace, what rank of Nominal disciple they had started out as, and how long it had taken them to climb up to the ranks of Galaxy Ranked Disciple.

While for a place like the Three Pillar Galaxy becoming a Nominal Disciple was a life sentence they would never crawl out from, for higher level galaxies, there were only so many Golden Token and Amethyst Tokens to hand out. Even astounding talents that would have trampled through other galaxies had no choice but to start at the bottom.

Most of these talented disciples started near the top rank of Nominal discples.

Unlike with the other disciple ranks, which were divided into nine, Nominal disciple ranks were different. There was only one holistic group, and everyone was arranged into a leaderboard. If you wanted to be promoted to Quadrant Ranked, you had to enter the top three of your sector of villages and then pass a mission, only then could you succeed.

Those that entered the rank of Galaxy within 30 years were considered to be average, this was the category someone like Narat fell into. It had taken even decades more than that to climb to Level 4 Galaxy Ranked.

Within 20 years and you were considered to be above average and a decent talent. Within 10 years and you could be considered to be in the 90th percentile of Void Palace geniuses. Within five years and you were in the 97th percentile. Within a year and you were in the 99th percentile.

The Void Palace easily had millions of disciples, so this was still quite a number of individuals. There was a reason why Leonel's village was titled 0012. All four digits were easily used for the newbie villages. Still, it was a prestigious right nonetheless.

Whether it was Emonie or Eliot, both took less than 10 years to reach the Galaxy Rank, and now they were both Level 4 Galaxy Ranked disciples and Tier 4 Sixth Dimensional experts. Their strength was not small in the slightest.

That was exactly why it was shocking that Emonie's whip didn't even manage to make it close to Leonel's head. The instant it crossed the odd circle of wind rushing around Leonel's feet, a line of golden Spear Force manifested, splitting the whip in two and racing down its body.

Emonie's eyes widened. This was a Silver Grade weapon, how could it be split so easily?!

But that was the least of her worries. In the blink of an eye, the Spear Force appeared between her brows and her body froze, death flashing in his pupils.

So... So fast.

A roar left Eliot's lips, his body lighting up with radiant blue runes as he smashed a fist forward.

BANG!

Eliot took three heavy steps backward, each one causing the earth to quake, a deep imprint of at least half an inch following this one.

He looked at his fist solemnly, a line of blood having broken his skin. It was only as deep as a paper cut, and the blood was pooling very slowly, but for Leonel to break his defenses with his God Runes activated was a result he could have never expected.

At that moment, Leonel let Narat slowly fall to the ground, turning back. Something about his gaze made the hair on the bodies of both stand on end, their breathing becoming hollow.

"Hurry up and stop holding back, Emonie!"

Emonie didn't need Eliot to tell her, a flourishing light had already erupted from her, her green hair fluttering as blinding emerald runes began to appear around her.

A domain of vines manifested first as energy particles, then illusory constructs, before taking true form, all before surging toward Leonel.

The spectators couldn't believe what they were seeing. A Fifth Dimensional student had forced two geniuses to activate their God Runes after just a casual exchange?

[Chapter 1474 First Time In A Long While](#)

No one would casually bring out their God Runes. In fact, many would bring out their Ability Indexes long before they chose to do this. A God Rune was the core of someone's being and comprehending it required pouring all of your comprehensions into one. In a way, it was a mirror into your inner being as well as one's strongest trump card.

However, any disciple of the Void Palace, especially those that could be considered geniuses even among this gathering of geniuses like Emonie and Eliot, were decisive. They realized they were in danger in a single instant.

Leonel's palm flipped over.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

For the first time in a long while, the Chain Spear made its appearance. Its sleek black body wrapped in chains vibrated like a flood dragon in its cage.

The moment it appeared, its blade trembled. One could almost hear it roaring into the skies, its excitement palpable.

All those with spears in the surroundings found their weapons becoming agitated, some even finding it difficult to contain themselves and even cracking in the process.

As for those that wielded swords, their weapons seemed to shrink beneath the pressure, hiding deeper into their sheaths and cowering into the corner of the spatial rings they resided in.

Emonie's vines surged for Leonel, but the moment they crossed the circle of wind, they were diced into pieces. It was as though dozens of blades had run through them in all sorts of directions, their bits and pieces falling to the ground without the slightest hint of life.

Eliot shot forward, his speed fast to many, but incomparably slow to Leonel.

Leonel's gaze drifted to Eliot's blue God Runes. They reminded him a lot of the gorillas he had fought in the Void Tower, quite an apropos comparison for a man like this.

Swift.

Leonel's spear pierced forward, a spiral of energy wrapping around the tip of its blade. It was an absolutely gorgeous sight, the shimmering gold imprinting itself on the heart of all those that saw it as though it was the masterstroke of art.

Eliot didn't even register that Leonel's spear had appeared before him until it was too late, one of his God Runes shattering on impact as he was sent flying.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood, his rib cage threatening to cave in entirely.

