

Descent 221

Chapter 221

Leonel shoved off a massive slab of building off of him. Finally, it seemed that his eyes showed a bit of clarity, likely due to the thumping pain in his arm currently.

His right hand wasn't a mass of bloody flesh as one might expect, but it wasn't that far off either. His bones managed to survive the ordeal with a few fractures, but the skin on his knuckles was completely obliterated. It could be said that for a normal human, this arm could be considered useless for the foreseeable future. But Leonel was able to ignore it somewhat at his current stage.

Unfortunately, he didn't have the luxury of dwelling on this for any decent period of time because Lamorak was already charging toward him, his lumbering figure causing the ground to shake.

Leonel's expression turned cold.

Someone was playing with his mind. He wasn't one to lose his temper easily. Something like flying into a rage like he just had wasn't something he would do under normal circumstances.

By now, Leonel was certain that his actions were related to Aliard. It seemed that the magic system of this Mythological Zone was even more troublesome to deal with than he had thought originally.

But, now that he had recovered, he wouldn't allow his mind to be affected as easily again.
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'Since you want to fight, let's fight.'

Leonel's palm flipped, causing his pointed spear to appear in his hand.

He had already decided. His priority was running from this place, but he had to find an opportunity. It took time to sink into the earth and escape. Now that he thought about it, the best chance was while he was still beneath the pile of rubble, but his mind had still been clouded then.

'I'll use this battle to scale the strength of these knights and probe what other abilities their so-called Three Star Magi have. Then, I'll get sent flying again and use that chance to escape through the earth.'

After Leonel came to this conclusion, he chose to hide some of his strength. Since his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor was exposed, there was no helping it. But, he could still keep his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor a secret. Like this, he would still have some trump cards in the future.

Lamorak's expression grew several levels more serious when he saw Leonel's spear appear. At the same time, he became even more certain that Leonel had something to hide. PANDA NOVEL

He too was able to take out his weapon from thin air, but this wasn't something a supposed commoner should be able to do. It was becoming more and more obvious that Leonel had something to hide.

However, he was still feeling confident. He had seen through Leonel's strength after their first exchange. Aside from a strong physical defense, his strength was a few notches below his own and his combat sense was even weaker. At least... that was what he thought initially.

After Leonel's eyes regained their calm, he took a forceful step forward that sent his battle intent soaring through the skies. It was to the point that even Lamorak himself was somewhat suppressed.

Leonel's spear pierced forward thrice in quick succession, sending curving arcs of wind toward the hulking knight.

Lamorak shattered them all with a forceful swing of his spikeless mace, but his steps were still paused, allowing Leonel to take another forceful step forward, sending out several more piercing strikes.

Leonel knew that his spear would snap after just a single exchange with Lamorak's mace, so how could he allow such a thing to happen. PANDA NOVEL

He continuously cast [Call of the Wind] toward Lamorak's vitals, his cold calculating gaze seeing two, three, even four steps ahead.

It was only at that moment that the crowd came to a shocking realization of what was happening. One of the 12 Knight of the Round Table was being... suppressed?

Only Leonel and Lamorak knew that this wasn't exactly the case. At most, Leonel was like an annoying fly, constantly pestering the latter and keeping him from being able to exert his full strength.

HONG!

Leonel took another step forward. At that moment, Lamorak felt his arm sink. Due to the sudden change, he couldn't react in time and one of Leonel's piercing strikes found its way through the chinks in his armor, causing the hulking brute to finally bleed.

'The gravity field is only 1.1x, but it's enough for a sudden change of pace...'

Leonel's eyes narrowed.

While Lamorak was unable to use his full strength, neither was Leonel. Not only was he holding back some trump cards, but he also had to continuously monitor Aliard. However, he was so focused on protecting his life that he didn't even notice the utter silence that had fallen over the inner city. They couldn't believe their eyes.

Still, despite the fact he had been injured, Lamorak didn't seem to care. In fact, he seemed completely unaffected.

"It seems I will have to use my true strength. I've underestimated you."

Lamorak suddenly stopped defending completely. Or rather, he stopped moving entirely. Yet, even when Leonel sent out more [Call of Wind] strikes, trying to keep his distance, they completely shattered before even entering a one meter radius of the hulking knight.

Lamorak's Force began to flicker with a wild brilliance, condensing into a red, raging flame. Yet, Leonel could tell that this wasn't Fire Elemental Force. It was something completely different. It didn't have any heat to it, nor did the temperature rise.

His Force took a tangible form, fluttering around his body and causing an oppressive pressure to flood over the battlefield.

BANG!

The stone beneath Lamorak's feet shattered as he shot forward.

Leonel shot back, his brow slightly furrowed. But, no matter how many strikes he sent forward, he couldn't break through the barrier around Lamorak at all.

At that moment, Leonel's steps gained an enigmatic rhythm to them. He seemed to lead himself into a corner, only to just barely slip out and flip the positions of both himself and Lamorak.

His light steps were in complete opposition to Lamorak's own heavy stomps, making their battle seem like one of a giant versus an ant.

"General Star?"

Lamorak remained expressionless. He had already heard Jarin say that Leonel had such a thing. But.. Didn't he as well? In fact, compared to Leonel's own, it was like comparing a grown man to a child just learning to walk. The difference was even more exaggerated since Leonel's Runes made his body heavier than he was equipped to handle.

Just when Leonel wanted to trick Lamorak with his steps again, he found a swinging mace he couldn't avoid at all in his way. In fact, to an outside observer, it seemed as though he had walked into it of his own volition.

BANG!

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Leonel felt as though all the bones in his body were shattering. He had never been hit by a truck before, but he assumed that this was about as close as he could get to the real thing.

His body curved grotesquely around Lamorak's spikeless, cylindrical mace almost like a ball deforming around a baseball bat. Then, in the blink of an eye, he was sent flying.

Or rather... he thought that was what would happen. But, reality was cruel.

In the single step Lamorak had taken to send a blow toward Leonel, the ground beneath his feet caved downward before jetting up a large broken piece. Before Leonel could fly very far to the side, he hit this broken piece first, causing his already bent body to crash the other way.

In the end, as though it was all planned out beforehand, Leonel fell right before Lamorak, the glint in his eyes slowly growing dim.

Leonel's world began to spin. He didn't have the presence of mind to maintain his ability any longer. It felt as though everything was fading. The pain was truly too much. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

His thoughts were in complete disarray. He only caught onto the faintest inkling of something that made him shocked to the point of speechlessness.

Every step Lamorak had taken before had caused a crack on the ground. Then, during his last attack, his final step managed to kick up a large slab of stone that stopped Leonel from flying away. However, according to Leonel's calculations, that should have been impossible unless... the previous steps drew the outline of the stone slab he eventually kicked up.

