

Descent 241

Chapter 241

After a moment, Leonel regained his serious expression. Once he did, his senses quickly picked up on a few things.

First, the small squad of four riding war horses toward them was led by a man with billowing blond hair and blue eyes that held a complex light within them.

Secondly, according to what he knew about Lionus, it was impossible for him not to take the helm in greeting these knights. This wasn't because the Prince felt the need to take control of everything, but rather because Leonel felt that Lionus was a man who placed emphasis on relationships and respect, not much unlike Leonel himself.

For a man like Lionus, as the leader of their squad, he would of course observe proper etiquette and greet these knights of Camelot. After all, in the future when he was named King, these men would be the backbone of the Kingdom. And, even now, they were putting their lives on the line, fighting day in and day out in the most dangerous border regions.

Yet, not only had Lionus not stepped forward, he even seemed reluctant to do so. It wasn't that he hadn't thought of doing so, but that he was reluctant to do so.

After reaching this conclusion, Leonel observed the man coming toward them once again and immediately noticed something else. This man's strength... even faintly surpassed Lamorak's!

At that moment, noticing his looks, Leonel had a faint inkling of something.

'Please don't tell me he's Lancelot...'

Leonel felt another headache coming on. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel shook his head. 'Things still shouldn't be so simple. I don't believe that even if things are as I think they are that Lionus would be so unable to hide his emotions. This is even doubly so for a Knight of the Round Table like Lancelot.'

When Leonel had this thought, he began to calmly observe everything else.

Two of the knights who followed Lancelot out had deadpan expression, but the third had a gaze that reminded Leonel of a snake. He calmly looked Lionus up and down as though he was measuring up goods in a flea market.

It was difficult to tell anything else from his gaze, but for some reason, he didn't have eyes for anyone else. Even the two beauties — Elys and Mary — had no ability to catch his attention.

There was something off about his gaze, but Leonel couldn't put his finger on it. Could the oddity be related to this man?

He had long, black hair that shimmered as though coated in a thin gel. His eyes were the very same deep black, reflecting an indifferent light. To his hips, two swords hung. But, they were obscenely long to the point they almost dragged along the ground even while he road his tall horse.

The longer Leonel looked at him, but louder his primitive instincts screamed. This man...

He was dangerous. PANDA NOVEL

As though feeling a gaze on him, the young man finally shifted his gaze from Lionus, locking eyes with Leonel. In that moment, Leonel felt as though his body had been dunked into a vat of ice water. His blood vessels involuntarily constricted even as his eyes narrowed.

Leonel's heartbeat slowed to a crawl. Though their gazes only met for a split second, it felt like an eternity.

The man seemed surprised that Leonel didn't try his best to look away as soon as possible. It made him give Leonel a once over, trying to see whether there was something special about the young man before him.

Unfortunately, at that moment, their silent clash had to come to an end.

"Crown Prince, you've come."

Lancelot, heading the small squad, took the initiative to hop down from his horse, kneeling down to a single knee in greeting.

'Maybe I shouldn't keep subconsciously thinking he's Lancelot. Who knows, I might get lucky and dodge this mess...'

"Please don't do this, Sir Lancelot. I'm not worthy of such respect." p???

'Or not...' Leonel smiled bitterly.

Lancelot stood with an amiable smile, looking over the rest of the group.

"Oh, is this Official Mage Leonel? I've heard a lot about you. That old fogie Lamorak suffered at your hands, huh?"

The man with snake-like eyes narrowed his gaze at these words. It seemed he was only now learning of Leonel's identity.

Leonel smiled, a bit embarrassed.

"I guess you could say his mace was a bit dirtied by my blood."

Lancelot was a bit stunned by Leonel's response for a moment before he erupted into a boisterous laughter.

It was quite an odd sight to see. Lancelot, with his looks, could play the part of arrogant and pretty playboy perfectly. Yet, he erupted with the same laughter one would expect from a man with wild facial hair and a massive gut.

'Damn, his charisma is affecting even me. No wonder Queen Guinevere fell for him...'

If others knew what Leonel was thinking, he'd probably get sentenced to death where he stood.

Lancelot heavily patted Leonel's shoulder. "I like you, kid."

Clearly, he wasn't as reserved toward Leonel as he was toward Lionus.

"Sir Lancelot, is this base experiencing some issues? I noticed that the security was especially high?"

Lionus finally asked the question that had been bothering him. Of course, these weren't at the forefront of his mind, but he could only toss other things to the back.

"Mm, yes." Lancelot grew serious. "The Demon Lords have been on the move."

Lionus grew serious.

The Demon Lords. They were Modred's most trusted subordinates. There were 66 of them in total.

It wasn't that Modred didn't add more, but that Demon Lords would rather slaughter one another to claim their positions. As a result, new Demon Lords would always kill another Demon Lord upon being conferred their title, or die trying. In the end, the number would always be 66.

But, even then, these were many more top experts than Camelot had. If it wasn't for the fact the top experts of Camelot outstripped those of this demonic land by a measure, Camelot would have long since been wiped out.

Lionus frowned. "What happened?"

Lancelot took a deep breath. "A new Demon Lord has been appointed. However, this one didn't follow the normal tradition of killing another, causing some unrest within Modred's lands. Now there are 67 Demon Lords, but Modred seems to have taken a liking to this new appointee and is protecting them.

"There's unrest in their ranks now. But, Demons don't display their dissatisfaction in the same way we humans do. Rather than pointing their spears toward Modred, they're ignoring the status quo and attacking on their own whim.

"Modred has yet to step in to regain the balance and it's possible that she wants this sort of unrest. Due to this, we've been dealing with constant attacks toward all the border forts. News has already been sent back to Camelot. It's likely that the other big players will be making a move now..."

Just when Lancelot wanted to say more, the ground suddenly began to quake.

Chapter 242

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

Leonel had never expected that he wouldn't even get a chance to rest.

A whirlwind of orders and roars shook the small fort. Lancelot's carefree demeanor completely vanished as he took hold of the situation. This fort was his own to control.

The truth was that this base was in far better condition than the others would be. With a Knight of the Round Table protecting it, those stations here were several levels luckier than they otherwise might be.

This was the first time Leonel had ever been on a true battlefield. Though he had fought the Englishmen alongside the French, those men were so much weaker than him that his life was never truly on the line. This was especially so when it was considered that Aina had been by his side..

But this time, if he was just a bit careless, even a foot soldier could take his life. The warriors of this world were on a completely different level. He simply couldn't afford to take any of them lightly.

For some reason, though... Leonel felt an urge to take the vanguard.

Even he was shocked by this sudden change in his psyche. The thumping of his heart reminded him of the first time he stepped onto a football field. It was the very same feeling, that will to conquer and pit his wits against that of the enemy. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

However, all this time, such a thing had been repressed to the depths of his heart. He simply didn't like to kill. Such contradictory feelings always clashed within him to the point his initial instincts were tempered and snuffed out.

But... the enemy was once again not human.

Leonel suddenly smiled.

He remembered charging toward the beast kings of the Project Hunt island. Back then, he had felt the fetters of his heart release a bit. After all, back then, his enemy was an army of beasts. And now... his enemy was an army of Demons.

Leonel stood on the walls of the fort. The black wood felt exceptionally smooth beneath his feet. As a mage, it was only right that he stood at the back of the army. It was his job to observe a formation of Earth Mages and understand their procedure for future battles. But he was feeling especially agitated. He wanted to join the knights below.

