

Descent 371

Chapter 371

Leonel should have been shocked by this result. After all, the last time he checked, his ability was graded as Tier 3 Bronze. This sort of massive leap should have been completely out of expectations. But, Leonel only nodded. This much should have been expected.

After purging his Soul Force, his ability should have already shot up to Tier 6 or 7. Then, after breaking through to the Fourth Dimension within his Ethereal Glabella, it shot up once again to Quasi Silver. It was very likely that at this moment, he had the most powerful ability on Terrain.

Leonel closed his eyes, focusing on the changes to his ability.

Leonel already knew that he wouldn't suddenly awaken new branches to his ability. His Calculative Mind ability entirely relied on himself to come up with new ways to use his computer-like brain. However, he could still check to see what improvements there had been to abilities he already created.

'My Dream Clone limit is now 17' !'

This was the first thing Leonel realized as it was the easiest to quantify. 17 might sound like a small change, but it became exponentially more difficult to split his mind the more ways he did so.

Of course, it was possible for Leonel to surpass this limit of 17 if he consciously lowered the computing power of each. But, in most cases, this wouldn't be very helpful.

Leonel's overall abilities gained a massive boost. He could Dream Sculpt in a fraction of the time, the ideas he had to improve his Dreamscape and Dreamscape Battle Sense seemed to increase like a never-ending tide, but, the most important change to Leonel was that he could see through the core secrets of the things he had Dream Sculpted. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Leonel left his Dream World and walked out of his abode.

“Jerach.” Leonel called out.

By now, Jerach was in a pitiful state. He didn’t dare to look toward the abode, but he also felt conflicted in his heart. His pride wouldn’t allow him to abandon Leonel. He hadn’t been joking around when he said he would sign his life over.

He was a real man. He refused to do anything that encroached on his ideals for himself.

At that moment, Jerach had just been about to turn toward the abode. Even if he got stuck in an illusion for the rest of his life, he would have still have followed through on the thoughts of his heart.

But, who knew that the moment he spun around, a vicious glint in his eyes as though the abode was his mortal enemy, he would hear Leonel’s voice suddenly call out?

Leonel looked toward Jerach with an amused expression. PANDA NOVEL

“What are you doing out there? Hurry up.”

Jerach stood rooted in place for a long while.

“! Did I already fall into the illusion? Fuck, my life is over.”

Leonel laughed and shook his head.

He hadn’t had a close friend since James betrayed him. In fact, he had very much avoided it, closing himself off slightly. But, he felt it wouldn’t be bad to have someone like Jerach around, at least for now.

Leonel waved a finger, causing a pillar of earth to shoot up from behind Jerach and send him soaring toward the house.

“Ah!” Jerach grabbed onto his ass with both hands, soaring through the skies with a wronged expression on his face. p??J??????

Leonel let Jerach land before the door. No way he was going to catch something so heavy.

But, this seemed to wake Jerach up from his stupor.

“You’! you really claimed this abode?”

Leonel smiled. “I have some stuff to do before we go again. Just stay in here, it’s safer. I’m sure there will be people surrounding this place soon enough.”

With that, Leonel turned and entered, walking up to the highest room of the abode. Though he didn’t know Jerach well, his actions just now were enough for Leonel to take a chance on his character.

Even if Leonel was wrong about him, with Leonel’s current abilities, he could definitely stop anyone he didn’t want spying on him from doing so.

Jerach stood in a daze as Leonel disappeared.

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BANG!

“Someone tell me what the hell just happened!”

Within the Central Tower, numerous meetings just like this were taking place. As though by tacit understanding, almost all Emperors and most Kings not involved in Leonel’s claiming of the Dream Abode came to this very place.

“P-Please calm your anger, young master. All those we’ve sent to investigate haven’t come back. We’re unsure of what happened as well.”

“Dammit!”

The young man in question knew that he couldn’t go and investigate himself. If he did so, that would be an act of war on the Eastern Sector and he couldn’t bear this burden alone.

It was fine if he sent middling Soldiers out to do his bidding. Who would care about a few Soldiers? They weren’t enough of a threat to be taken seriously. But, if he, as a King, made a move of his own, it would definitely stir up some problems.

“The Dream Abode had been claimed! The Dream Abode has been claimed!”

At that moment, a Soldier came sprinting into the tower, almost tripping over his own feet.

The entire environment froze.

Had it been the Light or Dark Abode, it would have been shocking, but easier to accept. Had it been the Star, Space or Time Abode, the whole of Terrain would have been shaken, but it would still cool down after a while. But, for it to be the Dream Abode’!

It felt as though everyone had entered an illusory realm of their own. Did they really hear correctly?

Reynred Solar, Jilniya Falls and Wilas Mirage all sat together, discussing this very topic. But, when they heard the news, they too came to a grinding halt. Then, they all looked toward one another and understood something immediately.

Their mission this time was far too important, it was so important that they even stopped personally overseeing the capture of that ugly bitch.

For such a variable to appear now of all times’! They had to find a way to deal with it.

## Chapter 372

Leonel had no idea about the commotion he had caused. But, truthfully, this was a matter of choice rather than one of ignorance. All he cared about at this moment was increasing his own strength. The question laid in how he would do so.

At the moment, Leonel sat in the pool of his Abode Setting in a silent state of meditation. His mind rushed through several potential plans as he organized himself.

The quickest way to improve himself was likely with the Four Seasons Realm Force Arts of Merlin's Trials. With the improvement to his ability added atop the help of the Natural Force Art, it most definitely wouldn't take him the years he previously thought it would.

Leonel had already done a quick estimate. It would take him about a single day to perfect Dream Sculpt one of them now. And, if he wanted to fuse his comprehensions of Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall, he felt it would take about a week or two.

In total, if Leonel wanted to grasp the Four Seasons Realm for his spear, bow and fists, it would take about two to three months. This was definitely a far shorter evaluation than he previously had.

The only unfortunate part was that these wouldn't be his own comprehensions. As such, the power he displayed wouldn't be as exaggerated as allowing him to challenge the Peak of the Fourth Dimension.

'For someone weak, the best thing they can do to keep themselves safe would be to have mobility and to keep a certain distance.'[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Leonel knew this well. So, for now, he set aside the idea of comprehending his spear and fist techniques.

During the trip here, Leonel had already completely grasped Chain Domain and conquered his first Spear Peak. There was no need to spend any more time on it for now. In fact, Leonel was leaning toward comprehending the Four Seasons Realm with his spear on his own. But, this was still a matter for the future.

'Focus on movement and long ranged attacks.'