If this was true, Leonel could only admit that he was entirely outclassed. His ability was perfectly suited for this kind of planned battle, yet he still lost so resoundingly. Weren't big brutes like Lamorak supposed to be simple minded?

Leonel felt his consciousness fading.

The last time he felt this kind of pain, it was while he was opening his bloodline shackles. But, at least that had some sort of reward at the end. This was just unbridled, unconcealed, and unrestrained pain.

PANDA NOVEL

Suddenly, the sound of whistling wind shook Leonel awake. He didn't need to look up to know that it was Lamorak's heavy mace swinging down toward him.

As a man of the battlefield, Lamorak didn't feel the need to say anything after siezing victory. There was no room for trash talk or disdaining the enemy in such a situation. Those who did things like this usually didn't last very long.

It could be said that this was the first time Leonel felt that death was so close. Not that there was just a threat of it, but in just a few more moments, he would experience what it felt like to have his life snatched from him.

In the Mayan Tomb, he almost died at the hands of the sacrificial virgin, but that was a choice he, himself had made. He had found it too difficult to take the life of an innocent teenage girl. Compared to this situation where the choice wasn't in his hands at all, it was completely different.

'This feeling... sucks...' p??J??????

Leonel hadn't ever felt such a wave of helplessness before.

'I don't like it...'

Leonel tried to move, a strong will pulling his body together as he tumbled to one side, just barely avoiding Lamorak's fatal strike. However, the air pressure alone made him feel as though his body was collapsing.

Shattered bits of dirt and stone were flung on his body, sending him sliding to the side.

Leonel grasped out for his spear, only to realize it was nowhere to be found. It must have flown out of his hand during that last barrage. What a joke, he hadn't even felt it leave his grasp. Had he been a true spearman, he would likely rather die than relinquish his weapon so easily, but it seemed he hadn't reached such a stage yet.

Lamorak raised an eyebrow. He had only missed because according to his own calculative abilities, Leonel should have been too injured to move at all. Something like this was outside his expectations.

However... he wouldn't miss again.

BANG!

Leonel was hit squarely on the head. The ground he was trying to pull himself up from shattered and formed a small crater.

Lamorak had thought that this would be enough, but his brows furrowed once more. He faintly noticed Leonel take out a weird... fish scale? That scale formed a shield that just as quickly collapsed under his might. It was likely this that had saved Leonel's life this time.

Lamorak began to feel a slight discomfort in his chest. With his experience, he knew that if he let things go on like this, one or two coincidences might snowball into three or four. Eventually, the situation would get out of hand and leave his scope of ability to handle.

His aura surged, the billowing red Force around him surging up to another level. This time, he wouldn't swing casually. He really would go all out.

A roar billowed out. Despite the fact it came from his mouth, it felt as though it projected out from his chest. His torso swelled, concentric circles of concentrated wind jetting out from his lips. It was so deafening that it made it difficult to tell whether or not the roar came from a man, or a beast.

BANG!

Leonel scrambled to activate two fish scales as the cylindrical mace descended once more. He still had many remaining since he hadn't ended up needing them for the Force Crystal Core. But, it somehow felt that no matter how many he brought out, it still wouldn't matter. Lamorak had an undeniable will. Even if he had to flatten a mountain or split the oceans, he would do it.

An overwhelming strength came down from above. The two Force Skins Leonel formed barely held up for a split moment before shattering like broken glass.

The mace crashed into his body, causing the small crater to expand a fold in size.

The cracks along the cobble stone streets spread out toward the various shops on the side, causing some of them to collapse on their foundations.

Leonel's chest caved inward, his face becoming badly distorted. When Lamorak lifted his mace once more, there was nothing but a mangled mess.. With how much blood there was, it was difficult to even differentiate the features of a normal human body.

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Leonel's mind went blank. Was he really going to die here?

He was unwilling. Even more unwilling than he felt when his bloodline shackles tried to force him to take a step back. He was continuously roaring in his heart.

However, his body was really in no state to move. No matter how unwilling he was, there was a limit to what will could accomplish.

'He's still alive?' Lamorak raised an eyebrow.

He still didn't manage to kill Leonel after going all out like this?

Just when he wanted to swing again, though, a voice suddenly called out to stop him.

“Hold on, Sir Lamorak. There’s still some value in questioning this young man, don’t you think?” PANDA-NOVEL.COM

“Questioning him? For what, exactly?”

“Don’t you think there are still some odd points about this? If he really was a spy, his actions are a bit too odd. Plus, I’m sure you know it’s not possible for our Camelot to not have a single spy within it, right? With such a high value spy like this young man, why would he come here on his own instead of relying on one of those connections to establish a footing first?”

Lamorak felt that Aliard’s words made sense.

If he thought about it, the reason he was so hostile to Leonel was because of his weird actions. The moment they began to question him, he suddenly became defensive and even jumped back, broadening a ten meter radius between them.

At that moment, he had already assumed Leonel to be a spy. But, from another angle, would a real spy really act so obviously?

Lamorak frowned. But in the end, his gaze turned resolute as he raised his mace once more. PANDA-NOVEL

“Sir Lamorak, what are you doing?”

“While there are some suspicious points, there are even more points in favor of him being a spy. Your [Paranoia Fog] spell forces one to reveal their inner thoughts. It’s clear that not only is this young man hiding something, but judging by his initial reaction, he’s also hiding a bestial aura within his usually calm demeanor.

“With this kind of attitude, he isn’t a person who forgives easily. Even if he doesn’t retaliate, his heart will never be with Camelot. This will be something Modred can exploit.

“Such a person. It’s better that he dies.”

Leonel didn’t hear any of these words. Even if he wanted to, the pain was too unbearable.

Leonel subconsciously escaped into his Dream World. He was pleasantly surprised to find that the pain lessened when he did so. It wasn’t that his body had healed, but rather that it took a lot of his mental faculties to enter this space. So, his other senses were dulled. p??U??????

Leonel had thoughts of just staying here to the end. Maybe death would be less painful in this way.

However, that familiar unwillingness swelled in his heart.

He really did hate this feeling. He couldn’t explain why he hated it so much, either. It wasn’t as simple as him not liking pain. At the same time, it wasn’t like Lamorak was a horrible person. He was only doing what he thought was right. He also didn’t look down on Leonel, nor did he disdain his existence.

All this being said, Leonel still hated this. He hated it so much that even with all the pain ravaging his body, he still had emotions to spare for fury.

But, what good was that? Fury wouldn’t do him any good. If anything, it would probably speed up his death.

‘I need... to get up...’

Despite having these thoughts, what good were they? Wanting to get up and being able to were two completely different concepts. No amount of will could mend his bones and flesh. His body was a complete mess.

In truth, the fact that he had any consciousness to speak of was shocking enough. Maybe if his spirit wasn’t so great, his thoughts would have already faded.