A synapse went off in Leonel's Dream World. When he sent his mind inward, he smiled bitterly.

'So it's like that...' [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA-NOVEL)

In the sky of his Dream World sat his Dreamscape. Within it, arcs of lightning connected his memories of battle with Lamorak to a book titled 'Achieving a Smooth Spirit'.

It was a level seven book, one at the limit of what Leonel was allowed to read currently. It was a theory speaking on the connection of one's mentality to their Spirit Pressure.

In truth, it seemed like a crackpot theory, maybe similar to the holistic medicine of Earth. Though some people believe in it, many dismiss it as a ridiculous notion. Even Leonel hadn't thought much about it before... But right now, he understood where these feelings of agitation were coming from.

His battle with Lamorak had left a shadow on his heart. It was impeding the pure flow of his spirit and limiting his future path. As a result, Leonel subconsciously wanted to prove himself on a real battlefield....

Leonel took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

If others knew his thoughts, they'd believe he thought too much of himself. Lamorak was one of the four or five most powerful knights of Camelot. His age was easily three or four times that of Leonel's, maybe even more. It was only right that he defeated Leonel. Was Leonel even worthy to have such a shadow over his heart?

The fact such an impediment to his spirit existed was practically Leonel saying that he subconsciously placed himself on the same level as Lamorak or maybe even a higher level. p??J??????

To do something subconsciously was to say that Leonel believed this to the depths of his soul. He wasn't faking it, it was a confidence etched into his bones.

Leonel chuckled to himself, causing the mages who were incredibly tense to his side to look toward him with shock.

In the distance, a vile army of Demons surged forward like a tide.

Black dogs with long grey tongues as rough as sand paper. Grey skinned humanoids with all sorts of horns and antlers on their heads. Scaled humanoids with reptilian eyes. Grotesque vultures looming in the skies with wrinkled, rotting skin...

It was a scene right out of hell. Yet, this young man was laughing? Had he lost his mind?

Leonel's blood rushed through his veins. He felt his bronze Runes flicking into and out of existence. He could hardly control himself.

Leonel's eyes were like hawks, he automatically locked onto three Demon Lords in the distance.

One was a massive minotaur carrying a bloodied ax. The tips of its horns were a deep, obsidian black, making it look as though it had been dripped in poison continuously.

The second was a skeleton with blue flames for eyes. It wore a ragged black robe that couldn't hide the chains around its ankles and wrists. At the end of its chains there were massive heavy balls of black steel. Their weight were so substantial that they left long, deep trenches in the ground as the skeleton walked forward.

The last was a zombie with rotting greenish grey skin. It wore nothing but a torn beast cloth to protect its groin. As for the rest of it, it was completely exposed. Leonel could even see the lines of muscle fibers beneath its shedding skin. However, instead of these muscles being a healthy pink, they looked completely washed out to the point of nearly being white as though this zombie had not an ounce of blood left in its body.

Despite their grotesque appearance, Leonel could feel that their auras were billowing into the skies. They weren't as powerful as Lamorak or Lancelot, but the difference wasn't so large either.

The more Leonel looked toward them, the greater the thumping of his heart became.

Eventually, his heartbeat became so loud that those beside him could hear it. It felt as though his heart would leap from his chest any moment now.

Leonel's aura towered into the skies. As though competing with the three Demon Lords before it, it shot into the rumbling black clouds above, even dispersing the ever falling rain for just a moment.

Leonel could feel it. If he didn't step forward now, his blood would run in reverse. This feeling... he couldn't hold it down anymore.

Military law? He simply didn't care.

Several eyes landed on Leonel. Some were friendly and others were from the enemy army. However, he didn't have eyes for any of them.

The blood surged throughout Leonel's body. It churned and spun, shooting into his chest.

His lungs expanded, a mighty roar that seemed to drown out everything erupting from within him.

A blinding light lit Leonel's eyes. By the time they dimmed, his eyes reflected a beautiful violet tinged with just the slightest hint of red.

Then...

He leapt from the walls of the fort.

Chapter 243

Leonel tore through the skies, treading through the air with two steps that sent him flying forward several hundred meters. Before anyone could react, he had already landed in the no man's land between the two armies.

Leonel had no idea what was going on around him. He could hear anything but the blood rushing through his ears. He couldn't feel anything but the wild thumping of his heart. He couldn't see anything but the endless stream of enemies before him.

His mage robes were sheered apart under the pressure, revealing a toned torso pulsing with blinding bronze runes and radiating a beautiful violet color.

Leonel's palm flipped over, a spear appearing in it as he shot forward.

'[Rising Pillar].'

The earth beneath his feet trembled, shooting up at an angle beneath Leonel's feet.. A swirl of surging Force surrounded Leonel as he formed the Magic Art, using pillar that manifested beneath him to fly forward at ever faster speeds.

In the blink of an eye, he had already reached the first line of monsters, demons and ghouls. Compared to the army, he seemed like an insignificant ant. Yet, even the Demons who didn't know fear or pain felt their chests being pressed down by an undying pressure.

BANG!

The earth before Leonel surged upward, forming a massive wedge that slammed into the front of the demon army.
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Shattered bodies flew out from the point of impact like broken kites. Their desecrated corpses paved a bloody path for Leonel to step forward.

Leonel's piercing violet-red eyes shone forth like two impossible to stop beams. He became the only light in this bleak land, a halo of bronze-violet light hanging above his head.

"[Grand Gravity Warp]!"

The earth beneath Leonel feet sunk down by several inches. An invisible weight descended from the skies, crushing the bodies of every demon within tens of meters of him.

Leonel shot into the army, his spear leaving trailing snakes of sharp air in its wake.

In the distance, those of Camelot's army finally reacted to what they were seeing.

Lionus' expression changed several times. '... This madman...'

"... Prince... Are you seeing what I'm seeing...?" PANDA NOVEL

As a Light Magus, Lionus obviously didn't have a squad of mages to join like Leonel had. His job was to go to the places of the battlefield where he was needed. As a result, he had a security detail of his own and had separated from Leonel.

At that moment, Mary was speechless watching Leonel. They all felt that Leonel had lost his mind.

They had seen many weird reactions to stepping on the battlefield for the first time. Some vomited, others cowered in fear, some couldn't stop the shaking of their limbs and others even tried to abandon the battle entirely.

But... charging head long into battle... this was the first time they had ever seen such a thing...

Lancelot sat on his war horse with a stunned expression. In all his years, this was the first time he had seen such a thing as well.

The truth was that such actions by Leonel were enough to be punished by military law, maybe even death. Breaking rank and doing as one pleased wasn't the way of the army. This wasn't only the case on Earth, but clearly also the case in this Mythological Zone.

However, though Earth and this Zone were similar, they were different in one aspect: the importance of strength.

Who dared to reprimand Leonel? Even if Lancelot had the strength to do so, would he? Was it worth it?
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At that moment, Lancelot boisterously laughed into the skies. The golden-silver lance that hung to his sides rose in his hands.

He pointed it forward, drawing an invisible line between himself and the army before them.

“You see that men, even a rookie is so eager. We won’t lose out to him, will we?!”

His roar pierced through the veil above. The rumbling hooves of war horses and the sound of weapons clanging against armor shot through the battlefield.