Leonel's spear only trembled slightly, his base remaining solid and unmoved. His power was perfectly transferred to Eliot. It was as though it would be blasphemous to his technique for any backlash to harm him.

Forceful.

Leonel's next step felt oddly heavy, his hair fluttering in the wind. It had gotten a hint longer in the year without maintenance, dancing into the air like shimmering filaments of pale violet.

BANG!

The air collapsed.

This pierce wasn't anywhere near as fast as the first, and yet it was as though the culmination of the world had been forced into the blade.

The Chain Spear vibrated with happiness, its body growing by another foot and its weight doubling. It wasn't much since the spear had only been 50 pounds to begin with, but when matched with Forceful, Emonie's face could only drain of all of its blood.

A bloody hole tore through Emonie's stomach, the God Runes around it shattering. Hers weren't designed for defense to begin with, but rather area control. Faced with Leonel's strength, how could she last even a single exchange without Eliot's support.

Leonel caught her by her hair before she could fall to her knees, the pain of her roots holding up her body weight paling in comparison to the hold in her gut.

She couldn't believe what was happening. Even if her runes weren't meant for defense, a God Rune shouldn't be so easily shattered.

While it wouldn't be a problem for her to reform them with some meditation, that wasn't the problem. In the middle of battle, doing such a thing would be difficult. It was almost like Leonel was weakening her in real time and humiliating her for extra measure.

The wound through her stomach was lethal to most, but with her high vitality and the leaning of her God Runes, she would be just fine even for several days. However, it was this kind of horror that truly shook her to her core.

It was like Leonel had already seen through her with a single glance, enough to know this and act accordingly. What kind of monster had they provoked

However, when she heard Leonel's next words, she trembled and nearly pissed herself.

"You wanted to strip my Aina naked, right? Why don't you give everyone here a show, then?"

Leonel didn't plan on letting Emonie and Eliot off. He would thoroughly humiliate the both of them.

His spear rose into the air. However, before it could descend, a soft but forceful voice sounded.

"That's enough."

Jova stepped forward. Her expression seemed placid and her eyes were unmoved.

Just the same, though, Leone's spear didn't pause in the slightest, its tip catching the collar of Emonie's dress and slicing downward.

CLANG!

At that moment, a whip shot forward, forcing Leonel's spear back.

"I said, that's enough."

Leonel looked up, his cold gaze landing on Jova who calmly held a whip in her hand. It looked as though it had never been unfurled in the first place.

But, in that instant, Leonel's Absolute Domain surged, blades whirling in the air and shredding Emonie's dress and undergarments to pieces, even to the point of leaving faint marks across her fair skin.

It was clear that Leonel had enough control to not let these faint marks appear, but he had done so anyway.

The only slight saving grace for Emonie was that the hole in her gut had led to a flood of blood that obscured some of what was below. But, that didn't leave much to the imagination at all.

Emonie shrieked, trying to cover her body, but not to mention the fact her limbs felt too weak to do so, even if she could move freely, there was simply too much to cover.

Leonel's Chain Domain roared to life, wrapping around Emonie's wrists and ankles before lifting her into the skies.

"Today, I won't be letting any one of you off."

The ice cold of Leonel's voice made Jova's placid gaze tremble with fury. But, Leonel had already shot forward.

[Chapter 1475 \[Bonus \]](#)

Leonel's spear drew lines across the skies from three different directions. Each one was swifter than the last, and yet they each seemed to have their own flare as though Leonel was in a different mood when drawing the stroke of each one.

Jova's expression became serious, her rage being doused by a bucket of cold water. She suddenly realized that Leonel hadn't displayed even a fraction of his skill, he only showed as much as he thought he needed to show.

Today, he would make a display for the spearmen and swordsmen of the Void Palace to see. He needed nothing but his spear to suppress all directions!

Jova's wrist flicked, her whip sweeping across. But, the moment they connected, she was forced one step back, then another, and then another.

Those who knew of Jova couldn't help but widen their eyes. Emonie and Eliot had both taken about eight years to climb. However, Jova was on an entirely different level, taking just six years, being an entirely 25% faster than them.

When this number was translated to strength, though, it wasn't a mere 25% increase even though that would be an astonishing amount nonetheless. It wouldn't even be an exaggeration to say that she was twice as powerful.

And it showed quite clearly. She had yet to activate her God Runes, and yet she had only taken three steps back to a strike that had left Eliot entirely incapacitated.

Jova's aura flared, her green hair fluttering. Her whip roared to life, the mandible of a viper opening wide as it snapped toward Leonel.

However, in response, Leonel only took another step forward, his blade piercing forward again.

Swift.

This again?! Jova was infuriated that Leonel was actually taking her so casually. But, just as she finished the thought, her construct crumbled, the snake splitting in two beneath Leonel's might and curving around Jova's whip.

The spiraling golden Spear Force appeared before her in the blink of an eye, the flexibility of Leonel's Spear Force leaving her in shock, but its range shocked her even more.