Leonel's mind drifted, looking toward the large, complicated Dream Sculpt hanging in the air above him. It looked like a maze of golden and silver lines. If one had to explain it in just a few words, it would be like if one created a complex network of tunnels beneath a planet's surface, then took everything away but the tunnels themselves.

In truth, it was incomplete. This Dream Sculpt was none other than the Natural Force Art of the Force Crystal Mine Core. It was about 99% to completion, but that final percentage point felt like an insurmountable mountain to Leonel. He felt that even if he spent years meditating on it, it wouldn't do him any good.

Leonel fell into a trance staring toward the Natural Force Art before he realized what was happening. This always seemed to happen when he looked at this Dream Sculpt. He wasn't sure why it was it happened, but all he knew was that falling into this trance lessened his pain even more, it almost felt somewhat refreshing.

In the outside world, Lamorak's mace reached its apex.

Aliard sighed and shook his head. He didn't feel that it was worth it to have a clash of ideologies with a Knight of the Round Table over someone as insignificant as Leonel. Plus, the words he spoke were true. There was nothing wrong with his analysis.

However, just as Lamorak was about to swing downward just one more time, the fourth coincidence he had been battling against seemed to occur.

At first, Leonel was nothing but a bloody mess. But in the next instant, a boundless light suddenly radiated out from his body. It was as though the light wanted to pierce the skies above. Its presence alone made the few clouds disperse, tearing them apart into rippling waves.

Lamorak froze, as did Aliard and the rest.

The light didn't last for long. It also didn't come with an oppressive, unbridled aura. It was actually quite gentle, gentle to the point many somehow felt tears welling in their eyes. Their chests were overwhelmed by feelings of love and care, yet none of them could grasp where this feeling was coming from.

At that moment, Leonel's body was finally visible once again. It was still the same, bloodied mess. But, there were odd, fluttering white feathers falling around him like gentle drops of rain.

Each of the white feathers looked pure beyond belief, radiating a gentle golden light as they fell onto Leonel's body one after another.

Under the shocked eyes of the spectators, as every feather fell, the wounds on Leonel's body seemed to slowly close as well... However, with such a slow pace... How could there possibly be enough time to recover before Lamorak's mace fell?

Chapter 224

[Schedule will be changing. Updates will be at 10pm EST from now on.]

Lamorak was shocked by the sudden turn, but he quickly recovered. Underestimating this boy could only end poorly. The only way to ensure that nothing else unexpected occurred would be to kill him now.

After reaching such a conclusion, his aura surged once more, his power entering his spikeless, cylindrical mace as he powered a strike downward.

"Holy Son!"

Elys' sudden shocked cry shook the inner city.

"Sir Lamorak, please stay your hand!"

Lamorak didn't seem to hear anything, but it was at this point that Aliard moved. Just when his mace was about to kill Leonel, the frail old man appeared before the knight, a wand faintly glowing in his hand.

A muffled boom sounded.

Aliard's maroon robes fluttered wildly under the wind pressure, but his supposedly fragile figure didn't bend. In fact, under the shocked gazes of everyone, his thin wand completely stopped Lamorak's massive mace in its tracks. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Lamorak frowned. "What are you doing, Magus Aliard?"

Aliard sent a complicated gaze toward Leonel before turning back toward Lamorak.

"You cannot kill him."

Compared to before, there wasn't an ounce of leeway in his words. It seemed that no matter what Lamorak said this time, it wouldn't matter in the slightest. Aliard had already resolved himself to protect Leonel.

Lamorak's frown deepened. "Give me an explanation."

His voice came out hoarse. No one doubted that if Aliard's words weren't convincing enough, the great knight truly wouldn't have a problem with starting a battle here and now. Compared to the safety of Camelot, he didn't mind falling out with even a Three Star Magus if he deemed it necessary.

"You should have already heard it. He is our Holy Son. What other explanations do you need?"

Lamorak slowly lowered his mace. It seemed that he wouldn't be able to do what he wanted to do today. He had indeed heard Elys' words, but he had completely ignored them. It was impossible to tell whether he knew their significance or not, or if he simply knew of it and still didn't care. PANDA NOVEL

At that moment, a whole host of city guards began to make their way forward. These events seemed to have taken a long time, but it was truly no more than a few minutes since the battle began. Coupling that with the fact the inner city usually didn't need much policing and it was no surprise that it took so long for officials to make their way here.

However, by the time they did, it was all already over.

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Leonel startled awake.

His first thought was that he had died and ascended to some higher world controlled by a greater power. It truly wasn't his fault for thinking this either.

For one, he had been in a life or death situation. And secondly... he couldn't describe the place he was currently in by any other means.

Everything was either in white or gold. Even the bed sheets that covered him were embroidered with real gold sheets. With his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, it was simple for Leonel to tell that this was in fact real metal.

Despite the fact that everything was woven by such bright colors, the room itself wasn't hard on the eyes. Everything gave off a warm light that made it more comfortable than grating. It was precisely the kind of place one would expect 'Heaven' to resemble. ρ???(???????)

However, these thoughts didn't last long because when Leonel awoke, the large doors to his current room were opened. It was only now he realized just how tall the entryway was. He didn't understand why a bedroom needed doors with a height of over five meters.

After he got over the oddity of the doors, Leonel was shocked to find that the one who entered was ... Elys?

He very much doubted that she died along with him. Plus, if this was his Heaven, the woman who came in should definitely be Aina, not this woman he barely caught a glimpse of beneath her massive, pointed hat.

This time, though, Elys had taken off her large hat, revealing quite some delicate features. She looked like a girl of no more than 16 years of age. But, remembering that Jarin had called her an old hag multiple times, he felt that there was more to this story.

When Elys saw Leonel looking at her so intently, she blushed profusely, forgetting what she had come for. The tray of water and fruits she had come in with clattered under her nervousness, shaking along with her trembling hands.

Leonel raised an eyebrow. What was wrong with this woman? She didn't seem like the type to act like this. In fact, she had quite the foul mouth from what he remembered. Plus, it wasn't like he was handsome enough to cause such a reaction.

As for Flowing Wind's words on his attractiveness? He never took it very seriously. She was just the type to say such things.

Had Flowing Wind been here, she would have definitely felt aggrieved. She was very selective with her compliments. Even before the Metamorphosis, Leonel was fairly attractive. At least considered within a top percentile of men.

After the Metamorphosis, not much changed. Until, that is... he awakened his Lineage Factors. He already had the appearance of a Roman God after touching upon his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor. But, what he didn't know was that while he was unconscious, he had unshackled the Healing Sub Branch of his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor.

This had not only saved his life in an unexpected way, but it had also given him an added charm.

Of course, this alone wasn't the reason Elys was acting in this way. Leonel's charm was one thing, but the legends behind his ability were something completely different.

After a while, Elys finally settled herself beneath Leonel's gaze and set the tray down.

