

Descent 1491

[Chapter 1491 Too Confident?](#)

So, that was what Leonel did. Not standing on ceremony, he pilfered everything he could find, hoping that he would make some sort of breakthrough. But, for the first time, it actually came quite slow to him.

He didn't understand much about music theory. What made notes sound good together, what was harmony, he didn't even know what a scale was.

Music wasn't really a path followed in the Dimensional Verse, maybe because it was too complex, or maybe because many didn't really see a point. There seemed to be a Force for everything, but there was no such thing as "Music Force", the same way there was no such thing as "Art Force" or "Painting Force".

Instead, such existences were amalgamations of other Force applied in seemingly useless ways.

Music Force was just a different application of vibrational Forces that sounded good to the ear, but there was no set 'Music Force'. Rather, there was no such thing at all. It was a seemingly silly application of something that was otherwise greatly useful.

The Dwarven Race, however, was able to break through this uselessness and find something far deeper hidden within, and this was what greatly fascinated Leonel. At the same time, it taught him a valuable lesson.

Leonel didn't like wasting time on things that didn't seem to make logical sense to him. If it couldn't be explained, then it was a mostly useless endeavor. This sort of philosophy governed most of the things he did, even down to his own moral doctrines and how he valued life itself.

However, if Leonel were to make a guess at how exactly the Dwarven Race had stumbled onto such a wonderful Force Art language, he would have to admit that there was no way they had seen the truth from the very beginning.

In all likelihood, the Dwarven people only sang because they liked it, they formed their homes with acoustics in mind because they loved it, they had researched music to its very end, despite its "uselessness", purely because they had a passion for it.

Then, like on a day many years ago, one of their greatest geniuses or maybe even a collection of them, finally made the breakthrough that allowed the race to place their stamp on the Dimensional Verse and protect themselves.

Who knew how many generations it had taken? If Leonel had been among their people, he would have probably been among the first to say just how much of a waste of time it was.

But could he say this now? Of course not!

Leonel wondered just how many things could be like this? But he also wondered just how many useless things would never shine in this way in the end?

'Was it that they wouldn't shine...? Or was it that there was never someone great enough born with enough accumulation and investment to their back, to force it to...?'

Leonel wasn't sure what the answer was. Were all things inherently useful or useless? Or could everything be made useful so long as the greatest extremes were taken? He truly didn't know. He could only find himself suddenly staring ahead at a blank road.

Even when his uncle sat him down to pass down something his grandfather had likely spent a lifetime perfecting, his first thought was to run away.

"Aina, do I not take things seriously enough?" Leonel asked.

Aina blinked, not answering immediately.

Leonel was, indeed, sometimes too free of a spirit. The only time he really got serious about anything was when he was mad or enraged by something, and these days, the only thing that could push him over the edge like that were things related to Aina.

Even when his father was threatened by Micaarth, Leonel was necessarily enraged. His gaze went cold, but at best, he just focused a bit more. Leonel's belief in his own father was simply far too high and far too great. Someone like Micaarth taking his father's life was far too much of a joke, he didn't even care enough to muster the energy to get mad.

Of course, if Micaarth had been a member of the Three Finger Cult, it would be a different matter entirely. Leonel had never seen his dad be anything other than a sarcastic prankster all his life. The old man seemed to only have a single constant mood. But...

Leonel would never forget the look in his father's eyes when he said those three words. The rage, the fury, the willingness to watch the world burn.

This was precisely why Leonel lost control of his temper when he learned that the Three Finger Cult was present, to the point that he didn't rest until he had killed them all.

But, what about when Leonel wasn't enraged? Or, what about when the lives of those he cared about weren't on the line?

"It's not that you don't take things seriously enough, it's that there's nothing you take seriously at all. With that head of yours, you think that there doesn't exist a situation you can't think your way out of, and maybe that's true. To have that sort of ingrained confidence isn't something most others could hope to have, it's just that you have too much of it, and the only person who can seem to put a lid on that confidence of yours is your dad."

Aina hadn't understood this initially, as she too was confused about why it was that it only took a word from Leonel's father for him to suddenly do a 180 and even kiss her.

However, after connecting to Leonel's mind again and again, and seeing how he thought, it finally clicked for her.

"In truth, I feel that the reason you were so easily able to abandon me is that you never doubted your ability to win me back when you were ready. Maybe you never thought about it in so many words—"

Aina's gaze shifted toward Leonel, a half threatening light within them. If Leonel had so explicitly thought such a thing, she would definitely teach him a lesson... even if it might have been true.

"—but it's not normal for someone to so release their hold on their emotions so easily unless there was such a reason."

Too confident? What was he supposed to do about that, exactly?

[Chapter 1492 Arrogance](#)

He was so confident in himself that he even thought he could toy with Aina's emotions as he pleased and still get her back? Did he really think like that?

Leonel frowned, finding the words hard to accept. But, he didn't immediately reject them either. Whether they were true or not, just the fact that Aina felt that way meant that it was important for him to take her seriously. He would either have to address such a thing head on, or he would have to convince her that this wasn't true.

The trouble was that if even he wasn't sure, then how could he go about convincing her? Plus, it wasn't like he could just lie to her, he didn't want to break her trust any more than he already had. There was also the fact that they often connected their minds as well.

Leonel just fell into silence. Was he such a person? Did he carry such a dangerous mentality?

If Leonel was honest with himself, the answer to that question was most definitely yes. As for proof of that, didn't he just need to look at his own moral compass?

Why was it that he was such a "moral" individual? Many would think it was because he had a soft heart, or he was inherently virtuous, or he just believed in the sanctity of human life and life itself. These would be the reasons most would give to such a thing.

But, Leonel was a different sort of beast altogether.

Soft heart? He was never had one. Virtuous? He couldn't be considered that either? The sanctity of human life? What kind of nonsense was that?