The aura of Camelot’s army rose. As though trying to match Leonel’s energy, it melded with his momentum, suppressing the demons to an extreme.

“CHARGE!”

Lancelot’s words fell and a sea of knights shot forward. The front hooves of their steeds rose, trampling the ground beneath them with impunity.

To a side, the snake-eyed man watched on with a curious gaze. He looked toward Leonel’s back as though it was right in front of him.

From his position, he could see every defined muscle of Leonel’s back, every sharp, perfectly formed bronze Rune, and even saw the beads of sweat perspiring from him.

“Interesting...”

The two long swords to his side trembled as though feeling excited. They cried out as though they were wishing for blood too.

Without another moment of waiting, he too shot forward.

In the front of it all, Leonel had no idea how he had affected the army to his back. He controlled the earth beneath his feet like a god of war and wielded his spear like the call of a reaper.

His movements were like fluid water, his steps carrying an enigmatic air to them that made it seem as though all his enemies were walking into their deaths of their own volition.

Surprisingly, aside from their gazes being aimed toward him, the Demon Lords didn't make any other action toward Leonel. One would think that they would go all out to snuff out his momentum, but they didn't seem to care to do so.

They looked on with complete indifference. However, they suddenly frowned when Leonel's gaze met their own because... His gaze, too, was indifferent!

He didn't see them as Demon Lords. He saw them as enemies he needed to cut down to get rid of this uncomfortable feeling in his heart. They were his outlet to vent, nothing more, nothing less!

At that moment, the other high rankers of the demon army began to move. Demon Lords might have been the highest standard, but beneath them there were still Demon Soldiers, Demon Captains and Demon Generals.

Why should their Demon Lord be the first to step up just to deal with a small fry ant of a human? For someone like Leonel, a Demon Captain was more than enough!

Feeling very confident in himself, a wolf man standing on its two strong hind legs shot toward Leonel. A rotting tongue hung out of its mouth, grotesque saliva dripping downward as it dreamed about Leonel's tender flesh.

However, it had hardly begun to target Leonel when a spear appeared before it, piercing through its tongue, mouth and through the back of its head.

Like that, a Demon Captain fell no differently from a rabid dog.

Finally... The Demon Generals were stirred.

Chapter 244

“What a boisterous kid. Since when did my demon army become so easy to bully?”

A Demon General with empty sockets flickering with a green flames sneered. If it wasn't for this feature, he would look completely like a normal human male of average appearance. But, with it, it couldn't be more clear that he was a demon with a sinister temperament.

The green flame Demon General stepped toward Leonel, two scimitars twirling in his hands.

At that moment, Camelot's army met the demons, their clash ringing throughout the battlefield. Rain continued to drizzle, the clouds above seemingly becoming denser and blacker with each passing moment. Yet, Leonel didn't seem to notice anything at all. Even the several Demon Generals coming toward him were nothing more than another reflection in his mind.

The raging torrent of his blood flowed quicker with each passing moment. His skin reddened, causing a light steam to rise from his body beneath the cool atmosphere..

“Die!”

Two scimitars crossed across Leonel's neck, seemingly trying to sever his head from his shoulders from two directions at once.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel's mind was exceptionally calm. It was as though he didn't realize his life was on the line.

The green flame Demon General sneered deeply, looking toward Leonel as though he was a dead man. But, when he met the coldness of Leonel's violet-red eyes, he felt a shiver tear its way up his spine.

Leonel's spear shot forward.

Just when it seemed the scimitars would rip his head from his body, Leonel's spear, as though drawn on a perfect line, connected with the intersecting line of the two scimitars, repelling them both with a single strike.

As the green flame Demon General felt an unstoppable force surge up his arms, causing him to take several steps backward, he felt a deep fear take root in his heart.

Using the tip of a spear to intercept two weapons at once. Just a single mistake would have meant Leonel losing his head. Just what level of character did he provoke? PANDA NOVEL

The green flame Demon General immediately retreated by several steps. He knew it was impossible for him to defeat Leonel on his own. If he didn't get help, he would only be rushing to his death.

The Demon General had expected that Leonel would press him, but he was stunned and then enraged by Leonel's next actions.

As though he was air, Leonel didn't even pursue the Demon General, he sent out several more piercing strikes of his spear, compressing [Call of the Wind] to an extreme. The green flame Demon General could only watch as his soldiers fell one after another.

Several Demon Generals began to swarm the area. It couldn't be helped. Leonel was a lone man too far gone from the true front line of Camelot's army. He was alone, swarmed by enemies from all sides.

Things like formations, ranks, and military law were meaningless to demons. If they saw an opponent they wanted, even crossing from one side of the army to the other wasn't outside of reason to them. Even when they saw the green flame Demon General suffer by a measure, it only lit their fighting spirit all the more.

The green flame Demon General tried to send attacks toward Leonel from a distance, hoping to slow down his murder spree. ρ??∪??????

Scythes of green Force tore through the air, flying toward Leonel at unbelievable speeds.

Yet, Leonel calmly sidestepped them all. It was as though he knew where they would land ahead of time and had already moved in the opposite direction.

Leonel's General Star abilities deepened with each passing day. Others would need several battles over decades for even the smallest improvement, but those were individuals without Leonel's ability. A movement theory like General Star was practically created for Leonel!

“Prince, this isn't good. This is Leonel's first battle, what is he going to do when his stamina runs dry?”

Theybul asked with a bit of worry from Lionus' side.

They all knew how insane Leonel's stamina was, but they had been dropped into this battle right after a long day of trekking to this location. On top of that, Leonel probably didn't know due to his lack of experience that stamina ran out faster on the battlefield.

All the adrenalin and nerves made one exceptionally tight, making them use more strength than they needed to. Battles of this level usually lasted at least a few hours, how could Leonel possibly last to the end.

Lionus narrowed his eyes at these words. Everyone thought Leonel was being hot headed, even Lionus believed so. But... for some reason Lionus felt that Leonel just might give them a surprise...

Lionus' gaze shifted to another part of the battlefield. He watched as a man with two long swords tore a path on a war horse. His killing speed was even several levels beyond Leonel. Though, his opponents were a few levels weaker as well since they were the fodder of the front line.

‘For Leonel to appear now of all times... Is this a good or a bad thing...?’

Lionus' thoughts didn't seem to have a thread that connected them. Thinking this while looking toward the man with snake eyes. Just what did it mean?

However, even if Leonel knew of this, it was unlikely that he would care at this point. All he wanted was to battle, to satiate the raging, boiling blood in his veins.

“Pirnce, 17 Demon Generals have surrounded Leonel!” Elys practically shrieked.

She had been nearly fanatical about Leonel ever since she found out his true status. Even after it came out that Leonel was actually a Earth Childe, Elys realized that there were political machinations behind this. After all, she had been there that day.

So, all this time she had been focused on Leonel despite the fact she was meant to be acting as a scout for Lionus. When she saw such a thing, she couldn't help but pale. However, she had no idea that this was exactly what Leonel was waiting for.

‘[Demon General]. Elite 7 Star to 8 star threats. It will be several times more efficient to defeat many of them at once.’

The green flame Demon General was already enraged to the point of his chest bursting. When he saw so many converging toward Leonel, he felt that it was finally time for his revenge. None of the Demon Lords had good feelings toward one another. This was even more so for Demon Generals.

