

Descent 261

Chapter 261

At that moment, another teleportation array was lit. This time, a whole host of young and old knights walked out. It was very obvious that they came from the knight academy.

It wasn't long before they, too, were shocked by the lineup before them. It was clear that Camelot was taking this as seriously as they could.

Leonel suddenly felt a pair of eyes on him. He casually turned his head to find a familiar large man.

Sir Lamorak looked down toward Leonel with placid eyes. It was impossible to tell what his emotions were at that moment. He seemed like a man who wouldn't blink even if a mountain came crashing down before him.

Leonel met his gaze equally as expressionlessly.. Even when his strength was far beneath Lamorak's, he hadn't wavered. It could be said the only reason he had panicked back then was due to Magus Aliard's attack on his mind.

The current Leonel had long since learned how to defend his mind from such things. He no longer had to rely on the passive strength of his spirit, he could actively block such spells.

It could be said that Leonel was one of the only few who didn't feel such reverence in the presence of these individuals.

In truth, Leonel was born in an Empire as well. Though somewhat different from a Kingdom, the concept was similar enough. However, Earth's government was quite unique. While the sovereignty of the Emperor was important and many positions were hereditary, there was still the shadow of democracy.

This was why officials went by titles like Secretary Marquisette and Governor Duke. Each of these titles were combinations of democratically elected titles and hereditary ones.PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Due to this unique system, Leonel hadn't grown up in an environment where there was an emphasis on kneeling — and by extension, not kneeling.

That said, kneeling and not kneeling was one matter, while bowing to pressure was another. There was a difference between a person who knelt out of fear and one who knelt simply out of custom.

Leonel's body might kneel, but that didn't mean his heart kneeled.

Facing Lamorak's gaze, rather than shying away, Leonel felt his blood boil uncontrollably once again. It took all of his will power to not point a spear in the direction of that man.

He restrained his aura completely and eventually looked away from Lamorak. He felt that if he continued to look, he would lose all ability to control himself any longer.

At that moment, arcs of light splintered in the air, causing a mote of light to float before each participant. Soon, that light broke apart to reveal a wooden card with a number engraved onto it.

Leonel's number was 321.

"Battles of the Mage and Knight Academies will go on simultaneously. Please split apart according to your numbers. You've been split into group of 100. Numbers 1 to 100 here..." PANDA NOVEL

Another Two Star Magus had taken over the proceedings. This time, he was a Two Star Earth Magus. Though there were some Two Star Magi taking part in this tournament, there were many with powerful family backers that had no need to do so.

This tournament was entirely made for those who wouldn't be receiving quotas from their families.

"Why're you staring daggers at a little boy, Lamorak? Oh?"

A man no shorter than Lamorak looked up in interest.

“Is that the boy who made you suffer a loss? I heard that you had to activate your Blazing Internal Strength to defeat him, aren’t you embarrassed?”

The man jeered Lamorak without restraint, laughing heartily. But, it was clear that this wasn’t a disdainful taunt but rather simple banter between friends.

Lamorak grunted, but his eyes narrowed. He didn’t like the look Leonel gave him at all. It wasn’t particularly disrespectful, but the feeling was akin to being questioned by an ant. It made him feel uncomfortable.

“If he can fight you, this might be a bit too easy for the boy. He should steamroll the 21-30 bracket with absolute ease. He should be of some help during the Trials...”

Some of the knights here were old enough to have entered the Merlin Trial Gates the last time. Though 50 years was long to a mortal, to those who practice Internal Strength, living 150 years wasn’t a problem.

As such, they were all well aware of just what kind of danger waited for them. Even though they were also much more powerful than they had been in the past, they still didn’t feel an ounce of confidence. This was the kind of weight the Merlin Trials placed on the heart.

“Whether he’ll gain a spot to enter is still a matter that needs to be decided.”

“Hm?” The knight by Lamorak’s side frowned. “Don’t tell me you’re targeting a little boy, Lamorak?”

By the knight’s tone, it was clear he was one part stunned and another part disappointed. Stunned because this wasn’t the Lamorak he knew and disappointed because this wasn’t the sort of disposition a knight should have.

“His origins are unknown. The only reason I allowed him to live was because Aliard stepped in and he was a Light Mage. But now, he’s come out as an Earth Childe and washed his hands of all Holy Son related matters.

“There’s no need to target him directly or even kill him for now. He can consider this payment for the service he’s given to my Camelot up until now. But, allowing him to enter the Merlin Trials is impossible. He’s an already difficult to control variable, letting him get more out of control is inadvisable.”

The knight’s frown deepened.

“In that case, why are you allowing him to participate at all?”

“It’s better that he loses justifiably so that he has less things to complain about. I don’t care about face, but I can’t tarnish the shield of the Knight of the Round Table.”

“Are you joking, who are you going to find in his age group capable of defeating him? What are you playing at, Lamorak?”

Lamorak snorted. “Maybe those who have to take part in this selection cannot, but if I select a few talented 30 year olds from those families, it will still be possible.”

“...”

The more Lamorak spoke, the more uncomfortable the knight became. It was clear that Lamorak wasn’t a scheming person. Would a scheming person so easily reveal their snake tail like this? Lamorak was only doing what he thought was best for Camelot.

In a lot of ways, he wasn’t entirely wrong. There were too many questions about Leonel’s identity and his abilities were even more questionable. Not killing him was already a sign of good will in Lamorak’s opinion. However, allowing him to enter the Trial Gates was impossible.

However, what happened next left Lamorak stunned.

“Um, excuse me. I shouldn’t be in this group.”

Up to now, the atmosphere had been quite solemn and quiet. Due to some odd spell or maybe the black drapes placed over the empty seats, their voices didn't echo as one would expect. However, this left everyone feeling exceptionally hollow.

Most of the voices had been coming from either the hundred or so elites observing from the stands, or the Two Star Earth Magus directing everything below. So... Leonel's voice stood out especially.

The Two Star Earth Magus frowned.

“What is it?”

“This is the group for 21 to 30 year olds, correct?” Leonel asked.

“Yes, that is correct. You're in the right place.”

Leonel frowned and shook his head. “I'm only 18 years old this year, why would I be in this group? When did I say I was older than 20?”

The arena was stunned silent.

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The Earth Elemental Magus looked toward Leonel with shock.

In truth, he had heard of this Leonel before. No, it was more accurate to say that everyone had. And, due to his position, he was in a unique enough standing to know some special matters about Leonel as well.

The main point was that Leonel was recently given credit for killing two Demon Lords. This was a feat only the likes of the General Stars and the Two and Three Star Magi had. Yet, it was now in the hands of an immature boy.