When Leonel came to this conclusion, he had made up his mind. He was able to quickly breakdown the things he needed to do.

The first and most obvious was to awaken the Speed Branch of his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor.

The second was to master [Golden Feather Step]. PANDA NOVEL

The third was to comprehend and fuse his comprehensions of the Four Seasons Realm for his Bow Embryo.

And the fourth was to modify his use of Camelot's spell Arts to make them useful against Fourth Dimensional opponents. In the past, Leonel didn't have the computational ability to do this on his own. But, at the moment, he was feeling much more confident.

Having made his decision, Leonel's eyes slowly opened.

A smile crept onto his face as he watched the little mink float in the pool. The little guy snored away without a care in the world, causing Leonel to chuckle.

Leonel entered his Dream World once again. This time, he immediately split himself into 16 Dream Clones. Then, he assigned four to each one of his chosen tasks. As for his 17th Dream Clone, he had it completely focus on absorbing Dream Force. The only way to sustain such continuous activity would be to do exactly this.

If Leonel was in any other environment, he would likely have to take a break every few hours. This had happened to him during his trip here in the carriage with Heira. This was why Heira could so clearly tell when he slipped into and out of his meditative state. p??(???????)

But the Dream Abode had such a high density of Dream Force that Leonel didn't even need to worry about it. And, since he was currently within the Segmented Cube, he could allow it to slowly gain the characteristics of the Dream Abode as well.

At least for while Leonel was within the Fourth Dimension and Fourth Dimensional Dream Force was still helpful to him, he could enter the Abode or Lab Setting to gain the same benefits he was now.

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~[Golden Feather Step] Clones~

After asking the dictionary, Leonel conjured up an environment perfect for training movement within his Dream World.

His Dream Clones each stood atop thin metal poles barely the width of the balls of their feet. Below, there was nothing but an endless abyss.

In their minds, the movements of [Golden Feather Step] were replayed again and again. Each of them tried to grasp the Artistic Conception of the technique.

Leonel had no idea that his thoughts now were far beyond a normal person's. Artistic Conception was usually a term reserved for the Universe Cycles. But, to try and paint a picture without even considering the Universe Cycles'; The outcome would be quite interesting indeed.

However, Leonel had always been doing this subconsciously. In the past, he had practiced [Chasing Wind] without even opening its cover'; What was this if not relying on Artistic Conception?

When Leonel chose [Golden Feather Step], what he chose wasn't its name or its power'; he chose its feeling.

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~Speed Branch Lineage Factor Clones~

Leonel entered a deep introspection of his body, sensing the shackles the bound his blood.

Having access to a particular branch didn't necessarily mean that one would awaken it. However, to now, Leonel had been able to awaken the first levels of both the Healing Branch and the Wisdom Branch.

The first opening of the Wisdom Branch was known as Blossoming Mind. It opened up one's thoughts, increasing speed of thought and solidifying the foundation for further cultivation of the mind.

Unfortunately, Leonel didn't gain much from this other than smoothing out his path toward the Fifth Dimension. After all, his own ability overshadowed any benefits one could gain from unlocking this first shackle.

The first opening of the Healing Branch was known as Instant Recovery. As long as there was an adequate separation of time, Leonel could instantly recover back to his peak state. It had already been months since the last time Leonel used this ability, but he still had a few more months to go before he could use it again.

Luckily, this opening of this Branch had the passive ability of multiplying the impact of normal healing, something Leonel had experienced personally already during his battle with Lamorak.

The first opening of the Speed Branch, however, was a special case for the Snowy Star Owl. It had a slight mutation as compared to the normal Speed Branch of other Lineage Factors because it was tailored toward winged beasts.

It was known as First Flight.

Chapter 373

Of course, Leonel wasn't going to sprout wings just by unlocking the first of his Lineage Factor's chains. Such a mutation would only occur at a much deeper level of integration.



First Flight represented the invocation of the essence of the Snowy Star Owl's speed.

~Four Seasons Clones~

Each one of Leonel's four Dream Clones focused on a different Force Art. They floated before his main body, each capturing a different scene.

Despite the fact Leonel had already been bestowed the Winter Legendary Skill, he still chose to comprehend it on his own again. It was then he suddenly realized something shocking.

When he finally grasped Winter on his own' ; he realized it was different from the comprehension Merlin's Trial had bestowed to him.

'It can't be' ;'

Leonel froze for a moment.

Compared to the comprehension Merlin's Trial had given him, the one he comprehended by Dream Sculpting was several times deeper. In fact, Leonel felt as though he could sense the essence of the Seasons as though it was his very own understanding.

Leonel was stunned.

What limited those who chose the second path of comprehension "" relying on another "" was that their understanding would never be as deep as the original creator. However, by Dream Sculpting these Force Arts, Leonel had integrated this understanding so deeply within himself that it almost felt like his own.  
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Leonel was shocked to his core. When he realized this, he immediately consulted the dictionary. It was only after this that he finally calmed down.

'So that's how it is' !'

Leonel learned from the dictionary that there were two things that distinguished the second and third forms of comprehension. The first was as Leonel thought: how deeply one comprehended. But, the second was how much Universal Force one could evoke.

Universal Force was the strength behind the Four Seasons Realm. When one comprehended one or all of the Four Seasons, it was possible to use Universal Force to increase one's strength. This was where the power of the Realm came from.

When one comprehended a Universe Cycle on their own, the amount of Universal Force one could use was far greater than when one relied on someone else.

This essentially meant that Leonel was now in an in-between Realm. He felt as though the comprehension was his own, but the Universal Force hadn't recognized it as such.

As a result, the power he could evoke from the Four Seasons Realm was more than someone who comprehended it with the help of another, but less than if he had comprehended it all on his own.

Even though this wasn't as great as Leonel had been hoping, this was still excellent news. The second form of comprehension would have just been a minor boost to his strength, but this was much, much, much more of a boon.

Leonel's confidence grew as he once more sunk back into his meditative state.

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~Mage Art Clones~

After the increased strength to Leonel's ability, he found that his ability to master Force Arts had skyrocketed. Not only could he draw Mage Arts much more quickly than he had in the past, he felt that he could even freelance their symbols to a small extent.

Though 'freelancing' lowered the strength of the Art, it once again increased the casting speed and gave Leonel much more freedom in battle.

However, what Leonel needed wasn't just speed, he needed added strength.

There were two avenues he could travel down to accomplish this.

The first was the [Layering] Art. Leonel had already used this Art many times in battle. It allowed a mage to stack the same spell multiple times to increase its power.

Unfortunately, it had its own limitations. For one, the maximum number of stacked spells for a Three Star Magus Art was three and no more. This wasn't anywhere near enough to harm a Fourth Dimensional entity.