That said, just because the green flame Demon General didn't like them, didn't mean he wasn't willing to use them to kill Leonel.

However, this would be the second time Leonel's gaze met the green flames of the Demon General. And once again, a cold shiver snaked up the latter's spine.

Leonel didn't smirk, he didn't sneer, there wasn't even a light of satisfaction in his eyes. Yet, the Demon Generals still felt as though he was looking toward them from on high. They were nothing but stepping stones he could use to vent the discomfort in his heart.

“[Grand Marshlands].”

Leonel spoke calmly, but the surge of wind the wrapped around his body when these words fell made it feel as though a cyclone was forming in the middle of the battlefield.

Chapter 245

The Demon Generals immediately realized that something was wrong. But, by then, it was already too late. Aside from one that had bat-like wings, allowing her to soar into the skies and escape, the remaining 16 found themselves trapped.

The cracked, grey lands of the battlefield suddenly became a land of soft, muddy earth. Their bodies sunk down to their ankles, slowing their movement speeds by several levels. Yet, Leonel remained completely unaffected.

The immediate reaction of the Demon Generals was to use Force to tread on the marshland just like they would on water. It was a seemingly easy solution that was right before them. As battle hardened veterans, they had of course put their lives on the line countless times before. How could they not react quickly to such a dangerous situation?

However, dreams were great while reality was cruel. This might have looked like a normal marshland, but if it was truly so easy to escape... how could it be worthy of being a One Star Magus Art?

“Shit! I can’t escape!”

A large man with fur covered skin and two large canine teeth that hung out from his mouth snarled. His square face distorted in fury. It was clear that he wasn’t very intelligent, because seeing that he was having trouble gathering Force to the soles of his feet, his solution was to forcefully use more.

The more intelligent of the Demon Generals paled in despair. They realized now what was happening. This [Grand Marshlands] had a secondary function of acting like a sponge to Force. No matter how hard they tried to gather Force, it would be useless. In fact, if they acted like the square-faced fool, they would only deplete their reserves quicker. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

By this point, the Demon Generals were feeling incomparably aggrieved. Such a large crowd control spell should have taken a normal Earth Mage at least ten seconds to cast even if they were very efficient in using it. However, not only did Leonel take less than three, but the range was almost 50 meters, easily double what a normal mage should have been able to accomplish.

Leonel didn't even spare these Demon Generals a glance. He looked up into the skies toward the female demon with bat wings. His left palm flipped over, revealing a long barreled pistol with a harpoon fitted to it.

BANG!

The bat-winged Demon General tried to swerve in the air, but the result was her wing being torn apart. She could only watch on in horror as she crashed into the marshlands below. She regretted not flying away at the first instant she could, but there was no medicine for such a feeling.

Leonel shot forward, appearing before the raging square-faced Demon General.

"Boy, I'll smash you to a pulp!" PANDA NOVEL

The Demon General raised his club above his head, already picturing the scene of Leonel being smashed into a blood mist.

However, the instant he did, he realized that he was suddenly feeling light headed. Why did he feel so weak all of a sudden?

In a second of distraction, a sharp pain ripped through his throat. He looked down in disbelief to find Leonel spear being pulled out of his body. Even as the life faded from within him, he didn't realize that he only felt so weak due to his own stupidity.

Leonel appeared before the bat-winged Demon General in a flash, not stopping to admire his kill for even a moment. The latter was still sprawled on the damp ground. Though it had dulled the impact for her, it was also the reason she was even more stuck than the others were.

She didn't even have the time to lift her head from the ground before Leonel's spear ran through her back, piercing her heart.

Leonel flickered around the battlefield. Whether it was the Demon Generals or their subordinates that happened to get caught in the range of his spear, he showed no mercy. p???(???????)

“RUN!”

The Demon Generals couldn't bother to stay any longer. The man was nothing more than a god of death. It felt like he was looking at them as though they were just numbers on a sheet, a tally to his success and nothing more.

Unfortunately, was it really so easy to run from Leonel? Every Earth Spell Leonel cast carried a variance to it due to his mutated Spirit Pressure affinity. This variance was related to his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor. It naturally ingrained metals into all of his Mage Arts.

This ability wasn't very useful for an ability like [Grand Marshlands] or [Mud Pit]. However... When it came to defense and attacking Earth Mage Arts, Leonel's could be said to be double the strength of a normal cast without any exaggeration.

There was another spell that got a boost as well. And that was...

“[Harden].”

The expanse of marshlands suddenly became solid land once again. A wild surge of winds whipped around Leonel. To use [Harden] on such a large scale was completely different than using it like he had previously on [Mud Pit]. However, to Leonel, he didn't feel that there was much of a difference at all.

By now, in their struggle, the Demon Generals and other Demons had already sunk down to the shins. And now... they suddenly found themselves completely trapped.

It was a one sided slaughter. Leonel shot through the 50 meter radius like a fluttering leaf dripping with blood. Every place he stopped would suddenly bloom a flower of crimson, reaping the life of another demon.

The green flame Demon General watched on with horror. He couldn't move even a single inch. Even now, he had no idea who Leonel was. He had thought that their Demon Army had information on all the great talents of Camelot. So... where the hell had this boy come from?

He treated their lives like weeds. The green flame Dmeon General had already lost count of all the atrocities he had committed. But, somehow before Leonel, he felt like an innocent child who didn't understand the world.

A bitter chuckle left the Demon General's lips as Leonel's spear finally found its way to him. It wasn't long before the green flames of his eyes waned and flickered out. The last sight he saw were Leonel's expressionless violet eyes. He seemed... disappointed?

Leonel ripped his spear from the Demon General's skull.

He looked down at the once beautiful spear, realizing that it was beaten and battered now. There were multiple chips on its common iron head and its wooden body was chipped in several places.

Ultimately, it was just a common weapon. It couldn't even be considered a Tier 1 Black Grade treasure. It found it hard to resist Leonel's own strength, let alone those of his enemy. If it wasn't for Spear Domain's recovery feature and the protective shield provided by Leonel's Spear Force, it would have already broken down long ago.

Leonel looked up. He noticed the look of fear the demons around him had. No, that was a bit inaccurate... They weren't around him because the entire 50 meter radius of him had been completely emptied out!

Leonel stood there, a halo of violet bronze above his head and a crown etched onto his forehead. His bronze hair billowed in the wind, his piercing violet-red eyes seemingly tearing through the void. He was covered in blood of all colors from head to toe...

It was hard to tell who the true demon was.

Chapter 246

A shocked hush came over the battlefield.

It wasn't that it was truly quiet. The clash of weapons, the cry of men, the stomping of hooves — they were all still there. However, there was a hard to describe stillness to the atmosphere.

Leonel was deep within enemy territory, standing all alone. It should have been a dangerous situation. He should have been scratching and clawing just to keep his own life. Yet, the truth was that he stood all alone, the surrounding space around him littered with corpses.

A deep breath sunk into Leonel's lungs. He felt his Force Nodes throbbing, recovering his stamina at unimaginable speeds. His stamina was already frightening after activating his Nodes, he could only imagine what level it would reach once he formed his ninth and tenth.

BANG!

The ground Leonel stood on heavily shook. He looked up calmly from his thoughts to find the massive Minotaur Demon Lord standing before him, his bloodied ax leaving a massive fissure in the ground.

In the distance, Lancelot frowned. He was still a distance from Leonel, there was nothing he could do about this.