It was already difficult enough to reconcile Leonel's talent with his age. But, if he was even younger than they all assumed... just what kind of ridiculous matter was this?

Now that the Two Star Earth Magus thought about it, the registration of ages should have been done by the candidate themselves. After all, everyone here should have been registered with either the Knight Academy or the Mage Academy.

Leonel was in a bit of a special situation since he was an orphan. It seemed that as a result, other guessed his age for him?

'That doesn't make any sense. Who would input an age for another without first asking? What would such a person gain?'

The Earth Magus suddenly felt a cold sweat falling from his back. He suddenly felt that this matter wasn't so simple, but he also didn't know just what he had suddenly appeared in the middle of.

"Boy, are you certain? The punishment for such an infraction isn't light."

Leonel almost rolled his eyes. How could he not be certain about his own age?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

But at the last minute, he held back. In this world, he had claimed to be an orphan. In an era like this one, it wasn't rare for orphans like him to be off on the estimation of their own ages by a year or two. If he seemed too certain of his own age, then it would only bring more questions about his identity forward.

Thinking to this point, Leonel decided to take a step back.

"I'm an orphan, I can only make estimations of my own age. But, I shouldn't be older than 20."

Hearing Leonel's response, the Earth Magus looked at him with an incredulous expression. This boy wasn't even sure but he was stirring up trouble.

At this point, he wanted to wring Leonel's neck. If you weren't certain, why did you have to bring me into this mess?

Leonel only seemed to realize there was something wrong after reading the magus' expression. Now that he thought about it, it was indeed odd that his age had been decided without first consulting him. Was he being targeted?

'If my age was decided for me, it's very likely that my number was decided along with the order of my battles.'

Thinking to this point, Leonel was enlightened. However, he was also inwardly puzzled.

With his strength, was there really anyone 30 or younger who could defeat him? PANDA NOVEL

He didn't know, truthfully. He had a lot of knowledge about this world's magic system. But, as for the actual people that made up this world, he knew nothing. There very well could be for all he knew.

Still, Leonel was confident.

That said... just because he was confident, didn't mean he'd allow others to ride on his head just because they felt he was an easy target.

"There's no need to drag this out, honored Magus. My knowledge is limited, but I do know that there exists an auxiliary spell that can test skeletal age. If I'm wrong, I'm willing to take on whatever punishment you have."

The Earth Magus' expression changed. The truth was that they were mostly were using the deterrence of Camelot to avoid such trouble. The [Age Detection] Mage Art was a Two Star Magus Art.

Not only was it a high level spell, but since it served no other purpose, it was rare for Magi to learn it at all. It took years of meditation and calculations to learn just a single Two Star Magus Art. Why would anyone spend it on such a spell?

It could be said that those who did had done so for research purposes. Since [Age Detection] was a spell that relied on understanding the intricacies of the human body, comprehending it deepened one's understanding of healing magic.

This was all to say that those who could afford to waste time learning such a high level spell had exceptionally high standing within Camelot. In fact, they may be among those overwhelmingly influential individuals within the stands currently.

"This..." ρ??∫??????

The Earth Magus turned a helpless eye toward the stands. Obviously, he didn't have the ability to cast [Age Detection].

At that moment, several cold gazes flashed within the 21-30 group. It was nearly imperceptible, but Leonel caught onto a few, causing him to sneer within his heart.

The longer he spent in this new world order, the more he learned about how useless ideas of law and justice were.

"Leonel, right? How about this. You're so powerful to begin with. Whether you participate in the lower or middle age bracket, the result will be the same. Why not just allow things to proceed as is?"

Leonel almost laughed in response.

"If that's the case and the result is the same regardless, why not just let me participate in the lower age bracket?"

The Earth Magus was helpless. He was really hoping that Leonel would just take a step back. But, who knew where this child gained enough guts to be so contentious before the eyes of so many elites?

In the end, he could only look toward the stands for guidance.

Pope Margrave watched on with an amused light in his eyes. He found Leonel to be quite interesting. From what he knew, this child was quite clever. If he was doing this, it meant he realized he was likely being targeted and simply didn't care to continue being respectful.

Finally, someone from above stepped forward. When Leonel saw who it was, his internal sneer only deepened.

“Three Star Official Magus Leonel is an orphan. His age is unknown. Judging by his level of strength and his accomplishments, it was decided that he would be allocated to the middle age bracket. This will mitigate the risk to other youths. In addition, it's believed that he has the strength necessary to protect himself.”

Leonel didn't have much of a reaction to these words.

“I would like to ask for my age to be confirmed, please.”

Lamorak, who had obviously been the one to stand out, narrowed his gaze.

“The decision has been made.”

“Is that so?” Leonel asked. “Are you certain?”

Lamorak's aura suddenly became sharp.

“I can just cast it myself if it's really so troublesome.” Leonel said as though not noticing Lamorak's expression.

Before anyone could react, a strong wind surged around Leonel.

One second... two... three..

SHUUU!

A light formed around Leonel's body as motes of light began to form from his body.

The lights grew in number and gathered. Soon, the spell dimmed, leaving the truth apparent for all to see.

18 motes of light. The 19th barely formed before collapsing.

Not only was it clear that Leonel was only 18 years old, it was obvious that he was only about half way to 19.

Lamorak's brow twitched.

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"It shouldn't be a problem now, right?" Leonel said calmly. "Please allocate me amongst the lower age bracket. There's no need to make wild guesses and conjectures any longer."

There seemed to be nothing wrong with Leonel's words, but they were laced with a hidden sarcasm that gave away his immaturity. It seemed that he wasn't very good at controlling his emotions, but this only made sense. He was still a teenage boy.

However, none of that mattered. He was in the right. All of Lamorak's diligent planning went to waste. Never did he think that Leonel would actually have the ability to cast such a spell.

In the stands, Lionus smiled.

'This Leonel. It seems his true self is coming out more and more everyday. If Lamorak keeps pushing his buttons, he might not light the ultimate result.'

Without a choice, Leonel was allowed to enter the lower age bracket.

From start to finish, the two with the highest authority — King Arthur and Queen Guinevere — didn't say a single word. They didn't step forward to help Lamorak, nor did they say anything in favor of Leonel. It seemed they were intent on being spectators to the end. PANDA-N0VEL.COM

As rulers of a Kingdom, they had long since become accustomed to internal strife. Though it was a bit surprising that Leonel could cast a Two Star Magus Art, it wasn't as surprising as killing two Demon Lords. So in the end, it was still acceptable.

Like this, Leonel steam rolled through the lower age bracket.

