

Descent 361

Chapter 361

Just when Jerach was getting into his groove, the Gates opened once again and this time, two women entered. Of course, they were Syl and Young Miss Swan.

When the two women saw the scene before them, they charged toward Jerach like a twin pair of lionesses. In fact, they even sent glaring daggers toward Leonel for not stepping in to stop this madman earlier.

Toward such a thing, Leonel only chuckled and didn't say much. He was going to step in previously, but since they were here now, he didn't have to do anything.

"Alright, alright. Since these two she-devils have stepped in for you, leave your panties behind and we can call it even."

The two women shivered in terror hearing these words.

"Jerach!" Syl snapped.

"Alright, alright. Forget it, forget it."

Jerach shook his head as though it was truly a pity.

Looking quite pitiable, the two women helped their two friends up and they stumbled away. It was only now they noticed that Jerach actually had a King mark on his forehead. It seemed that they had been so distracted by how terrible he looked before that they had forgotten to account for this.
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It was only after this that Jerach suddenly looked toward Leonel seriously.

“Do what you will.”

Jerach closed his eyes, crossing his arms across his chest and lifting his neck as though waiting for a blade to run across it.

The little mink atop Leonel’s head yawned lazily before sticking out its tongue as though to make fun of Jerach. It got bored of this quite quickly though and went back to its nap.

Leonel could tell that the little guy was growing more languid lately. The little mink he knew was always lively and looking to play. Leonel wasn’t sure if this change was it maturing or if there was another reason...

That aside, Leonel wasn’t thinking much about this right now. He was only quite surprised that Jerach actually seemed to be waiting for death.

Of course, Leonel had never really expected to kill him in the first place. For one, he wasn’t a blood thirsty person and he didn’t enjoy to kill unless it was absolutely necessary. And, secondly, he had only been saying the most boisterous things he could say for the sake of making sure his story spread as widely as possible.

Leonel suddenly smiled. “So your life is mine, right?” PANDA NOVEL

Jerach opened his eyes and frowned. But in the end...

“... Yes.”

“Good.” Leonel’s smile widened. “Follow me then. I also don’t know enough about this place, so tell me about it.”

Jerach raised his brows, unclenching fists he hadn’t known he had clenched.

“Isn’t Syl your fiancée? She didn’t tell you anything about this?”

Leonel made a weird face. “Fiancée? No, she isn’t.”

Syl suddenly flushed as red as a tomato. “Do you believe I won’t rip your tongue out, Jerach?!”

Jerach blinked. “So, she’s single?”

“JERACH!”

Young Miss Swan giggled from the sidelines, seemingly enjoying this quite a bit. After a while, her eyes sparkled when she looked toward Leonel.

So, he’s single too?

Leonel, however, was no longer paying attention to their antics. His gaze seemed to cut through space, landing on a tower in the distance. From there, he could feel numerous gazes on him, all of which seemed to be waiting for something.

Leonel felt his blood surging.

Who knew how long it would take him to realize that his actions over the past few hours weren’t as much of an act as he thought it was?

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“... You’re saying no one knows where Brave City came from?”

Leonel looked toward Jerach, Syl and Qiyra with a weird expression. Of course, Qiyra was the first name of Young Miss Swan. After listening to the banter between the two women, Leonel finally managed to learn this much.

“Well...” Jerach mumbled. “... There are some theories, but... Well, the truth is that as a Fourth Dimensional world, we don’t have high enough standing to confirm or deny this. We only have a few rumors...”

Leonel could see the discomfort the three felt when Jerach said these words. It seemed that this wasn’t something that was acknowledged often. But, in the grand scheme, it was nonetheless true that a Fourth Dimensional world wasn’t worth mentioning. It made Leonel realize that as small as Terrain was, Earth was even more so.

“What rumors?” Leonel asked.

Jerach hesitated as though he wasn’t sure whether or not he should say.

But, maybe because he remember Leonel ‘owned’ his life now, he realized he had no choice.

“... They say that Brave Cities only appear in worlds that are at a crossroad.”

Leonel frowned. What was that supposed to mean? A crossroad?

“What kind of crossroad?”

“One where we either develop ourselves or choose to abandon everything our Ancestors built.”

Leonel still wasn’t sure if he understood what this meant, but seeing as the three were only growing more uncomfortable, he shifted his focus slightly.

“Then what does a Brave City get out of appearing? Is it like a Sub-Dimensional Zone?”

“... Not exactly. Zones are created by the Dimensional Verse. But, Brave Cities are built by people. As for what they get out of it, they say it’s recruitment.”

Leonel's brow raised.

'A world at a crossroad... built by people... it's all for recruitment...?'

Leonel couldn't help but think of the star and cross organization. Even to this point, he still didn't know their true name. All he had was a gut feeling that their scope was beyond that of just Terrain and that their uniforms were cool. There was nothing else.

But who knew that even before he could understand who they were, another mysterious organization would appear? In fact, this one's methods seemed even more shocking than the first.

The star and cross organization was still tangible to Leonel. He could see them, interact with them, and, unfortunately, be shamed by them. But, this Brave City organization had no face or image. And, they somehow managed to make a city manifest from thin air without even the strongest powers of this world understanding how.

For the first time, Leonel was starting to get an understanding that this new world order was anything but peaceful.

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Leonel stood at the base of a large stone monument. Just looking at it, it exuded the same type of aura the city gates had. It was just that this aura was displayed on a much smaller scale. Rather than enveloping an area of half a kilometer, this aura acted on just the ten meter radius of the monument.

However, from what Leonel could tell, this aura was actually several times that of the Gates as though it had been concentrated in place.

Many people who stood around the monument curiously observed the new group of four. When they saw that it was made of three Kings and an Emperor, they grew shocked and began to whisper amongst each other.

In this sort of place, information was the greatest strength. The fact that they didn't know that these people were among the Kings and Emperors meant that they could only be new.

“‘ Leonel’!” Syl said hesitantly. “‘ We still need to go report to my elder brother.”

Leonel frowned. Report?

He felt a strong feeling against doing something like this. There was no telling what kind of personality Syl's elder brother had or how he would react to Leonel's sudden appearance.

“Mhm, later.” Leonel nodded noncommittedly. PANDA-N0VEL.COM

Syl bit her lip, ignoring Qiyra's amused gaze. ‘This damned vixen. Is it necessary to stand so close to him?’

Still, Leonel didn't seem to notice the squabble between these two women, nor did he seem to realize that Syl's invitation was more about getting him away from Young Miss Swan than anything else. But, whether he acknowledged it or not didn't matter much, he already had his own plan in mind.

“Explain these monuments to me one more time, Jerach.”

Jerach grumbled. Was he really nothing but a glorified dictionary?

