

Descent 451

Chapter 451

Leonel was just one person. Before he even battled White Knight Diore, he had already tired his mind using so many wind spells. After this battle, he was even more spent.

Leonel finally steadied his breathing and looked around at what was left of the Predator Ravens.

Unfortunately, Leonel didn't have an easy method of controlling these beasts. His horn was designed for Third Dimensional beasts. But, even then, he couldn't precisely control those Third Dimensional beasts, he could only rile them up into a frenzy and give them simple commands like pointing out a target to trample and targets to avoid like he had done in his final battle on Camelot.

This time, what Leonel had done was even simpler, he poured his Dream Force into the horn in order to influence these massive predator birds. Essentially, he forced them into temporary madness and this was the extent of his abilities.

Plus, even if Leonel could make use of these birds, he wouldn't dare to. Believing that White City only had a single method of controlling these Ravens would be absolutely foolish.

If Leonel brought these birds into battle and they were suddenly turned against him, that would be the worst kind of mistake. Such a thing could completely turn the tide of battle.

That said, Leonel also couldn't allow White City to so easily gain back these beasts for nothing. Leonel was absolutely certain that the loss of 500 of these Predator Ravens would sting for them. But, how could he easily get rid of them?

Leonel's eyes flashed.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

"Little Blackstar."

“Yip! Yip!”

The little mink launched himself off of Leonel’s head, diving down and through the skies.

It quickly came back with a shadow ball it eagerly swallowed from the top of Leonel’s head.

Leonel nodded. Though he had to dispel Little Blackstar’s sharpening ability which had come in very useful several times already, he had no choice but to make a sacrifice in this matter.

“Command them to battle to the death.” Leonel said.

“Yip! Yip!” PANDA NOVEL

Leonel didn’t have the heart to monitor such a scene so he allowed the little mink to oversee it as he descended from the skies.

By now, Aina had dug up several dozen knights, most of whom were heavily injured and unconscious.

Leonel frowned because he didn’t see Lancelot among them. It can’t be that Lancelot really died, right?

In the beginning, Leonel had been paying attention so that he could direct Aina. But, after a while, he had to completely focus on the battle so he sent all the locations at once and focused his everything on Khaled.

Aina raised her brows when Leonel appeared. “You’re fine?”

“Did you ever doubt it?” Leonel asked with a grin.

Seeing that Leonel was in the mood to lighten the atmosphere, Aina felt a weight on her chest lower.

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Her senses weren't as powerful as Leonel's. So, through the dust cloud, she couldn't really see or feel what Leonel was facing. She felt somewhat better knowing that it couldn't have been too dangerous, then.

Of course, had she known the truth, let alone feeling relief now, she wouldn't have even allowed Leonel to go. But as the saying goes, ignorance is bliss.

Seemingly realizing Aina's line of thinking, Leonel frowned.

"What happened to your sense boosting treasure?"

Leonel remembered that Aina had used one of her Quasi Bronze rewards from the Joan Zone on a headpiece that covered her one weakness. But, ever since they reunited, Leonel hadn't seen it again.

Even to the current Leonel, a Quasi Bronze treasure was a big deal. Currently, he only had one broken one he had yet to repair while the second was his Force Crafting quill. Losing such a treasure was definitely a big deal.

"That' |" Aina hesitated.

She seemed to flashback to memories she didn't quite want to remember.

Leonel's frown deepened when he saw Aina's reaction. Just what happened to her on Terrain, exactly? It seemed as though every time he got close to touching upon it, she would pull back.

Leonel never pressed Aina to tell him anything, especially when it was related to her family. But, he didn't have any reason to believe that this was related to the Brazinger family and he was serious about the words he had spoken to her before.

He wanted Aina to lean and rely on him. But, if she never opened up to him, such a thing would be impossible.

Though Leonel had taken Mordred's advice and stopped being a 'pansy', if he was always the only one pushing, even he could grow tired of such a thing.

“ ‘! I lost it to an Invalid.”

Leonel's eyes widened. “What?”

Leonel panicked slightly, taking a step toward Aina as though he wanted to check if she was injured anywhere. It was completely irrational considering this must have happened months ago, but he couldn't help himself.

The Invalid Aina must be referring to was most definitely from Terrain. Any Invalid that had last so long on an old world was powerful beyond Leonel's imagining.

One had to remember that Invalids were only borne from those who failed to awaken their abilities. They couldn't be birthed from those who succeeded nor could they reproduce amongst themselves. This meant that the same population of Invalids a world produced in the very beginning would be the very same population of Invalids they had until the day the world died or all the Invalids were eliminated.

There were very few, exceptionally rare exceptions to this rule. Any instances that could break this rule would be cherished by Invalids all over.

Though Terrain was weak, it was still a world with hundreds of years of history within the Fourth Dimension. This meant that any Invalid Aina ran into was definitely at least that old.

And, at such an age'! the likelihood that they'd be a Variant Invalid shot through the roof.