He didn't want to give Lamorak another excuse to target him, so since he was taking part in the Mage Academy selection, he used nothing but Mage Arts from start to finish, not pulling out his spear even once. In fact, he didn't need to use anything but Apprentice Arts.

His skill and battle sense caught the attention of many of the elites of Camelot. With each passing moment, he only impressed them more. Despite knowing that he was being watched by so many powerful beings, he was still able to maintain his calm, taking control of the battlefield with practiced ease.

The truth was that while they were impressed, Leonel was not. He could cast faster, his Spirit Pressure reserves were larger and his ability was created to be calculative. If he couldn't defeat them, he would be no more than a joke.

Leonel knew that it would be almost impossible to find those with his level of strength at his age within the Third Dimension. Only those born in higher Dimensions would be able to match him. PANDA N0VEL

Soon, the result was obvious.

Leonel proceeded not to lose a single battle and claim the first spot amongst the lower age bracket.

Within the middle age bracket, two young men stood side by side as they watched this with cold expressions.

In truth, if an [Age Detection] was cast on them, it would be found that they were in their mid-30's. They had already bended the rules to battle it out with Leonel and force him into a loss. But, they had never expected such a result.

The reason they could get away with such a thing was because they were merely the servants of the Lamorak Knightship. Since they were orphans, they could use the same excuse of not knowing their own age as well. In addition, since they were mages, they looked younger than they really were.

The truth was that though they had cold expressions, they were inwardly sighing breaths of relief. If they were caught, the one to suffer obviously wouldn't be Lamorak, but themselves. It could be said that Leonel had saved them as well, in a way... ρ???)???)???)

Leonel accepted his first place token and turned to leave, not sparing a glance toward Lamorak again. Whether this matter would end with just this was still up in the air.

Lamorak coldly watched as Leonel left.

It could be said that he lost all face today without anything to show for it. However, he didn't feel hatred toward Leonel.

He didn't do this because he hated Leonel. He simply didn't want Camelot to raise a snake in its grasses. Since this didn't work, he just had to think of something else.

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Leonel retreated to his living quarters. However, there was no happiness on his face. Instead, his gaze was suffused with a cold light.

After a moment, he laid down a few auxiliary protection and detection spells before entering the Segmented Cube's Lab Setting. There were still two months left until the leaving date. So, he had to be prepared.

First he needed to complete his glove craft. After that, he would have to bite the bullet and make some utility treasures. Before, he didn't want to waste the precious ores he obtained from the Project Hunt island because they were simply too difficult to gather and he wanted to save them for his Divine Armor, but now he had no choice.

Lamorak seemed to believe that it would be a simple matter to deal with him. However, he had never been a pushover.

As Leonel began to meditate, the cold determination within him only grew.

He knew very well that at that moment, within the arena, the 100 or so elites of Camelot were discussing the placement of the youths the selection had just chosen. However, whether or not the position promised to him would be given to him was still up in the air.

There were three reasons Leonel chose to come back to Camelot despite knowing this would be a possibility. After all, he had already been burned once by returning to the Royal Blue Fort. He wouldn't make the same mistake twice without reason.

The first reason was information. He simply didn't know enough about the Merlin Trials. Had he not returned, he would have no idea that the opening was still so many months away despite the appearance of that pillar of light.

The second reason was due to the side quests. Completing and clearing this Zone perfectly required Leonel to have a good relationship with Camelot. If he didn't, it would be several times more difficult. He didn't want to break off relations unless he absolutely had to.

And, finally... it was the Knight Academy. Leonel had still not gotten the opportunity to read through the libraries of the knights. It was very possible that the information they held would help better his Dreamscape.

Thankfully, this selection provided a unique opportunity. The regulations of the academies had been relaxed so that students could improve in the time leading up to the opening.

Leonel would take advantage of this time. He didn't know what trials lay ahead of him. For all he knew, his conjectures about the higher Dimensional Beings interfering with this Zone might all be wrong. But, the one thing he wouldn't be was unprepared.

As expected, just as Leonel was beginning to lay out his plans, the debate between the elites of Camelot had begun.

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Swirls of golden lines followed the arc of Leonel's hand. His quill worked quickly. Sometimes it was forceful and strong, other times it was soft and delicate.

The blueprint of his craft grew more complex and intricate with each passing moment.

The more time Leonel spent diving into the world of Force Crafters, the more he realized just how deep such a world was.

The ultimate deciding factor of the complexity of a Craft was the number of parts it was constructed by. The number of parts that constructed a Craft could decide whether it was simple to make or if it would be the bane of its creator.

Of course, there were always exceptions to the rules. It was possible for lower part Crafts to exceed higher part Crafts in difficulty of construction. For example, the most complex Craft Leonel had made to this point was his earth escape treasure.

This earth escape treasure was only constructed of two parts. The outer band of the ring and the inner band. The outside was made of an Earth Elemental Vessel while the inner was made of a Water Elemental Vessel. It was precisely the difficulty of balancing these two Ores that made this treasure so difficult to construct.

This was all to say that the number of parts was a deciding factor, but not the only factor' | PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Unfortunately, Leonel was facing trouble on both sides now. Not only was this Craft made of more parts than he had ever dealt with before, but it also involved very volatile elements he was having trouble controlling.Â

The design he had settled on was a glove with three sleeves, one for his middle finger, one for his pointer finger and the last for his thumb. Since his pinky and ring fingers weren't strictly necessary for using a bow, he decided to save on materials.Â

However, it was impossible to construct a sturdy enough glove with metal while also maintaining flexibility if he forged it into one part. As such, he needed to account for his finger and thumb joints.Â

In addition to this, Leonel wanted to use the properties of the Ores he chose to increase the strength of his arrows. As a result, he needed to form Force Pathways within the glove. This added a level of complexity that was beyond his current skill.Â

However, Leonel had his Dream World. If he wasn't skilled enough now, he would practice and practice until he could accomplish his goal in real life.

'This Craft will have a dual Wind and Lightning Elemental affinity.Â PANDA NOVEL

'I'll use the Fluttering Leaf Ore and Second Strike Lightning Elemental Ore' |'

If others heard Leonel's thoughts, they'd think he was insane.Â

Fluttering Leaf Ore was a Wind Elemental Vessel Ore best known for its light weight. It's a favorite for constructing flight type treasures, especially wings.Â

Second Strike Lightning Ore was a favorite of Lightning Mages. However, its main use was in increasing thinking speed and casting speed.Â

Using these two Ores in a Craft designed to strengthen arrows was practically unheard of.Â

However, Leonel wasn't a fool. It was precisely because of these abilities that he wanted them.Â
p??J???????