He had no idea that this really was the case. Leonel didn't want to expose the true capabilities of the dictionary so he continued to use it only as a translation tool. He didn't feel like falling out with another organization that lusted after his treasures.

“All these monuments depict moments in history. There's nothing special about them other than the fact cultivation is a bit faster if you can withstand their aura. You can see it for yourself, it's just telling the tale of some dead general.”

Leonel nodded. PANDA N0VEL

Maybe it was because this Brave City wasn't native to Terrain, but the words on this monument could be understood by Leonel even without using the dictionary's help.

<Year XXXXX>

<General Feran led his army through the Forgotten Pass' |>

<' | Gained Victory after 121 days of battle' |>

<' | Mounted the head of ' |>

The more Leonel read, the more useless the information seemed to become. It was almost like a newspaper article. All of the most important facts about the topic were found in the header and the first few paragraphs. As it continued, it got useless to the point of even describing what General Feran had for breakfast that morning.

It was no wonder Jerach had said this monument was useless. Leonel had no interest in how many women a general bedded in celebration of his victory. ρ???(???????)

However, no matter how Leonel looked at it, he didn't think that these monuments were so simple because he felt danger from them. His primitive senses made him feel as though if he played around with these monuments too long he could die.

The weird part about this feeling was that, obviously, no had died at the hands of this monument before. Had someone died, there was no way everyone here would be so casual about it. In fact, the only slight conflict here was in decided who was allowed to enter the ten meter radius of the monument.

Of course, danger didn't necessarily mean that this monument would be avoided. After all, with danger came opportunities. But, Jerach would have definitely mentioned it had such a danger existed.

Leonel suddenly closed his eyes.

A massive spherical Force Art was reflected in his mind. At that moment, his aura completely changed as though he had become one with nature. Even though he was standing right next to Qiyra, Syl and Jerach, it was as though he was in an entirely different world.

When he opened his eyes again and read the first line again, a shocking change occurred.

<General Feran'!>

Before Leonel could continue, his vision was enveloped in blackness.

When his vision returned, what he saw was no longer a monument. He saw a man wearing a fiery red armor. He sat upon a tall crimson steed and held a halberd that was just as blood red.

The aura he exuded was so suffocating that Leonel nearly fell to his knees.

At that moment, the man riding the crimson steed stood at the helm of a massive army. He was leading so many men that from afar, they looked like millions of little ants arranged into neat square formations.

Yet, despite the number of men, this man stood valiantly, his presence alone subduing the whole of the army.

The man leveled his halberd with the ground, his chest growing out a size as he took a deep breath.

The moment he released his breath, a mighty roar that shook the skies bore itself into Leonel's heart.

BANG!

Leonel was sent flying. Blood leaked from his nose and ears, his body skidding along the dirt roads.

A violent Force tore through his mind, looking to tear his Ethereal Glabella to shreds. It was as though this Force wanted to erase any memories Leonel might have just gained.

“Leonel!”

Jerach and the two women were shocked, not knowing what happened. They all looked around with frantic gazes as though trying to find who sneak attacked Leonel. That seemed to be the only explanation for what just happened.

Unable to find a thing, they could only rush to his side.

But, Leonel was out cold, blood continuing to flow from his orifices as a violent energy continued to rampage through his mind.

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“Leonel! Leonel!”

No matter how they shouted Leonel’s name, it didn’t seem to matter in the slightest. The one who attacked him must have wanted him dead, there was no other explanation.

The appearance of a Third Dimensional Emperor was too conspicuous. The number who wanted to take advantage of Leonel’s weakness was likely not few. It was simply too easy for those Fourth Dimensional monsters to kill Leonel secretly without any of them being any wiser.

It couldn’t be said that these three would live and die with Leonel. How could they? They had only just met.

Jerach was practically Leonel’s slave now while the two women only had a small bit of budding feelings. It wasn’t to the point of risking their lives.

Yet, all three of them still uncontrollably ran to Leonel's side when they saw his current state. It was clear they all had a good impression of him.

The little mink scrambled from Leonel's head, landing on his face and nudging him continuously.

The energy continued to rampage throughout Leonel's mind. But, it seemed to notice that it couldn't shatter the barriers of Leonel's Ethereal Glabella after a few attempts. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

How could it? After awakening his Wisdom Branch, Leonel's mind had already become capable of housing Fifth Dimensional Soul Force. Even though he had yet to come in contact with Fifth Dimensional Force, it didn't change this fact. When comparing the sturdiness of one's Ethereal Glabella, Leonel was unmatched on Terrain and Earth.

Seemingly realizing this, the energy changed its target, aiming for the Embryos that hung vulnerably within the hidden world.

By now, Leonel had already formed many Embryos.

A transparent spear stood for his Spear Embryo. A Twelve Pointed Star silently whirred for his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor. A bronze-violet halo represented his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor';

Among them, the one that took up the most space was a bow. Harsh and violent cold winds surged around it, making it difficult even to approach. It seemed ready to tear anything that did apart.

It was this group that the energy surged toward, ready to tear it apart.

Without hesitation, it targeted Leonel's Twelve Pointed Star first. It could sense that its healing characteristic could become a problem should it be allowed to continue. So, how could it not target it first? PANDA NOVEL

But, it was at the very moment it made contact that things suddenly changed.

A hidden scarlet energy was stirred. It had hidden itself deeply within the Twelve Pointed Star. No, it was more accurate to say that they had completely fused.

The instant the energy came into contact with this scarlet Force, it collapsed. There was no suspense, no hard fought battle, no teetering on the edge of life and death'!

Just like that, it was snuffed out.

The moment this energy was destroyed, Leonel's eyes shot open, his heart beating heavily as though trying to escape his chest.

He sat up, catching Little Blackstar before he fell to the ground.

Leonel smiled, a sight that looked a bit gruesome considering the blood running down his nose and ears.
p??J???????

"It's alright, I'm fine, I'm fine." Leonel comforted the little mink.

Leonel wiped the blood from his face with an arm, looking back toward the monument. His gaze narrowed.

He realized something.

All this time, he had been subconsciously restraining his Internal Sight. But, when he meditated on the Natural Force Art, in order to appear within his Dream World and the real world at the same time, the only option was to use his Internal Sight.

Leonel had learned from Uncle Montez that wantonly using his Internal Sight was seen as a taboo in this new world order. So, he had always been careful with doing so. This made him miss the fact that his Internal Sight was severely restricted beneath the aura of this monument.

It wasn't that there was nothing to gain from this monument, but rather that anything worth gaining could only be seen through Internal Sight. It wasn't even necessary for Leonel to use the Natural Force Art to see it.