Leonel had always had the very same reason. Because he couldn't logically deduce an objective metric for the worth of a life, he decided that everyone, regardless of status, was equal. It was as simple as that.

He wasn't a saint, he wasn't virtuous, he didn't have a soft heart... In fact, it could be said that he was quite cold.

When he first entered the Mayan Tomb, and he made it all the way to the end, all to finally kill the Priest and nearly lose his life to that teenage girl who was about to be sacrificed... one might think that he truly was soft hearted, and maybe in practice he was, but foundationally? He didn't think so.

To that teenage girl, Leonel had just killed the Priest who was about to give her people, and most importantly, her family, peace and prosperity. She was already ready to give her life for this cause, but Leonel had swooped in with his own ideologies and imposed them onto her.

In fact, it was worse than that. Leonel ruined their ritual because he simply didn't have a choice. If he wanted to go home, he had to kill the Priest. It was inherently a selfish desire that had brought him to that point, and he felt guilt about it.

Why should he get to go home, and yet this young girl's life would forever be ruined? Who knew what kind of punishment she and her family would face after the death of the Priest? Leonel might have made a terrible situation several times worse.

Guilt.

That was right, he had felt guilt. But, wasn't that an emotion? Wasn't he logical to a fault?

He was. The difference was that while others felt emotion based on ingrained biases, Leonel's moral code was decided by his own deductions and the two words his father had instilled in him from his youth.

Respect and Persistent.

This was why Leonel was so fascinated by his emotions for Aina. They didn't make much sense, they bloomed from nowhere, and she seemed to have latched onto him in a way no one else could.

In fact, the first time Leonel felt that he had acted irrationally was also due to Aina, speaking those disrespectful words in the presence of so many people and violating one of his own core doctrines: Respect.

Leonel's brows furrowed deeper.

He didn't quite understand what to do.

Leonel hadn't spent a lot of time with his mother, but she had said something quite profound during one of their conversations. It was quite simple: when someone shows you who they are, believe them. People don't change unless they want to. Even though she loved his father, she never entertained him, not until he showed his own willingness to change.

Leonel had always naively believed, though, that he was quite good at adapting to the situation. So long as he had enough information to logically change his position, he didn't mind changing. He even thought that he had done this many times already.

But was that even true?

It took Anya saying something for him to realize that he was ruining a lot of his relationships with organizations on his own. And, even when she pointed it out to him, did he suddenly turn a new leaf...? Not really. He was still the same person.

And now, it took Aina saying something about this for him to realize where the core of the issue lay.

Was he too confident? No, it shouldn't be called confidence, he was arrogant. He had an overinflated ego, and he wasn't even sure if he had the ability to rein it in.

What worried him the most was that what if there really did come a day when he couldn't just think his way out of something? It would be too late to do anything by then.

However, this was most definitely a humbling experience. A race even weaker than the humans had managed to become so powerful by following a path Leonel would have sworn up and down was just useless.

This was just his first stint into the wider Dimensional Verse. Who knew how many things there were out there that he couldn't possibly wrap his head around? Maybe there were things even more fantastical than this that he had never laid his eyes on.

Still, just like Alienor had said, a person changing wasn't a simple matter at all. In fact, if Leonel began to uncover the truths behind these things he couldn't understand, wouldn't his confidence only grow?

[Chapter 1493 Not The Best?](#)

Aina chuckled. "If you weren't over-confident, then you wouldn't be you."

Leonel was speechless. "Was I always like this?"

"Do you think it's normal for someone to confess to a person over 500 times?" Aina blinked innocently as though she wasn't poking at a sore spot.

Leonel coughed, not knowing what to say. Did that even take confidence? He never really thought much about it, he just wanted to hear a real answer from her. If she had given him a sign that she didn't want it, then he wouldn't have even done it twice, let alone over 500 times.

Seeing Leonel's reaction, Aina rolled her eyes.

"Most people struggle to do it even once. And, if they get rejected, they might not try again in their lifetime, let alone being persistent for so long."

Leonel raised an eyebrow. "Why do you sound so familiar with how this works?"

Aina smiled, flipping her hair. "Do you think you're the only one to have ever confessed to me? I'm quite popular, you know."

Leonel choked on air, his head spinning toward Aina to the point he almost forgot that he was still working on a Dream Rewind right this moment.

Aina's eyelashes fluttered innocently as though she hadn't said anything at all.

Leonel was a man who had shattered the glasses of the Grand Prime Minister's son just because he had looked at Aina for a second too long. It was safe to say that under normal circumstances, he was quite the jealous man.

However, Aina continued to smile as though she hadn't said anything. Wasn't this what he got for being so confident as to think she would always be obediently waiting for him? Even if it was true, he wasn't allowed to think about it!

She had her own pettiness—no, image, to uphold.

"Who?" Leonel asked.

"What, are you going to go beat them up?"

"Yes."

Leonel nodded vigorously, causing Aina to burst into a fit of laughter. She doubled over, holding her stomach. If it wasn't for the binding around her chest, who knew what sort of undulations such heart laughter would have caused?

Eventually, Leonel managed to finish under Aina's teasing, the very first Force Art he had failed to complete finally forming under his gaze.

Seeing it now, his eyes couldn't help but glow. He had actually managed to finish it without passing out. Though, he felt that this was actually in part due to his mind becoming more robust.

"This is the formation that trapped us before?" Aina asked.

"It's similar, very similar. I have to believe that the Dwarven Race probably spread this out to all their core strongholds. This one is a bit stronger. So long as we set it up, we won't have to ever worry about our home being burned down again."

As Leonel said this, his gaze flashed with a cold light. It was clear that he hadn't forgotten about this in the slightest. He would definitely make Treanna cough up his payback by a hundredfold.

"The only trouble with this is that it needs precious metals to resonate with in order to display its greatest strength. In addition, we'll need to sculpt the beasts with precious metals as well. Their strength will also be decided by how much we invest."