Though these Ores were known for these abilities, they were ultimately still Elemental Vessels. As parts of this Ore Family, their strength lied in storing their element.Â

The reason they were known best for their respective abilities was because they were great at providing a controlled output of their abilities.Â

Flight required a controlled stream of wind. If wind was erratic in flight, the likelihood of death was simply too high.Â

On the other side of the coin, just how fragile was the nervous system? If a Lightning Ore could be relied upon to speed up one's thinking speed, it was as gentle as it came.Â

This is what made these two Leonel's ideal choice.Â

His hand was an important part of his body, especially his right hand which was dominant in the wielding of his spear. In addition, an arrow had a slim and delicate body in most cases. Whether it was for his arrow or for his hand, Leonel had to maximize safety and not strength.Â

Leonel knew he could pick other Ores for a more exaggerated affect, but he was still too unskilled to guarantee their success. Maybe in the future he would look into such things, but for now'; this would be his best shot!

'I'll use Wind and Lightning Vein Ores as the foundation of the Force Pathways within the glove. However, they'll only play a supporting role, all of the Elemental Force will be provided by the Wind and Lightning Vessel Ores';

'The final part will have 11 parts and be a Tier 9 Black Grade treasure';'

Leonel continuously tweaked his final design. Any problems he found after simulating it in his Dream World would be fixed immediately.Â

He had no idea just how outstanding his feat was. Tier 9 Black Force Crafters were rarities on Fourth Dimensional Worlds. There were many such worlds without even a single one. Such worlds had to rely on trade with better off worlds or the rewards provided by higher Dimensional Worlds for clearing Zones.Â

It could be said that the current Leonel was an anomaly amongst anomalies. Even he, himself, had underestimated just how valuable his ability was to his career as a Force Crafter.Â

However, while Leonel was advancing by leaps and bounds, he was still ignorant to too many things. His value as a Force Crafter alone was enough for those of Earth to elevate him to the level of a God.Â

Well, that was just one possibility' ; the other possibility would be them locking him up to refine Crafts for them to the end of his days' ;

Like this, weeks ticked by and the call Leonel was waiting for finally happened.Â

On that days, Leonel opened the door of his residence to find Lionus standing there waiting for him with a solemn expression.Â

“Leonel, I hope you’ve been well.” Lionus forced a smile. “My father seeks an audience with you.”

Leonel was stunned for a moment before his gaze narrowed. King Arthur wanted to see him?

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A normal man wouldn’t ever gain the right to enter a King’s castle in his entire lifetime. But, there were always rare instances in which one would gain such an opportunity.Â

If you place yourself in one such person's shoes, it would be possible to imagine the surging emotions. The air of nobility that seemed to permeate every corner of the atmosphere bore down on the soul as though wanting to suppress any ego and pave the path for reverence and respect.Â

Leonel had never been to the Capital City of Earth before. The best he had seen were images of the Grand Palace. He remembered feeling awe at the sight and currently, he felt no different.Â

He lacked such experiences in life, how could he not be surprised and even feel somewhat suppressed in such an atmosphere.Â

The noble air, the well trained guards, the lingering scent of superiority that hung in the air' | It all weighed on his soul and it felt like the closer he got to the throne room, the greater the pressure grew.

Leonel didn't even realize it, but he subconsciously took several steps back in his mind.. These weren't physical steps, but rather mental ones. It was like he was making concessions before the talks even began.Â

Lionus calmly observed Leonel from the side, but once again, didn't say much of anything. This time, it wasn't because he was testing Leonel, but rather because there were too many forces at play this time.ÂPANDA-NOVEL.COM

If Lionus had to choose a side to be on, he would choose his father ten out of ten times. He was the man he admired most in his life.Â

He also admired Leonel and even took him for a friend. But, it was simply impossible for Leonel's relationship with him to trump his relationship with his father.Â

"Enter."

A dignified voice shook Leonel's heart and the doors to the throne room opened.Â

Leonel had seen such a place already. The throne room of Pope Margrave wasn't much different aside from the fact this place was much less bright. However, Pope Margrave didn't give Leonel such an oppressive feeling.

Compared to the laid back version of himself at the selection, King Arthur didn't carry the same carefree smile. Rather, his brows held a touch of dignity and his lips were pressed into a relaxed line that hid his emotions to perfection.

Leonel approached the throne and knelt to one knee as a sign of respect. He had read about proper mannerisms within the libraries of both academies. Following them wasn't very difficult thanks to his pristine memory.

However, due to this knowledge, Leonel also knew that he wasn't meant to rise until he gained King Arthur's acceptance. Leonel had thought he would hear something immediately, but he never expected for his show of respect to be greeted with a long drawn out silence.

"Three Star Official Magus Leonel. Born an orphan to the Fiore Barony. Recommended by Three Star Apprentice Knight Heckle."

Another long pause came after King Arthur said these things before he continued.

"Just these three. The information networks of Camelot have been working in full force for over a month, yet this is all they could find out."

"So, I will ask you this question once and once only. Who are you?"

"Who are you?"

The more King Arthur spoke, rather than becoming more and more nervous, Leonel actually felt himself becoming eerily calm.

This feeling of helplessness had been gripping him a lot recently. Whether it was the battle at the fort, his run-in with Hacker Hutch, his battle with Lamorak, and now with this King Arthur who seemed intent

on using his position of power to pressure Leonel into breaking down and telling the truth of his origins.Â

He found that with each time this happened, it felt worst than the last.

Normally, it would make sense that he would get used to it. After someone lowered their head once, it became easier and easier to do it as time went on. Eventually, raising it back up again became an impossible task.Â

But, for whatever reason, this didn't happen to Leonel.Â

King Arthur didn't seem to notice anything. But, Lionus who had gained a deep understanding of Leonel over the past months suddenly felt that Leonel's aura was growing more and more stable.Â

Lionus' expression flickered for just a moment.Â

Leonel remained silent. However, his lack of a response made King Arthur's gaze narrow.Â

The throne room didn't have many guards. There was simply no need. The most powerful warrior of Camelot was before them, so how many guards did he really need? But, it was safe to say that those who were here were the cream of the crop.Â

Seeing Leonel's lack of a response, their auras, too, grew sharper.Â

What happened next was completely unexpected.Â

Leonel stood. Without word from King Arthur, on his own accord, he stood and brushed his knees as though there was dirt on them. In such a pristine and well maintained castle, where could there possibly be a speck of dust to find?

At that moment, Leonel suddenly realized that he didn't like kneeling.Â

“If His Majesty, King Arthur, has something to say, please be frank with me. My history is as you say, there’s nothing out of place. There’s nothing more I could say about it.”