In addition, the second problem was time. To layer multiple Arts, it was obviously necessary to draw each one of them individually. This would increase casting time and not be conducive to battle.

Of course, this second problem overshadowed the fact that it would also take a lot of stamina to layer so many Arts.

To Leonel, the problem of time and stamina wasn't really an issue. He could cast even a Three Star Magus Art in a split second in his current state. The main issue was the limitation of the layering Art.

If Leonel wanted to go with this option, he would have to research into either making the layering Art better or into making his Three Star Magus Arts better compliments to it.

However'! Leonel felt he had a much better idea than this.

His four Clones sat in regions of their own, each of them having numerous Force Arts floating around them. They spanned from the simplest Apprentice Arts to the highest Magus Arts.

Every so often, they would breakdown into smaller parts. Anyone watching from the outside would realize that it wasn't that there were Apprentice Arts and Magus Arts floating around Leonel but rather that'

The Magus Arts were becoming Apprentice Arts!

Leonel continued breaking down complex Magus Arts into their simpler forms then forming them up once again.

He seemed to be searching for something, looking for a path forward.

Soon, there came a point where nothing but Apprentice Arts remained. Then'

Leonel broke them down further.

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While Leonel was entirely focused on training himself, a month ticked by, then a second. Leonel had unknowingly turned 19 being completely none the wiser.

Outside the Dream Abode, the crowd continued to grow. But, if one paid attention, it would become clear that for such a large crowd, the surroundings were eerily silent. In fact, not a single person was moving as though they had all entered a trance.

The higher ups who sent all of their subordinates here felt a slight tinge of fear, all the legends of the Dream Abode coming back to their memories. If they weren't certain before, they were absolutely sure now that someone had claimed it.

But, how could they deal with someone they couldn't even approach?

It was only then that the crowd before the Abode grew stagnant. From afar, the sight caused many to shudder in fear.

While everyone was distracted, though, changes began to occur at the Gates of Brave City once again.

The first period of entry for Brave City was known as the quota period. In this period, every family, City and Power would only allow a certain number of individuals to enter. This was the calmest state Brave City would be in during its active period, but it also only allowed a limited number of individuals to benefit.

After this period ended, the second period would begin. During this time, restrictions would lift. But the danger would multiply several folds.

Whereas in the beginning, Brave City exuded a Valiant Majesty, it now seemed as though blood washed its walls. A suffocating killing intent hung around it, causing the weak to collapse and die beneath the pressure. No small number of individuals who overestimated themselves collapsed, never to breathe another breath.

It was when this second period began that Zilar looked toward the massive looming Gates with fists clenched and determination in his eyes. He wasn't the only one, but his will seemed to tower over the others.

He still remembered Leonel's words that day:

"Second place was never an option for me."

Blood leaked from Zilar's fingers.

'Second place isn't an option for me either!'

He took a firm step forward, his resolve forming a tangible shield around him.

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At that moment, approaching from the North, there was another who looked toward the bloody Gates in silence.

They had a back that hunched grotesquely and were shrouded in a black cloak. The scent of blood that hung around them seemed to rival even Brave City itself.

Without hesitation, this figure too stepped forward.

## Chapter 374

Leonel slowly opened his eyes, exhaling a long breath. He didn't seem to look much different than he had just a few months ago.

'Hm...'

Leonel passed a hand across his face. He remembered that in his youth he had always wanted a full, connecting beard. But, ever since his hair changed, he had stopped growing facial hair. He couldn't decide whether this was a good or a bad thing.

Regardless, if his facial hair came out as difficult to cut as his bronzed hair, it might be better that he never did. As things stood now, Leonel wasn't even sure if a full force swing from Syl's elder brother's sword could cut his hair. It would probably only get worse when he entered the Perfect Stage.

Leonel shuddered slightly, thinking about what it would mean if he had to take a blade with such force to his face.

'Ai, what would happen if I had to kiss Aina with such tough facial hair? Would I pierce her skin? Forget it, forget it... I'll just give up on that dream...'

Just like that, Leonel had gone from a youth who dreamt of having a full beard to one who would stay cleanly shaven for the rest of his life. Sometimes, the dream of a man could only die as he matured.

[Author's Note: A moment of silence for our favorite MC...]PANDA-N0VEL.COM

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Leonel walked down the stairs of the Dream Abode. Not much had been touched in his absence, at least not on the second or third floors. It was only after he made it down to the first that he found Jerach.

"You're finally out!"

Leonel gave Jerach a weird look. It wasn't because of what he said, but because of the enthusiasm he said it with. Was there a need to look so happy?

Jerach's expression wasn't one of meeting a friend for the first time in a long time. It was more like he had just spent weeks in a bone dry desert and finally found some water. The reaction was completely disproportional to the situation.

"What's wrong?" Leonel asked.

Jerach shook his head and stood up. PANDA N0VEL

At the moment, he was no longer wearing his heavy armor and had swapped it out for some lighter clothing.

"I felt like I was going crazy. There's nothing to do in this house and I can't even cultivate. If I absorbed this Dream Force, I'd probably end up like all of them."

Jerach pointed toward the curtained windows. The sun hardly shone through them at all so it was impossible to see what was on the outside. But, clearly Jerach had taken a peak or two in the past.

Hearing Jerach's words, Leonel felt a bit bad.

He had brought Jerach in so that he would be safe. But, he had forgotten to consider that it would be difficult for Jerach to do much of anything here.

With Leonel's protection, it wasn't a problem to stay here and not fall into an illusion. In fact, even if he did, Leonel could still pull him out of it. However, other than this, he was pretty limited.

Leonel realized then that he might have been a bit too rash. It would have definitely been better for Jerach had he gone off to claim a King Abode for himself. ρ??∫???????

"Wait." Leonel shook his head. "What did you mean by that? Who's 'all of them'?"

Jerach smiled bitterly. "Check for yourself."

Leonel slowly walked to the windows and pulled the curtain aside. When he saw what Jerach had already previously been aware of, he was speechless.

"What the hell..."

There was a sea of people outside his home. Though it wasn't as exaggerated as being within the hundreds, there were definitely more than a few dozen. If such a crowd appeared in a normal suburb of Earth, it would be enough to shake any home owner.

Yet, all of these people were frozen solid, not moving a single inch or saying a single word.

'I guess the protections of this Abode are even better than I thought... Let alone challenging it, they can't even look at it. Well, this definitely makes leaving easier.'

Leonel smiled. He had wanted to become known all this time so that Aina would know to come find him. So, to him, all this commotion was good news.