Leonel's brows furrowed. The more precious the metal, the more difficult it was to sculpt. The foundational piece was simple enough, it could just be a slab of metal with the Force Art carved into it. But, the beast sculptors were more complicated.

The Force Art itself already had certain precise parameters that needed to be met so that the resonance would work properly. If even a single thing was off, the strength wouldn't be properly displayed.

That was just the first issue, the main problem was something else. Leonel already knew that this wouldn't be anywhere near the best the Dwarven Race had to offer, but seeing it now, he realized just how true this was.

The original formation had been drawn onto Seventh Dimensional materials, this was the initial reason Leonel had thought of for explaining why he couldn't sense them before finding out the truth. However, the fact didn't change at all.

What was the issue? This formation resonated with Seventh Dimensional materials, yet it only displayed Sixth Dimensional strength. This was more than just a little disappointing, and though Leonel had expected it, he still couldn't help but sigh.

For a formation that required Seventh Dimensional materials to only display such strength, wasn't it too pitiful? It was clear that Dwarven Race had done this on purpose.

Leonel couldn't have been more correct.

It had to be remembered that the Dwarven Race was in the same position as the Humans previously. Everyone eyed their territory due to their weakness, and they were forced into a defensive position. In such a situation, how could they have sent a powerful offensive into the Human Domain?

These Zones represented points in the past where the Dwarven Race sent forward a vanguard of some of their weakest, just to probe the situation. They didn't send their most powerful, nor did they send their best resources. This was another reason why their Zones were concentrated in the lower ranks of the Void Palace.

'This is still salvageable. If I get strong Sixth Dimensional materials, match the resonance perfectly, and then stack it with Aina's voice, I should be able to squeeze out more strength than they did.'

Leonel nodded to himself. He would have to study these thoroughly. Since this would probably be the best he could find in these Zones, he had no choice but to go all out with what he had. He didn't believe that he would be able to find the secret hidden within these.

...

Leonel and Aina finally made their way out of the Zone on the final day. Surprisingly, there was no one waiting for them outside, something they had gotten used to. It seemed that the Green Thread Faction was still licking its wounds.

They made it to the closest Senate Branch and exchanged all their missions at once. It was time for their real counterattack to begin.

[Chapter 1494 Didn't Mean... \[Bonus\]](#)

"You want to buy a property next to a Senate Branch?"

Dmitry looked at Leonel and Aina again. Was it possible for these two to do something a bit more normal? Even in the weakest areas frequented only by Quadrant Ranked disciples cost tens of millions. And, most of them were controlled by Level 7 Galaxy Ranked disciples at the worst.

The location was simply too valuable. Even if there were only low ranked disciples around, the amount you would make would accumulate pretty quickly so long as your service was decent. Even for a top tier Galaxy Ranked disciple, just the sheer volume would be able to total into a nice sum by the end of the month.

Usually, after buying such a location, you'd be able to make your money back in about half a year to a year, and that was just the average. If you became popular, you'd be far faster. So, one can imagine the kind of money large Factions with entire territories to themselves were raking in.

"I believe that we should be able to challenge a landowner for their spot, correct?" Leonel asked to confirm, ignoring Dmitry's shock.

In truth, he, of course, already knew the answer to this question. It was just that he would need to get the right to challenge permit from Dmitry as well.

Luckily, the permit was much less expensive, just a single Merit and 100 000 points. It was just a high enough bar that most wouldn't dare to casually use it. After all, you couldn't just allow one to randomly challenge as they pleased. If such a thing was fine, then wouldn't a store owner never get any rest?

This price, though, was only for someone challenging a store owner above their rank. The price increased exponentially the higher rank you were in comparison to your target. In this way, the Void Palace maintained some of its fairness as well.

"Alright, alright. I'm already tired of questioning the two of you anyway. Just do what you want, so long as you don't break the rules."

Dmitry began preparing the permit before he suddenly thought of something.

"Shouldn't you apply for Galaxy Rank now?"

The requirements for reaching Galaxy Rank from Level 9 Quadrant Rank were pretty straightforward, Leonel had already covered most of it. He had already gathered more than enough Combat Merits, the part most people found the hardest. Now, he just needed to complete the two other requirements.

The first was to accumulate what was called Civilian Merits and the second was to break into the Sixth Dimension using the God Path.

Civilian Merits were Merits gained through non-combat means. They could refer to contributing to research, joining a secondary profession Faction, and completing a certain list of tasks, or it could be something as simple as starting a storefront and accumulating points through it.

So long as you could gain one Void Merit through any of these processes, you could be considered to have reached the mark.

The Combat Merits were harder as you needed to accumulate 10 million Void Points, 10 Void Merits, and you also needed to complete at least one Galaxy Ranked mission as well.

As for the second requirement, it didn't need an explanation.

"I'm not quite ready yet." Leonel grinned.

Why should he be in a rush? There were benefits to being low ranked as well, even if they weren't as excellent as being unranked. Plus, he hadn't quite met all the requirements yet.

He was still in Tier 6 of the Fifth Dimension, and he was still a bit away from earning a Civilian Merit.

That said, Leonel wasn't very worried about his Tier. With the increase to his comprehension of his Scarlet Star Force, he could break through to the Quasi Sixth Dimension and form his final Star whenever he wanted, just like how he had relied on its previously.

The only reason he hadn't was because, first, he had been focused on other things, and secondly, he had still yet to fully grasp the Visualization of <Dimensional Cleanse>. All this time, he had been relying on his Innate Node to break the shackles of his mind and not <Dimensional Cleanse> as he was meant to.

If he didn't comprehend it first, it would be more difficult to do so later and he wouldn't be able to pass down the pieces of <Dimensional Cleanse> to his friends and brothers like he wanted to.

With Leonel's current strength of mind, though, he didn't believe that this would be any sort of big trouble to him at all.