For one, Leonel had rushed forward first. Secondly, Lancelot couldn't be as free spirited as Leonel, he had an army to lead. If he broke free and charged forward alone, it wouldn't have been impossible to already catch up with Leonel. However, as things stood now, it was impossible for him to abandon his men for one Leonel.

At the same time, he was still greatly worried. Leonel was a great talent, it would be a massive blow to Camelot if he were to fall here.

Though Leonel had been chopping down Demon Generals like weeds, it had to be said that Demon Lords had an average strength just marginally below that of the Knights of the Round table and the Magi of Camelot.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

This was just their average strength. The top echelon of them didn't lose out to the best Camelot had to offer by much at all. In fact, aside from King Arthur, the top three Knights of the Round Table and Pope Margrave, they were stronger than anything Camelot had to offer.

Lancelot knew the three Demon Lords that had come this time. Though their abilities weren't so exaggerated, they weren't the worst of the Demon Lords either. They could be ranked within the middle echelons of the Demon Army. That was enough to be as strong as some of the weaker Magi and Knights of the Round Table.

The minotaur that just landed before Leonel was Demon Lord Gorgo. He was ranked 26th amongst the Demon Lords and had astounding power. How could Lancelot not be worried.

"Little baby boy, I've never met someone as eager to die as you."

Leonel didn't respond. It wasn't that he didn't want to, but rather that he couldn't hear Gorgo's words at all.

The beating of his heart was growing wilder. His blood rushed through his veins like rushing tides. He felt as though a waterfall was crashing through his body, one capable of shattering rocks and drowning whales. It was to the point that even the Demon Lord before him could faintly hear it.

Leonel brandished his spear. As though he didn't know fear, he looked up at the minotaur that stood almost a full meter taller than him, his piercing violet-red eyes tearing through his veil of superiority with indifference.

"Hehe..." Gorgo laughed, his mouth spreading open to reveal two neat rows of pearly white teeth. They were so clear that Leonel could have even seen his own reflection should he have wanted to. However, this laughter wasn't jovial in the slightest.

"... I don't like that look in your eyes, little baby boy. Why don't I gouge them out for you?" PANDA NOVEL

Gorgo slowly raised his ax, his aura imposing and looming. Even compared to Leonel's own, it didn't seem to lose out in the slightest. But, after a moment, it became clear why.

Gorgo's aura was an aggregation of killing intent. Leonel's own was nothing but an intense will toward competition. While it seemed Gorgo's matched Leonel's, this was only because of its sinister attribute. It made it more memorable. This was compared to Leonel's which was a rich, steady stream.

It was like comparing two dishes. One might have a potent smell to it, but it wouldn't necessarily taste better...

However, the minotaur didn't seem to realize any of this. In his mind, this was only right. How could his own aura lose out to this baby boy? He was a mighty Demon Lord. Ants like Leonel were destined to fall beneath his blade,

At that moment, the battle ax reached its apex.

Leonel's eyes narrowed, sweeping one of his feet backward to sink into a steady stance.

SHUU!

The bloodied ax descended. It tore about the wind and left a whistling streak of air in its wake, seeking to tear Leonel in half.

Leonel felt his heart thump. Countless calculations streamed through his mind. In the end, he found that dodging this strike was actually impossible. $\rho \int \sqrt{\dots}$

The strike seemed simple, but it actually cut off all paths of retreat. It felt like the blade was a void, sucking everything toward it without regard. It took Leonel only a moment to realize that this must be a special ability of the minotaur.

There shouldn't be abilities in this world, but that didn't mean that there weren't creatures born with special characteristics. Or, in this case... Demon Lords who practiced special Force techniques.

Without a choice, Leonel poured everything he had into his spear.

“[Reinforce]. [Harden]. [Earthen Armor].”

A violent wind surged around Leonel, quickly coalescing into scales of earth that formed a metallic sheen of armor around his arm and spear.

Leonel's back and arm flexed, his bronze Runes pulsing with life.

He stabbed upward, meeting the descending ax without the slightest hint of fear.

Lancelot's eyes widened. He had actually feared that Leonel wouldn't retreat. That would fall right into Gorgo's hands. But, meeting him head on was also not the greatest option either. Gorgo was simply too strong.

BANG!

Leonel's spear bent like a bow, his knees bending under the strain of the strike.

BANG!

The battle ax continued, but Leonel had taken advantage of the small delay to step outside its range, barely dodging the blade.

SNAP!

Leonel's spear couldn't withstand the strain. Even after being protected by Leonel's magic, it snapped in two, one of its halves rebounding into the air and spinning wildly.

Gorgo took several steps back. It might very well have been more had his ax not sliced against the ground, slowing his momentum.

As though in shock, Gorgo looked toward his ax then back toward Leonel, his gaze growing serious.

The second half of Leonel's spear fell to the ground, not even having enough strength to pierce the earth.

Leonel could only sigh. This spear was truly too weak. And, he hadn't quite learned how to integrate his Metal Synergy with his Spear Force just yet...

"Little baby boy... It seems you have some skill. But... What are you going to do without your weapon?"

Gorgo's sneer deepened as he slowly walked forward, regaining his calm.

Leonel remained calm. It was as though he hadn't heard Gorgo's words at all. The rushing of his blood was only growing. That single strike... It wasn't enough...

Leonel put the half that remained of his spear away, calmly tracing the band of his spatial bracelet in a somewhat absentminded manner.

Then, as though a magician, he pinched with two fingers, slowly pulling as a new spear manifested itself.

The clang of rattling chains grated against the ear as a long, black polearm was pulled from Leonel's spatial bracelet. Though it was just an illusion of the mind, it felt as though it was endlessly long, as though there would never come a point where its pole stopped.

However, soon, Leonel had pulled it out completely.

The chains around its black body continued to rattle. Even with its butt remaining planted on the ground, it stood more than a head taller than Leonel, its flat, shimmering blade being almost two feet long alone.

Leonel swept the spear forward, causing the banging of the chains to become even more grating. Even without touching the ground, its sharpness left an arc on the cracked land before Leonel as though marking his territory.

He looked up and met Gorgo's eyes. His gaze seemed to say all that needed to be said.

Come!

Chapter 247

Spear Domain.

It was a treasure the likes of which only three others existed. It was a land of spears and spearmen that ruled over eras and generations. This was Spear Domain.

After awakening his Wisdom Branch, Leonel's spirit skyrocketed. So, it was no surprise that the distance he could walk within Spear Domain had also, likewise, increased by a large measure.

The hidden world of Spear Domain was separated into several peaks. In the beginning, Leonel thought that these were simply separations of weak to strong. But, the truth wasn't so simple.

To understand Spear Domain, one must understand the Spear Domain Lineage Factor. This bloodline allows one to pour all of one's skill into a single spear.. No matter what abilities you have or gain, it becomes possible to perfectly integrate it into one's Spear Force.

This accumulative Spear Force becomes layered and slowly grows more and more powerful over time. Eventually, if one walks to the end of Spear Domain and reaches the highest peak, forming a spear that encompasses all, it would be possible to stand atop the universe!

Therein lies the truth behind these peaks of Spear Domain...