Though he could awaken all these people, he had no reason to do so just yet.



Without saying a word to Jerach, Leonel made his way to the door and swung it open.

“Hey, hey, hey! My armor!”

“You don’t need it.” Leonel replied.

“You...” Jerach felt aggrieved, but his armor wasn’t something he could put on in a split moment. It was extraordinarily heavy for him.

“Come on. You’re a wind affinity warrior, that armor is only hampering you.”

Leonel turned an eye toward Jerach that made the latter shudder. He felt as though Leonel had seen through him completely with that one glance.

‘How’d he change so much...?’

“... I... I need my armor...” Jerach said.

Leonel frowned. He hadn’t expected Jerach to be so set on this.

“Fine. Forget it.”

Jerach smiled somewhat, but it seemed forced as he hurriedly put his black armor back onto his body. It was only after he finished that he sighed a breath of relief as though he had been naked without it.

Leonel nodded and they headed out of the door, not bothering to hide their presence much. Considering the current situation, it was already difficult enough to monitor them in the first place.

Still, to no one's surprise, those Kings and Emperors had managed to find a loophole. If one was far enough away from the Abode, the Dream Force couldn't affect them. Realizing this, many left their scouts with special long range sensory abilities in the Central Tower to monitor the Dream Abode from afar.

The moment the doors swung open, they had all already been informed.

But, by the time those gears had gotten into motion, Leonel had already made it to his first destination.. The monument of the winged swordsman.

### Chapter 375

The truth was that no one knew who it was had claimed the Dream Abode. It was only after seeing Leonel exit that people finally got a look at just who this individual was.

So, when Leonel made it to the stone monument, not a single person spared him a glance. Of course, that was only because they didn't notice his Emperor brand immediately.

Now that Leonel knew his becoming famous was inevitable, he put away his overinflated bravado and went back to his normal disposition. So, not many eyes were on him to begin with.

"Jerach, this monument is very useful for you." Leonel suddenly said.

"Huh? What?" Jerach's eyes widened then scanned the surroundings to see if anyone was listening in on their conversation.

Leonel chuckled. "Don't worry, no one can hear me but you. It's just a single noise cancellation spell."

Leonel had used plenty of these spells to form his maze back during Merlin's Random Event. Using it now in conversation wasn't an issue.

That said, Leonel found that casting the same spells in a Fourth Dimensional world had severely lowered effects. For example, a teleportation spell that would have usually carried him tens of meters would be lucky to shift him one or two meters. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Still, for such a low level spell, it could get the job done.

It was only after hearing Leonel say this that Jerach sighed a breath of relief.

“‘! You’re a mage? No, forget that. What do you mean this monument can help me? Is there a secret?”

“Of course there is. Did you think that these monuments just stood here to tell you about how many women these Generals took back to their tents?”

Jerach grinned. “What better source of encouragement is there than this?”

Leonel seemed to have almost forgotten who he was dealing with. He almost couldn’t refrain from rolling his eyes.

“The stories written on this monument may or may not be true, I don’t know. But, what I do know is that the story isn’t nearly as important as what’s hidden within. You need to brace yourself and touch the monument with your Internal Sight.” PANDA NOVEL

Jerach hesitated upon hearing this.

The reason most didn’t dare to do this was because the pressure around the monument was too great. Internal Sight seemed intangible, but it was still connected to one’s mind. Under equally ‘intangible’ pressure, it could suffer damage and cause backlash to its owner. So, under such conditions, not many dared to even test Leonel’s theory, let alone going as far as to observe the monument with it.

“This is something you’ll have to figure out yourself.” Leonel said. “I’ve already given you all the information you need to know.”

Leonel sighed internally. He could tell that Jerach had a mental roadblock somewhere, but he wasn't some sort of guru, nor had he known Jerach for long enough to extend advice to him.

Maybe to Jerach, he had already hidden it well. In truth, most wouldn't be able to pick up on it at all. The fact Leonel had was just a testament to his observational abilities.

With these words said, Leonel took several steps forward and entered the aura field of the stone monument. It was only after he did this that many turned a curious eye over to him.

'An Emperor'?!' ρ??∪??????

It had to be known that Emperors and Kings were almost all accounted for. Gathering information on such people was usually the topmost priority of anyone within these city walls.

For them to not recognize such a person'! Just who was he?

The second phase had started not long ago. Could it be that there was someone hidden within the general population with such talent?

No one here believed that they had really missed out on Leonel. It must be that he was new. And, if he was new, then that must be that he had entered without a quota during the second phase. And, by extension, that must be that he wasn't a part of the City Lord structure or the Powers. There was no way such a talent would be abandoned without a quota by such powers, right?

But'! wouldn't they have also known that a new Emperor appeared? After all, there was only one Gate in their Eastern Sector'!

As these people were trying to think about who Leonel might be, he had already crossed the five meter mark toward the stone monument, causing their eyes to almost bulge out from their sockets.

It was no problem for an Emperor to enter such a close range. The issue was doing it so quickly. It was as though Leonel wasn't even feeling any pressure to begin with.

In the blink of an eye, Leonel had already become the closest to the stone monument. Yet, he didn't stop.

He strolled forward, soon becoming so close to the monument that he could reach out a hand and touch it.

By now, even Leonel was feeling impossibly great pressure. His bones creaked and his muscles tensed. However, compared to others, he was much more leisurely for one specific reason: he felt none of the mental pressure others did.

With a leap, Leonel jumped toward the top of the monument.

A green light lit the bottoms of his soles. Two more jumps later, he landed atop the tall monument.

Leonel's body shuddered when he touched the monument. His blood seemed to roll in reverse, but his strong body withstood it.

He forcefully suppressed it and sat down in meditation under the astonished gazes of all those around him. It wasn't long before Leonel had completely forgotten everything in his surroundings, his mind becoming as calm as the surface of a lake.

Who knew that the moment Leonel settled into a rhythm, a blinding pillar of red light would shoot up into the skies from the direction of the Central Tower?

No matter how shocked everyone was by Leonel, this red pillar took up all of their attention'!

Someone was invading their Eastern Sector.

The only person who didn't seem to react to this at all was Leonel who continued to meditate. After all, he had already guessed that something like this would happen.

A red pillar wouldn't appear for anyone at and below the Royal rank. The only explanation was that Kings and Emperors had made their move. And...

They were obviously coming for him.

## Chapter 376

Leonel's mind was filled with visions of the winged swordsman.

It was quite a beautiful sight to behold. Every motion was smooth and flowed into the next.

The flap of his wings, the intake of a breath, the swing of his sword. His steps, his Force, his thoughts' It was all in perfect union.