Jova lightly stepped onto the ground, her dress fluttering as she dodged to the side. But, Leonel had already struck forward again.

Gentle.

Leonel's spear quivered in the air, his movements feeling slow and ethereal. Despite his rage, his spear obediently calmed itself, a beam of golden Spear Force slicing forward with a momentum that made little sense.

It felt fast, but controlled, lethal, but hidden, strong, but... gentle.

Leonel's interpretation of Gentle had evolved to the point that it became a profound technique all to its own. To do something gently didn't mean that one couldn't be fast, lethal and strong, it just meant that one had to be fast, lethal and strong in a tactful manner, bringing one's speed under control, reining in one's lethality, hiding one's force.

Jova found that her mind was being overloaded. Every time she felt that she knew exactly how to counter, she would realize that it wasn't adequate. By the time she realized that this technique was too profound for her to counter with her level of skill, it had already appeared before her.

Without a choice, Jova roared, her God Runes blazing to life and strengthening her body.

A wall of vines appeared before her and she used the opportunity to dodge to the side.

When she reappeared on the other side, her whip struck outward again and again, an emerald mark shimmering upon her forehead.

It only took people a glance to recognize the Lineage Factor of the Viror family. In such a state, not only was her body flooded with strength and her Healing Factor was accelerated to an extreme, but the most powerful ability of the Viror family Lineage Factor was control over the Life Force of plants.

Not only could Jova form plant-life from thin air so long as the proper Force existed, but she could control these powerful plants to do her bidding. And, any Viror family member worth their salt would nurture powerful seedlings to bring with them to battle.

As Jova's whip cracked out, her free hand opened a palm sending half a dozen seedlings into the air.

In one moment, they were nothing more than seeds the fraction the size of a fingernail. But, in the next, they exploded in size, becoming pinkish gold lilies as large as three meters across each!

Their stems and vines looked as though they had been coated in green dragon scales and their petals shimmered with a heavy light that pierced through the fog of the Void Palace.

The Evergreen Dragon Scaled Lily!

In the human world, plants had two method of protecting themselves: toxins and physical defenses. In the Dimensional Verse, this wasn't much different. But, the results were far more... exaggerated.

The Evergreen Dragon Scaled Lily was known for its tough scales. As a pinnacle Sixth Dimension Herb, its vines were no weaker than any Sixth Dimensional weapon. But, its most lethal attribute...

The six three-meter tall lilies rotated in the skies. Suddenly, the roar of a wild beast shook the surroundings, pillars of Force bearing down upon Leonel.

The expressions of those in the surroundings changed. There was no doubt that this was overkill, Jova had actually used six such precious seeds at once. Who knew how long it had taken her to evolve them to this level?!

Everyone could tell that she had poured all the Life Force of the lilies into this one attack. What if she killed Leonel?! How would she take responsibility?!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

However, to everyone's shock, a frosty aura suddenly spread through the surroundings, the region freezing to ice and causing Jova's summoned vines to shatter like glass in an instant.

Leonel slowly walked out from the region, untouched and dawned in a radiant armor.

"You're angry? I'll show you what real rage is."

Leonel took another step forward.

For a long time, Leonel didn't believe that he had a single artistic bone in his body. But, there was something he had neglected. When it came to charisma, there were very few people who could match up to him. When it came to words, there were very few people who could galvanize a crowd like he could, very few who could stir hearts like he could, very few who could instill fear like he could.

"Fury."

Leonel's Spear Force seemed to become a raging flame, and yet Leonel hadn't used his fire affinity at all.

His blade pierced forward, painting the world in red.

[Chapter 1476 Castration](#)

None here had ever seen Spear Force react like that. All blade Forces they had ever seen were flat and sharp, but this one seemed to have blazed to life as though it had become a golden flame all on its own.

The moment it left Leonel's spear, it was like the entire world had been swallowed up, many spectators feeling their eyes redden, their hearts becoming agitated as though they were the ones experiencing Leonel's fury, as though his fury was their own.

Jova found herself flying back like a broken kite, her God Runes shattering one after another until her body was swallowed up whole.

The Spear Force was precisely like the embodiment of fury. It was uncontrolled, wild, filled with malice, and uncaring about anything.

Leonel lowered his spear, his blade radiating with a harsh red as though it had just been laid on a bed of coals. It continued to tremble and roar, its agitation piercing the veil of the Void Palace.

Leonel walked forward without the slightest bead of sweat on his forehead, unmoved and unhurried. He didn't even turn to check on Jova's situation, he simply stepped toward Eliot who lay unconscious, his God Runes having long since disappeared.

However, Eliot wouldn't get to stay unconscious for long, a scream leaving his lips as the butt of Leonel's spear pressed into his crotch. The screech shook the very souls of those who heard it, the men who had been laughing away with Eliot earlier paling.

Eliot couldn't have been more awake now, looking down in horror, he watched as Leonel continued to slowly grind his spear.