In fact, the fact Leonel used the Natural Force Art caused him to dive too deeply into the world which was what caused such an exaggerated backlash. Had he dipped his toes in more slowly, he wouldn't have suffered nearly as badly even if he did a bit.

Coming to this realization, Leonel understood the crux of the matter.

In this world, without Internal Sight, it was impossible to cultivate. Due to this, it was both a point of emphasis and something that was easily glossed over.

These youths standing around the monument might have already tried to examine it with their Internal Sight, but because theirs was so much weaker than Leonel's, it wasn't even possible for them to cut through the pressure and touch the monument with their senses.

Their only option would be to walk through the pressure personally. However, the pressure here was many times that of the Gates. Most couldn't even enter a five meter radius, let alone get close enough to extend their Internal Sight.

This made Leonel certain that there were very few in this Brave City who had succeeded in doing what he had. And, these people, in all likelihood, had kept this secret to themselves.

“ ‘! LEONEL!”

“Huh?” Leonel was suddenly awakened from his thoughts only to find that three people were standing above him.

These three were, of course, Jerach, Qiyra and Syl. They looked over him with a mixture of confusion and worry.

“Who attack you?” Jerach was the first to ask.

“Oh’! I’m not sure.” Leonel shrugged. “It was probably just a warning, or else I’d probably be dead.”

Seeing Leonel’s nonchalant response, the three didn’t know how to respond. Was this a way that someone who had just died was supposed to react?

Leonel, however, was already thinking of other things.

This monument wasn’t suitable for him. It was too bloodthirsty and also the general it depicted used a halberd. In truth, the halberd and spear had many similarities, but Leonel had the Spear Domain to learn everything he needed about the spear. He didn’t need outside resources.

He needed to visit the other monuments and hopefully find something that would make his breakthrough into the Fourth Dimension with his Soul Force allow him to protect himself.

Leonel was mostly hoping to find a Fourth Dimensional mage’! If he couldn’t find it within the Eastern Section of the city, he would have to travel to the other Sections even if it meant starting a war.

Jerach, Syl and Qiyra obviously had no idea what Leonel was thinking, otherwise, who knew how they’d react to this madman?

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As much as Leonel wanted to ignore everything else around him and focus on the monuments, there was only so long he could dodge Syl.

Not long after Leonel found out the truth about the monuments and was planning on travelling through them one by one, the remaining seven members of the Keafir family’s selections finally made it through the gates.

Aside from the petite girl who had confronted Leonel initially who became a Royal, the rest were either Generals or Soldiers. With all of them now here, Leonel couldn’t continue to stall Syl and had no choice but to follow her through the Eastern Sector and into the more luxurious regions.

“Jerach, why are you following us?” Syl said, seemingly a bit displeased.

Apparently, she still hadn't forgotten about the words Jerach had said to take advantage of her earlier.

“Wherever Leonel goes, I go.” Jerach said matter factly.

Leonel didn't refute this. If things went south, Jerach was maybe the only protection he had. He was under no delusions that he would be able to handle Syl's elder brother on his own. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Unless Heira had a way to contact her husband, it was unlikely that the Keafir family Heir was even aware of Leonel's existence. And, Leonel had a bad feeling that Heira wanted it this way.

Leonel wasn't oblivious. He knew of the underhanded tricks Heira was pulling behind the scenes. One of the things he was best at was reading people. And, he wasn't new to women being fond of him.

As a Five Star Quarterback, there were plenty of women, even those from noble families, who were willing to throw themselves at him. Even though the occupation wasn't as respected, that was only a matter of relativity. Not every woman would be able to find a husband from a Five Star Profession of high standing. And, as a quarterback, Leonel was guaranteed to become a very rich man in the future.

This was all to say that Leonel could easily read the signs of women coming on to him. It was just easier to pretend to be ignorant.

But, by now, Leonel realized that if he allowed things to continue like this without stepping in properly, a small misunderstanding could easily become a massive one.

The worst part was that he couldn't just step out and say he had feelings for another woman. He was quite familiar with women and saying such a thing bluntly would only make him public enemy number one. PANDA NOVEL

‘Please come back soon’!’ Leonel looked up into the sky, holding back crocodile tears.

Things would be so much easier if Aina was here, even if she was still pretending to not like him.

Leonel suddenly smiled. 'That's alright, I know you've already fallen for me.'

Syl and Jerach looked toward Leonel's suddenly smiling face, wondering just what he was thinking about' ;

At that moment, the surroundings began to change. From dirt roads and tents, they began to see neat little huts amid smooth roads. Soon, those smooth roads became paved in stone and the huts became small houses of brick.

Even now, one couldn't say these homes were luxurious. They were quite minimalistic compared to true behemoths one might find in the outside world. However, in this place, where the only building taller than three stories was the massive tower that connected the Sectors, this was by far the best place to live. ρ??∪???????

Each home was gated and had a different style, exuding a different aura. Some reminded Leonel of gentle winds, others of rushing water, and still others like raging flames. However, what each house had in common was a single lamppost before its gate.

It only took a moment for Leonel to understand that if this lamppost was lit, the house had been claimed. If it hadn't been, then the lamppost wouldn't be.

Judging by the current situation, there were much more homes lit than Leonel thought there would be. Were there really this many Emperors?

Syl hesitated for a moment. Though she knew her brother would be here, she wasn't exactly sure where he would be.

"You don't want to choose a house?" Jerach suddenly asked, glancing toward Leonel.

“Not yet.” Leonel shook his head.

Jerach laughed. “If I was as weak as you, I’d be hesitant too.”

Leonel chuckled in response, not minding. “How’d it feel to lose to someone so weak?”

“ ‘1’ ”

Syl giggled, forgetting about her task to find her brother for a moment.

Just as the group was about to continue through to see if they could find any clues, Leonel frowned. He turned back to find a young man strolling through the stone paved roads.

He wore white robes that shifted slightly with his every step. His long, black hair was neatly tied, making it almost impossible to make out individual strands. Everything about him exuded an air of refinement and cleanliness, almost like a diligently polished blade ready to be unsheathed.

Syl noticed Leonel’s odd reaction and turned back. Her eyes lit up in pleasant surprise.

“Big Brother!”

Leonel’s gaze narrowed. He hadn’t expected to run into this man so easily. And, most importantly, he hadn’t expected that even after overestimating his potential abilities in his mind, that Leonel would still be so surprised by the pressure he felt from this young man.

As Leonel was looking toward the Keafir family Heir, he too was looking toward Leonel.

The Young Heir had never met Leonel before, he didn’t know who he was either, but he still felt his eyes gravitate toward him. And, when he noticed the Emperor mark that barely shrouded the black brand between his brows, he felt inwardly surprised.