This was Camelot, not Earth. Did this King Arthur think he was a fool?Â

Commoners didn’t receive birth records, least of all orphans. Only nobles had the right to such a thing. On top of that, the Fiore Barony King Arthur mentioned was within the Yellow Mission Ring. Camelot’s influence in that region was especially weak.Â

All this pressure King Arthur was placing on him, pretending as though he had already seen through Leonel, was all useless pretense. Leonel understood enough about Camelot after reading so many books that he could accurately guess that the likelihood he had been seen through was less than 7%. At most, they’d have suspicions.Â

Therefore, reacting with righteous indignation now was the proper reaction.Â

That said’ ; The current Leonel truly wasn’t acting. He was pissed off. Maybe if it wasn’t for his friendship with Lionus, he wouldn’t mind exposing Queen Guinevere’s extramarital affair right here and now.Â

Leonel continued without waiting for an inevitably shocked reaction.Â

“If you would like to side with Sir Lamorak over me and rescind my right to enter the Merlin Trials, just say so.”

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Leonel raised his head to look toward King Arthur. His gaze was as calm as a lake, splitting the kingly aura that descended upon him in a steady stream.Â

King Arthur’s aura became more and more stifling.Â

It wasn't just him. The guards along the walls of the throne room felt rage and indignation. Who was this boy to speak to their King in such a way?

It had to be remembered that though King Arthur was an orphan, he was still of noble birth. To the people of Camelot, his orphan status wasn't as important as his royal blood. From the very beginning, he was destined to be King.

To the subjects of Camelot, the difference in worth between Leonel and their King was obvious. How could they allow such an infringement on his dignity?

At that moment, Arthur felt a hint of rage in his heart. When had he ever been disrespected in this way? Ever since he pulled the sword from the stone, his life had completely changed. He hadn't suffered a single setback.

In that journey up, his Knights were his brothers in arms. Lamorak and the others grew up by his side. He would have never made it here had he not relied on the judgment of his close friends. It was impossible for a King to make every decision himself and see through every mystery alone. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Even if he appreciated Leonel's talent, Lamorak wasn't asking him to kill him, he was only asking him to rescind an entry right. Though this was still quite a major ask, it was still acceptable under the circumstances.

It was true that King Arthur had already decided to side with Lamorak. However, he had decided to question Leonel first.

In his mind, Leonel was just a teenage boy. Under the oppression of kingly might, any flaws he had would be obvious for all to see. However, what he had never expected was for Leonel to react like this.

It was true that Leonel had the right to feel indignant. A Major Opening of the Trials only happened once or twice a century. If he missed this opening, it would mean that he would never live up to his full potential.

However, Camelot was in a precarious position right now. King Arthur would rather wrong an innocent than give way to a villain.

Whether it was the internal strife with The Church, or the outside pressure of the Demon Army, both were issues that couldn't be looked down upon. If he also raised another tiger in the meantime, his Kingdom might truly crumble. PANDA NOVEL

He already had his back pressed against a wall, yet now he was withstanding the verbal assault of a junior? How could he not be enraged?

King Arthur slowly regained his calm.

Though his heart was billowing with anger, his face had hardly shown any ripples from start to finish. He was a King. In the end, he wouldn't lower himself to the level of a child.

"Three Star Official Mage Leonel, it has been decided by the Royal Court of Camelot that your rights for entry into the Merlin Trial Gates will be rescinded. You may leave."

King Arthur felt no need to explain himself. He could insist that Leonel's origins were too mysterious. He could say that Lamorak and he had fought side by side on many battlefields and he trusted the judgment of his brother. He could bring up any number of fallacious reasons he wanted.

However, he didn't. He disdained to. What reason did he have to explain himself to someone beneath him? He was a King. The King of Camelot. His word was final.

That said, This King could have never expected Leonel's response.

"Mm."

Leonel nodded as though this judgment had nothing to do with him. Then, he turned to leave without another word.

He had entered this castle with awe in his heart and he left with indifference hanging around him. He didn't even bother to bid farewell to Lionus.

King Arthur's gaze flashed with rage, but Leonel's footsteps didn't pause. It was complete disregard.

In the end, King Arthur chose not to move, even waving his guards who had half unsheathed their weapons off.

As Leonel walked out, he affirmed something in his heart.

There were many versions of King Arthur. There were stories that painted him as a heroic man without flaws who only fell due to the betrayal of those closest to him. However, there were others that painted him as a hero of an era with tragic flaws that drove those closest to him away.

After this interaction, Leonel already knew which version of King Arthur he was dealing with.

Long after Leonel left, King Arthur let out a sigh and shook his head. He ultimately wasn't an oppressive ruler. He had his own guilty conscience, but that didn't mean he would change his mind. He had already decided to side with Lamorak.

"Father, I think you've made the wrong decision."

Lionus, who hadn't felt it was right to follow Leonel, stayed behind. After a long while, he finally spoke these words.

"So this is why you decided to stay back? In recent days, it seems like you haven't wanted to spend any time with this father of yours at all."

If others knew this, they would be shocked. After all, Lionus had nothing but admiration for his father. Avoiding him didn't sound like something he would do.

"Father'!"

King Arthur waved his hand.Â

“Say no more, the decision has been made. The words a King speaks can’t be so easily taken back.Â

“He is an Earth Mage, so ensure that this is properly accounted for. Ensure that he doesn’t leave Camelot within the next year. After this, let him go and do as he pleases.Â

“If he moves to join Modred, kill him. If not, leave him be.”

King Arthur gave this task not just to his son, but his guards as well. Wouldn’t it be too much of a joke if Leonel was allowed to escape through the ground and leave toward the Trials even after he was banned from doing so?

Chapter 267

Things progressed about how Leonel expected. When he returned to his living abode within the Mage Academy, he found that there were several spells deployed that he hadn’t constructed himself.

Many of them locked down space and prevented teleportation spells from activating. A few solidified the ground, impeding an Earth Mage’s ability to use it to their benefit. And the majority were detection types, monitoring Leonel’s every movement.

Leonel’s gaze flashed with rage. With a violent surge of his Spirit Pressure, the detection Mage Arts shattered like a rain of glass, crumbling beneath his might.

It was hardly a second later when Leonel heard a knock on his door. He opened it to find a familiar face on the other side.

“These detection arrays were put in place for a purpose. Your freedom is not your own for the next year, under the rules set by His Majesty, King Arthur.. If you destroy them again, it will be assumed that you are rebelling and you will be treated as such.”

Lamorak spoke without emotion.

Then, without waiting for Leonel to respond, he moved to the side and allowed a mage without affinity to enter Leonel abode as though it was his own.