His voice came out in high-pitched whimpers, but he didn't dare to move. Even his slightest trembles made waves of pain shoot through him. He could tell that Leonel hadn't crushed his family jewels just yet, but that didn't make the pain any less horrific.

"No... No..."

Eliot couldn't even think straight, too worried about the result. But, if he could, he would remember that much like sexual assault was banned, castration was also a huge no in the Void Palace.

There were too many geniuses from powerful families here. If someone went around ending all of their family lines, couldn't they cripple a family entirely? How could something like that be allowed? So, much like killing and rape, castration was its own enormous taboo, and the punishment was just as swift.

Death sentence.

The Void Palace couldn't allow any room to maneuver. The moment such a problem started, an all out war would break out. You could cripple someone, and humiliate them, but you couldn't cut off their family line.

However.

The butt of Leonel's spear continued to drive downward slowly. The crunch of flesh and the howls of Eliot became the stuff of nightmares.

Leonel's expression didn't change from start to finish, his control impeccable. He didn't drive too fast or too slow. By the time he was half way through, Eliot was already foaming at the mouth, the pain so great that his blood vessels of his popped as they rolled back, tears of crimson flooding out and pooling onto the ground.

Their fear of Leonel seemed to become ingrained. As Eliot convulsed on the ground, no one dared to say a single word.

Soon, a dull thump rang in everyone's ears. At that moment, even without checking, they knew that Leonel's spear butt had driven down to the solid ground. And yet, he continued for several more minutes before retracting his spear.

Leonel broke three pieces off a nearby wooden roof, ensuring not to ruin its structural integrity, before staking them into the ground.

He shredded the clothing of Jova and Eliot to pieces before hanging them up by their hands to the tops of the poles of wood. Then, just as calmly, he aimed his spear at the ground, beginning to draw an array around them.

After several minutes, he stopped and turned toward Aina.

In that moment, it was like he had become a completely different person. His Divine Armor faded, his smile brightening up the surroundings.

"Ready?"

Aina smiled and took Leonel's hands, the crowd splitting to allow the two of them to leave.

No one dared to say anything for a long while, a full sort of silence pressing down upon all their heads. But, when the first person realized what had happened, a second person followed soon, and then a third.

The weak of them looked toward Narat's state, suddenly not daring to go and report this matter. But, there were others here. Plus, this time, this wasn't a report to Treanna, but rather to the Senate itself. Someone had broken one of the iron-clad rules!

The news took much longer to spread than it should have due to the sheer impact of Leonel's actions. How long had it been since someone had broken those rules? Wait... It hadn't been that long ago, had it? Maybe 20 or 30 years ago... And his name also happened to be Morales.

...

Leonel didn't seem to care about these matters. He knew the rules better than anyone, he didn't need them explained to him.

He made it to the location of his target Zone along with Aina. The region was just as deserted as the first one had been. But, Leonel had a feeling that there would be another commotion by the time they came out.

Leonel handed over the mission plaque and slipped in with Aina, leaving the overseeing disciple speechless. This mission, he was pretty certain that it was meant for 16 people to complete together. Plus... Wasn't it a Level 6 Galaxy Ranked mission, why was a Level 9 Quadrant Ranked disciple taking it on?

The youth didn't get much of a chance to think about this because just moments later, a powerful aura shot down from the skies, so overwhelming that the youth almost fell to his knees, his expression warping.

He might not be a great disciple as he was taking on such easy missions, but it also wasn't easy to claim such missions either. You needed connections, and to form connections, you needed ability. If these missions could be so casually taken, wouldn't everyone want such an easy way of earning Void Points?

This was all to say that this individual was stronger than even Jova, but right now, he wanted to do nothing more than kneel.

BANG!

[Chapter 1477 White Robes](#)

"Hm. Seems I was late."

The voice was cold and biting, but the overseer didn't dare to say a word. He simply stood in silence, his limbs trembling out of both fear and the sudden drop in temperature.

...

Within the Zone, as the couple battled through an army that should have put them on their backfoot, Aina couldn't help but turn toward Leonel, her eyebrow raised.

"Did you think this through?"

Leonel grinned. "Think what through."

"You know what I'm talking about."

"Aina, is it really time to talk about making babies now? I'm a bit embarrassed."

Aina rolled her eyes. Leonel could experience a lot of emotions, at least in theory, but she didn't think embarrassment was one of them. He was already as shameless as you could get.

"We should have just run, why did you insist on entering the Zone? Don't you think you're a bit hard headed? You can't use your tongue to get out of everything, you know."

"My tongue? It seems it's been so long since you've seen what it can do that you've forgotten my prowess!"

Leonel's voice boomed like he was a valiant king of the middle ages, even his speech patterns changing. Toward such a thing, Aina could only be speechless. How did he manage to make everything so perverted? Was he really so pent up?

"You know that's not what I meant, be serious."

"I'm serious too!"

"Seriously."