Following that, he would still have to learn about the God Path as well. All in all, Leonel wasn't in a rush. He couldn't leave the Void Palace anyway, and there was nothing pressing for his time outside of the coming Heir Wars. He could afford to lay his foundation more stably.

Dmitry shook his head and handed the permit over.

"Try not to destroy too much. And this time, please don't hang naked bodies outside of my Branch again. At the very least, not half castrated bodies."

Leonel laughed, but Dmitry couldn't help but notice that he didn't make any promises.

...

Leonel and Aina left the Senate Branch and made a straight line toward their next destination. It was clear that they already had in mind exactly what they wanted, there wasn't any slight hesitation in their steps.

Soon, they stopped in front of a building. This plot of land would cost 40 million, at least double the price of the cheapest near-Senate locations. However, Leonel still chose it not because of its nicer locale, but rather because of who owned it.

Without a word, Leonel pressed his fore and middle finger together, his fingers piercing forward in a swift slash.

Those that had smelt trouble had already backed away, beginning to spectate from a safe distance.

However, even they were shocked when they saw the Green Thread banner and signboard being split in two.

The sign rattle to the ground beneath the deafening silence.

Just because they were licking their wounds, didn't mean that Leonel had to let them.

[Chapter 1495 Are You The Only One?](#)

"That's it?" Aina asked. "Just the sign?"

Leonel chuckled. "There's a perfectly good building right here. If we destroy it, wouldn't we have to build a new one? We'll just have to thank Treanna in advance."

Aina shook her head. Sometimes she couldn't decide whether Leonel was charismatic, or the exact opposite. What kind of charismatic person was so good at pissing people off? She didn't even have any good emotions toward Treanna, but she suddenly felt bad for her.

By this point, Leonel had crippled so many of Treanna's people that Aina wouldn't be surprised if most were too afraid to even help the Green Thread Faction any longer. Then, he stripped three of her more powerful Faction guardians naked and posted them up for everyone to see. And now, as though all of that wasn't enough, Leonel actually wanted to just snatch away one of their buildings?

Although Aina had only been in one of Treanna's "hospitals", it was enough to know that their Faction had spent quite a lot on aesthetics, and was especially particular about using materials that could keep Anarchic Force out.

There was no doubt that the building itself was worth just as much as the ground it was built on, if not more. Aina had thought that Leonel would destroy it entirely, but who knew that he would actually be shameless enough to speak of just keeping it?

"I didn't know you could be so shameless."

"I'm still holding back," Leonel said proudly, as though he had been complimented. "If I were to really go all out, we'd be on baby three by now."

Aina didn't know what to say. How'd he manage to make this about baby making again? Did he not have anything else on his mind? They were about to enter a battle!

As though Aina's thoughts were some kind of cue, the doors of the treatment center burst open, three individuals charging out at once. It was clear that the commotion of their sign being split in two and falling to the ground wasn't small, even alerting so many.

When they saw that it was Leonel and Aina across from them, their expressions changed. By now, who of the Green Thread Faction wouldn't have heard of these two?

Leonel didn't wait, holding up the permit he had just purchased.

"I'll be challenging your storefront today."

His words were simple and didn't carry the same smiling expression he had had for Aina at all. However, they alone were enough for the accumulating crowd to react as though a bucket of water had been thrown into hot oil.

The expression of the green haired young man leading the group changed before becoming nasty.

Why was it that lots of land near Senate Branches were so valuable? One of the reasons was the safety inherent to the region. Fighting within a Senate Branch was prohibited, and most subconsciously stretched out that range to the general vicinity of the Branch as well.

However, Leonel was clearly not a person with such qualms.

It was clear Leonel believed that their Faction was one he could just casually bully whenever he wanted. Many had already acknowledged his strength, and it was fair enough that it could be said that their Faction had started things, but did he think that he could be so casual with challenging them?

Leonel had spent a year in seclusion, and he had only just entered the Void Palace, so how could he know about the trials and tribulations their Faction had already undergone? The Viror family was nowhere near as strong as the Morales family, to begin with, nor could it compare to the Constellation families, or those other noble families that ran big shot organizations like Shield Cross Stars or the Force Crafter's Guild.

And yet, despite not having such a background, they had managed to carve out a monopoly for themselves on the backs of not just their hard work, but the talent of their future Matriarch, Treanna.

As badly as Leonel and Aina thought they had been bullied by their Faction, when they had just started off, they had faced far worse. So, from their point of view, Leonel and Aina were overestimating themselves!

At least back then, Treanna still had the backing of her Faction. But right here, there were only these two. Did they think that they were enough?!

The young man stormed forward, a heavy black chain appearing in his hands.

Without waiting for another word, he flicked his wrists, causing it surge forward like a tide.

The shadows of the chains seemed to block all lanes of retreat. The attack was swift, and powerful, but flexible and subtle at the same time. Leonel had rarely fought chain and whip experts in the past, but there was no doubt that this young man was the most skilled he had ever seen.

His hand shook, and one of his fingers flexed as Spear Force accumulated. He was just about to pierce forward when Aina grabbed his wrist.

"I let you have all the fun last time because you were angry, but this time it's my fault. Do you think you're the only one with a temper?"

Aina glared at Leonel before ignoring him entirely and sending out a punch.

In that moment, what sounded like a clap of thunder shattered the snaking shadows, revealing the image of the main whip, only for it to collide with Aina's fist.

Compared to the heft of the chain, Aina's slender arm and small fist really looked too frail. And yet, it was exactly this frail punch that stopped the chain in its place, sending a surge of energy through its body and causing the wrist of the young man controlling it to break.

A shriek of horror sounded, but Aina had already vanished from her spot, her foot lightly tapping the ground as a rush of crimson fog enveloped her.

Leonel seemed to realize at that moment that Aina hadn't just improved a little bit, she was now in the Quasi Sixth Dimension, and her strength showed it.

[Chapter 1496 Pile](#)

The three that had come fell one after another, unable to last even a few exchanges with Aina. They writhed on the ground, their bodies aching with pain.