For a moment, he forgot to respond to his sister. A sword that hung to his back vibrated slightly, making it seem as though the blade might unsheathe at any moment.

This was the first time Leonel noticed the sword. His vision had been so focused on the young man before him.

However, after a moment, he realized why he hadn't

The sword wasn't attached to anything.. It floated in the air, following the young man around as though it couldn't bear to part with him; Leonel couldn't imagine the level of skill that was needed to reach such a state.

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The atmosphere grew silent. Syl seemed to realize that something was wrong when she saw her brother and Leonel staring down one another. But, any words she wanted to speak seemed completely caught in her throat. She felt that she couldn't form the things she wanted to say no matter how hard tried.

SHING! SHING! SHING!

The sword to the Young Heir's back continued to tremble. Some unknown force held it back from unsheathing.

Leonel continued to silently watch, sizing up the young man in white before him.

Leonel knew too little about the Fourth Dimension to accurately gauge strength. But, he could sense pressure easier than maybe anyone else. Even though this Young Heir was weaker than Uncle Zimo, considering his youth, Leonel had no doubt that there would come a day when Zimo was completely overshadowed.

Suddenly, the pressure dispersed. The Young Heir looked from Leonel to his little sister and smiled lightly. Though the smile was a bit cold, it was filled with a doting air to it.

“Syl, you’re here.” The young man nodded. “And who is this?”

“Uh’!” Syl shook her head to recover. “Sister-in-law recommended him. He’s participating as one of us. His name is Leonel Morales.”PANDA-NOVEL.COM

“Morales’!”?

The young man frowned. He felt something stir within him as his thoughts drifted toward a certain memory. But, he didn’t remain in a trance for long. The universe was too big, those sharing the same name were far too numerous.

Of course, those who were on the same level as certain families wouldn’t dare to share the same name. For example, there was no way someone on Terrain would take the Keafir family name. Such a person would be asking for death.

However, there might very well be other Fourth Dimensional worlds where the Keafir name was used. The influence of the Keafir family wasn’t large enough to instill that kind of fear.

This was all to say that it was a matter of perspective. And, to put this matter into perspective, the fact that this Young Heir even paused at this name meant that his scope was already far beyond those usually found on the Fourth Dimensional plane.

A higher Dimensional world wouldn’t care what ants beneath them did. But, the Young Heir knew that if by some miracle this Leonel Morales really made it to such a height, he would definitely have to change his name unless he wanted to be hunted down and executed.

This matter was definitely not as rare as it seemed and no small number of stubborn individuals had suffered. However, the Young Heir didn’t bother to tell all of this to Leonel. Such a thing was far too distant in the future and the likelihood that Leonel would ever reach such a level was slim to none.
PANDA NOVEL

The Young Heir nodded. “So Heira decided this’!”

The Young Heir was quite familiar with his wife so he had a good idea of what she was thinking. But, taking care of someone in the Third Dimension, no matter how talented they were, would be difficult. Even he didn't dare to enter Brave City until he had grown to a certain level of strength.

"Is there a reason the Black City Heir is here?" Syl's elder brother asked.

Jerach snorted. 'The only difference between me and you is that you're a bit older, is there a need to stick your nose so high into the sky?'

Still, even the usually boisterous Jerach didn't dare to say these words aloud. Though this Young Heir seemed refined, anyone who had heard of history knew that he was a madman.

"He's with me." Leonel replied, seemingly noticing Jerach's apprehension.

"Oh?" p??J??????

The Young Heir didn't ask anything further.

"The situation right now is a bit delicate. The trials will begin in another month, but that doesn't mean the city is safe. In fact, this is maybe the most dangerous time. There's a good chance that a territorial war could be sparked."

Leonel scratched his nose, pretending as though he didn't plan on being responsible for starting one.

"Be sure to stay within the limits of the Eastern Sector. And, if you are going to the Central Tower, travel in pairs. Also, be cautious of the monuments."

Leonel's eyes narrowed when he heard this, but didn't say anything more, waiting for the Young Heir to finish his spiel.

After a while, Leonel suddenly got curious about something.

“What benefits are there to a territorial war? There’s got to be a reason for them, right?”

The Young Heir swept a glance over Leonel. Not many dared to cut him off while he was speaking like this.

Of course, that was just the Young Heir’s illusion. Leonel had waited for a slight pause in his long winded admonishment. It was clear that the Young Heir was lecturing his little sister rather than speaking for all of their benefits, so Leonel asked a question instead.

“ ‘| There are eight Sectors to the city. Each has their own residential area and monuments. The only way to access the other Sectors is through the Central Tower, however due to this, it also makes it very obvious when someone is crossing over to a Sector they shouldn’t be in.

“When you enter another Sector, it becomes easier to upgrade your rank, meditating before the monuments becomes easier, and the benefits for stealing abodes is also greater.”

“Benefits of abodes?” Leonel’s gaze sparkled.

“Yes, every abode makes it easier to cultivate a specific Special Force. The short of it is that all benefits are greater when stealing them from another Sector. But, for this reason, people are also very territorial. Considering your strength, acting on this would only lead to your death.”

The Young Heir’s words were quite pointed, but Leonel didn’t really care to respond directly to them.

Leonel found this Young Heir to be quite odd. At first glance, he seemed stoic, cold and quiet, but he was actually quite’| long winded.

“I have one more question.” Leonel pressed. “Are there really this many Emperors?”

Leonel looked around at all the lit lampposts. It couldn’t be that Emperors were so cheap, right?

“Who said an Emperor could only claim one house?”

Leonel’s eyes widened. So this was how it was’!

“Thanks for the help.” Leonel said with a smile. “I’ll help out the Keafir family if I can. I’ll be going now.”

After finishing his duties, Leonel bid his farewells. His thoughts were filled with how to make his imprint as big as possible.

If he wanted to be known, there was no better option than attacking other territories. However, Syl’s brother wasn’t wrong, he was too weak to do so now. He needed a few back up plans first.

The Young Heir’s gaze narrowed as he watched Leonel’s back retreat, his sword trembling once again.

Jerach followed along quickly, not knowing anything about the crazy thoughts going on in Leonel’s head.

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“Hey, hey.” Jerach jogged to keep up with Leonel, his heavy armor causing the paved roads to quake.

Leonel looked back and couldn’t help but smile.

“You know, for someone with such a strong wind affinity, shouldn’t you wear something lighter than this, baldy? Who knows, your hair might grow back if you stop straining yourself so much.”

“What do you know?!” Jerach snapped like a cat that had its tail stepped on. Clearly, his baldness was a soft spot. “It’s precisely because I have a high wind affinity that I should take full advantage of it. Who else could wear such heavy armor and yet still be so fast?”