"Seriously."

Aina suddenly felt like throwing her ax at Leonel's head. If they weren't in the middle of a battlefield, she really would have done it too.

"You'd better explain right now, or else I won't talk to you anymore!"

Leonel laughed. "Alright, alright..."

...

The commotion Leonel might have been expecting outside the Zone portal wasn't much of a commotion at all. In fact, it was deathly silent, silent to the point that even the beating of hearts and the shallowness of their breathing could be heard.

In the center of it all, a young man adorned in white robes stood silently, his eyes closed and his body unmoving. It looked like even if the world itself collapsed, he wouldn't budge even a single inch.

A layer of frost slowly coated the surroundings about him, but this didn't seem to be done intentionally. It was like his presence itself was ice cold and thus affected the environment. He didn't have to try to cause such an effect at all. The moment anything stepped into his domain, it would freeze.

The overseeing Galaxy Ranked disciple stood shivering, his brows and hair having already been covered. However, he didn't dare to move. It was his job to overlook this portal. Though under usual circumstances, he would get some leeway... he didn't dare to take such liberties now, not with this young man here.

He recognized that white robes, that emblem with a sword standing tall amidst broken chains on his tall collars....

The Unfettered Blade Party, the current Majority of the Senate.

He didn't know why he was here, but it simply didn't matter.

...

Across the Void Palace, news spread like wildfire. The reappearance of Leonel after a year was like a flashbang going off in all their minds.

Many made their way to the spot of the crime, only to find two beauties hanging completely naked with a young man in the middle of them. The latter's bloodied crotch was something none could ignore, it stood out like a sore thumb, making a chilling wind nip at their necks.

Members of Treanna's Faction came not long after. Seeing such a scene, they were shocked, then embarrassed, and then infuriated. Leonel crippling their members was already enough to make them rage, but this? This was far too much!

Any Faction worth its salt would have very tight bonds with one another, and this was, even more, the case for Factions built around singular families like Treanna's own. Eliot was the only one among the three not part of the Viror family, and both were women.

Leonel actually dared to strip Viror family women naked for all to see like this?!

Absolutely infuriated, many rushed forward to cut them down, trying to make the spectators scam. But, the Void Palace had too many geniuses, a single Faction, especially a mere Silver Faction, couldn't possibly hope to control the masses.

Still, many had to give Treanna some face. After all, she controlled the medical centers for the Galaxy Rank and below. Doctors were at the top of the list of people most didn't dare to offend.

However, who would have guessed that when they rushed forward, they would be rebuffed?

It wasn't that they hadn't seen the formation Leonel had drawn, it was just that who here believed that something Leonel had drawn casually and on a whim could possibly stop such high level Sixth Dimensional experts?

Every time they charged forward, they would fly back out with the same force. And, every time they struck forward with an attack, they would panic upon realizing there was no barrier at all. If they sent forward a full powered strike, they would just be killing Eliot, Emonie and Jova.

Even after several dozen minutes, no one could seem to find a method of deal with it. They could only try to encircle and build a barrier, but Leonel had hung them up too high for this to be done quickly.

"Sister!"

A screech cut through the atmosphere, a young woman charging forward.

If Leonel had been there, he would have recognized this woman quite well. It was the same woman that had run the medicine shop of Village 0012, Rosomon.

She charged through, managing to grab Jova just before Leonel's barrier sent her flying back with twice the speed.

BANG!

Rosomon crashed heavily into the ground, but she had already taken out several robes to cover her sister's body, her gaze as red as could be.

...

At that moment, a mere six hours after entering the Zone, the portal warped and Leonel and Aina walked out hand in hand.

"Hm?" Leonel blinked, feeling the chilling wind around.

It was precisely then that the white robe wearing young man's eyes snapped open.

The sound of unsheathing swords rang through the skies, the crackle of ice dancing along the lines of space.

"Leonel Morales, having broken one of the Taboos of the Void Palace, I sentence you to death."

[Chapter 1478 Micarth](#)

The atmosphere froze, and those who had managed to come over in time to watch found their chests constricted.

However, at that moment, Leonel blinked, his head turning toward Aina.

"I feel like I just got transported into some low budget martial arts movie, is it just me?"

Aina, whose expression had turned somewhat serious, couldn't help but falter. Her soft lips rolled over themselves as she tried to hold back her laughter.

Leonel was a fan of cool uniforms, but this was too much. In fact, it bordered on tacky and even crossed over the line somewhat.

Half closed eyes, arrogant expression, cold aura, and those pure white robes? Leonel almost wanted to gag. Cool uniforms were fine, but how could you go out in public like this?

"I'm pretty sure this is how everyone from the Unfettered Blade Party dresses," Aina said lightly, trying to stay serious.

"All of them? Did no one tell them that they look ridiculous?"

Aina couldn't seem to take it anymore, an adorable snort leaving her nose completely out of her control. She couldn't maintain her serious expression anymore even if she wanted to. In the end, she doubled over in laughter, hitting Leonel's arm.