Back then, Aina had only allowed Leonel to fight on her behalf because she quite liked the feeling of him protecting her. So long as it wasn't a life or death situation, he didn't mind being a docile partner to his right. However, as much as she liked that, she also liked fighting, and she could sense a powerful opponent inside.

If she didn't claim this battle for herself and let Leonel attack first, she wouldn't even get the chance to regret it later. When Leonel started fighting, he forgot about everything else. Sometimes he looked like even more of a battle maniac than she was.

The three youths that had fallen to the ground, were unable to get up. Aina's fighting style didn't seem as wild or murderous as Leonel's, but only they knew well that Aina was maybe even more vicious. Leonel might rip out an arm, but Aina's offensive seemed to make sure that they'd have broken bones and leaking inner organs in the worst of places. They couldn't even breathe without feeling as though shards of glass were lodged in their lungs.

At that moment, the very figure Aina had been waiting for walked out.

The young lady was wrapped in what looked like green leather armor that clung tightly to her curves. Vines, flowers, and even the occasional patch of bark decorated her armor, making it difficult to tell if it was real leather at all, or if it was just a special sort of plant.

Leonel knew who this young woman was quite immediately. Of course, this wasn't by her name or her feats, but rather the role she played.

The thoughts of the three youths that had charged out initially were not wrong. The Green Thread Faction had, indeed, gone through a lot to reach its current level. As such, they had many policies in place to protect themselves, policies that Leonel was mostly familiar with due to his buying of information.

Every one of Treanna's properties was protected by a powerhouse. These powerhouses were the core of the Viror family's strength in this generation. Treanna might have been the best, but she had others of her age chase after her footsteps, some more powerful than others.

One of these so-called powerhouses was Rosomon, whom Leonel had had a run-in with. This lady here was clearly another one.

She was only in Tier 3 of the Sixth Dimension, but despite this, her presence made Emonie, Eliot, and Jova, who had all been in Tier 4, seem like small tides on a slow day. It was clear that in the Void Palace, Tier was the very last measurement you should use to gauge someone's strength. Underestimating someone because their Tier was low could very well cause you to suffer greatly.

There was no doubt that this woman was either very close or already within the 97th percentile, having taken around five years or less to rise from Nominal Disciple, to Galaxy Ranked disciple.

Seeing the state of her three family members, the young woman frowned before her gaze locked onto Aina.

The two women moved at once.

The young woman in green leather and bits and pieces of nature flipped a palm to reveal an emerald green whip. At the same time, Aina's spatial ring tremble, revealing a long, snaking silk scarf that curled above her arms, following them up her shoulder and around the back of her neck.

Aina looked like she had just worn a shawl, but it was clear at a glance that it didn't touch her.

Whip and cloth shot out, however, when they met, instead of hearing the sounds of a cracking whip, there was only a gentle and reserved thud.

The two women floated about with an eye-aching speed, their two styles seemingly completely different.

The young woman's whip was fast, harsh and straight to the point. But, Aina's silk cloth seemed to flow softly and slowly, redirecting all the strength it faced without the slightest hurry. This seemed to paint the illusion that Aina was having a simple time, but Leonel's gaze remained narrowed.

Their fighting styles were different, but they were still about equal. Of course, the young woman had yet to use her God Runes, and as for Aina, since when was this her usual style? She was trying to learn something completely separate from her usual and she was clearly using this young woman as a whetstone.

"Alright, you two just keep fighting then. I'll be inside."

Leonel casually waved a hand and walked through the battlefield. As for worrying about Aina? He didn't feel like he needed to. If the young woman didn't have an upper hand now, she would never get one.

The young woman tried to stop Leonel but quickly found that she couldn't escape Aina even if she tried. It was only then that she, who had thought that she was still holding back and could still easily manage the situation, suddenly realized that this was very, very, very far from the truth.

Like this, an odd scene played out.

Aina and the young woman were locked in a clash, but every so often, another body would fly out from the store.

If this person was lucky, they would be flung out of a door. If they were unlucky, they'd be flung out a window.

The pile of Green Thread Faction members continued to grow.

Without a choice, the young woman could only roar, releasing her God Runes and hoping to end her battle with Aina quickly, but who could have thought that Aina's body would suddenly bloom, delicate black tattoos stretching across her skin and forcing the young woman into yet another deadlock.

No... It wasn't a deadlock. The injuries seemed to accumulate rapidly on the young woman's body.

Her anxiousness played against her strengths. She didn't even realize that the moment Aina had drawn first blood, the battle was already over.

But, this was something she would learn very soon as Aina extracted what benefits she could from her and added her to the pile.

[Chapter 1497 Very Soon](#)

Leonel patted his hands and opened the double glass doors to the treatment center from the inside, grinning at Aina. Right this moment, she had a slight sheen of sweat on her body, but it only seemed to make her more attractive.

Aina hadn't worn makeup ever since the Metamorphosis descended, but she only seemed to get more perfect as the days went on. Even in this state, she looked too good.

If it wasn't for Leonel's status, who knew how much trouble her beauty would have brought them? Fighting Leonel was one thing, but stealing his woman was a completely different matter. Things related to marriage and future betrothals were all mostly decided by families. Considering who Leonel's parents were, even if he didn't become the Heir Apparent of the Morales family, there were very few who would dare to interfere in this.

Even when it came to Eliot speaking of stripping Aina naked, this was more of a scare tactic than anything else. Doing something like humiliating Leonel's future wife was in line with castrating an individual, it was truly that important.

For the same reason castration was taboo, crossing the line in this fashion wasn't something many would do. Only those who didn't care to give face to the Morales family would ever dare to do anything to Aina. Or, more accurately, dare to take things too far with Aina.

It could be said that Leonel had most definitely benefited from his status again. Or else a woman like Aina, who was definitely soon to enter the Queen Beauty Rankings, wasn't one most would idly sit by and watch a rookie like Leonel woo her without challenge.