Every previous owner of Spear Domain would form a peak. The penultimate weapon of their lifetimes would be pierced into this peak while all the spears surrounding the base of it represented all the styles and techniques they integrated into their own!PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The black spear in Leonel's hands now, the very one with dangling black chains clattering amidst a silent battlefield, was the spear of the first peak. The primitive woman and primitive man were both spears that could only surround the base of its peak!

Gorgo felt his heart palpitate when his gaze landed on Leonel's spear. It felt like he was staring at the sovereign of an era, an impossibly tall mountain crashing down toward him.

It was just the first peak of the smallest hill. In fact, Leonel counted that there were hundreds of hills within Spear Domain that shared the same height as the hill he pulled this spear from, and those were just the one's in his line of vision. Yet, even it was able to make Gorgo's knees go weak.

'This weapon...'

In the distance, the zombie Demon Lord locked eyes on Leonel's spear, his heart involuntarily palpitating. Greed lit his rotting eyes.

Even with his status, he had never seen such a powerful weapon. In fact, he doubted that even Lord Modred's weapon could match the one in Leonel's hand right now.

The black spear was a Quasi Bronze treasure just half a step away from becoming a true Bronze treasure. It was no wonder others were reacting like this, but Leonel wasn't thinking about such things at all. He was entirely focused on the task at hand. PANDA NOVEL

The spear in his hand weighed just over a hundred pounds. The amount of focus he needed to control it was far more than any other weapon he had ever wielded before. However, at the same time, it made his blood boil endlessly.

His mind flashed with the vision he saw when he touched this spear. Unlike the other two spears he had touched, he didn't get sent to witness a life moment of the owner. Instead, he found himself in a world of darkness, a perpetual pressure weighing down on him from all sides.

Leonel knew that he hadn't grasped even a single percent of what that world of darkness wanted to portray to him. He also knew that it was his fault for this as well. After all, he skipped over all of the spears that were meant to form the foundation to truly understand the weapon in his hands. The smart

thing to do would be to slowly build up his understanding by comprehending all the spears around the base of this spear's peak.

However... the current Leonel just couldn't wait. He could always go back to thoroughly understand those spears. But this battle... he wanted to fight it now!

Leonel shot forward, the piercing strikes of his spear casting a net of black toward Gorgo. The chains on its body danced, lashing out like whips and poisonous snakes.

Gorgo felt a palpable pressure descend onto him. He struck out on reflex, hoping to send Leonel back, but the result left him horrified.

BANG! BANG! BANG! ρ??∫??????

Ax and spear met time and time again. With each strike, Gorgo felt his arms go numb. It was as though a hammer was smashing into his body continuously. His organs shook, his bones quaked, even the blood vessels in his eyes popped.

He was losing... in strength?

The only thing that kept him going was the idea that Leonel should be worse off. After all, he was a human. How could his body compare to a mighty Demon Minotaur's?

Unfortunately... reality was cruel.

In the past several weeks, Leonel's body had already reached the standard of a Weak Third Dimension metal. With his Runes activated, trying to harm him was just like trying to cut apart an unrefined ore.

The first stage of refining his Metal Body was separated by the Dimensions. Within the Third Dimension, the tiers were separated into Weak, Standard, Strong, Superior and Perfect. Only by opening the eighth door would one be able to reach the Superior standing and only those that opened the ninth would be able to reach Perfection. However, even the weakest Weak standing was enough to drive an opponent mad.

While Gorgo's body felt as though it might break down at any moment, Leonel only felt slightly numb. Only the weakest parts of his body like his wrists and ankles felt any real discomfort.

In Leonel's current state... wielding a heavy weapon like his black spear couldn't have felt any better!

Gorgo shrunk back, completely deactivating his void Force. Usually, others would try to run from him, so his suction technique was a death sentence to all. Yet, now, it was nothing but a detriment to himself.

His heart sank when he saw the chips and cracking of the ax in his hand. Was the difference between their weapons really so great? He felt that in just a few more strikes, the companion that had followed him for so many decades would meet its end right here.

'Dammit!' Gorgo shouted in his mind.

How had he been so unlucky to come across such an abnormal little baby boy?! Even the weapon he wielded was heavier than his own!

Suddenly, Leonel's spear tip shook, a faint light coating its surface.

Gorgo's expression changed. Reacting quickly, he used his ax to protect his chest.

PCHU! CRACK!

A pain trembled Gorgo's heart. He watched as Leonel's spear embedded itself into his ax. Though it didn't pass all the way through, such a crack meant the end of a weapon.

Gorgo explosively retreated beneath the shocked gazes of the armies around.

Others may not know it, but after today they surely would. The reason Leonel lost so badly to Lamorak wasn't just because of his crystallized Force, but also because his weapon couldn't hold a candle to the Grand Knight's.

Though Leonel would have still lost had he had this spear back then, it wouldn't have been so quickly. And, now that he had begun to crystallize his own Force and had such a weapon in hand... He had no intention of losing to the Demon Lord before him!

“BOY! I'll go all out with you!”

A dense black Force erupted around Gorgo. It felt as though his body had become the center of a black hole, causing everything to surge toward him.

Wind whipped around wildly. If it wasn't for the fact Leonel was holding such a heavy spear, he might have been sent flying toward the minotaur Demon Lord as well.

Leonel's eyes shone. 'This must be a knight technique of this world...'

Chapter 248

Leonel was just one person. With his ability, he was able to split his mind and study many things at once, but even then, he only had one body. There were only so many things he could do at once.

In truth, he was already lucky to have set aside some time to gain the acknowledgement of the spear in his hand currently. He still remembered the feeling of his soul sheering apart beneath its presence...

However, no matter how much of an advantage his ability gave him, he couldn't master everything. To now, he had mastered all the abilities the Mage Academy had to offer him in terms of Mage Arts. But, he still hadn't had time to study the path of knights.

Seeing Gorgo explode like this before him, it reaffirmed his will to dig up all the secrets of this world.

What remained of Leonel's robes billowed beneath the wind. He could already feel his arms slightly aching beneath the pressure. This wasn't due to Gorgo's strikes, but rather because he wasn't used to using such a heavy weapon..

To the current Leonel, lifting a hundred pounds wasn't a problem. In fact, this was simple even for an average male. However, lifting a weight and using a weapon of such heft were two completely different concepts.

BANG!PANDA-N0VEL.COM

Gorgo's armor cracked and shattered into several pieces, spiraling into every which direction like the shrapnel of a grenade. His bulging muscles flexed beneath the influx of energy surging toward him, veins of pumping blood racing across his skin like crimson serpents.

He raised his ax into the air. But, his target wasn't Leonel at all. Instead, he slammed the flat of the blade over his knee, shattering the blade along the line of the damage Leonel had caused.

The resulting weapon was sinister beyond belief. The irregular, jagged edge looked like the jaws of a demon bearing down from above.

SHUUU!

The ax left trails of sliced wind in its path as it descended. Its irregular edge caused the air to bend and twist, making it sound as though a ghastly flute was being blown.

Leonel's gaze burned with fighting intent. His Spear Force coated the two foot long flat blade of his spear as he pierced forward without regard. PANDA NOVEL

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The blood in Leonel's body rolled with every collision.

It was clear to anyone observing that Leonel had greater strength and that even his movement was a measure better. However... His technique was simply too lacking.

Every strike of Gorgo seemed to contain a mysterious air to it. His strikes uniquely flowed from one stance to another, achieving a smooth resonance that allowed him to lose himself in battle.