Those that were spectating couldn't help but put on weird expressions before their eyes landed on the white robed youth. No one had ever really spoken about it before, but these robes really were a bit too tacky. Unlike the official Void Palace robes which had a bit of modern flare to them, the Unfettered Blade Party official uniform hadn't changed in generations.

It looked like it was centuries too old.

That much would have still been fine if it wasn't for the arrogant and high nosed attitudes of the young man and women that wore it. It really looked like all of them were trying to become the main characters of their own stories.

When no one really thought about it, it was still acceptable. But, after Leonel mentioned it with such flare and genuineness, it felt like the Unfettered Blade Party had suddenly become a bunch of children playing superhero in their parents' living rooms.

"If I ever design a uniform that bad, please let me know in advance. I wouldn't be able to look myself in the mirror if I found out too late."

Leonel's fascination with cool uniforms of course meant that he had every intention of designing his own in the future. How could he not make sure that his armies were in good form?

"Alright, alright—that's enough!" Aina wheezed, pushing Leonel away.

Aina knew well that Leonel had done this on purpose. With how well Leonel understood people, if what he wanted to do was de-escalate the situation, he would have taken a much different approach. Clearly, though, he was provoking this young man and he didn't seem to care that he was slapping the faces of the Unfettered Blade Party at the same time.

The young man stood unmoved, but it was clear by the sound of swords in the air that his mood had shifted. From a cold indifference, there was an added forcefulness to his aura.

He didn't speak a word, he didn't waste time on pleasantries, he didn't even seem to take a breath or a gather step.

In one moment, he was a sheathed sword and in the next, he had unleashed it, a blinding light tearing through the spear and appearing before Leonel in the blink of an eye. It was clear that he had every intention to kill. There was no need to say anything.

However, just when the blinding light was about to enter a five-meter radius of Leonel, something astonishing happened.

CLANG! BANG!

Leonel didn't even bother to take a single step, nor did he flinch in the face of the Sword Force, he didn't even seem to make an effort. Much like the young man, his hands didn't move and his expressions were unmoved.

But, what was shocking was the fact that Leonel's Fifth Dimensional Spear Force countered what was clearly Sixth Dimensional Sword Force without much difficulty at all.

Leonel watched indifferently as the Spear and Sword Force wrapped around one another before spiraling out of control and shattering into motes of white and gold light.

"If the goal is to kill me, they probably should have sent someone stronger. Your blade isn't cold enough and your sword isn't sharp enough."

Something about Leonel's words was decidedly sharp. The words echoed through their ears, stirring something deep within them, even without understanding how they subconsciously felt that he was speaking the truth.

Whether by coincidence or something else, the youth's Sword Force seemed to dim and weaken, even the sounds of sharpening blades dulling by a measure and slowing down in frequency.

The eyes of the young man seemed to finally 'see' Leonel for the first time. Someone in the Fifth Dimensional had blocked an attack from him? Was something like this even possible? He couldn't even fathom how such a thing was possible.

Even if the strike was casual, even if he didn't draw his blade or activate his God Runes, this was ridiculous.

"I see." The youth said lightly. "I guess it makes sense, anyone who could make it here wouldn't just simply allow themselves to be killed. But, that much is fine, killing you and taking revenge for my uncle's arm will be worth it.

"The arm of a Suiard in exchange for the head of a Morales. This is a worthy start until the day I take the head of Velasko myself.

"My name is Micrath. I leave this name not for you, but so that others will understand in the future that the Suiard name is not one you can casually disregard as you please, no matter who you are."

The words were sharp, venomous, and clearly filled with disregard.

Leonel, however, who had just been planning on casually playing around for a while and forcing this person into a trap before revealing his true intentions, suddenly paused.

The amusement in his eyes faded, his expression not quite becoming cold, but something beyond that instead. It was difficult to explain, but it was the kind of expression one would know when one saw it... The kind of a mortal looking down on an ant, an Emperor looking down on a subject, a God looking down on a servant.

Take the head of his father? Was he even able to take his own head?

Leonel didn't say a word, he only took a step and vanished from sight. When he reappeared again, the clanging of chains sung through the darkness.

[Chapter 1479 Justice](#)

When Leonel finally slowed enough to be tracked by the naked eye, he was wreathed in a radiant blue. However, that only lasted for the smallest instant of time before all anyone could see was a blinding gold.

Micrath's pupils constricted, the tip of Leonel's spear appearing larger and larger in his eyes. He couldn't help but notice that Leonel had crossed his domain without the slightest hindrance, entirely unmoved by his aura of cold.

Reacting quickly, Micrath formed a seal with his left hand, causing a shield of ice to appear before him in less than a fraction of a moment. However, as soon as it appeared, it was pierced through, the residual Spear Force sending Micrath flying into the distance.

Everywhere his body passed space sparkled and the fog froze into icicles, even the wind itself seemed to condense, only to be smashed through by his momentum in the next instant.