The longer Leonel watched, the deeper he dove into the world.

He could feel the familiar energies trying to assault his mind. But, compared to the past where he nearly died, it almost felt like something was tickling him. The capacity of his mind was simply too far beyond what it had been in the past.

Eventually, Leonel felt that he had been far too cautious.

Without hesitation, he began to reflect on the Natural Force Art that called his Dream World home. In that instant, he no longer felt like he was an observer. It was as though he had taken over the body of the winged swordsman. He even felt like he was a master swordsman, ruling over the world with a single blade.

Leonel was very familiar with this feeling. Every time he began to comprehend a new spear, this was exactly the same feeling he would have.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

The Artistic Conception engraved itself into his mind.

'It's a much higher level of movement control compared to the primitive man'!

Leonel's heartbeat slowly descended, reaching a calm state once more. In fact, he felt as though the pressure the stone monument had on him was lessened by several degrees.

The primitive man taught Leonel the value of body control. When he ran, the movement of his arms and torso were just as important as the movement of his legs. When he used his hands to attack, the placement of his feet and the torque of his hips was just as important as the placement of his arms.

This was a comprehension Leonel had slowly built upon the more spear consciousnesses he absorbed.

If he went back now, the deficiencies of the primitive man were too many, the most blatant of which was the fact this consciousness only focused on the body but not enough on Force. However, regardless, Leonel was endlessly thankful for the foundation the primitive man gave him.

Thanks to this foundation, Leonel felt that he could grasp the mysteries of this winged swordsman with much more ease. PANDA NOVEL

'There's something I'm missing. This feeling is definitely very important to this world, but I know nothing about it. I'll have to ask the dictionary about it when I have time.'

Leonel opened his eyes and smiled, feeling very satisfied with his gains. He didn't expect to master the secrets of this stone monument so quickly, but this was definitely a good thing. It seemed he had underestimated the benefits his ability had bestowed upon him.

This made Leonel even more eager to move on to the next monument.

Much like the primitive man was a great foundation for this winged swordsman's stone monument, Leonel felt that the primitive woman's consciousness would be a great foundation for the bowwoman's stone monument.

Leonel still didn't know much about what Camelot called the General Star even now. But, he felt if he comprehended the bowwoman's Artistic Conception, he would come to a truer understanding of just what it meant to be a General Star.

Leonel hopped down from the stone monument and walked toward Jerach, completely ignoring all the gazes around him.

"Jerach, you stay here. I'll be going to another stone monument." ρ??∫???????

"Uh'!" Jerach didn't know how to respond. Before he could say anything, Leonel had already vanished into the distance.

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Unfortunately for those who had come to learn more about the person who claimed the Dream Abode, they had run into a bit of a sticky situation.

Just when they wanted to charge into the Eastern Sector, they found a white robed young man in their way.

The young man didn't say much. He simply stood there, his aura calm. Despite the fact there were several Kings before him, he didn't say a single word. It was as though these Kings really weren't worth much of anything to him.

The Kings froze when they saw such a scene.

"Anared, what do you mean by this?"

One of the Kings narrowed his eyes. Clearly, he recognized this white robes young man. In fact, if Leonel had been there, he too would recognize this young man as none other than Syl's elder brother.



“What do I mean?” Anared’s expression remained placid. “You’re invading my Sector yet have the face to ask that?”

“Stop twisting the facts, Anared. You know exactly why we’re here!”

“Oh? And I’m supposed to just allow you through to satisfy your own curiosity? And then what? There’s only me here yet so many of you, I’m just supposed to take your word that you’ll take a look and then leave? Do you take me for an ignorant fool?”

The expression of the Kings flickered.

Even if their main purpose here was to find out who owned the Dream Abode, there was no way that some of the more sinister among them hadn’t thought of taking advantage of the situation.

After so many of them flooded into the Eastern Sector, how could they possibly defend against them all? There were bound to be numerous benefits.

At that same time, Anared’s words spoke to something else.

Before, Leonel had asked Anared if there really were so many Emperors after seeing the state of the number of lit lampposts. Back then, Anared had simply answered that there was no restriction to the number of Abodes a single Emperor could claim.

But, what Leonel hadn’t realized back then was that there was only ever Anared. There were no other Emperors in the Eastern Sector but Leonel himself!

“Fine. They won’t enter then. But what about us?”

At that moment, Anared’s expressionless visage became a hint more serious.

The Emperor level characters had made themselves known.

## Chapter 377

Reynred stepped forward, the crowd of Kings splitting for him.

He wore the same black robes accented with deep blue soft armor. He was a young man of charming looks and a somewhat dark gaze. And, unlike in the past, he wasn't followed by either Jilniya nor Wilas of World's End Falls and Mirage Pavilion respectively. That said, he hadn't come alone either.

He was followed by another pair of woman and man. Though, unlike Wilas and Jilniya who couldn't have been more different from one another, this pair looked strikingly similar. At a glance, it was easy to make out that they were siblings, fraternal twins, in fact.

This pair of twins walked side by side, their shoulders practically rubbing against one another. And, judging by their demeanor, they most definitely weren't subordinated to Reynred either.

At the end of the first phase, there had been seven Emperors total. Leonel, Anred, Reynred, Jilniya, Wilas and... these twins.

'The Moon siblings...'

For two Emperor level talents to appear in just one family, one could imagine the luck it would take. And most could only do exactly that: imagine.

The Moon family, however, didn't have to do this. They birthed a brother-sister pair just forty or so years ago that carried the hope of their future.

Since this was a family, it was no surprise that they were a part of the City Lord power structure and founded their strength upon governance and commerce. However, Anared and the rest of the Keafir family had known for a long time that the Moon family had been leaning toward the Powers for a long time already.  
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Still, this situation likely had little to do with their affiliations. They were most likely just as curious as everyone else who this mysterious person who managed to claim the Dream Abode was.

The truth was that even Anared only had a good idea of who it was. After all, as far as he was aware, there was only one other Emperor. However, he had yet to confirm it, mostly because he too didn't dare to casually approach that Abode.

That said, that appearance of this person coincided with that young man's disappearance.

"Fine. If it's only you three, I can accept it." Anared replied calmly. "However, if any others try to take advantage of the situation, don't blame me for being rude."

The sword that floated to Anared's back vibrated wildly as though thirsting for blood. Beneath his might, several Kings paled, unable to gather up the courage to battle.

The sister Moon sibling smiled. Her lips were such a bright shade of red that it seemed she had just been sipping blood from a wine glass.

"Lead the way."