With an apologetic look, the mage began to recast all of the detection Mage Arts Leonel had just shattered. It was only after 20 or so minutes that the mage finally finished and took his leave. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

After observing the whole process, Lamorak left the door ajar and took his leave.

BANG!

Leonel slammed the door shut with such force that it flew from its hinges.

The commotion wasn't small. With Leonel's strength, let alone the door, even the passageway it flew through was left with cracks that stretched along the wall.

In fact, the sound was so abrupt and violent that Lamorak felt his heart skip a beat for just a moment. He seemed to have completely forgotten that he was dealing with a child. Was he supposed to expect that Leonel wouldn't make any sort of commotion?

Leonel didn't even bother to deal with his now doorless abode. What was the point? If he was being monitored so thoroughly, who cared if he had a door or not. Might as well let them deal with the damage he caused.

Lamorak's expression darkened. PANDA NOVEL

"I advise you to control yourself."

"And I advise you to go fuck yourself."

Leonel's temper flared. His eyes turned red and he bore down on Lamorak with a savage expression nearing madness.

It seemed that if Lamorak pushed him just one more step, he would flare up.

But this time, they weren't on the broad streets of Camelot. If they fought here, Leonel might not care about the damage he caused, but Lamorak didn't have such a luxury. And, Leonel was already too powerful to control with ease even for him.

As the clash between the two men continued, the crowd seemed to only be growing. The Mage Academy was a place of scholars to begin with.

Normally, the Academy would be exceptionally quiet. Even when two or more mages were conversing, they would keep their voices to respectable levels. Something like two people having an argument and causing so much noise was exceedingly rare. ρ??∪???????

Lamorak saw the change to the situation and frowned. In the end, he backed down.

After remembering that there was nothing Leonel could do but throw a tantrum, he regained his calm.

However, this was still troublesome. It would be fine if he alone was losing face. But, if others knew that Leonel was being targeted after all the merits he had accomplished for Camelot, it would become a problem.

What neither King Arthur or Lamorak took into consideration was Leonel's own response to everything.

Lamorak knew that if he didn't take a step back now and make some concession, Leonel might really disregard all consequences.

If he thought about it, wasn't this the normal way anyone would react? Their actions were no different from cutting off Leonel's future. Who wouldn't be completely infuriated now?

Leonel snorted coldly.

With a grasping motion, he activated the One Star Official Art [Magic Touch] and flung the door closed behind him. Unfortunately, his forcefulness caused even more cracks to appear along the walls of the Mage Academy.

The spectators were stunned. They couldn't help but send hesitant glances toward Lamorak. How could they not recognize a lofty Knight of the Round Table? And, even if they didn't, Lamorak's oppressive aura was enough for them to know that he wasn't simple.

When these people dispersed, news of what happened here began to disseminate. There was an outpouring of sympathy for Leonel. Many wondered just why it was the Royal Family would treat such a talent this way.

Many of the mages and knights of Camelot came from normal families. This was especially so for mages. Magic talent usually appeared randomly except in cases where there was a lineage of exceptionally powerful magic users within a family.

So, seeing that Leonel was being suppressed in such a way, it left them feeling cold.

Of course, while there were those who felt sympathy, there would always be those of opposing views.

For Leonel to gain a quota, he of course had to take a spot from others. There weren't just a few youths Leonel had beaten, and not just a few of them came from prominent families. It was just unfortunate that they weren't good enough to gain the quotas given to their families, so they could only fight it out with Leonel.

Like this, Camelot split into two minds.

It was then that rumors of Leonel's questionable background came into being. As a Kingdom, how could Camelot not be capable of controlling narratives?

Suddenly, Leonel's righteous indignation toward his treatment became the story of a man who couldn't control his emotions and couldn't repay kindness.

Leonel was just a commoner. It was his good fortune that he was allowed to enter the Mage Academy.

By some twist, news of Lamorak 'sparing' Leonel's life and receiving the graciousness of Magus Aliard spread as well.

Like this, what should have been a story of Leonel being done wrong by became a story Leonel's ungratefulness — a tale of an arrogant young man who let his success get to his head.

However, the current Leonel didn't have a mind to pay to such things. The moment he slammed his door shut once more, his raging, savage expression became eerily calm. It was as though he was never enraged to begin with.

'It's time to leave this place.'

Chapter 268

Leonel wasn't a fool. He had already expected much of this to happen the moment he heard King Arthur's words. Everything he had done until now was just an act.

In truth, Leonel really was enraged. But, he wasn't the kind of person to blow up when he felt such a way. It was far more likely for him to grow calmer in such a situation, like a volcano waiting to erupt.

His interaction with James during their final meeting was a perfect representation of this. Back then, Leonel had been feeling all sorts of emotions swirling in his mind. Yet, the outward persona had been calm and placid, even while he was losing a friend of a lifetime. This was just the kind of person Leonel was.

In his brief interaction with Lamorak, he had accomplished two things.

First, he made Lamorak underestimate him. A person who can't control their emotions isn't a very dangerous person at all. By painting himself out to be an immature teenage boy, much of his threat had been lessened by several degrees.

However, this was just a secondary matter to Leonel. It would at most give him a small advantage. His true plan lied within the shattering of the detection Arts. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel had no doubt that Lamorak would have a meeting with the mage who drew these Arts very soon. In fact, that meeting might be occurring at this very moment.

After that meeting, Lamorak would find out that of the arrays Leonel destroyed, there were still about 5% of them remaining. This would make Lamorak lower his guard even more. But, they would have no idea that Leonel had already caused a flaw to occur within the arrays.

Leonel walked to the center of his room and sat in meditation as though trying to calm himself. An hour later, he stood up and calmly left his room without a word.

Leonel continued to walk as though nothing had happened. There was hardly anyone to find within the hallways of the Mage Academy and the few that did see him only sent various glances Leonel ignored.

Just minutes later, Leonel had already left the ground of the Mage Academy and out the gates of Camelot's walls toward the outer city. PANDA NOVEL

At that moment, within the Mage Academy, a familiar mage was sitting in a room adjacent to Leonel's, diligently monitoring the arrays he had cast. Though he didn't really know what was going on, what he did know was that he wasn't in any position to reject. This was an order that came from King Arthur himself and was even being overseen by a Knight of the Round Table.

He might have been a Two Star Magus, but his standing was far beneath that of others. What he was the very best at where auxiliary type Arts. He was a great addition to any special team unit. Whether it was detection, deciphering, or obstruction, he was good at them all.

Even still, this Magus didn't dare to be casual with his actions. Leonel was a person who had killed two Demon Lords. The number of individuals who had such a feat in Camelot didn't exceed a hundred by

much. And, considering a population of tens of millions, it was clear that these individuals were elites amongst elites.