Leonel held onto Aina's shoulders, his heart beating even more wildly than when he had been battling a White Knight far beyond him in strength.

He truly felt like he had almost lost Aina forever.

Just what happened, exactly?

## Chapter 452

Seeing Leonel's reaction, Aina didn't know how to react herself for a long while. The level of worry in his gaze, even for something that had long since passed, left her feeling at a loss.

"I'm here, aren't I?"

Leonel frowned at this response, he could sense Aina pulling away. Such a scene made him sigh and release his grip on her.

"Where is Lancelot? Did you not find him?"

Leonel changed the topic, but this left Aina at even more of a loss.

Forcing things and reaching the end goal as quickly as possible always seemed like the path with the most satisfaction. A slow, long grind wasn't something most people wanted to deal with and it was even something that scared most away.

Though Leonel had spoken so many heartfelt words to Aina, they were ultimately words he had spoken himself. They weren't words that Aina had said, nor were they necessarily the way she, herself, felt.

Whether she did or not wasn't something Leonel knew, nor was it quite the point regardless of what the truth was. What truly matter was that even if she did, she wasn't at a point where she was ready to say them.  
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This wasn't necessarily the end of the world.

The pursuit of Aina had always been a one-person affair. Leonel never took Aina's standoffishness to heart because in his mind, it was his task to get her to warm up to him. If he failed, then it was because he was inadequate, it wasn't her fault.

But, this very same logical mind of Leonel's also understood that relationships weren't supposed to work in this way. As logical as he was, he also had exceptionally high emotional intelligence.

He felt that his and Aina's relationship had taken a step forward she very clearly wasn't ready for. When things reached such a point, dragging her along would do more harm than good.

However, this abrupt change in Leonel from overly caring to, as though he had flipped a switch, strictly business'! It left Aina not knowing how to face him.

Maybe for the first time, she realized just how true Leonel's words from before were. He didn't lie to her, there was no hidden truth she had to uncover'! he laid out the way his mind worked and the kind of person he was right before her.

Leonel might have been kind and caring, but it was all built upon a foundation of cold calculation. What drove him first and foremost was logic. PANDA NOVEL

Since he decided Aina wasn't ready to truly treat him as her boyfriend, he took a step back with ease'! almost too much ease.

Watching it all play out exactly how Leonel described left Aina feeling somewhat'!

Cold.

She realized that if there really came a day where she didn't trust him, where she didn't lean on him as he would lean on her'! He really wouldn't come to save her.

Aina's lips trembled, but she clenched her jaw and swallowed hard forcing back the emotions she was feeling and not allowing her tears to fall. Her small reactions were missed by Leonel who had started to

analyze the fallen knights, calculating if he could spare the stamina to heal them and by how much he would be able to do so.

“‘ While I was digging up the others, Lancelot managed to climb back up himself. He gathered the ones who could still fight and rushed off to the Lin Barony. If it wasn’t ruined, they plan on taking a shortcut to the backside of the Barony and hopefully help fortify their defenses.”

Leonel raised his brows when he heard these words, looking back toward Aina. By now, she had already gone back to normal as though nothing had happened. ρ??C???

“Hm’! They have a chance to make it before the gliders get there.”

Though the gliders had a head start and were flying through the skies, because they were gliding rather than truly flying, their speed was obviously lacking.

Leonel doubted that the loss of their commander would slow them by much. Such organized armies definitely had a clear line of succession. Those who were meant to step up had likely already done so. Leonel wouldn’t underestimate such an army in the slightest.

“Did they describe the shortcut to you?” Leonel asked.

Aina shook her head no.

Leonel could only accept this. He hadn’t been too hopeful to begin with. There was no time to do such a thing. And, even if there was, there was no guarantee the explanations would have been clear enough to make use of them.

“Yip! Yip!”

At that moment, Little Blackstar dove down from the skies, skipping on his little shadowy platforms to dive into Aina’s arms.

Leonel smiled lightly. "Done?"

"Yip! Yip!"

Leonel nodded. "Pass me their Beast Crystals and crossbows, they might be useful in the future."

"Yip! Yip!"

Little Blackstar vanished into Leonel's spatial ring and entered the Segmented Cube with ease. Sometimes Leonel wondered if the little guy had a spatial affinity rather than a Dark Elemental affinity. But, he knew better. Though they looked quite similar in function, they were very different.

Those with Space Elemental affinities were moving through space whereas Little Blackstar was entering and exiting the Shadow World. They were functionally the same, but technically different.

After transferring all the Beast Crystals and crossbows from his Shadow World and into the Lab Setting, the little mink dove out and back into Aina's embrace.

Leonel looked over the knights again and cast a quick [Grand Heal] a few times. When he was sure that none of their lives were in danger and that a few would wake up soon, he called down his jet black surfboard again.

Stepping onto it, Leonel turned a light smile toward Aina and stretched out a hand.

Aina was a bit stunned, but still reached out.

"Hang on tight." Leonel said, wrapping an arm around her waist.