Her long, slender fingers played with the fabric of her dark blue robes.

“Holy Son, would you like me to serve you?”

Leonel's expression turned weird while Elys seemed to become a ripe tomato.

It was only after a while Leonel realized she was making weird assumptions because of his gaze.

“Holy Son...? What is that?” Leonel asked with a weird expression.

Elys blinked. Seemingly realizing that she had misunderstood something, she reddened even more.

“The Holy Son is you, of course.”

“Me? How am I your Holy Son?”

Leonel’s expression became weirder.

“That’s of course because Holy Son can Spirit Crystalize the Light Element. Had we known this before, we would have never treated Holy Son as such...”

Elys bowed in apology, causing Leonel to not know what to say.

He had always thought that the so-called light versus darkness cliché was utter nonsense. But, he had completely forgotten that this was a Mythological Zone. This was exactly the kind of place those clichés and legends came from....

Chapter 225

After listening to Elys, Leonel came to understand a bit more about his situation.

‘It’s no wonder they immediately threw out the idea of me being a spy...’

According to Elys, Modred and her Demon Army were harbingers of darkness. Though Leonel wasn’t certain if this meant that they could utilize Dark Elemental Force, what he did know was that the people of Camelot believed that someone who could utilize the Light Element was an inherently good person.

Toward this, Leonel was a bit speechless, but he couldn't blame them. After all, if the main enemy you fought for a lifetime was one of darkness, you had good reason to assume such things.

"What is Spirit Crystallization?"

For such questions, there was no point in asking the dictionary about them. This was an entirely new magic system from what Leonel understood. As such, though the dictionary could make speculations, it wasn't possible to understand it in detail. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

This experience would teach Leonel something very important about the universe. Tales of fiction tended to have just one power system that ruled over all others, but this wasn't how the real world worked.

Within the universe, there were countless systems of powers and new ones were being created all the time. Even though many of them had the same ends, they all approached it differently.

Some magic systems could reach the pinnacle, others were lacking a bit, and yet others were lacking a lot. Whether Camelot's system fit into the first category or one of the latter didn't truly matter much to Leonel right now. All he knew was that they were more powerful than his current self. So, at least for now, their techniques were worth learning.

As long as it wouldn't badly influence his future path in a more properly vetted magic system, Leonel wouldn't mind trying out everything they had to offer.

"Ah..." Elys seemed to realize that Leonel really didn't know much of anything. It made her feel embarrassed that they had thought of him as a spy. "... Spirit Pressure is used to Crystallize the Elements. Mages are born with differing affinities depending on several factors. [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA-NOVEL)

"Most often, affinities are inherited from one's parents. If two mages have a child together, there is normally a 20% chance their child will also be a mage. If those mages are more powerful, the chance is even higher. But, it will also be more difficult for them to have children.

“If the parents share an affinity, the likelihood is even higher. For example, if both parents are Water Elemental Mages, the chances are closer to 50%. In addition, their child will also have an even higher affinity for the Water Element in comparison to their parents.

“Ah, sorry, I got off topic...”

Realizing that she had been talking about the mating patterns of mages, she blushed profusely once again.

Leonel smiled and didn't mind. After the overly straightforward answers he was used to receiving from the dictionary, this was actually a nice change of pace. ρ??∫???????

“The other method is what I'm sure happened to Holy Son. This could just be considered a blessing of the skies. Spontaneous birth of mages like you are ironically more common.”

Leonel nodded, hiding his peculiar expression.

He gained his Light Elemental Force from his mother's side. So, he wasn't in the category Elys spoke of at all. But, he had told Heckle that he was an orphan, so Elys was probably tactfully tiptoeing around this.

Since it was better to continue allowing her to think this way, Leonel didn't correct her. Plus, in his opinion, his mother wasn't truly his mother regardless. He didn't even have the faintest memory of her. There was a reason he had hardly reacted when his father told him she was still alive.

Was it resentment? Leonel didn't think so. He couldn't remember ever missing his mother, but that was mostly due to him not really experiencing what it felt like to have one. Leonel would categorize it more as indifference.

If he thought about it, maybe he was the weird one for feeling such a way...

“What do you all want to do with me?”

Finally, Leonel couldn't help but ask this question. After satisfying his basal curiosity, he realized that there were more important matters at hand. He felt that it would be a bit too naive of him to assume that everything would be fine now just because of this.

However, after hearing Elys' response, he realized he had still underestimated the value of the Light Element in this world. Had he known this, rather than getting beaten into almost becoming a corpse, he would have directly used his Light Elemental Force instead of trying to hide it as a future trump card.

"Of course, Holy Son will receive the same treatment as other Holy Sons. You will be allowed to enter the Mage Academy with high standing and receive all the rewards that come with this. We hope that you'll become a pillar of Camelot in the future."

Leonel raised his brows. "There are others besides me?"

"Yes, yes. There are three others." A hint of worship flashed within Elys' eyes. "One is His Majesty, King Arthur. The second is Three Star Magus Orian. The last is the First Son of the Mage Academy, Sir Lionus. He is the son of His Majesty and is also walking the same path, that of the Magus Swordsman!"

Seeing Elys fangirling, Leonel didn't really have the heart to stop her ranting. He could only listen on as she rambled on and on about these three Holy Sons. At some point, he tuned her out completely and retreated to his own thoughts.

'Interesting... According to legends, Arthur had a bastard son by the name of Modred. But, in this place, Modred is a woman. In addition, it seems that his publicly acknowledged son is also the child of his Queen, Guinevere.'

Thinking to this point, Leonel's expression became a bit weird. He suddenly remembered that one of the side quests of this Zone was to repair King Arthur's relationship with Lancelot. And, the dictionary made it quite clear that this was related to Queen Guinevere.

Leonel felt another headache coming on.. He really hoped that Lionus was Arthur's son. If it turned out he was Lancelot's son, this matter would only get more complicated...

Leonel was a person who was used to having many eyes on him. But, even he was starting to get a bit antsy.

The halls of the Mage Academy could be considered to be quite narrow. Well, not narrow by normal human standards. After all, they were still tens of meters across in width. The reason why they felt narrow was because their ceilings were just that tall.

They loomed overhead with majestic archways, containing windows just as tall and grandiose.

Unfortunately, with this large size came an equally large amount of people.

Normally, it shouldn't be possible for so many to know of Leonel already. After all, this was ultimately a medieval era Zone. There was no social media, nor were there any cameras. Due to this, Leonel should have been free from such troubles....

However, what he didn't expect was that the robes Elys had given him to wear would be so eye-catching. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

From what Leonel knew, the mages of this world were split into nine grades. One to Three Star Apprentice Mage, One to Three Star Official Mage, and finally, One to Three Star Magus.

For each of these rankings, one would be assigned a different color robe. An Apprentice Mage would wear grey robes. An Official Mage would wear blue robes. And, a Magus would wear purple robes.