Leonel beamed a smile at Aina and stepped aside to let her in.

"Welcome to your Palace, my Queen. It's a bit shabby, but make do with it for now. I'll find you a better one very soon."

Aina laughed and shook her head, but the Green Thread Faction members, still trying to pick themselves up outside nearly vomited up more mouthfuls of blood, this time from rage rather than their injuries.

Shabby? Not even counting the wealth of Force Herbs and other medicines they stored inside for the treatment of their patients, just the materials, architecture, and building itself cost almost 50 million Void Points.

This wasn't an amount most Galaxy Ranked disciples could even make without several decades of effort. But, even daring to spend it all in one sitting was another matter altogether. Too few would even dare to stomach such a thing.

However, the couple didn't even seem to hear their grievances as they closed the doors, and entering the spacious lobby.

"So what do we do now?" Aina asked. She had left all the planning to Leonel, and this man really couldn't be bothered to explain things ahead of time. By now, she had just learned to compromise and take certain things as they came.

"Well, first, there are still patients here. We'll need to treat them first. They'll be our vanguard as well as our advertisement."

Aina rose an eyebrow before nodding in understanding.

"We'll have trouble beyond that, though," she responded. "Even if word of mouth spreads that our service is good, not many would dare to come here, to begin with. I'm almost certain that their Faction will take a page out of your book."

Aina gave Leonel a look, but he only laughed at this. Of course, Leonel had thought of this as well.

What was the strongest weapon of a large Faction? It was obviously intimidation.

One might be scared of Leonel, but he was still a single person, there were only so many places he could be at once. But, the Green Thread Faction practically controlled all the medicine at the Nominal, Quadrant and Galaxy Ranked, having done away with all their competition.

Even if others feared Leonel, he couldn't possibly deal with everyone who needed treatment from Treanna's medical centers, right?

Plus, Leonel didn't have the heart to do such a thing anyway. One reason he didn't destroy this building was that it was more useful intact, but the other reason was that he didn't want to harm the people who weren't related to this matter at all.

"There are a few ways I've thought to handle this. But the first and most important right now is anonymity.

"I chose a location nearby a Senate Branch not because of safety, it wouldn't be safe here anyway after we offended them, and not for traffic either, after all by the time we're done, people will be flocking.

"I chose it because there'll be plausible deniability. Once I'm done, it'll be impossible to tell if someone came here to visit the Senate Branch, or if they came to be treated. By the end, the flow in will be so great that it'll no longer matter.

"So let's deal with these patients first, then we can go to the next step where you'll have to take center stage... There also happens to be someone here who should be somewhat useful to us."

Aina raised a brow but didn't say much.

...

The process was quick. The number of patients numbered in the high dozens, but the combination of Leonel's and Aina's abilities, not to mention the latter's expertise, and it felt like they were blessed by some sort of god.

Under usual circumstances, patients would probably be reluctant to be treated by someone they didn't know, but disciples of the Void Palace didn't usually have such luxury. And, because the commotion didn't reach them, many had no idea that the two weren't even part of the Green Thread Faction until they were discharged.

What astonished those outside was that many who had entered half dead began to come out mere minutes later in the best condition of their lives, only to be shocked to learn from the growing crowd that it wasn't the Green Thread Faction that had treated them at all!

...

"Alright, I'll focus on building the formation to protect this place."

Aina nodded. "Then I'll go to the Force Pill Faction."

"Knock their socks off," Leonel said with a laugh.

"Who says that anymore? You're getting old."

Leonel could only watch Aina's hips sway off into the distance.

In the end, he smiled and focused on his task. Very soon, his girlfriend would be sending the Void Palace into another shock, so how could he fall far behind?

[Chapter 1498 Worse Than Hell](#)

As Leonel worked, news began to quickly spread back to the Green Thread Faction and beyond. It was quite rare for challenges like this to happen between Factions, let alone for two individuals without a Faction at all to suddenly rush up to challenge a Faction on their own like this. It only made it a hotter topic when it was considered that the Green Thread Faction had just been promoted to the Silver Grade.

Leonel, though, had focused so much on the task at hand that nothing else seemed to matter to him at all. However, what no one could have expected that on this day, the situation would completely change.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Even if he didn't want to, at this point, Leonel had no choice but to snap awake, the sudden backlash of the incomplete Force Art nearly throwing him into the air.

Leonel coughed violently, his expression warping.

The ground shook and quaked, the earth that looked so sturdy and impenetrable before splitting in several regions.

'What the hell?'

Leonel grabbed out toward something to stabilize himself, his gaze turning cold as he ran through possibilities. His head turned up, looking in the direction that Aina had left, but he suddenly realized that it had already been half a day since then. He had been so focused that he didn't notice the time passing.

This much wasn't unexpected, Leonel was already prepared for her to be gone for a while. According to their original plan, Aina would get certified by the Force Pill Faction. Leonel had faith that Aina would perform astoundingly. Once she did, her name would spread for a reason other than her combat prowess, and then their next steps would flow much more smoothly.

According to Leonel's estimations, it would probably take Aina about this long to succeed. But, before she could return, something seemed to have happened to the Violet Palace?

Before Leonel could think any further, the coldness in his eyes vanished, and a portal the size of which he couldn't even fathom appeared.

The Void Palace itself was already larger than any construct Leonel had ever seen. Its mountains and moons loomed in the vastness of space, stretching out for dozens of planets' widths and heights. Yet, this portal appeared to dwarf it in size.

No matter where you were, whether at the bottom of the mountain or the top, and whether you were still in the Fifth Dimension or the well into the Seventh, there was not a single soul present that didn't feel as though their souls were being sucked out of their bodies.

'Is that... A Zone...?'

Leonel couldn't breathe.