Leonel shook his head and didn’t reply to these words.

They sounded logical, but the truth was that Jerach's speed would never reach its full potential like that. Just from what Leonel could see alone, he would easily be two or three times faster if he took his armor off.

On top of that, he would never be as sturdy as someone with an earth affinity either. So, he was essentially becoming decent at many things in exchange for losing out at being excellent in one lane. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

In a world where your life was on the line at every turn, Leonel felt that this was a mistake. But, he didn't press Jerach too much. He still needed a bodyguard, after all.

“¡ So who are you really?” Jerach asked curiously, leveling out his steps with Leonel.

“I told you already, Leonel Morales.” Leonel replied casually, looking toward the next monument.

“You know that's not what I mean. You use a translator, so you're obviously not from this world. I hear you came out of the same carriage as Syl, but you both deny being betrothed “ you should probably hide that from that madman, by the way. If he finds out that something like that happen, he might kill you for defiling his little sister.”

Jerach rambled.

“I'm from Earth.” Leonel finally responded as Jerach had a pause. [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

“Earth?!”

Jerach's steps stopped.

Leonel frowned, looking back toward Jerach. “Is there a problem?”

“¡ No.” Jerach shook his head.

Leonel raised an eyebrow. Was there a need for such an exaggerated reaction? Terrain was just as bad a name as Earth, after all. It could be said that all their ancestors needed some better naming sense.

Leonel wanted to say something about Jerach's weird reaction, but he realized that they had already made it to the first monument. On the way to the Emperor abodes, Leonel had already mentally marked the locations of a few monuments. ρ???(???)

Unfortunately, Leonel was so focused on the monuments before him and how they could help him find Aina that he had completely missed the complicated gaze Jerach looked toward his back with.

**

After a full day, Leonel fell into his thoughts, organizing everything he had seen.

The Eastern Sector had 33 monuments and Leonel had been to them all. However, there were only a minority of them that caught Leonel's attention at all.

The first one was of a bowman.

Unlike what Leonel had with his Spear Domain, he didn't have a set path to follow with his bow. However, it would be a shame to ignore his talent for marksmanship. The only issue was finding sources that could help him continuously increase his skill.

Of all 33 monuments he had been to, only one of them depicted a bowman. Even now, Leonel could remember her valiant aura and golden armor. She looked like a goddess descended toward earth' ;

Just from the few scenes Leonel saw, he could tell that she could control the flow of a ten kilometer radius just with her bow and arrows alone. It was a level of skill Leonel couldn't even imagine in his current state.

The second monument that caught Leonel's attention was of another woman. The only unfortunate part was that she was a fire mage and not an earth or light mage.

Leonel still remembered being entranced. This woman stood in the skies wearing a fiery red robe so long it extended tens of meters past her feet. Her fiery red hair was of an obscene length as well, whipping about like rays of crimson amidst the clouds.

The domain that surrounded her seemed burnt to ash. The air was dry, the ground was black, the wind was scorched. It felt as though one was standing in a perpetual hell just being around her.

Leonel remembered being in awe when he came out from the illusion before soon being disappointed. After all, he wasn't a fire mage. And, even though he had Dream Sculpted all the Mage Arts of Camelot, regardless of element, he had never even so much as used a Fire Element spell before.

However, that was when something shocking happened. Leonel realized that when he looked around him, Jerach and the others who had surrounded the monument at the time had separated their distance to him by a large margin.

At first, Leonel had been confused, but when he look around, he found that there was a radius of scorched ground around him. In fact, the only things not burnt to ash near him was the little mink napping on his head without any worries and, luckily, his clothes.

It was then that Leonel came to realization' | His Scarlet Star Force.

Top ten amongst Star Elemental Forces. Top three amongst Light Elemental Forces. And' |

The very best amongst Fire Elemental Forces.

Without realizing it, Leonel's affinity for fire magic had surpassed his affinity for both Earth and Light Elemental magic. Whether it was his Metal Synergy or Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factors, they were all overshadowed by his Innate Force Node. This could only be expected, after all, a Lineage Factor is passed down and must be slowly unlocked whereas an Innate Force Node was all to a person's own.

Of course, Leonel's Scarlet Star Force also vastly improved his Light and Star Element affinity. Compared to others with Light and Star Elemental affinity, Leonel was amongst the very top few now. However, even compared to that increase, his fire affinity still gained the greatest leap.

Even though he couldn't use his Innate Force Node to its full potential now, simply by virtue of having it, all flames in the world bowed down to him!

Chapter 367

The third monument that caught Leonel's attention was actually a sword wielding man. However, this wasn't because of the weapon. Leonel had no interest in switching from the spear. In fact, he found that he was growing more and more fond of the spear every day.

There were two reasons this monument caught his attention. For one, Leonel recognized a part of its aura. When he thought about it, he realized that it was very similar to the aura he had sensed on Syl's elder brother.

Of course, the aura on Syl's elder brother was far weaker than the one Leonel sensed from this monument. However, it was the same aura nonetheless.

As the saying went, it was important to understand one's enemy. Though Syl's brother wasn't yet at such a point with Leonel, Leonel had too much PTSD from organizations he joined betraying him. By this point, he was already on his guard and was preparing for the worst case scenario.

That said, if it was only about understanding Syl's elder brother, Leonel wouldn't be so interested in this monument. After all, no matter how much he understood the Young Heir, it was useless if he was too weak to do anything about it. Ultimately, what was most important was his own strength.

However, there was a second matter that caught Leonel's attention: The sword wielding man had a pair of wings.

Leonel hadn't spent much time comprehending [Golden Feather Step] just yet. But, he already understood just how important movement was in battle, especially if he was the weaker party.
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If one was far weaker in strength but had speed, there would always be a chance for survival. However, there were plenty of examples of stronger individuals suffering at the hands of those much faster than them. This was part of the reason Leonel didn't agree with Jerach's methods.

Speed kills.

What was exceptionally beautiful about this monument was that this winged swordsman placed emphasis on his speed. His movements and swords were fluid, moving together as one. The flaps of his weapon and the swings of his sword almost looked like breathing.

The contraction of the diaphragm, the expansion of the lungs, the suction of air, the relaxing of the diaphragm, the shrinking of the lungs, the expelling of air'

In a continuous cycle, they flowed into one another, nurturing one another, strengthening one another.

Even compared to the other monuments Leonel had lost himself in, he spent an exceptionally long time at this one despite the fact he was only trying to hop from monument to monument as quickly as possible. PANDA NOVEL

It was thanks to this that Leonel realized something else his Dreamscape Battle Sense was missing' He didn't have enough fluidity.