Leonel's feet lightly touched down, his Divine Armor shimmering.

That hand sign Micrath had made in the final moment was pretty interesting and Leonel only needed a glance to know what it was. While hiding some Ability Indexes was worthwhile, there were others that were such a core part of your battle style that it would instead be foolish to do this.

Leonel was one such example. "Hiding" his Ability Index would be a rather stupid choice. He only did so when he wanted a change of pace, and that had only happened once. Usually, his Ability Index was always churning in the background, the only difference was how much he was using it.

Clearly, the same was true of Micrath.

Unsurprisingly, Micrath's ability was more auxiliary. Such abilities were the best to make large parts of your battle style rather than hiding. His Ability Index fell into an energy manipulation type category, and was more precisely known as the Nodal Control Ability Index.

At its lowest Tier, this Ability Index allowed one to form larger Force Nodes than most, and their Force Node Pathways were also large in comparison.

At its Tier 4, however, one could freely control and shift and change the location of their Force Nodes as they please without any damage or harm to themselves.

This sounded like an unnecessary ability. After all, everyone would always have one Node configuration that suited them the very best and that would be decided at quite an early age. However, there was a path and type of Force Art technique that Leonel had learned about in the Void Library that made such an ability not only worthwhile but also extremely powerful.

To make a long story short, Micrath could designate a new position for his Force Nodes with a different hand sign. Leonel couldn't be surprised if he had hundreds, if not thousands of hand signs.

The moment he activated this hand sign, his Nodes, and their pathways would change position, forming a Force Art and deploying the technique instantaneously.

Not only would the technique be deployed with extreme speed, but because Micrath's body itself was resonating with it, it was also far more powerful than most techniques as well!

Micarth didn't need to waste time learning and memorizing Force Arts, nor did he need to waste time on learning precise Force control and flow. All he needed to do was pick a technique he liked, go into meditation for a few hours, picks a hand sign for it, tie this hand sign to a new Node configuration, and then he would be able to deploy it in battle as he pleased!

This ability, if used by someone clever and with the necessary resources was truly frightening.

Micarth had hardly been ready for Leonel's speed and had still been looking down on the latter, and yet he actually still managed to react with such a powerful defense!

While Leonel was feeling a bit impressed by Micarth, those who were watching on were actually feeling the exact opposite.

Micarth was a member of the Unfettered Blade Party! He was an existence no more than a decade or two away from becoming a Sector Ranked disciple! And yet someone in the Fifth Dimension had sent him flying with a single spear! This was ridiculous!

If the Unfettered Blade Party hadn't been confident in Micarth, they would have never sent him. This wasn't a scene anyone had expected to see.

At that moment, Micarth crashed against the ground, but he roared in the next instant, his body shooting into the skies.

He formed another hand seal, causing several swords of ice to form around him. They wrapped themselves in Sword Force, shooting forward like blazing meteors as Micarth fell from the skies.

However, Leonel's domain seemed even stronger now that he held a spear in his hands. A winding tornado of Spear Force manifested, shredding them to pieces.

Leonel's took a step forward, the seams of his Divine Armor radiating with a blinding golden light as three illusory tails stretched out for dozens of meters.

Starry Light Domain.

When Leonel took another step, he vanished once more. Micarth though that he had already adjusted to Leonel's speed after the first time, but his eyes could only widen when he realized that he had lost track of Leonel once again.

Yet another spear appeared between his brows. Yet another ice shield formed. And Micarth was once again sent flying back like a speeding bullet.

BANG!

Micarth had been thoroughly humiliated, his words of grandeur seemed to come off as quite hollow, just like his white robes.

Another roar sounded and a frigid pillar of ice soared into the skies.

Micarth's God Runes blazed to life, his palm flipping over to reveal his icy blue sword. He had had enough.

But, right then...

"That's enough."

Cornelius appeared between the two young men as though he had always been there, causing Micarth to feel as though his towering aura had fallen like a drop in the ocean.

Cornelius' gaze turned toward Leonel, but to his surprise, the latter had already removed his armor.

After hearing what had happened, Cornelius knew he had to come. No one knew what happened to Leonel in the Void Tower, but there was potentially the chance that no one other than the Void Elders could hope to deal with Leonel if whatever happened before occurred again.

But, what he didn't expect was for Leonel to be so... cooperative?

Leonel's next words truly left him speechless, though.

"Elder, I'm just a small time Quadrant Ranked disciple, yet I was attacked by a Galaxy Ranked Party member who had every intention to kill me. He even said that he would get revenge for my father's actions by taking my head and even threatened to take my father's head in the future.

"That's a violation of a Tier 3 rule, and two Taboo rules, not to mention several other violations that would be too long to list. I'll have to ask you to please uphold justice."

Cornelius' lip twitched. He had just gotten himself out of Leonel's dream loop, did this kid want to throw him into another one? Weren't you the one who broke a Taboo Law first?