It didn't make any sense. The Zones of the Void Palace should have long since been cleared. The only ones that remained open for missions were Unique Zones kept open so that their resources could be benefited from. It didn't make any sense for a new Zone to suddenly appear like this one.

And why was it so large!?

Leonel could barely tilt his head into the skies to find a flood of powerful auras rushing into the skies, each one of them wearing a serious expression. It was hard to tell if they understood what was going on, or if they were just as confused as everyone else was.

But, at that moment, nothing seemed to matter at all. Unable to do anything to stop it, the Void Palace and all of its students, teachers and volunteers were swallowed whole.

...

In a distant location, Velasco's head snapped upward, his expression changing. If Leonel had been here to see his father, his own heart would have skipped several beats. This was something that he had never seen before.

Soon, Velasco's shocked expression turned from surprise to unbridled fury, his glasses cracking and shattering beneath the pressure.

Bits and shards threatened to blind him, and yet he didn't even blink a single time. A Craft that had been formed of Seventh Dimensional materials shattered and attack the most vulnerable location on his body, and yet they rebounded off of his irises as though meeting a steel wall. From beginning to end, the usual prankster of a father didn't even flinch.

Velasco's fury shattered the bounds of reality, the planet he was standing above going from hole to pierced through in the blink of an eye. It was as though a massive rod had run from its north pole to the south pole, its core being obliterated.

Just like that, an Eighth Dimensional planet was torn to shreds, its implosion cascading into the surroundings like a supernova's eruption.

Velasco didn't say anything for a long while, simply staring into the distance. However, his expression became calmer and calmer until the point it seemed as though nothing had happened at all...

Until he erupted into boisterous laughter. The sonic waves that billowed out from his lungs formed concentric circles in the depths of space, the waves cracking and shattering space.

It seemed no different from a normal laugh on the surface. In fact, it even sounded jovial. But, anyone who knew Velasco was quite aware that he was absolutely enraged. Thoroughly enraged.

The last people who had heard this laughter were those of the Void Palace almost 30 years ago, and now it had appeared once more.

Why was he here in the first place? Why was he trudging and slaughtering his way through a different Domain instead of staying by his wife's side and wasting the hours away teasing that useless son of his? It was precisely so that he could make sure that this exact thing didn't happen.

And yet, they had actually dared to test his bottom line like this. It seemed that since he had disappeared for so many years so that he could raise his son, they had forgotten just who Velasco Morales was.

He would make them pay dearly. And if a single hair was harmed on his wife's head, he would show them something worse than hell.

As for his son? Well, he could always make another one.

[Chapter 1499 Vicious](#)

Leonel snapped awake, his body shooting upward as his nerves were primed to an extreme. His mind ran on overdrive, scanning everything around him. But, he ultimately found nothing.

He was in the depths of a forest, but it was oddly green. He hadn't seen such greenery in over year since he had been stuck in the Void Palace. But, this didn't put him at ease at all.

Hadn't the whole Void Palace been swallowed? So how was it that he was no longer where he had been previously? How long had he been out of it? Did someone bring him here? No, that didn't make sense. Why would someone just plop him in the middle of a forest and then run away? He could sense anything in his near vicinity.

Leonel took a breath and calmed himself. Then, he leaped into the tree by his side before plummeting back down once again.

His eyes widened.

This world? Just where was he?

He had gotten used to the pinnacle Seventh Dimensional atmosphere of the Void Palace, and he had jumped accordingly. But, he actually hadn't jumped as high as he thought he should have?

It couldn't be. Was this an Eighth Dimensional world?!

That didn't make sense either. The combination of dense Anarchic Force and its pinnacle Seventh Dimensional atmosphere should have made the Void Palace no less difficult to navigate than any Eighth Dimensional world. In fact, there were definitely Eighth Dimensional worlds that couldn't compare to the Void Palace in this regard.

However, the suppression Leonel felt on his body and his Ability Index was just as great if not greater.

Leonel didn't even want to think about what this meant. Just what the hell kind of Zone was this?

That was when something in Leonel's mind suddenly clicked, a spark of lightning going off in his Dreamscape. When the realization sunk in, he felt his heart tremble. He only had one thought...

Was this the end of the Human Race?

Leonel took a breath and his expression went entirely cold. The pressure he suddenly felt was unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

With all this talk of Zones, Unique Zones, controlling them, and manipulating them, Leonel had a thought that he never put into action. What if you used Zones as weapons of mass destruction? What if you suddenly trapped all the greatest geniuses of a race in a single Zone?

As for the entry limit? Who cared? In fact, wouldn't it be better to go over that count?

Leonel had experienced it before personally. Back when he entered the Camelot Zone, the members of the Slayer Legion and the Adurna family had "died" after being turned into walking-dead puppets.

However, after Leonel released them, the Zone once again registered them as living beings. And, because Leonel had taken Little Blackstar out of the snowglobe for the first time back then, the Zone had registered one additional person.

The penalty for one additional person hadn't been too harsh. But, their time limit had still been restricted.

But, what if you went over two people? Ten? A hundred? Several thousand? Millions?

There were easily millions of youths in the Void Palace, and that was just the young. What about the older individuals? What if this Zone also counted the Cursed Beasts in the mountains just like they had counted Little Blackstar back then?

By then, the penalty would be so harsh that they might all be finished. Leonel wouldn't be surprised if they had already surpassed the time limit. But, he couldn't even check because he no longer had the dictionary by his side.

It was a masterstroke, indeed. Whoever did this needed the ability to take control of a Zone, change its location, and Leonel was certain that they would also have to be able to manipulate the size of the Zone as well. After all, if the Zone was too small, how would it swallow them all up like this?

Leonel's expression only became colder the longer he thought.

This wasn't just vicious, it was as good as committing genocide on an impossibly large scale. Everyone who had been sucked into this Zone would never be able to return.

Leonel took a breath and his heart finally slowed to a crawl. He couldn't help but internally sneer, his mind reaching an unprecedented level of focus.