Right now, his Battle Sense worked by sensing a change and reacting to it. But, that was entirely reliant on his opponent doing something. What if Leonel ran into a patient opponent who shared a similar battle style? How would his Battle Sense react when it had no information to read?

Unfortunately, Dyon could only store such thoughts in the back of his mind. Even this most simple version of his Battle Sense used up so much stamina, he couldn't imagine what would happen if he tried to add fluidity. He couldn't even wrap his mind around how he would do this.

Still, this matter of fluidity taught Leonel something most could only learn after experiencing countless battles'

Movement wasn't just about evading and defense, it was just as important in attacking. Only when one's steps flowed with one's actions seamlessly would one reach true mastery of their movement.

Leonel was exceptionally lucky to grasp this truth before he truly began to study [Golden Feather Step]. It might even halve the time he would need to master this technique. ρ??∫??????

‘
|

These were the three monuments that had caught Leonel's attention. This was a good result.

Unfortunately, there was bad news.

After Leonel studied all the monuments, he realized that he had been mistaken. There were no hidden techniques to learn or grasp. This meant that there were no Fourth Dimensional techniques Leonel could learn to help make use of his Soul Force’ |

All the monuments seemed entirely focused on aura and feel, as though it was teaching the disposition a warrior of a certain type should have. However, there were no techniques to glean from them at all.

Such a reality left Leonel sighing.

‘There are important lessons to learn, but that's about it’ |’

Leonel shook his head.

These things weren't as useless as he thought. For example, the core lesson of the winged swordsman would lay a foundation for him in movement techniques that would only exponentially multiply in the future.

If Leonel was correct, there were lessons to be gained from the bowman, or bowwoman, rather, and the fire mage as well. The bowwoman likely taught about control and the fire mage definitely touched upon the concept of a domain.

Still, all of these things sounded nice, but now Leonel didn't have an obvious path toward improvement. Without matching techniques, breaking into the Fourth Dimension wouldn't create as great a boost to his strength as he would like.

Leonel looked up to the sky and sighed. It seemed that things wouldn't be as easy as he thought. He needed to talk to the dictionary to arrange his thoughts' |

After a while, Leonel grit his teeth. He would have to risk it.

The only place he would feel safe using the dictionary was in his own protected abode. He would have to put it all on the line and claim one now. If he let things stay as is, he would eventually suffer. Hesitancy and inaction were just as bad as failing miserably at times.

Leonel could feel many eyes on him. Many had been watching his every action for a long time now, wondering how long he could hold out.

When everyone saw him walking back toward the abode setting, numerous spies sent to monitor his actions rushed back toward their masters, cold lights flickering in their gazes.

Jerach, who had followed Leonel all this time, frowned deeply. He couldn't help but look toward Leonel's side profile' |

Was he really going to do it now?

Chapter 368

Leonel walked along the stone paved roads once again, calmly observing the abodes and lampposts one by one. He was easily able to see which abodes could help with what.

Most were focused on the main elements of Fire, Wind, Earth and Water. Aside from them, there were a few rarer kinds that fell into the category of Variants.

The best sort of abode for Leonel would be a Star Elemental Abode. Only such a place would be highly compatible with him and would make the process of evolving his Soul Force much smoother.

Also, since he wasn't necessarily restricted to one abode, a metal Variant of the Earth Element would also be greatly beneficial to him. This would help him improve his Metal Body at a much quicker rate.

That said, this wasn't at the forefront of Leonel's mind. After all, he had long since realized that the aura beneath the Gates and monuments could also work to greatly speed up the strengthening of his Metal Body. In fact, since the aura beneath the monuments were ten times more concentrated, they were even better than the Gates had been.

Leonel continued to walk, quickly getting a bit worried. He saw some Variant abodes, but he still hadn't seen a Star Force abode.

“¡ What are you looking for?” Jerach finally couldn't hold back.

In his mind, after seeing how devastating Leonel's fire affinity was, Leonel should have long since chosen an abode. They had already passed by two Fire Elemental abodes and one Variant Fire Elemental abode.

Of course, Jerach had no idea that Leonel had yet to consciously work on his fire affinity before.
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“I'm looking for a Star Force abode.” Leonel replied. There was no need to hide anything anyway since once he found such an abode, practically everyone would know about it.

“Star Force?!” Jerach was shocked again.

It was difficult to explain just how rare those with Star affinity were. They were even on par with those that had enigmatic affinities like time and space. Star Force was the only Force in existence that could be cultivated and used no matter the environment.

There were many locations in the universe where energy of a certain kind became scarce and impossible to sense. Those who had such affinities that were unlucky enough to end up in such regions could only lament their bad luck and hope to survive. In such environments, even abilities could become useless.

However, no matter where one was, there would always be Star, Space and Time Force. These three Forces and the other rare ones like it all had this fundamental reason that set them apart.

Suddenly, Jerach laughed. "No wonder, no wonder. I thought you were a madman for a second, but it seemed you had a plan too."

"Hm?" Leonel raised an eyebrow. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You don't have to act ignorant anymore, I see through you." PANDA NOVEL

Leonel frowned in confusion. "No, really."

Jerach gave Leonel a weird look. "You really don't know?"

"Really."

"Madman'! Just a madman'!" Jerach grumbled. "'! Claiming an abode requires two prerequisites. The first is that you must have the appropriate rank. It's possible for an Emperor to claim a King's house but it isn't possible for a King to claim an Emperor's unless they upgrade their mark.

"The second prerequisite is that the trial of the abode must be passed."

Leonel's gaze suddenly brightened, his steps coming to a halt.

"You mean to say that the trial that must be passed is related to the affinity of the abode? So, if I'm the only one with Star Force affinity'!"

“If you’re the only one with Star Force affinity, then it would be impossible for anyone to claim your abode other than you unless they’re seeking death. The trials are quite simple if you share the necessary affinity, and you can muddle your way through Variant affinities as long as its related to your main affinity. However, if you try to claim a home you have no affinity with, heavy injury is the best case scenario.”

Leonel’s gaze brightened like two torches.

Was this what they called luck? Was he finally going to get something to go his way?

Leonel was a virgin and hadn’t even kissed a woman before. In fact, the only times he had even been able to touch Aina somewhat intimately was when she was either unconscious or half dead. But, he could swear that being with a woman couldn’t possibly feel half as good as he was feeling right now. He almost shed real tears.

Jerach gave Leonel another odd look. ‘Why does he look so happy’? Why does his expression almost look’ lewd?’

Jerach almost began to shed his own tears. He could only hope that Leonel didn’t use his control over his life to take his chastity.

Of course, if others knew Jerach was thinking himself as chaste, he’d probably be stoned to death.

After a moment of happiness, Leonel regained his composure.