Her voice was so sweet it almost made one forget the tension in the atmosphere. PANDA NOVEL

Everyone here was intelligent. It was obvious that if Anared had a choice, he wouldn't allow any of them through no matter whether the number was small or not.

As Emperors, they had all participated in the Brave City trial before, so they knew what kind of advantages a successful invasion could give. Under normal circumstances, no one would ever give an enemy even an inkling of a chance at gaining an advantage.

However, whether it was because he felt he couldn't face so many enemies or whether he wanted to conserve his strength, Anared didn't want to set off the sparks of war just yet, at least not until the third phase.

Anared turned and started leading the three of them toward the Emperor Abodes. But, before he could get very far, he heard another familiar giggle.

“Young Heir Keafir, you don’t need to insult our intelligence like this, right? You’re going in the wrong direction.”

The sister Moon sibling spoke again, her voice light and airy. It somehow both made one comfortable and cold at the same time.

Anared’s step paused. “Since you know where he is, point me in the right direction.”

His voice didn’t give way to any embarrassment. He really didn’t know where Leonel was. But, the three Emperors who followed him shared a ‘knowing’ glance. ρ??(???????)

With the strength of these four Emperors, it wasn’t a surprise that they didn’t take long to find Leonel. However, when Anared’s gaze landed on him, his pupils couldn’t help but constrict.

At that moment, Leonel was the center of everyone’s attention. He sat atop yet another stone monument, completely lost in his own world. Compared to other, his Emperor brand seemed particularly dazzling, obscuring the black monitoring mark that was once the centerpiece of his face.

Even when everyone was shocked by the sudden appearance of four more Emperors, Leonel was unmoved. Or, rather, it was more accurate to say that he didn’t spare any of his thoughts toward them. Though he knew four more individuals had appeared, he didn’t stop his meditation.

Reynred and the twins were stunned for a moment.

“Third Dimension?”

The sister Moon sibling’s words were just as gentle on the ears as usual. However, this time, rather than just being calming and cold, it felt as though a bomb had erupted amidst the crowd.

“Do you know who he is?” Reynred looked toward the Keafir family Heir.

Anared sent a noncommittal glance over. “He’s the seeded participant of my Keafir family. He is courting my younger sister.”

The three Emperors froze.

However, it was then they remembered. There was an Emperor that entered the Eastern Sector during the first phase. The commotion that young man caused was not small. In fact, the whole city quaked.

Unfortunately, since then, no one had heard from the young man at all. And, this young man had also ignored the unspoken rules and had yet to visit the Central Tower. Over time, there had been so many things to deal with that this young man floated to the backs of their mind.

Reynred frowned as he observed Leonel. This made things even more troublesome.

The good news was that this Emperor was still in the Third Dimension, this wasn’t much to worry about. But, there were certain things during the trial that wouldn’t strictly rely on strength. In addition, he wouldn’t be easy to deal with regardless thanks to Anared’s protection.

“Wait..” Reynred’s eyes narrowed. “... Isn’t that a monitoring brand? Why does your seeded participant have such a thing?”

It was difficult to spot beneath the Emperor brand. But, after noticing it, it was hard to unsee it.

However, Anared’s response was just as cool and collected.

“Is there a rule that said someone who’s branded can’t participate? You know as well as I do that this brand only means he is being monitored, not that he is a criminal. In addition, it will only be for a period of three years.”

“That isn’t what I meant.” Reynred responded. “Why would someone of your family be under suspicion? And, why is it that I didn’t know that your family had recruited such a genius?”

“Is there a need for you to know everything about my family?” Anared gaze sharpened in warning.

“Alright, alright.” The sister Moon sibling got between the two. “We only came here to form relationships, not break them. Can’t we just have a conversation with him? What do you say young man, will you come down?”

The final part of her words were aimed at Leonel. On Terrain, no matter what man heard a request from such a beautiful lady, they would likely do their best to please. However, despite the words traveling to Leonel’s ears, he didn’t react.

How rude was it to ask someone in the middle of meditation to come down and talk for your own convenience? Had Leonel not been able to split his mind, the act of the Moon sister sending her voice toward him like this could have caused him to suffer backlash.

An awkward silence fell over the stone monument region as Leonel continued to meditate.

At that moment, the ever-silent brother Moon sibling suddenly opened his eyes, a murderous glint lighting them.

## Chapter 378

Even among those of Terrain, the Moon siblings stood out.

They had flowing silver hair, overly pale skin, and a pair of red lips that seemed to drip of blood. If Leonel cared to observe them during the critical juncture of his comprehension, he would definitely assume them to be the vampires of legend and give himself a good chuckle.

That said, seemingly going with this theme, when the brother Moon sibling opened his eyes, the murderous aura seemed to be perfectly in line with this. It seemed that even compared to Anared, he was that much more protective of his own sister.

Just when he was about to make a moon, his sister pinched the sleeves of his silver robes.

The brother Moon sibling looked toward her, wondering why it was he was stopped. There was nothing he hated more than this. Had it not been for the fact they were family, maybe this would have been enough for him to lash out.

However, his sister didn't explain. She simply looked toward Leonel, the smile on her face not fading in the least.

'Brother can't even approach the stone monument so closely. It's not a matter of not being physically capable, but rather a limitation of our minds. If brother really attacked now, he would be at a great disadvantage almost immediately. It seems that this man was already aware of this.'

This made everything more complicated. Despite being out in the open, Leonel was probably in the safest place he could be with the exception of his own Abode.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

At that moment, a group came rushing in, seemingly finding out about all the commotion.

"Big Brother!" Syl's voice rang out from amidst them. But, before she could say more, she was stunned silent by the sight of Leonel and three other Emperors.

The other seeded participants of the Keafir family rushed in after her. Though they were here to participate, another one of their tasks was to protect the young family miss whenever they could.

They had had their hands full over the last few days trying to keep Syl away from the Dream Abode. But this time, they couldn't stop her at all.

Anared swept a glance over them that made them shudder. They knew he was reprimanding them for failing their task to keep her away.

"Come here, Syl." Anared said somewhat coldly. He felt safer when his sister was right by his side.

At that moment, the situation suddenly changed. PANDA NOVEL

Everyone's gaze unexpectedly shot away from Leonel and toward the Eastern Sector Gates.

Someone was crossing the second phase trial?

Though it was true that Leonel's actions were a far greater rarity, someone passing the second phase was definitely a major event as well.

They all watched as the Gates trembled. They could sense the perseverance of the person on the other side. One could imagine the hardship one needed to face to cross the bloody aura of the second phase.

It took several moments, but eventually, the smallest Soldier doors shook open, cracking open just a fraction.