However, even after many hours, the Magus didn't find anything wrong.

'... This is going to be a long year...' The magus sighed. ρ???∪??????

Detection Arts didn't exactly work like the cameras of earth. Rather, they locked onto an energy signature and fed back information about its location. By using many of them at once, it was possible to lock down a subject's position to the smallest detail.

Visual Detection Arts were too easy to fool since they relied on an input of photons. Aura detection and locking Arts were far better for high level applications. They were much more difficult to fool and manipulate. Even if he as a Two Star Magus was given ample time to do so, his success would be uncertain.

Like this, time continued to tick by.

Leonel's aura didn't budge a single inch. After raging, it seemed that he had resigned himself to his fate and hadn't made any other movements.

Every so often, the magus would send another report to Lamorak, informing him that the situation was the same.

In truth, Lamorak was also personally monitoring Leonel, it was just that his approach was a bit different. He stalked the walkways of the Mage Academy, scanning through any potential escape routes periodically.

At that moment, he was in a state of meditation on the roof of the Mage Academy. To him, everything was within his grasp and everything was going well.

He didn't think there was anything wrong with Leonel's lack of movement. Helplessness was an expected emotion at this point.

Still, something felt off about all of this to Lamorak. He just couldn't put his finger on it.

He thought back to everything he knew about Leonel.

In truth, it wasn't much. His interactions with Leonel had been few and far between. That said... With the exception of when Aliard cast a mental Art on Leonel, he had always been calm.

But this wasn't enough for Lamorak to be suspicious. He hardly knew Leonel. For all he knew, Leonel's calm disposition was nothing but a facade he put up.

'Forget it, I will just go and check myself.'

Lamorak didn't feel that there was anything wrong. However, the unease in his heart wouldn't leave. He couldn't fathom how Leonel could ever leave with him monitoring the whole Academy, but as long as he laid eyes on Leonel, everything would be fine.

Lamorak appeared in the very same hallway, his expression darkening when he saw the cracks along the wall. The damage Leonel had caused was truly too much.

Without so much as knocking, he tried to swing Leonel's door open. Unfortunately, the door fell over, exposing... an empty room within.

Lamorak's expression twitched.

At that moment, blaring noises sounded from within Camelot. They were so loud that the earth seemed to shake beneath its pressure.

Leonel, who had long left the range of Camelot looked back with an expressionless visage. Then, he turned around and continued to walk away as though none of it had anything to do with him.

“Find him! I don’t care what you have to do!”

King Arthur’s voice boomed across Camelot’s Castle. There was no doubt that it was completely rage fueled.

Even when Leonel had completely disregarded him, he hadn’t felt so enraged. But now, he felt as though his face was being slapped for all to see.

To him, it was perfectly fine if Leonel’s future prospects were completely cut off. However, if Leonel were to leave the control of Camelot, every risk he had taken to now would be for naught.

Now, not only had he offended maybe the greatest talent birthed since himself, he had also allowed this talent to vanish beneath his nose. No, it was even more shocking that this talent had the ability to disappear without any of them noticing in the first place.

King Arthur’s rage lit a fire beneath the elites of Camelot. Everything had already been dancing on a blade’s edge for so long, and now this had suddenly shoved them all into death’s abyss..PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The work force of Camelot split into three teams under Arthur’s urging. One focused on finding traces of Leonel, another studied the room he had left, and the last controlled the narrative of the Capital, morphing the image of Leonel into one of an evil doer.

However, the magi were completely stunned after deeply analyzing the changes to Leonel’s abode. The more they looked, the denser their cold sweat became. Just what kind of man had they made an enemy out of?

After a thorough investigation took place and King Arthur learned what happened, his fury could tear a hole in the skies.

It turned out that when Leonel shattered all of the detection arrays, he had taken the opportunity to infuse his aura into the walls.

In this case, aura was just the signature of his Spirit Pressure. Every mage had a unique signature that couldn't be duplicated except by extremely skilled auxiliary mages. However, the more powerful a Spirit Pressure, the more difficult it was to replicate. It was likely that there was no one in Camelot that could replicate Leonel's aura. PANDA NOVEL

Taking advantage of this, Leonel slowly controlled his Spirit Pressure to influence the newly constructed detection arrays after Lamorak confronted him for destroying them.

Then, as though that wasn't enough, when Leonel slammed the door, he directly tampered with the last line of defense the magus had left. However, because he had 'missed' those arrays when he first destroyed the detection Arts, the magus and Lamorak both subconsciously believed that he wasn't skilled enough to see them, so they weren't tipped off by Leonel's actions.

But, none of this was what truly infuriated King Arthur.

According to eye witness reports, Leonel left barely an hour after his initial interaction with Lamorak. He didn't wait until the dead of night, he didn't sneak out and slink around like a rat, he walked straight out the Mage Academy, through the gates of Camelot, and out without even quickening his steps.

Blatant disregard. Blatant disrespect. PANDAS

It was as though he was using his actions to show them just how little regard he had for them and their statuses.

Due to the fact Camelot had initially tried to keep the matter regarding Leonel under wraps, those who knew the truth behind the matter were strikingly few. As a result, Leonel walked out like a free man without a single issue.

Now that they were spreading the narrative and more and more people were finding out about it, it was already too late.

Leonel could have used any number of techniques. He could have used the [Light Refraction] Magus Art to hide himself from the eyes of others. He could have escaped through the earth after leaving his the

restrictive arrays of his abode. He could have even taken his time to set up a teleportation Art to leave the range of Camelot's influence.

Yet, he chose none of these paths. He chose the simplest and most disrespectful method he had available to him. Such a thing not only left the cheeks of Lamorak and King Arthur burning, but it fueled their hearts with rage.

For the first time, Lamorak felt something other than indifference when he thought of Leonel.

Initially, to him, this was never about Leonel. This was only a simple risk assessment in his eyes.

In truth, many of the elites of Camelot had already concluded that Leonel was most likely the recipient of a Minor Opening of the Merlin Trials. This would perfectly explain his weird gadgets, his strength, and especially his spears.

It made sense that while their King Arthur gained the Sword Inheritance of Merlin, Leonel gained the Spear Inheritance.

After thinking to this point, there was no reason for them to obstruct Leonel. Who would easily divulge the fact they had benefited from a Minor Opening? The fact so many held on tightly to this secret was why they knew so little about Minor Openings.

However, back then, Lamorak had felt an itch in his heart despite thinking this made sense. He simply hadn't thought of it before.

Due to this itch, he decided to implore King Arthur to place Leonel under house arrest.