The stages of One to Three Star would be separated by the darkness of the color. A One Star Apprentice Mage would have robes that were nearly white, while a Three Star of the same kind would have robes that were nearly black.

From this, it should be clear that Elys was a Three Star Official Mage, and was very nearly a One Star Magus.

However, none of this was the real reason Leonel was being stared at like some sort of lab rat. PANDA NOVEL

Usually, aside from the main color of one's robes, there would also be embroidery that exposed one's mage branch. Fire Mages would have touches of red, Water Mages touches of blue, etc...

Knowing this, it was no wonder everyone couldn't take their eyes off of Leonel. He was wearing gold embroidered robes that only three others in the whole of Camelot were allowed to wear.

Seeing his pale grey robes embroidered with gold was just one aspect, but the following connection they made between him and the rumors of the teenage boy who battled a Knight of the Round Table was what really set the environment ablaze.

The fact Leonel lost didn't dampen his prestige in the slightest. Not only was Lamorak one of those legendary 12 knights, but he was also within the top 3 strongest among them. Leonel losing was a foregone fact. It was the fact he managed to survive at all that garnered so much respect.

"Alright, alright. Clear the way." p[REDACTED]

Elys became a cross between a jealous girlfriend and a valiant bodyguard, clearing a path for Leonel forward. Luckily, she had been tasked with being his guide, or else with how large this Academy was, Leonel would probably be spinning in circles for a while.

Though he could release his Internal Sight, he was told by Elys that this action was rude, so he could only take a step back.

At the same time, though, he was confused.

'By my estimations, a One Star Mage is the equivalent of someone who has opened just one Force Node. A Three Star Magus should be the equivalent of someone who has opened nine Force Nodes. But...'

There were too many things Leonel had questions about.

For one, he had already opened eight Nodes. Not only had he done so, but his Nodes were much larger than a normal person's. By right, he shouldn't have lost so badly to Lamorak who was the knight equivalent of a Three Star Magus — A Three Star Grand Knight.

Secondly, Elys had said his Spirit Pressure was the equivalent of a Three Star Magus', but this shouldn't have been true either. His spirit should be at the peak of the Fifth Dimension. Let alone a Three Star Magus, even a thousand of them shouldn't have been able to match up to his Spirit Pressure.

There was definitely something weird going on. Leonel was lacking in a way he couldn't put his finger on.

But, there was a burning fire within his chest. He had had this uncomfortable feeling within his heart the moment he awoke. He had never felt such agitation in his life before and he found it hard to describe.

All he knew was that unless he could defeat Lamorak, he would never feel at ease.

Elys led Leonel to a classroom he was embarrassed to find was filled with 12-13 year old kids. Luckily, there were a few who were closer to him in age, but they were all seated at the back. It was clear their standing was much lower than that of the younger kids.

Elys walked to the front. Surprisingly, she was the lecturer for this class.

Leonel chuckled and shook his head, his embarrassment fading. He was never an overly proud person to begin with, at least not for meaningless matters like this. Of course, if others knew he was thinking this, who knows how they'd react.

It wasn't long before he had sat near the front and forgot about everything around him.

Unfortunately... his bad habit flared up again. An oppressive aura filled the classroom as Leonel began to focus. Many of the small children burst into tears, but didn't dare to make a sound, fearful that they would anger Leonel.

Leonel was so focused on Elys' words that he didn't notice the oddities around him. This was always how he was in class. There was a reason everyone always waited for him to finish his tests and exams before they began. The only one that had always been unaffected was Aina.

Elys smiled bitterly, but she seemingly realized that Leonel wasn't doing this on purpose, so she could only continue. Still, it was safe to say that this would be the last time she allowed Leonel into this class. These poor children couldn't learn in such an environment.

“Now, Spirit Crystallization...”

Chapter 227

[Schedule will be changing. Updates will be at 10pm EST from now on.]

Hours later, Leonel found himself in a library.

Leonel wasn't very used to normal books. By the time his era came around on Earth, such things had been completely faded out. So, seeing the towering bookcases one could only use ladders to reach the top of, he felt a deep sense of awe.

The scent alone made his heart reach a state of calmness. He had never understood when he read about those who said there was nothing that could compare to a book one could flip through — his father being among them — but now he gained a small inkling.

The Mage Academy's library had many ledges and oddly placed staircases all around. Sometimes, the highest shelves of the obscenely tall bookcases could only be reached by climbing these stairs.

One of Leonel's privileges as a Holy Son was the ability to access information beyond his mage level. Usually, as a One Star Apprentice Mage, he would only be allowed to touch upon Level One Knowledge. But, he was allowed to read up to Level Four Knowledge. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

As long as he was within the Mage Academy, it wouldn't be an issue to read books three levels above his own.

Leonel didn't mind this. He didn't expect to spend very long as a One Star Apprentice Mage. He wouldn't be surprised if it only took a few months to become a Three Star Magus.

Ignoring all the glances he received walking into the library, Leonel immediately picked out as many foundation knowledge books he could find. These were books so common that this library had several hundred copies of each so that those who needed them could always have one available.

'Foundational Crystallization'. 'Importance of Affinity'. 'Foundations of Magic Art Formation'. 'A Mage and His Spiritual Wood'. 'Breaking Through: The Ascension of Tiers'.

It wasn't long before Leonel's spatial bracelet was filled to the brim. Since Elys had all but kicked him out of her class, he could only study on his own. Plus, he somewhat preferred it this way. If he followed the normal study plan of the Academy, it would take at least five years to graduate, and even then, he would only be an Official Mage. PANDA NOVEL

He didn't forget that he was still on a time crunch. This was a Zone, not a vacation spot.

However, Leonel was confident in himself. If this was only a matter of knowledge and gaining it, no one should be able to compare to him.

Leonel sat at a normal oak table and pulled out his first book.

'I have to find ways to use my ability more efficiently...'

Leonel's eyes narrowed for a brief moment. He didn't forget the shock Simeon had given him. He had been able to evolve his ability to the point gene manipulation had become a method of beast taming. This taught Leonel that he was relying too much on his ability to spontaneously evolve, he had to also come up with methods of improving it as well. PANDA NOVEL

'I'll call this ability... Dreamscape.'

Evolving one's ability wasn't always about forming some completely new power. Sometimes, it was as simple as using the abilities you already have more cleverly.

Leonel wanted Dreamscape to become like a databank in his mind. He saw it as a fusion of his Dream Sculpt and Dream World.

What separated truly intelligent people wasn't always about knowledge. If two students were always attentive in class, they would of course have access to the same knowledge. So, why was it that even if they tried equally as hard, one person might ace the class, while the other might only receive an above average grade?

The difference wasn't knowledge, but in how one was able to apply it.