A figure squeezed through, his appearance disheveled and bloody.

But, that was when something heart wrenching occurred. PANDA NOVEL

Just when the figure was almost all the way through, the doors slammed shut, catching the ankle of their right foot.

An agonizing scream shook the Eastern Sector as the person collapsed onto the dirt roads of Brave City. Blood pooled at their legs, dying the ground a harsh crimson as the figure convulsed.

The amount of perseverance it took to cross the barrier of aura was astronomical. It was no surprise that this person had no energy left. To deal with such an injury at such a time...

Everyone was stunned. But, they couldn't have expected for the silent, unmoving Leonel to suddenly awaken at that moment.



Seeing the situation, Leonel stood, his body shooting forward.

In that moment, if one wasn't looking closely, it would feel as though a bird had just soared over their heads. The pupils of the four Emperors all constricted at once.

The bowwoman's stone monument was quite close to the Gates. And, due to the fact that all the Abodes in this region were just various sized tents, there was nothing obstructing their view right to them.

In what felt like an instant, Leonel appeared beside this person.

"Zilar..." Leonel mumbled.

At that moment, the familiar face shook on the ground. He seemed to have gone into shock.

As a warrior of the Fourth Dimension, such an injury should have been painful, but definitely not to the point of putting him into such a state. The only explanation was that Zilar had given his everything to reach this point, he didn't have any more energy left to give.

Leonel's body suddenly burst with a blinding golden light.

Light Elemental Force surged toward him from all sides. For a moment, his flowing bronze-gold hair made him look as though he was a deity.

Even compared to the past, calling upon the Light Element was far easier for Leonel. In fact, he felt the difference was easily tens of times. Part of this was because of the strengthening of his mind, but maybe the most important part was his Innate Force Node.

"[Grand Heal]."

A surging wind shook the surroundings.

If one looked closely, it was possible to see that in addition to the main Force Art, countless smaller ones hovered around Leonel, feeding into the main Force Art as though playing an important supporting role.

Under the stunned gazes of everyone, Zilar's shivering slowly came to a stop. And then... His severed leg began to slowly reform itself.

Though it failed to regrow in a single attempt, Leonel cast [Grand Heal] again before coming to a stop. He knew he could continue, but this was enough to stabilize Zilar's situation for now. If he really did continue, he would drain his stamina and then he wouldn't be able to guarantee his own safety, let alone Zilar's.

Leonel felt somewhat guilty for his current situation, so, of course he would do his best to help.

Leonel propped the unconscious Zilar up, piggy backing him. Though the little mink was a bit unsatisfied with its sleeping arrangements being disrupted, it clamored up to the top of Leonel's head and made another bed for itself.

With that, Leonel began to walk back, his hands clasped under Zilar's thighs.

However, it was a given that those Emperors wouldn't just allow him to walk back to his Abode. How could they give up this opportunity?

Getting over her shock, the sister Moon sibling stepped forward.

“So, are you free to speak now?”

Chapter 379

Leonel's steps paused.

He really didn't know what these people wanted to 'talk' about. It seemed more to him that they wanted to find an excuse to do something to him. However, Leonel didn't care about any of this.

He gave the sister Moon sibling a dazzling smile. It was so genuine and light that it made her heart stop for a brief moment.

"My name is Leonel Morales. I am a citizen of Earth. This brand on my forehead is an unfortunate circumstance, I just got unlucky in coming here during a period of time they were monitoring for fugitives. I'm sure as citizens of Terrain, you know more about this than I do."

Leonel thought to himself for another few moments.

"I believe that is all. Make sure to spread that far and wide."

Leonel didn't speak particularly loudly, but his voice resonated, reaching the ears of all those within the square.

The atmosphere seemed to freeze.

Leonel raised an eyebrow. Did he say something wrong? It can't be that racism is a thing in these places? No, that shouldn't be it, Leonel saw plenty of people from other worlds coming to Terrain. If they weren't alright with such a thing, why would they make it such a big staple of their culture?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The four Emperors were shaken once again.

Leonel was filled with too many surprises.

Claiming the Dream Abode was already enough to shake them to the core. Having a Light Elemental affinity so high on top of that was enough to make them green with envy despite how well they tried to hide it.

But, even compared to all of this, the name Earth seemed to shake them all the more.

Feelings of jealousy, animosity and disdain swirled in the air. This wasn't a matter of nationality or racism, as odd as it seemed to say this after describing such vitriol.

Earth and Terrain seemed to be on two opposing sides of the spectrum. While the common citizens had never heard of Earth, the elites of Terrain all had.

Terrain was reaching the end of its growth potential, Earth had an endlessly paved road before it. Terrain didn't receive the support of higher level worlds, Earth received the support of countless. Terrain was entering a crossroads that might end their world as they once knew it... and Earth was just beginning to bud.

The more one compared, the more striking the differences became. PANDA NOVEL

"... Did you just say Earth?" Reynred's gaze narrowed.

Leonel raised an eyebrow. "Yes?"

Reynred's gaze narrowed even further before looking toward Anared.

"Is this how your Keafir family operates now? Allowing those of other worlds to partake in our resources?"

A slight hint of animosity hung in the air. Regardless of what side you were on, the idea of someone stealing away something that was rightfully yours wouldn't sit well with you. It only made it worse that Leonel was in the Third Dimension.

Those who wanted to partake in the Brave City trials but weren't part of the major powers of Terrain had to wait to the second phase. But, who would believe that someone in the Third Dimension could do this?

The contrast Zilar provided was too drastic.

Everyone could tell that Zilar was strong enough to become a Royal at worst. Yet, he was branded as a soldier now and had no choice but to abide by the rules of a soldier. ¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶¶

If Leonel had gone through the second phase like he was supposed to, it would have been impossible for him to become an Emperor and all the more impossible for him to claim the Dream Abode and put them in such a passive position.

Anared's gaze remained indifferent.

“The matters of the Keafir family are ours to deal with alone, since when was it the turn of the Cliff's Edge Terrace to speak on our matters? And, I'm also certain that if one were to pick out a traitor to our world... It most definitely wouldn't be me.”

Reynred's glare froze. Clearly, he hadn't expected such pointed words from Anared.

All the while, Leonel was lost in his own thoughts.

‘Hm... If I go back and pass the trial of the second phase, my name would spread far and wide, right? Aina might hear about it...’

Leonel thought for a moment. With his intelligence, he could immediately see the animosity aimed toward him. And, when he noticed the glances toward Zilar on his back, he managed to put it all together himself.

Just when Leonel planned on acting on this though, he paused and grinned.