However, Leonel's movements lacked variation. He continuously calculated and responded with a strong pierce again and again, but this was all. He could only rely on his ability to make up for his lack of skill, but against a truly strong enemy, such a thing would be useless.

Like this, Gorgo and Leonel fell into a stalemate, neither one gaining an advantage over the other. And, with Gorgo's weapon having been broken once before, breaking it again after it shrunk in size was several levels more difficult. $\rho \ll \ll \ll \ll \ll \ll \ll$

In the distance, Lancelot was beginning to grow worried, even more so than he had been before.

'This boy... Doesn't he know that a spear can do more than pierce?!

How could Lancelot know that all of Leonel's skill came from the primitive man and woman? The primitive man only taught him how to bring out the full potential of his body with every strike, but the primitive woman's fighting technique was entirely reliant on a piercing motion.

The primitive woman's spear had a modified blade in the shape of a prism. This made its piercing power incredibly strong, almost like the stinger of a bee, but as a result, it lost its ability to perform the other kinds of strikes.

Due to his inexperience, Leonel took a battle that he most assuredly should have won and turned it into a struggle. Even still, Leonel didn't take a single step back. In fact, his indifferent expression began to crack, shimmering with hints of happiness.

His eyes grew more focused. Ignoring the aching of his arms, he pierced forward again and again as though he didn't know fatigue.

Just when Leonel was about to lose himself in battle, he frowned. An instinct that came from the depths of his heart suddenly trembled.

Leonel didn't need to look to know what happened. His Internal Sight was too sharp. He felt the eyes of the two Demon Lords locked onto him.

The sudden feeling was almost as though his head had been dunked into a vat of ice and water. He had almost forgotten that he was on a battlefield. Venting his frustration was fine, but burning himself out to the point of running on empty would be like asking for death.

'My spearmanship is too lacking. I need to absorb the experiences of more of the spears surrounding the base of this peak spear...'

Leonel took a deep breath. With his fatigue growing, his rolling blood was also losing its control over him, even the violet-red of his eyes began to slowly fade.

Others could sense this. In fact, the sharpness of the two remaining Demon Lords grew. The only Demon Lord that wasn't inwardly celebrating was Gorgo. How could he? His state was even sorer than Leonel's.

However, Leonel wasn't worried... His body might have reached its limit but... His Ethereal Glabella was still filled to the brim with Soul Force.

'I should end this.'

"[Grand Gravity Warp]. [Layering Arts]."

Demon Lord Gorgo was caught completely off guard. He had completely forgotten that Leonel was a mage. Or, maybe he hadn't forgotten, but maybe had assumed that Leonel's magic fell far short of his spearmanship. However, reality was cruel.

Reaching the end of his stamina, Gorgo's legs trembled and he heavily fell to his knees. His ax failed to block Leonel's following spear strike, causing his collarbone to be run through completely.

Leonel's Spear Force was so sharp that an invisible blade ran through the minotaur's body, exiting his shoulder blade and running through the ground behind his kneeling figure.

The zombie and skeleton Demon Lord were stunned by this sudden change of events. They had just been waiting for an opportune time to strike, how had the situation reversed so suddenly?

At that moment, having used Leonel's forward momentum to their benefit, Camelot's army had already cut down a large portion of the demon army. Before, it would have been worth it to take advantage of Leonel's situation. But, if Leonel still had so much strength left to fight, it was simply impossible to try and benefit now.

With a placid expression, the zombie Demon Lord signaled with his hand, causing loud, blaring horns to sound. Like a tide, the demons began to retreat, not sparing a glance toward Gorgo who had yet to breathe his last breath.

Chapter 249

"Hehe... A little baby boy actually dares to hold back while fighting me."

Gorgo coughed up several mouthfuls of blood, his once pearly white teeth becoming covered in a sheen of crimson.

Leonel's gaze met the minotaur Demon Lord's. Although Gorgo was on his knees now, he was so tall to begin with that Leonel could only look him in the eye.

It wasn't that Leonel was looking down on Gorgo, it was rather that Leonel himself was too strong. Because of this, his actual fighting prowess had stagnated.

During his studies in the Mage Academy, Leonel had learned a lot. His Dreamscape was filled to the brim with mage textbooks and manuals of all kinds. But, if he were to separate them into groups and point out which had the largest percentage of theories written about it, there was no doubt in his mind that it would be 'battle sense'.

To a mage, there were things more important than how many spells you knew and how powerful your spells were.. What stood above that was timing, situation and execution.

Every Mage Art took time to cast. When a Mage Art was ultimately cast, it would impact the environment and change the situation around the next Mage Art. And, every Mage Art took a good portion of one's Spirit Pressure to cast.

Ultimately, between knights and mages, mages were particularly worried about battle sense and efficiency. If one had poor battle sense, it was very possible for a weaker mage to defeat a stronger one. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

How a mage economized their Spirit Pressure, how they prepared spells in battle — building up with shorts casts to longer ones — and even down to the angles to which they pointed their wands were all important aspects of battle sense.

This realization ingrained one thing in Leonel's mind: He was still too weak.

Before, he hadn't realized how much of a grip this thought had on his heart until he realized just how much his loss to Lamorak had affected him. But now, he couldn't have been more clear.

To the current Leonel, defeating Gorgo by relying on his combination mage and spearman abilities held no meaning. The only reason he resorted to it in those final moments was because he felt that if he continued, his life would be in jeopardy.

This was maybe the first time in his life that Leonel was truly faced with his own weakness. He couldn't help but have thoughts of what would happen to him if he was less talented. Such a thing left him feeling greatly uncomfortable in his heart. It was an emotion he didn't quite understand how to reconcile with.

Leonel's spear pulled out from Gorgo's collarbone and struck down again. This time, he pierced his heart.

As Gorgo's life faded, so too did Leonel's blazing aura. His Runes dimmed and sunk into his skin and his violet-red eyes slowly faded to its usual pale green. PANDA NOVEL

A wave of fatigue overwhelmed Leonel. His breathing couldn't help but grow heavy.

He was only barely able to counter the side effects of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor after reaching the Weak state. But, his body still felt heavy. Of course, it also didn't help that his new weapon was over a hundred pounds either.

'My Force and Soul Force are still at over 70% capacity, yet my body can't keep up...' Leonel frowned.

He felt like a headless chicken. He was always coming up with issues he could work on, but he never had a perfect solution for any of them. He needed more knowledge.

The Mage Academy had a limited amount of information on matters related to the body, but the Knight Academy should be different...

Leonel turned around to hear the stomping hooves of a band of horses. The first sight he saw was Lancelot's stern face, carrying a lance bloodied by battle.

Leonel smiled somewhat bitterly. He didn't have much experience in battle, but it was pretty much common knowledge that rules and regulations were extremely important on the battlefield. He had acted without regard for consequences earlier, but that didn't mean that there wouldn't be any.

ρ??∫??????

However, Leonel wasn't stupid either. Mages were a special circumstance. Usually, the more powerful a mage, the less restricted they were by the rules of the army. For example, Lionus, as a Light Mage, traveled around the battlefield to where he was needed. So, Leonel wasn't too worried about punishment.

It was just that he fought too much like a knight, so it was easy for those watching to forget he was a mage.

Lancelot saw Leonel's calm expression and his lip couldn't help but twitch. This boy, couldn't he at least pretend to be afraid?