Intelligent people can have access to the same knowledge, but are unique in the way they use that knowledge. They see things the less intelligent can't see, connect dots a normal student never would. This allows them the ability to solve problems with the same tools someone else would fail with.

Leonel wanted his Dreamscape ability to supercharge his intelligence in the same fashion.

The way it worked was simple. First, he would save something into his 'database' using Dream Sculpt. With Dream Sculpt's ability to create a perfect memory of anything, he wouldn't have to worry about ever forgetting it.

Following this, he would fuse the Dream Sculpt into his Dream World. This would place his Dream Sculpt into his world of simulation. This was where the true fearsomeness of this ability would come into play.

Let's say Leonel added this book in his hand to his Dreamscape. This book was titled 'Friend of Light'. From Leonel's understanding after reading its summary, it was a book detailing the strengths and weaknesses of the Light Element, when it was most powerful, how best to absorb it and manipulate it, etc.

Now, if Leonel continued on to want to learn what this world called a 'Magic Art' and it happened to be one of the Light Element, the information he gained from Friend of Light would subconsciously meld into his thoughts, helping him to comprehend the intricacies of the Magic Art with much greater speed.

This was just the simplest example. What if Leonel instead added dozens, hundreds or even thousands of Force Arts to his Dreamscape? Would he be able to see the patterns between them, see through the unique quirks, and even become capable of modifying and creating new Force Arts using this method?

And what if he added just as many blueprints to his Dreamscape? If he had all sorts of Force Crafts floating in his mind, wouldn't he be able to optimize his crafts by compiling the strengths and weaknesses of many?

This was what he wanted his Dreamscape to be capable of. Almost like an advanced AI that was capable of learning through trial and error, he wanted his Dreamscape to consume all the knowledge in the world until he could deduce anything from even the smallest hints.

This was only the beginning. If he added the enemies he battled into his Dreamscape, it might even become possible one day to predict the next move an opponent would take even before the battle began!

Leonel wasn't certain if he could create a Dream Sculpt of a person's combat tendencies just yet, but now that the idea had popped up into his mind, he refused to let it die down.. If Simeon could evolve his ability, he could do so as well. Not only would he do it, but he would do it to an even greater extent!

Chapter 228

Originally, everyone always sent glances toward Leonel due to the gold embroidery on his robes making it obvious that he was a Holy Son. But now, everyone looked at him as though he was some kind of freak.

No matter where he went in the library, the surrounding tens of meters would be completely cleared of people. It was simply impossible for them to comfortably study and read beneath his oppressive aura.

It was one thing if that was all, but he was reading an obscene amount of books. He would always go to a new table empty handed, but in the next moment, one after another, he would pull massive texts from thin air and stack them several meters into the sky. Then, after he returned them all, he would move to a new section of the library and repeat the process again.

Though all of this was weird, it was still manageable. But, what was truly ridiculous was his reading speed. Leonel seemed to flip through the pages of the books he chose as though he was using them as a fan rather than for reading material.

Many thought that Leonel was only putting up a show of strength after this continued for a while, causing their initial impressions of the new Holy Son to take a dip. After all, even a Magus couldn't read books so quickly, let alone an Apprentice Mage who wasn't even familiar with the material to begin with.

One had to remember that this was a Zone. It wasn't a land where abilities had awakened. Aside from Leonel and the 11 others that entered with him, there shouldn't be any others who had 'evolved'. So, it was impossible for them to make this connection.

However, as time passed, those watching came to realize that if this was all a show... Leonel was a bit too committed. There were even instances of many who tried to strike up a conversation with him, including gorgeous female mages, yet he didn't spare any of them the time of day. He continued reading as though he hadn't noticed their presence.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

If this was something he was doing for attention... shouldn't he accept the attention he earned?

Could it be that he was really reading that fast...?

The truth was that these people were right. Leonel really wasn't reading. But, that wasn't because he was putting up an act, but rather because he didn't have to.

When one looks at the world through one's eyes, it was possible to take in everything in one glance. However, if one wanted to remember in detail what was seen, it would then be necessary to consciously analyze everything.

This was how reading worked too. Technically, as long as it was within one's line of vision, it was possible to see the whole page at once, but it was obviously only possible to read one word at a time.

However, if Leonel used Dream Sculpt, he could 'save' this page into his memories in the blink of an eye. Like this, it would be just like he read the page, but much quicker. PANDA NOVEL

In addition, since there was nothing complicated about a page of words, Leonel didn't have to spend hours or days like he had to in the past. Almost like he was taking a picture with his mind, everything would be saved in an instant.

Quickly, the database of knowledge in Leonel's mind grew at explosive rates. In just half a month, he had read through every single book at and below the Level Four.

Leonel closed the last book and looked up with red eyes. His gaze was filled with a mixture of fatigue and a hidden piercing light.

He finally understood what the difference between him and Three Star Magi and Three Star Grand Knights was. It all came back to the same thing time and time again: Crystallization.

In the magic system Leonel was currently using, one he gained from [Dimensional Cleanse], there was no need for Crystallization. There was a very simple reason for this. Once one wanted to break free from the Third Dimension and reach the Fourth Dimension, one would begin sensing a higher level Force.

There was a qualitative change between with each dividing Dimensional line. It was impossible for someone within the Third Dimension to defeat someone within the Fourth, and impossible for someone within the Fourth to defeat someone in the Fifth. $\rho \int \rho \rho \rho \rho \rho \rho$

Though it was possible for someone to jump power levels within a shared Dimension, doing so across Dimensions was impossible. This was a qualitative difference in strength.

Think about it... Did you need to struggle to crumple a piece of paper?

However, Camelot took a different approach, and this was Crystallization! One might not struggle to rip a single piece of paper, but what about two? Three? A hundred? A thousand?

Instead of leaping to a qualitative change in strength, they consolidated the strength they did have and evolved it with a quantitative change instead.

This also explained why his supposedly Fifth Dimensional spirit was still so weak. How could it be considered true Fifth Dimensional Soul Force when it was formed with Third Dimensional Force?

It was no wonder Elys and even Aliard had mistaken his spirit for being at the level of a Three Star Magus. In substance, his spirit was lacking in comparison to theirs. But, in potential, his far surpassed theirs. The average of the two opposing ideas landed him right in the middle...

It was only now Leonel realized how truly flawed his stat system was...

‘It’s a shame. Though they take this approach, it has no use at the next level. All this hard work of theirs would have to be dispelled the moment they want to truly enter the Fourth Dimension...’

Leonel realized that this was only a case of short term benefits. Since Third Dimensional Force had to be dispelled in favor of Fourth Dimensional Force, any Crystallization one’s Third Dimensional Force underwent would be useless in the future.

After a moment, an arc of electricity suddenly bolted through Leonel’s Dream World. Leonel knew what this was immediately. It was a phenomenon that occurred when his Dreamscape made a connection.