He definitely couldn't say that he was bored any longer. It seemed it was time for him to find out if this was the challenge he would be unable to overcome, or if even this wasn't enough.

At that moment, the rustling of leaves entered Leonel's ears. He didn't seem surprised by this at all. The moment he had failed to jump into the tree, he had already felt that something like this would happen. The commotion he had caused was not small.

Right then, a group of a half dozen appeared. But, when Leonel saw their appearances, his eyes couldn't help but narrow. It wasn't that he recognized them, or that he was surprised that he didn't recognize them. Rather, it was that he was just not expecting such a thing.

The group that surrounded him wore clothing right out of the stone ages. The women wore beasts skins to cover their chests and bottoms, while the men just wore the latter. All of them wielded wooden spears and stared toward Leonel with a menacing light in their eyes.

Without hesitation, they all pierced forward at once, but Leonel didn't even move.

Just when it seemed that they would all skewer him through, the points of their spears shattered into a rain of ash, leaving them watching in shock as their weapons crumbled to the ground.

Despite the fact that their weapons seemed simple, any weapon carved from a world of this caliber would be strong. They were used to hunting beasts tens of times Leonel's size without fear, but they suddenly felt their hearts constrict.

They roared out, barking in a language Leonel couldn't even begin to understand. But, even as two of them seemed intent on continuing, another fell to their knees, followed by a second, and then a third.

[Chapter 1500 Strong](#)

Leonel's gaze sharpened, striking out with two palms, one right before him and the other to his left.

While some have fallen to their knees, another contingent had chosen to attack directly instead. It was clear that these individuals weren't of one mind, and he still couldn't understand what language they were speaking. All he knew was that they seemed to be thoroughly enraged by his mere existence.

A jolt of pain shot through Leonel's arms, causing his pupils to constrict.

These people, he was sure that they weren't at his level. How were they so strong?

Leonel's hips pivoted, his approach changing in the blink of an eye. From a direct approach, his movements became like flowing water, diverting the strength of the two that had attacked him off to his sides.

His weight shifted, his elbow driving down toward the head of one as they lost their balance and stumbled forward.

A sickening crack resounded, but the jolt that traveled up Leonel's arm caused his body to shiver, resulting in him almost missing the timing to attack the second individual.

He instigated Dream Sense into action, splitting the sensation the millions of ways and dulling to the point his body's initial reaction whittled down to nearly nothing.

Taking advantage of his recovery and his shift of momentum to a single leg, he lifted his other foot, ramming his shin into the nose of the second stumbling warrior.

A spurt of blood followed another sickening crack. Just as quickly, they both crumpled to the ground, causing those that had chosen to kneel to cower even more.

To them, Leonel's movements were beyond their understanding, but only Leonel himself knew just how much pressure he had been under just now. The strength of these people was no less than his own, it was just that his own technique was far more refined than their own and his ability to adapt and react was far beyond even their imaginations.

All things being equal, Leonel would have lost if the two of them ganged up on him. And, even if he could fight them one on one, he would very quickly find himself in an all out brawl. It would have been difficult to tell just who would win or lose.

Luckily, just then, Leonel had shifted from his more direct style and implemented concepts of Gentle into his movements. If not, he had been very close to suffering just now. Even if his bones didn't fracture, his shoulders might have dislocated.

It was hard for Leonel to accept this because he didn't feel the pressure of the Sixth Dimension from these people. But, from what he knew of the Dimensional Verse, unless you were an astounding genius of the other Races, there was no way someone in the Fifth Dimension could have put him in such a state.

Of those he had met, maybe only Amery, Aina and Myghell could match Leonel while still being in the Fifth Dimension. And that was just raw strength. Truthfully, Leonel didn't think he could possibly lose to some at the same strength. Part of the reason was likely because of the arrogance Aina had spoken about him having, but another part was justified.

When Leonel had said he could beat Aina ten out of ten times and then gotten beaten up by her moments later, his thoughts had never really changed. If it came down to a matter of life and death where he could go all out, and he actually had intentions of winning, he felt that someone would have to be in the Seventh Dimension, at least, to make him truly despair.

Leonel's greatest trump card, his mind, was something that most simply couldn't counter.

Still, while he had easily defeated these few individuals, their strength astonished him.

They were probably in the Fifth Dimension? But they actually had such strength?

'No, I can't tell what Dimension they are at all.... I have no idea...'

Leonel's brows furrowed. He had never had an issue with telling someone's Dimension so long as they were close to his own or beneath him. Even for those far above, it wasn't too difficult to guess by process of elimination. But this...

'And this language... Aren't they human, why can't I understand it?'

This was another thing that baffled Leonel. By now, he didn't even need to use language translation treasures anymore because picking up a new language for him had become far easier, especially since the highest echelons of the Human Domain all pretty much spoke the same language.

Even when the language was a little different from what he was used to, his mind had become fast enough to pick up on the quirks quickly and adjust, he had done something similar on Planet Luxnix.

However, this language was so far and away different that he hadn't grasped it even after hearing the speak it for so long.

Leonel's frown deepened. Without the Segmented Cube's inner space to rely on, he didn't have a convenient device to take out right now.

'I need to retreat. These people are already so powerful and nothing about them screams leadership, or else they wouldn't have been so divided in how to react to me. I'll need to find time to scout them and comprehend their language first, then we can consider a next step.'

With Leonel's thinking speed, the two he had defeated had hard fallen to the ground by the time he came to a decision.

A strong Light Force swirled around him and his three illusory tails appeared once more. With a step, he leapt into the trees he could reach before, vanishing into their folds.

He didn't miss the gasp and shock of these people when they saw his use of Force. But, he could only note this and disappear.

He wrapped himself in a thin layer of Ethereal Star Force and hid in the trees, observing the group and planning on following them.

Not long later, he was proven to be correct as a burly man who seemed very much like their leader appeared.