Though Lancelot thought this and even tried to think of ways to make Leonel suffer a small loss, he soon remembered that he actually didn't have any power to punish Leonel. This feeling left him quite stifled.

In truth, he was thankful to Leonel. Though he was confident that they would have won the battle anyway, it most definitely wouldn't have been so easy.

Demons were different from humans. Their population of warriors was far higher despite the fact the overall population of humans outstripped them. As a result, they were uncaring about casualties and usually attacked in waves, whittling down their stamina for weeks and months on end.

Due to this, the Demons had an overall losing record against humans, but in the grand scheme, it was actually humans who were on the losing end. Something like winning with so few casualties, and even taking down a Demon Lord at the same time, was of great benefit to Camelot.

Just as Lancelot was thinking of how to deal with Leonel without appearing too weak and forgiving, a scout suddenly rushed to the front line.

“Sir Lancelot! Urgent tidings!”

“Hm?”

Lancelot frowned. They just finished a several hour long battle, what could it possibly be now?

“Speak.” Lancelot finally said.

“This...”

The messenger looked toward Leonel and hesitated. The other knights around Lancelot were his respected guards. No commander would enter a battlefield alone, they would always have death guards around them. The first priority of these death guards was to ensure the safety of the commander.

This was all to say that while it was alright for such trusted subordinates to hear this message, Leonel was an unknown factor. The scout's hesitancy just went to show how important the message was.

“It’s alright, speak.”

The scout took a deep breath. “I come from the #15 Small Barrack just northwest of here. We’ve been overrun by demons and are seeking assistance.”

Lancelot frowned.

“Sir Lancelot, Sir Lancelot!”

The information from the first scout hadn’t even settled in before another messenger suddenly crossed onto the battlefield.

A bad premonition suddenly struck the Knight of the Round Table.

Chapter 250

In the Border Region, the forts were separated into Small and Large Barracks. There were a total of 99 Small Barracks and 9 Large Barracks. All Small Barracks were headed by Three Star Grand Knights while all Large Barracks were headed by Knights of the Round Table in shifts.

With this sort of setup, it was obvious that every Large Barrack had 11 Small Barracks under their charge. However, what Lancelot could have never expected was for six of his Small Barracks to suddenly come out and ask for help like this.

Lancelot frowned.

He had thought that the Demons retreated a bit too easily. Though Leonel was putting a lot of pressure on them, it was also obvious that Leonel had been reaching the end of his rope. On top of that, they allowed one of the Demon Lords to die too easily... Unless!

Lancelot’s heart trembled.

Others might not know why the Demon Lords were insistent on keeping their numbers at 66, but Lancelot was very much aware.. Lionus had explained it to Leonel perfunctorily, but how could such a thing not have a deep, underlying reason for it?

The truth was that just like paladins of Pope Margrave, much of the strength of the Demon Lords were gained directly from Modred. The balance of this shared power was perfect when there were 66 of them. However, when there was an additional Demon Lord, that balance would be lost. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

This wasn't as simple as there not being enough Darkness Internal Strength. Modred's power was beyond imagining. If The Pope could have hundreds of Paladins, it obviously wasn't a problem for Modred to have hundreds of Demon Lords. The issue lied in the properties of Dark Internal Strength. Or rather, in the properties of Modred's Dark Internal Strength.

This kind of Internal Strength was exceptionally volatile and difficult to control. In addition, it had a negative influence on one's Ethereal Glabella, and by extension, one's Soul Force. As a result, whenever there was an imbalance in Demon Lords, their strength took a dive as a collective.

That was right. Demon Lord Gorgo was about 10% weaker than his peak form when he was fighting Leonel for this very reason.

One might ask then, why would Lancelot allow Leonel to kill Gorgo, then? Wouldn't it benefit Camelot if this imbalance continued? Well the answer to that was obvious.

What use would there be if Camelot went out of their way to not kill Demon Lords just to keep this imbalance? It might have been possible to capture and imprison Gorgo today, but would it always be so simple? Demon Lords weren't stupid... And, things also weren't so straightforward either.

For one, Mordred could dispell the powers of a Demon Lord whenever she so wished. Even if Gorgo was captured, if the Demon Army came to be at a disadvantage, Modred could easily snatch Gorgo's strength from a distance. PANDA NOVEL

Secondly, even if Camelot went out of their way to capture and not kill Demon Lords... these were Demons they were talking about! Why wouldn't they just kill amongst themselves until their numbers were balanced once again?

Before, Lionus had silently thought that this all out attack and this chaos was exactly what Modred wanted, and he was likely correct. Even if Modred protected the newly appointed Demon Lord, if the Demon Lords were so eager for balance, couldn't they just kill one another?

Yet, instead of simply picking a new target, the Demons chose to launch an all out offensive against Camelot.

If Lancelot's thoughts were correct, then it was very likely that his Large Barracks weren't the only ones to receive so many SOS calls at once. It may be that the entire Border Region was lit with flames of war!

When his trail of thoughts reached this point, Lancelot sucked in a cold breath. Was Modred really prepared to act again after so many years?

'Last time she acted...' p??J??????

A hint of pain flashed by through Lancelot's gaze. It wasn't a pain of the flesh, but rather one of the heart. It seemed that whatever memories he was thinking of deeply scarred him.

Leonel didn't know about any of this insider information. He only watched silently as Lancelot's expression changed several times. He thought himself to be good at reading human emotion, but whatever Lancelot was thinking of was way beyond his means to comprehend.

After a while, Lancelot took in a deep breath.

"Aleck, Peirce, Bran, Amaud, Jeffroy, Hammond — You'll lead your troops to support the Small Barracks."

Leonel's eyes couldn't help but flicker toward Peirce. He was the very same man who had two exceptionally long swords strapped to the sides of his horse. Leonel had paid a small bit of attention toward him during the battle. His skill could only be described as frightening.

Originally, Leonel had thought him to be one of the Knights of the Round Table as well. But, by his name, it was obvious that he wasn't.

'Who is he, exactly?'

Leonel had no idea.

Lancelot continued to give out orders.

"... You scouts will second messages back to the remaining Small Barracks. Have them all retreat back here. I have a feeling that things won't end so simply.

"Also, someone call our Beast Mage here, have him send out several hawks to the other Large Barracks. Inform them of my decision."

A Beast Mage, from Leonel's readings, was a mage without affinity. They were essentially a Mental Mage, just like Elys, except they focused on mental manipulation magic that worked on low intelligence creatures.

There strength wasn't very great, so they were often restricted to roles much like the order Lancelot just gave out.

"... As for the rest of you, rest and prepare for battle. The two remaining enemies we face are Demon Lord Dagon and Coyote. Dagon is famous for his night raids, this isn't the time to let our guards down."

A heavy expression colored Lancelot's features.

Demon Lord Dagon was the skeleton demon with prisoner steel balls strapped to his wrists and ankles. While Gorgo had been ranked in the low 20's, he had broken into the top 20.

However, Demon Lord Coyote was even more mysterious. While Lancelot had some information about Dagon's tendencies, he knew next to nothing about Coyote, the zombie Demon Lord. Whether it was his strength or personality, they were all just mere guesses.

Lancelot had a feeling that the reason they retreated so easily was to divert his attention to the Small Barracks. Now that half of their forces had to leave, their situation during the next battle could be imagined.

Leonel calmly watched this from start to finish, his mind as placid as a calm lake.