With Leonel’s every passing thought, these arcs of lightning would connect the various Dream Sculpts within his Dreamscape, almost like the real synapses of a brain. However, they were usually ignored by him unless... an arc of lightning had a particularly wide set of branches.

The more branches an arc of lightning formed, the more ideas it was connecting, and thus the more complex the thought it was forming was.

Leonel’s eyes shone. Just what idea had his Dreamscape stumbled onto?

Leonel began to meditate on the connected Dream Sculpts. After a few seconds, his eyes snapped open once more, burning with a fierce light.

His previous thinking was too naive. Force had other uses aside from the power it output. For example, hadn't Leonel's physical stats improved with each Node he formed?

There was a limit to this once he reached the Ninth Node. However, what if he Crystallized his Force? Wouldn't the benefits to his body be much greater?

Leonel looked at the central Dream Sculpt that hung between all the arcs of lightning. It was book by the title of 'Knights and Mages: The War of Ideologies'.

Leonel suddenly saw a bright light at the end of a dark tunnel. All this time, he had been worried. After so long, all of his calculations concluded that his Tenth Node formation would end in failure.. However this... changed everything.

Chapter 229

"I would like to enter."

At that moment, Leonel stood outside another library of sorts within the Mage Academy. But, this library was much different as it was the place that housed the Magic Arts of Camelot.

Of course, by now, it was obvious to Leonel that the 'Magic Arts' of Camelot were the very same Force Arts he was used to. The only difference lied in the fact that the Force Art language of Camelot allowed them to directly draw their Magic Arts in the air.

The downside of this system was that their Magic Arts — or rather, Force Arts — were weaker than the ones Leonel was used to. This only made sense. After all, a Force Art written on a proper medium like a precious ore, for example, could draw on much more power and produce much more strength.

However, when drawn directly into the air, the Magic Arts were fleeting and thus weaker. In addition, they had to be completed within a certain period of time or else they would begin to dispel before the Art was even completed.

Of course, while there were downsides, there were upsides as well. For one, they were much more convenient to use.

Within the Joan of Arc Zone, Leonel had to carry around planks of wood just for a simple fire Force Art that was only useful against normal humans. Also, due to the common nature of the medium he used, the power of the Force Art was obviously also limited as a result.

So, while this Magic Art system had its downsides, it also had its positives as well. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The guards of the Magic Art Tower were known as Deacons. They were students who had already graduated and thus took up positions within the Academy to continue reaping benefits.

The tower was located within the Academy, making it look quite odd. After all, it was building built within a building. However, its majesty was no less grand.

It was within a greenhouse of the Academy grounds. Up above, there was a large dome of glass and all around one could find lush grass and well-tended gardens.

The tower itself was quite tall. From the outside, one could see that it had ten floors and stood at about 50 meters in height. It had a very simple stone design to it that radiated an ancient air.

The two Deacons stood on opposite sides of the door. Both were women and each wore an odd armor crossed with robes. It was quite a unique style of dress that was reserved for those with Deacon titles.

Since this place was so important, it wasn't a surprise that the Deacons tasked with guarding it were quite powerful and as such, equally as haughty.

However, their arrogant expressions faltered when they seemingly noticed Leonel's robes. Originally, they hadn't even looked Leonel in the eye but now they found it difficult to even speak. PANDA NOVEL

"... Can I?"

Leonel thought that he had maybe done something wrong. He had only learned that this tower existed after overhearing a conversation. Elys had yet to introduce it to him, so he really wasn't sure if he was allowed to be here. He only felt that it was more weird that the area around the tower was so vacant.

Though there were many students around this greenhouse, many of them were several tens of meters away from the tower and seemed content with socializing within its vicinity.

For a place that Leonel thought should be popular, this was indeed weird behavior.

The two Deacons snapped awake and were about to usher Leonel in, a bit embarrassed by their previous actions, when their expressions suddenly changed once again.

Leonel raised an eyebrow and turned back to follow their line of sight. When he saw what it was that had caught their attention, he nodded his head in understanding.

Coming toward him, there was a small group of three people — two men and a woman. 

In the middle of them, there was a man. The man and woman to either side both wore the deep blue robes of Three Star Official Mages while the man in the middle wore the pale violet robes of a One Star Magus.

What was curious was that the two Three Star Official Mages didn't have any embroidery on their robes, making it impossible to tell what branch of magic they followed. Now that Leonel thought about it, he hadn't seen any embroidery on Elys' or Aliard's robes either. He wasn't sure whether this was a stylistic choice or if there was a deeper reason.

However, at the moment, none of this mattered. The reason Leonel was so understanding of the reaction of the Deacons was because the man in the middle of the two of them did have embroidery. And... That embroidery was identical to his own.

There was only one young man in Camelot that was simultaneously so young and could wear golden embroidery like Leonel... Lionus Pendragon!

Lionus was a tall man, just as tall as Leonel. He had flowing blond hair and piercing sky blue eyes that made women swoon. His shoulders were broad and he had a kingly disposition between his brows. Even with the amiable smile that hung on his lips, he had a dignified air to him that made him well suited to be on a throne.

Lionus met Leonel's eyes and a pleasantly surprised look flashed within his gaze when he noticed the familiar embroidery. What surprised him even more, though, was that Leonel's disposition, although somewhat more reserved than his own, didn't seem to lose out to him in momentum at all.

He could tell that Leonel was a leader of men, but he could also tell that Leonel maintained a humble facade on the surface that limited his overall leadership ability. It was simple for him to tell that this was a flaw of Leonel's.

It could only be said that Lionus was truly the Crown Prince of a Kingdom, to be able to see through Leonel with just a glance like this made his abilities clear.

Lionus smiled and closed the distance between himself and Leonel.

The two Deacons were startled awake and kneeled down to one knee in salute.

"Prince Lionus!"

"Ah, there's no need for this. Please rise!"

Leonel smiled lightly, crossed a hand over his chest and bowed slightly.

"Greetings, Prince."

Leonel hadn't been born in a culture where there was a heavy stigma against bowing or kneeling. So, he didn't really have an opinion about doing it one way or another. He wouldn't have minded kneeling at all, the only reason he hadn't and only slightly lowered his head was because he heard Lionus say that there was no need to.

Maybe had he been born elsewhere, or maybe in a different era, Leonel would rather die than kneel. But, this wasn't the life he was born into. That said, whether this would continue to be true in the future was a matter yet to be determined.

Lionus smiled brightly. "I've heard a lot about you. Leonel is your name, correct? It's great that our Camelot can have another Holy Son. I've wanted to meet you for a long time, but I heard that you were injured."

Seeing Lionus' genial approach, even Leonel couldn't help but feel a bit warm. It seemed this Crown Prince's charisma wasn't small.

"It's good that you're here, actually." Lionus continued. "This way, we can enter the tower together. Ah, forgive me for my lack of manners."