Even if these people couldn’t try to seize his abode, the fact of the matter would be that he would still be unsafe when he left his abode. And, he would have no choice but to leave it if he wanted to make his name known to find Aina. In addition, it wasn’t like he could bring the monuments into his abode either.

However, this was still the greatest news he had heard in a long while. Even if he would still be at risk, he wouldn’t have to worry about the 12 hour limit anymore. In addition, should things go south, he had a ‘safe house’ he could return to.

Of course, this was as long as no one else had a Star affinity' ;

Soon, Leonel and Jerach made it to the end of the stone paved roads. For a moment, Leonel thought he had dropped back down to an abyss because even now, he couldn't find a Star affinity abode. But, that was when his gaze landed on six homes that sat side by side. In fact, they were a measure larger than all the other homes.

One gave off a radiant gold light. The next pulsed with darkness. The third seemed warped, dilating one's sense of time. The fourth seemed to stand in a plane of its own "" it looked as though it was right before them, yet hundreds of miles away at the same time.

The fifth made Leonel exceptionally excited. It, too, exuded a light. But, it was more gentle and dense than the first, not to mention warmer. This was definitely a Star affinity abode. Finally, his heart rested easy.

However, when he looked at the sixth house, Leonel's steps froze again as he fell into a daze. He felt as though he experienced his whole life once again. From the day he was born to this very moment right here.

In his shock, Leonel saw the image of a woman gorgeous beyond words. It was the kind of beauty that seized the heart and overshadowed even Young Mistress Heira.

She had eyes as bright as glistening emeralds, hair like a shimmering golden-white waterfall, and a smile that made tears uncontrollably fall from Leonel's eyes.

She held a baby in her arms, her gaze a mixture of love and unwillingness. The image was so real that Leonel felt as though he was right there' ; he was the baby' ; he was the one being looked at in such a way' ;

“Mom' ;”

Leonel had never said these words in his life. At least, he had never said it to address another person. He never thought about his mother because he couldn't even remember her. He couldn't say he felt one way or another. But, at this moment, he felt as though his heart was bleeding.

How could he forget that gaze?

When Leonel snapped out of it, he found himself standing in the same place staring at the same house.

“ ‘! Leonel! Oh, you’re awake. Try not to stare at that abode too much, there’ve been stories of others never being able to extricate themselves. I’ve never heard of someone falling into a trance like you did coming out, you’re very lucky.”

Leonel blinked, trying to regain his bearing. But, the tears didn’t seem to want to stop.

“That abode, what is it?” Leonel forced out, his voice shockingly steady.

“That?” Jerach didn’t even dare to look toward the abode as he referred to it.. “They call it Dream Force.”

Chapter 369

The moment Leonel heard these words, he felt his mind tremble.

After a moment, he wiped the tears from his eyes and shook his head.

Leonel’s personality was one that was difficult to grasp. It was hard to imagine that a person who seemed so soft hearted as him wouldn’t even spare a single thought toward his mother. It wasn’t rare for children who grew up with one or no parents to have fanciful images of what could have been. Of course, some grew out of this phase while others never did. However, maybe very few were like Leonel and never had such thoughts at all.

This was maybe one of Leonel’s true faces. Though he loved, he also had a deeply calculating side to him. When he told his former best friend James that he would leave Aina alone if she truly rejected him, he hadn’t been lying. If the words ‘no’ ever came out of her mouth or her actions ever made him feel as though she was rejecting him, he wouldn’t hesitate to let that part of his heart die.

Leonel knew this about himself. Maybe if it wasn't for the love he gained from his father, he could have very well become someone's cold killing tool. There really wasn't much separating such a person from himself aside from his upbringing.

To now, maybe Leonel had subconsciously accepted that his mother didn't want him so he very logically cut off that part from himself. There was no need to waste time thinking about someone who had no need for him.

However, the moment he saw that gaze, everything suddenly changed for Leonel.

As logical and calculating as Leonel was, he was just as loving and caring. If the gaze his mother had for him was still the same, then no matter where she was, what trouble she was in, what was keeping her from his side, he would make sure to wipe it all out. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

It was that simple to Leonel. There was nothing more to think about.

Jerach suddenly felt that suffocating aura once again. He could hardly move until Leonel finished going through his thoughts.

"What is Dream Force?" Leonel suddenly asked, his heart growing calm.

Leonel needed to know. Was it just coincidental? Or was there a reason behind everything.

"It's!"

Jerach hesitated.

The Dream Force abode was an extremely enigmatic existence. According to what Jerach knew, it didn't appear all of the time. It would often hide itself as though it was an illusion and rarely appeared. PANDA-NOVEL

However, the times it did appear usually led to tragedy. There were no small number of geniuses who had lost themselves in an illusion just staring at it.

It could be said that Jerach was lucky to not be one of them. He had been observing Leonel this whole time because he thought he was a madman. But then, Leonel suddenly stopped and entered a daze. This luckily triggered some of Jerach's memories so he didn't dare to look where Leonel was looking.

But, from what Jerach knew, it should have been impossible for Leonel to wake up. Yet, not only had Leonel woken up, he had only been in a daze for a few seconds at most. This left Jerach more shocked than almost anything else ever could.

Could it be that all those legends were exaggerated? They must be!

Despite thinking this, though, Jerach still didn't dare to look toward the sixth abode.

"It's another high level Force. Wherever there are people, there will be Dream Force. So, in a way, just like how Star Force is never restricted by location, so is Dream Force. After all, if you happen to find yourself in such a place, as long as you exist, there will be Dream Force."

"But what is it exactly?" Leonel asked, his expression having regained an eerie calm. He almost seemed too placid. $\rho \int$

"I don't know much about it! I only heard someone once describe Dream Force as the representation of consciousness."

Leonel's gaze sharpened.

Consciousness! How much effort had the scientists of Earth put into finding the source of human consciousness? It was the one thing that even hundreds of years of technological advancement still couldn't describe.

Some believed that human consciousness was stored in a soul or spirit. Others believed that everything that represented consciousness could be found within the brain and that we only couldn't describe it because we didn't understand the brain well enough' ;

When Leonel entered this new world order, he sometimes had fleeting thoughts that maybe a soul did exist. He had seen so many fantastical powers in the past year that this was much easier to accept for him.

Yet, even now, he had yet to find this so-called 'soul' of his.

One had to know that Soul Force was just a name. It didn't represent a spiritual form of Leonel. It was simply an extension of Leonel's senses, another form of energy. Nothing more, nothing less.

This was the reason why even though Leonel knew his Ethereal Glabella inside and out, he had never run into anything like a soul in there. All one could find were his Embryos and his Stars. There was nothing else.