Though King Arthur was initially reluctant, after Lamorak described his worries and his opinions on Leonel's character, King Arthur ultimately decided to trust in his long time confidant.

However, neither of them could have ever expected this result. And... It was now guaranteed that Leonel would never stand with Camelot again. In addition, if he truly was Merlin's chosen Spear Heir as

many of them thought, then it wouldn't be long before his strength was beyond anything anyone but King Arthur and Modred could face...

Unfortunately, time was running out. The opening of the Trial Gates was quickly approaching. Camelot simply didn't have the man power necessary to split for such a large search.

That said... everyone knew where Leonel's ultimate destination would land him.

Suddenly, whether it was King Arthur, Lamorak, or the elite families of Camelot, they all had one more enemy outside of the Demons.

Chapter 270

Days after Leonel's escape, Camelot finished its preparations.

Unfortunately, due to the demons taking the initiative, Camelot had lost its footing around the Merlin Trial grounds. Without a choice, their only method of gaining entry was to fight to reclaim the land they had once lost.

However, this matter wasn't so simple at all. Since Camelot knew what it had to do, how could Modred's army not also be aware? Long before Camelot began their march, waves of Demons had already begun to assault the Red and Yellow Rings of Camelot. Not only were there large numbers of humanoid demons, but the number of beast demons far outstripped even them, placing Camelot on the precipice of disaster.

In such a situation, the elites of Camelot were hardpressed to address everything. At this point, King Arthur no longer had the luxury to continue thinking about Leonel. Even without Leonel, it seemed that their Kingdom might be on the brink of collapse.

The truth was that Modred didn't have the ability to take down Camelot so easily. But, the root of the problem was that Camelot's elites all wanted to enter the Trial Gates.. And, even beyond that, from a certain angle, they had to.

If the Demon Elites entered, but Camelot could not, the disparity in their strengths would grow exponentially. Like this, Camelot's advantage of quality over quantity would disappear and their days would be numbered.

However, it was impossible for all elites of Camelot to enter. If they did, who then would defend the common people? If they sacrificed the common man, so what if they came back more powerful? Would they even have a Kingdom to return to by then?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The Trials could take upwards of several years to complete. In such a situation, how could they possibly leave Camelot undefended for so long?

So... Some had to stay behind... but, the question was who?

The internal strife of Camelot only grew worse as a result. The battle for quotas reached a fever and those who were forced to stay behind no doubt had resentment buried deep within their hearts.

However, the troubled times had not come to an end. Even after those who would stay and go were decided, those who would go didn't have an easy path waiting for them.

Not only had the demons invaded the lands of Camelot, forcing a portion to stay back and defend. But, there were also waves of demons obstructing their path forward.

With the best teleportation formations of Camelot only being able to take on ten people at once, at most, the only option was to march on foot. However, this left them vulnerable to bloody battle after bloody battle... By the time Camelot returned to the Border Region and approached the entrance, their numbers had been significantly waned and those who survived weren't in the greatest of condition...
PANDA NOVEL

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The worries of Camelot had nothing to do with Leonel. As a lone traveler, and with his overwhelming Internal Sight, Leonel hardly found trouble making his way back to the Border Region.

Leonel chose to continue on foot rather than setting up a teleportation array. The accuracy of long range teleportation arrays was lacking unless two were connected over a distance. Obviously, Leonel didn't have the luxury of doing so or else what would be the point of using one at all?

There were short ranged Mage Arts among those that Leonel knew. However, not only did they consume a large amount of Spirit Pressure, even for a person like Leonel, but they also took a long time to cast. It took a normal Magus upwards of half a minute to cast one such Art. As for Leonel, it would take at least ten seconds.

Such Arts were best used by skilled mages who could dual cast — meaning preparing one Art while casting others to stall the enemy. Leonel had yet to need to do such a thing, especially since even with his Spirit Pressure, he could at most use such Arts about ten times in a single battle.

Luckily, Leonel had already made his way through this region once before with Lionus. Though it was through teleportation stations, he still had a general idea about the direction. All he had to do was make it to the Border Region and he was certain he wouldn't miss that massive pillar of light. ρ??∫??????

As expected, before even leaving the Red Ring, Leonel could already see the pillar in the distance. In fact, even without using his eyes he could sense the massive Force fluctuations in the air. All he had to do was follow his senses toward the region of highest concentration.

“[Light Refraction].”

Reaching this region, Leonel became more cautious.

[Light Refraction] was only able to hide him from sight. It was a One Star Magus Light Art that refracted light around a subject. Since vision relied on the feedback loop of light, doing such a thing essentially made one invisible. The attack Arts of Light Magic might have been rare, but there were countless auxiliary Arts just like this.

Unfortunately, it couldn't fool Internal Sight. But, for Leonel's current uses, it was perfect. Since the Border Region was exceptionally bland, [Light Refraction] worked particularly well. It might falter in regions with complex terrains, but the Border Region was just a vast expanse of grey, cracked lands. There was nothing to worry about here.

Leonel rapidly closed the distance toward the pillar of light. The closer he got, the denser the population of demons became. It was obvious that Modred was casting a tighter and tighter net around the Trial Gates.

Eventually, the encirclement of Demons became so thick that Leonel no longer dared to move forward normally.

“[Earthen Road].”

Leonel sunk into the ground.

[Earthen Road] was a Three Star Magus Art, it took a while for Leonel to cast. However, when he had time to prepare and could use it in conjunction with his earth escape treasure, he could travel through the ground as though walking on land.

Leonel approached slowly, keeping his movements measured so as not to alert those above him. When he felt that he was about half a kilometer away from the location of the Merlin Trial Gates, he came to a stop.

Even without extending his Internal Sight for fear about being noticed, he could still feel the dense demonic energies above him. It was no surprise that the elites of Modred’s Demon Army were located above him at this very moment.

‘I doubt that Modred wants to wipe out Camelot now. It’s likely she simply wants to weaken the force entering the Gates... It’s seems she’s quite a calculating person...’

Camelot and Modred weren’t the only two Leonel was worried about. He was also thinking about the 11 others who entered with him in addition to the potential interference of the higher Dimensional beings. Nothing about the next few years would be easy.

Leonel covertly deployed a vision array. Though it was quite low level, this was actually a good thing. It was less likely for those powerful entities to detect such a low level spell. Since Leonel didn’t dare to use his Internal Sight, he had to observe the situation some other way.

Finally, Leonel buckled in. He knew that a major battle was about to be fought above him. In the meantime, he might as well put some finishing touches on his trump cards.

However, Leonel never expected to find the scene he did within the Lab Setting of the Segmented Cube.