‘Hate moves more than anything else.’

“Last I remembered, you're an Emperor too, correct?” Leonel looked toward Reynred with a childishly innocent gaze. “If you want my Abode, go claim it.”

Suddenly, Leonel's warm smiling face became extremely punchable.

"In fact, I think I'm in the mood to claim more abodes. I'll be taking over the Star, Light and Darkness Abode. After I do, you can feel free to challenge any one of them." Leonel pondered on something for a moment. "Now that I think about it, don't you also get some benefits for challenging an Abode in enemy territory? You should want to, too. Right?"

Leonel's smile never faded despite sensing the animosity in the air.

Anared's brows furrowed, not quite understanding what Leonel was trying to do. Was he really just so arrogant?

"You don't believe me?" Leonel blinked innocently.

The crowd was riled up. They wanted to see nothing more than Leonel falling flat on his face. But, at the same time, they wanted to beat him up where he stood. The conflicting feelings left them feeling so stifled that several almost coughed up blood.

Just as Leonel was about to boldly lead everyone to the elite Abodes, the city shook once again.

Everyone's gaze shot toward the Northern Gates as they blasted open, causing the whole city to quake.

As though this was a catalyst, the Central Tower flickered.

A mass of energy converged toward the peak of the Tower. At first, the form they took was blurry, but it soon became a row of numbers that read:

9:23:59:59

A countdown to the third phase had begun.

In that moment, the suffocating aura around Brave City began to slowly weaken and anxious soon-to-be spectators excitedly stood.. It seemed that the true Trials would be starting soon.

## Chapter 380

Leonel placed Zilar down on a bed within his Dream Abode.

His gaze flashed with a cold light. If it hadn't been for Syl's elder brother, he probably would have had to find his way out of that encirclement.

If it was because of his own words, Leonel wouldn't mind. Plus, since he dared to step out of this Abode, he also had adequate preparations at the ready. However, Leonel knew that it wasn't so simple.

All along the way, the sister Moon sibling was steering the crowd with her words. She was quite a dangerous woman indeed.

In the end, it was due to the commotion at the Northern Gate and Leonel's own sharpness that Reynred and the twins could only leave without accomplishing much of anything. It seemed that the start of the third phase was unlike the first two.

Whoever it was who opened the Northern Gates was definitely a future calamity they needed to prepare for. As difficult as it was to become an Emperor during the first phase, it was tens of times more difficult to do so during the second phase.

In addition, this person was a true Fourth Dimensional entity unlike Leonel who had only broken through in one aspect. So, compared to the danger Leonel posed, this person was a much greater threat.

'There's not much time left... I hear the third phase has spectators, hopefully Aina is among them.'  
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Leonel's coldness vanished into a genuine smile.

During Leonel's life, Aina had only come to watch him play football once. The fact she went at all was definitely a big change for her. Usually, she avoided events like that like the plague. Just the simple action alone warmed Leonel's heart.

Truthfully, back then, all the events that happened left him so shell shocked that he forgot that simple fact. That was right... she had come to watch him.

Leonel's smile became a grin. To anyone observing from afar, he looked like a lovestruck fool.

"Hey little guy."

Leonel scooped the little mink off the top of his head, stroking the little one's soft fur.

"I know you've wanted to go to that Abode for a long time. Go ahead and breakthrough." PANDA NOVEL

Little Blackstar sat up excitedly and suddenly vanished from Leonel's arms.

Leonel chuckled. If that little guy really managed to breakthrough, who knew how much trouble he'd get into.

When Leonel met Little Blackstar, the little mink was an Elite S-grade threat. They had done a lot of growing together since then. Though Leonel wasn't exactly sure how the cultivation of beasts worked, he trusted the little guy could make his own way forward. This was the advantage the universe gave to beasts, anyway.

Leonel took a deep breath and casted a few more [Grand Heal]'s on Zilar. Regrowing a limb was definitely much more difficult than he had thought it would be, and that was even with his vastly improved [Grand Heal].

Of course, part of the reason was because Zilar was in the Fourth Dimension. But, luckily, it was just a foot and not his entire leg that had been taken out.



“Leo! Let me in!”

At that moment, Leonel suddenly heard a distant voice. He cast a glance out of the window to find Jerach yelling at him from hundreds of meters away. It was clear the bald young man was still too scared to approach the Dream Abode of his own accord. p??∫???????

Leonel allowed Zilar to continue resting before letting Jerach in. He too had some questions to ask the Black family Heir.

“Did you hear? An Emperor of the second phase appeared! That hasn’t happened before!”

Jerach boisterously strolled in, his face filled with awe.

“The third phase is probably going to be wild. I didn’t participate last time, but I’m definitely going to make a name for myself this time around.”

“Jerach.” Leonel cut the young Heir off before he could continue his spiel.

Seemingly sensing Leonel’s seriousness, Jerach frowned and turned back.

“What is it?”

Leonel looked toward Jerach deeply, causing the latter to feel no small amount of discomfort.

“What do you think of Earth?” Leonel suddenly spoke.

“Ah...”

Jerach froze, clearly not expecting this line of questioning. His eyes darted around as though trying to find a crutch to lean on, maybe a joke to ease the mood, but all he found was bland, neatly ordered black and white furniture.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. It seemed he was right. There was definitely more to this.

"Tell me." Leonel pressed.

"I..."

Leonel frowned. After a while he shook his head.

"If you don't want to answer, that's fine."

Leonel turned and walked away. But, he never made a move to close the door to the Abode he had just let Jerach through. His meaning was quite clear.

Someone who signed their life away should act as such. If Jerach was unwilling to act as he should, then that only mean he didn't take this matter as seriously as Leonel once thought. And, since he didn't, that meant his character wasn't as Leonel previously deduced either.

Leonel could tell that whatever Jerach knew was quite important. In fact, it should be to the point that he valued this information even more than his own life.

That was fine. Leonel never planned to kill him in the first place, but he had already had one person who placed certain things above their friendship with him before. And, in such a dangerous place, within an unknown world, Leonel didn't feel like putting his life in the hands of another such person again.

Jerach stood stunned, not quite knowing what to do. He, quite frankly, felt like a bride that had been abandoned at the altar.

Such a joke would be enough to make him laugh at any other time, but he didn't find it funny in the least right now.

As Jerach was hesitating, he suddenly felt his mind growing hazy. He immediately realized that this was the Dream Force beginning to encroach on his consciousness. Whatever protections Leonel had left for him were beginning to vanish.

In a slight panic, Jerach quickly left through the door, a slight discomfort in his chest.

This time, he had two reasons he didn't dare to look back toward that Abode.