Cornelius could only blame himself, he must be a glutton for punishment.

[Chapter 1480 Oh, Right](#)

Many were astonished. The only thing that seemed to make sense was that Leonel either hadn't realized the gravity of what he had done, or he really thought that he could use his backing to dodge this punishment as well.

The rumors about how Leonel had gained the Amethyst Token had been circulating for a long while, but after he defeated Amery, much of that talk had tied down. The only ones who held onto this narrative were those who knew that Amery had been suppressed during that period, but it wasn't as though the Suiard family would go around exposing the secrets of their family Heirloom so casually. In addition, Amery had also been uncaring about making excuses, so outside of a core few who knew the truth, this talk had been put to rest long ago.

This went to show just what kind of monster Amery was, and what kind of weight his name held. Defeating him was enough to give Leonel the cache he needed to no longer have to deal with such annoying chatter. But, unfortunately, that wasn't where his issues stopped.

News of the White Lion Bow was still at the forefront of the Bow Faction's mind, it was just that Leonel had made so few appearances in the last year that no one could pin him down. And, obviously, charging into the Spear Faction was a huge no-no.

Then there was the odd matter with the Void Tower. The Void Elders obviously didn't spread the news of what had actually happened because the matter was so sensitive, and as such left the decision up to the Void Senate's whims. This was, of course, also a method of protecting Leonel.

If others knew that it was truly Leonel's own ability that allowed him to climb so high and there was nothing wrong with the Void Tower, the level of commotion it caused would not be small. Let alone the Human Domain, the spies of other Race Domains would raise an eyebrow.

Though most weren't in the know, how could the Void Elders not be aware that the other races had started paying more and more attention to their human race recently? The closer Earth got to maturity, the closer the Dimensional Verse seemed to grow toward all-out war.

However, it was precisely because of this that more dissatisfaction was caused. The rule was that only by clearing the tenth floor on the first try could you become a Galaxy Ranked disciple. If you failed, then you should start at Level 1 Quadrant Ranked just like every other Golden Token holder.

Yet, because of First Nova, Leonel was actually able to become a Level 9 Quadrant Ranked disciple from the very beginning, treatment that no one else got.

As though this wasn't bad enough, there was still the matter of staying in the Spear Faction for free, and now he had castrated people before demanding justice for... himself?

Even neutral parties would be dissatisfied watching these matters unfold one after another. The Void Palace was supposed to be the pinnacle of the Human Domain, there wasn't supposed to be anyone with a strong enough background to make it sway to and froe. And yet, that was exactly what Leonel seemed to be doing on a daily basis.

There was little Leonel could do about such impressions. Sometimes, the first impression was the most important one. There was a reason he was so infuriated with Orinik for spreading such information, even if it was technically true.

He had ruined Leonel's reputation just so that he could line his pockets.

Leonel could only continue to prove people wrong. One might be fooled by Leonel's usual personality, thinking of him to be an individual who lived to please others. However, the reality was that just because Leonel could be charismatic given the situation, didn't mean that he was obsessed with having people like him. In fact, it was quite the opposite.

Oftentimes, he couldn't be bothered. That was why he always had such a hard time in the Dimensional Verse. Once things started off on the wrong foot, he couldn't be bothered to fix them.

Back in Royal Blue Academy, when those rich and noble youths of his school looked down on his Paradise Island origins, he didn't mind them either. It was because he spent four years with them that things eventually changed.

With his other organizations, Leonel didn't spend more than a couple of months here and there. But, with Camelot, didn't things turn around? With the Slayer Legion, wasn't he on good terms with them now? Even with Valiant Heart Mountain, had he not helped them to save the majority of their students?

Leonel's life seemed to always be like this.

For some reason, at that moment, Leonel's thoughts flashed back to Anya's face. He didn't know why it had suddenly done this. His current thoughts didn't seem to have anything to do with her at all. And yet, the sparks of his Dreamscape seemed to be working as hard as they could to no avail.

Despite how long these matters had taken to describe, it was still nothing more than a blink of an eye to Leonel. However, when he was caught off guard by Anya's face, his pause became more obvious to the people around him.

Seeing that Leonel wasn't explaining himself, Cornelius frowned. Could it really be that he was just saying nonsense and hoping that Cornelius would help him to smooth things over?

Cornelius felt a headache coming along. If they really killed Leonel, what if that man went on another rampage? Last time he hadn't even had evidence that they were part of his father's death, yet he had wreaked so much chaos. This time, there would be no doubt that Leonel was, in fact, killed at their hands.

What should he do?

Cornelius' hesitation seemed to be sensed by the surrounding students, causing their hearts to go cold. Could it be that even breaking a Taboo Law wasn't enough for the Void Elders to deal with Leonel? Where were the rules?! What if one of them was next?!

At that moment, Leonel shook his head, understanding that he couldn't make the final connections now no matter how hard he tried.

"Oh, right—!"

Leonel almost forgot that he was meant to start an explanation now.