But, what Jerach was saying now was that this Dream Force represented such a thing? It left Leonel feeling' ; well, he wasn't exactly sure how he was feeling at all.

All Leonel knew was that this was the abode he would be choosing. He didn't even hesitate as he took a step toward it.

Jerach panicked. "Hey, what are you doing?"

Leonel smiled lightly. "Choosing an abode, obviously."

"You're going in the wrong direction! The Star abode is over there!"

Leonel smiled but didn't reply. Jerach knew well what he was doing.

Whether it was dangerous or not, Leonel didn't care. He needed to know why his heart was thumping like this. It was the same feeling Leonel had felt when he chose [Dimensional Cleanse]. It was the same feeling he had when he chose [Golden Feather Step]. Yet, it was several times more potent than the feeling had ever been.

Were those names he chose a coincidence?

Dream World. Dream Sculpt. Dreamscape. Dream Clone.

How much of it was a casual name he had given his abilities and how much of it was something compelling him toward the right path?

Leonel had always believed that his ability and his Soul Force was inextricably linked. But, what if this wasn't entirely correct? What if he was missing something?

Leonel took several more steps, ignoring Jerach's attempts to stop him. Eventually, the poor bald Jerach, scared for his own safety, didn't dare approach the house any closer. Though he could stop Leonel by force with his strength, he could see a look in Leonel's eye that made him not dare to do so.

Then, Leonel crossed the threshold no one else dared to.

What he didn't know was that his actions would soon cause an uproar.

Chapter 370

Leonel was suddenly bombarded by a surge of Force.

It was unlike anything he had ever experienced before. The Force he was used to was hard to sense, but it was still tangible. Even someone with weak Internal Sight could feel it as long as the concentration was high enough.

But, this Force, despite being maybe in the highest concentration Leonel had ever seen, still felt' ; unreal.

The harder Leonel tried to reach out to it, the more fluidly it slipped through his fingers. It was as though Leonel was on a different plane, observing it from afar.

However, despite there being such a surge, Leonel didn't feel like his life was in danger at all. In fact, he continued to walk forward without suffering any setback at all. If it wasn't for the fact he was taking his time to sense the mysteriousness of this Dream Force, he would have already long since crossed this trial.

Before Leonel even realized it, he had made it to the door of the Dream Force abode.

His palm reached out, touching the dark oak of the door.

*CLICK*pANDA-NOVEL.COM

A light clicking sound reached Leonel's ears as the door slowly swung open.

At that moment, a shield of protection suddenly vibrated.

The lamppost that manned the outside flickered before erupting into a blinding light that shot into the skies.

The eyes of numerous elites swung in a single direction. They were all used to the signs of an abode being conquered by now. However, the signs had never been this exaggerated before. In the whole of Terrain's Brave City, not a single one had ever claimed one of these special abodes.

Leonel, however, had no idea that he had suddenly become the center of attention. He was entirely immersed in an all new feeling. His body, despite standing on the ground, felt as though it was soaring into the clouds' ;

‘!

When Leonel finally snapped out of his odd state, he was uncertain of how much time had passed. But, he was no longer worried about a time limit. Compared to the Star Force abode, this Dream Force abode was even more secure. Whereas someone bold might try to force their way through the Star Force trial, Leonel didn't believe anyone would have the guts to do so with the Dream Force abode. PANDA NOVEL

Facing something tangible was always easier than facing the illusory. In this abode, it was possible to fall into an illusion without even realizing what happened. If it wasn't for Leonel's high affinity with Dream Force, he would have likely fallen into an endless cycle as well.

‘So that's how it is’!

Leonel exhaled a long breath, looking around his new home for the next while. He couldn't help but smile, he hadn't had a place he could call home in more than a year now. He didn't know how long he would be in this Brave City, but he definitely felt at home here’!

The whole abode was decorated in white and black. The two shades complemented and danced with one another across the home. It was warm and pleasing to the eye, leaving Leonel feeling content.

For the first time, Leonel didn't feel the need to ask the dictionary what was happening with him. He understood that compared to his affinity for Fire, Light, Star, or Earth, his affinity for Dream Force existed on a completely different plane of its own. It was so high, in fact, that even without being consciously aware, he had still made use of it before’!

Whenever Leonel entered his Dream World, whenever he used Dream Sculpt, whenever he formed a Dream Clone’! Every time, without fail, without Dream Force as a core, he would have failed.

To use something so unconsciously, as though he was breathing’! just what level of affinity was that?
p???)??????

But, now that Leonel knew what it was and could consciously put it into motion’!

WHOOOOSH!

A violent torrent of Force surged toward Leonel.

He completely expelled all of his normal Soul Force. It was nothing but a hindrance to him, limiting his abilities and causing him to use more stamina to perform tasks that should have been as easy as breathing.

To Leonel, Soul Force and Dream Force were like the lubricants and fuel to a well running engine. Not only was Soul Force far lower in quality, when it combusted, it gave off countless impurities, making its efficiency horrid.

Not everyone could do as Leonel was currently doing. Dream Force represented consciousness. Those with low affinity could easily lose themselves, forgetting what was real and what was not. Their memories would become so real that it would feel as though they were reliving them in real time. Their phobias would manifest and hold control of them. Even their loves would become larger than life, enveloping their very beings.

The number of pitfalls there were to using Dream Force were endless. Only those innately born with a comprehension of this Force could make use of it without losing themselves. And, thanks to his ability, Leonel just so happened to be one of these people.

The moment all of his Soul Force was purged, Leonel felt as though a shackle on his mind had been lifted. Dream Force began to compress within his Ethereal Glabella, wildly surging about.

Leonel wasn't worried in the slightest. The Dream Force he was accepting now, no matter how high level of an energy it was, was still considered to be within the Fourth Dimension. With the strength of his mind, it was child's play to accept for him.

WHOOOSH!

The Force around Leonel kicked up a tempest. Leonel's hair fluttered wildly, his heavy robes billowing.

What sounded like shattering glass resounded in Leonel's ears.

Leonel's eyes shot open, a bright light making his pale irises seem no dimmer than his mother's bright emerald gaze for a moment.

Leonel felt that his mind had never been clearer. He saw the things in the world down to their most basic building blocks, seeing through the foundation even the most complex things with just a single glance.

With a flip of his palm, the dictionary appeared once again.

The last time Leonel checked the level of his ability, it had just barely crossed into the Bronze grade. Though this was still a Fifth Dimensional ability, with the other limiters on Leonel's body, it hadn't been able to truly shine.

But now' !

[*Ping*]

[Subject: Leonel Morales]

[Calculative Mind: An ability capable of simplifying the complex.]

[Evaluating power' ! *Ping*]

[Evolution Stage: Quasi Silver]