"This here is Official Mage Theybul, son of Sir Gawain of the Round Table. This is Official Mage Mary, daughter of Three Star Magus Tilda. They are very close to their Magus Ascension, so they've come to visit the tower one more time."

The two politely greeted Leonel with nods and smiles.

Leonel's brows raised in surprise.. It seemed that none of these three had lackluster identities.

Chapter 230

Leonel smiled and scratched his head awkwardly.

"Now that you mention it, I'm not really sure what the purpose of this tower is. Could you explain it to me?"

Leonel and Lionus walked into the first floor of the tower. In truth, Leonel wanted to preface his question with a bit more, but he was a bit stunned by what he saw.

The room follow the same rounded shape as the tower outside. It was quite spacious and quiet. Despite the large size, there were only a handful of people here, but they were all crowded around the same thing.

In the center of the first floor, there was a large, floating crystal. It was easily three meters in diameter and seemed to slowly spin without any support. It hung perfectly in the air and radiated a dull light.

“Ah, right, you’re still unfamiliar with some things.” Lionus didn’t seem to mind.

Though the small number of mages within the tower all looked toward the new arrivals and were stunned by their identities, seemingly used to this, Lionus continued to speak at a leisurely pace.

“The Mage Art Tower is a place that houses all of the Magic Arts Camelot has accumulated. As long as it was once conceived by a mage of our Kingdom, then it will be here. However, the matters here aren’t so simple either.

“It’s clear how valuable such a place is, so it’s not a location that can be casually entered, nor is it possible to even if you were simply allowed to roam freely.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

“There are only three ways to be allowed to enter this tower. The first way is the typical single entry once a year. For each year you graduate or enter in the Academy, you’re allowed one entry.”

Leonel nodded. He realized now why the surrounding space was so empty. This wasn’t normal enrollment times, so those who should have entered their first years along with him had already long since come.

“The second way is by gaining Military Achievements and the last way is by becoming a Childe of the Elements. Should you accomplish the last one, you would be allowed unlimited entries to the Mage Art Tower and can travel up as far as your Spirit Pressure allows.”

“Childe of the Elements?” Leonel asked in confusion.

“Yes.” Lionus nodded with a smile. “A Childe of the Elements has the same privileges as a Holy Son. In fact, you could say that a Childe is a Holy Son, just not of the Light Element.

“You see that crystal ball up there? It’s able to test for Crystallization Affinity. When someone’s affinity touches upon a certain standard, they will be designated a Childe. In fact, it could be said that the only advantage a Holy Son has over a Childe is that our affinities do not need to be checked.

“Because the Light Element is so powerful, even a Holy Son with a low affinity will be more powerful than the usual high affinity mage.”

“Ah, so it’s like this...” PANDA NOVEL

Leonel suddenly understood many things now. In addition, he was quite curious. If the Light Element was so powerful with low affinity, what was it like with high affinity? And, what was his own affinity?

He assumed that compared to those of Camelot, his affinity was exceptionally high. After all, this was a Third Dimensional world while the Snowy Star Owl was an Elite Sixth Dimensional beast after maturing.

“Then what is so beneficial about the tower that Official Mage Theybul and Mary would come before their Magus Ascension?”

Leonel directed a curious question toward the two mages.

“His Highness touched on it a bit.” Mary responded. “How high one can climb the Mage Art Tower depends on what one’s Spirit Pressure can take. Each successive floor comes with a stronger pressure. This pressure is good for weeding out impurities that might linger in our Spirit Pressure and gives us a good push toward the next boundary.”

“I see, thank you.” Leonel thanked them sincerely.

Lionus smiled. “It’s been a while since I’ve seen someone take the Crystallization Affinity trial, why don’t you try it out, Leonel?”

“Sure!” p[?][?]j[?][?][?][?][?][?]

Leonel had been eager to do so since the beginning, so he had no reason to refuse.

Lionus and Leonel walked toward the floating crystal. At that moment, there was another youth testing his affinity.

Affinity wasn't set in stone according to Camelot's magic system. It was possible to increase affinity through meditation and comprehension. In addition, after having breakthroughs in Spirit Pressure, affinity naturally increases as well. However, the higher one's starting base affinity, the more potential for growth they had in the future.

This was all to say that it wasn't a surprise to find a person testing themselves once again. This affinity test was actually also a good gauge of how far one could climb the tower. Though resisting the Spirit Pressure required one's own Spirit Pressure, it was also possible to get by with weaker Spirit Pressure if one's affinity was high enough.

So, youths would sometimes test their affinities before they climbed the tower so that they didn't push themselves too hard and cause irreparable injury to their spirit.

The young man who was about to place his hand on the crystal suddenly swayed nervously. When he had come here today, the last thing he had expected was to be observed by a Holy Son and the Crown Prince... Not to mention two other Childes in Mary and Theybul!

However, he could only press down his nervousness. Wouldn't he look too pathetic now if he backed away?

After taking a deep breath, he pressed his hand to the crystal.

WENG!

The crystal began to emit a lustrous glow.

“The affinity scale of the crystal is dependent on the radiance of the light. If the light projects a foot out from the surface of the crystal, it meets the minimum requirement to enter the Mage Academy — this would be the One Star Affinity ranking. With it, one might be able to become an Official Mage with hard work.”

Lionus patiently explained things to Leonel.

“The color is related to the element. This young mage’s glow is a light green, so he’s a wind affinity mage.

“The light needs to radiate out one meter to become a Two Star Affinity. Such a person can likely make a name for themselves within the world of Official Mages. At five meters, it reaches Three Star Affinity. Such a person has a sliver of a chance to become a Magus.

“At nine meters, this entered the Four Star Affinity realm. Such a person has a good chance of becoming a Magus and a slim chance of becoming a Two Star Magus.

“Finally, at ten meters, the crystal will form a halo like the rings of a planet. This halo represents the realm of a Childe.

“Of course, it’s possible to increase one’s affinity through hard work and persistence. In addition, a higher tier Element like our Light Element makes it easier to breakthrough realms, so regardless of your results, hold your head high.”

Leonel smiled lightly in response. In regards to his affinity, he wasn’t too worried. Even if it really did turn out to be low, he would still find a way to use this magic system to form his Tenth Node.

The young mage finally stepped down from the platform with a flushed face. He was a bit excited. He had actually managed to touch the barrier of the Fourth Star. His hard work had definitely paid off. After all, since he could be here, it meant he had rendered great service to Camelot’s armies.

Seeing that he was finished, Leonel took a step forward, seemingly not realizing the number of gazes that followed his back.

He climbed the steps and stood on the platform, his expression calm as he stretched his hand forward.

WENG! WENG! WENG!

A blinding light suddenly swept out in all directions.

Lionus raised his eyebrows up in shock. If it was just that Leonel had a high affinity, it would be easy to accept. But this.... what was this?