Aina subconsciously wrapped her arms around Leonel's back as they shot into the skies.

“Yip! Yip!” The little mink called out in dissatisfaction, feeling squished. Without a choice, the little guy could only wiggle out and find a new location within the Segmented Cube. Maybe going to tease Tolliver would make it feel better.

Aina, however, looked up to view of Leonel’s side profile. Realizing that he wasn’t paying attention to her, she lowered her head back into his chest.

A single tear fell from her eyes but just as quickly as it appeared, it was absorbed by Leonel’s robes.

## Chapter 453

Camelot suffered a great blow on the first day. White City’s assault was swift and didn’t contain the slightest hint of mercy.

By the time Leonel and Aina made it to the city, it was already under siege by those over thousand gliders. Realizing it was a lost cause, rather than trying to fight a losing battle, Lancelot focused all his efforts on retreat, evacuating as many as he could

Leonel and Aina of course spent their time helping these efforts.

Though Leonel had the crossbows now, he could at most shoot a single one at a time. This was the limitation of his Chain Domain.

Even when he wasn’t in the skies, he realized that the trouble loading the crossbows was greater than he originally thought. The amount of strength it took was astronomical and beyond him.

One solution to this was to rely on Aina to do this, but then came the problem of aiming. Only Leonel could make a siege weapon like those massive crossbows accurate enough to target single individuals.

Even if Aina loaded the crossbows for him, he would still need to aim them. And, he could obviously only aim a single one at a time due to the limitations of his Chain Domain.  
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A target was always changing and shifting their position. Leonel couldn't possibly expect to aim so many crossbows at once with such a blatant weakness. And, aiming just one and firing a single bolt at a time couldn't possibly allow him to stop an army of over a thousand, especially with how dauntless they were.

It was better to keep the crossbows as a trump card for the future. Leonel even thought it might be nice to spend some time modifying them to make them easier to use.

With his current strength, his imprint on this war definitely wouldn't be made by his fists. If he wanted to have an impact, it would definitely have to be with his Crafts.

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Leonel returned to Camelot to find the dark atmosphere he had originally seen had become even heavier.

What no one could have possibly expected was for a new enemy to appear before they even finished dealing with The Empire. Not only was this enemy more cruel than The Empire, but they even seemed to be more powerful. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel and Aina were eventually led to their rooms. But, who knows if Mordred got to the organizers or not, but it was once again just a singular room.

Leonel swept a glance around. Though the room was just as if not more luxurious than the one Mordred had given them, it was levels lower in romantic hues. In such a situation, it felt difficult not to read more into this than one should.

Rather than warm lavender, red and violet colors, it had a bland whiteness to it. And, instead of a refreshing, soothing scent, the room didn't have a particular smell to it at all.

The neutrality of it all hung with an odd heaviness.

Well, this was the case to Aina. For Leonel, he didn't feel any particular way as though he had already disconnected himself from it all.

With a flip of his palm the Segmented Cube appeared and expanded to its five by five by five meter size. Despite its size, it only took up about 20% of the large room. ρ??∫??????

“If you want to use the cleansing waters, you can. It should be easy for you to enter, just reach out with your Internal Sight.

“I'm going to go and see if I can gather any materials from Camelot's warehouses. If I can't, I'll also speak to Em to see if the Demon Empire has the things I need.”

“Materials?” Aina asked softly.

“Mhm.” Leonel nodded. “I'm not very powerful now so all I can do is make things with my hands. If there's an opportunity, I'll make a replacement for the headpiece you lost.”

“You're a Force Crafter?” Aina's soft voice carried a hint of surprise.

Leonel grinned. “How is it, I'm pretty amazing, right?”

Leonel's smile seemed to light up the room. Though this space already had plenty of sunlight rebounding off its white walls, it lacked the same warmth'!

Aina didn't move even a long while after Leonel had left.

Eventually, she walked slowly to the bed, crawling onto its head and pulling her knees into her chest.

A touch of redness crept onto her nose as her eyes watered. She stared off into empty space, seemingly looking at nothing and thinking of nothing. But, the emotions threatening to spill over were undeniable.

She squeezed her knees tighter.

At first it seemed as though she was simply in an emotional state, but soon, it reached beyond that.

The crackling of bones sounded in the quiet room. It took only a moment for one to realize that the bones that were breaking were Aina's own.

As quickly as she broke them, she healed them, only for her to fracture them once more.

In any other context, this was just training taken to an extreme. Breaking down one's body and reforming it was the simplest form of training. However, within context, it felt like something much darker, like a heavy fog hanging over a young woman's life.

A person's worst enemy could often be themselves. In the beginning, it might have seemed that Leonel was the only one who needed to grow and to mature, but it was easy to forget that Aina, too, was just an 18-year-old girl.

Aina grew up alone. Under the welfare of The Empire, most in thanks to her Five Star Professional evaluation, she was never homeless nor starving. But, regardless, she was alone.

She didn't meet Yuri until the later years of her middle school days and always had trouble connecting with her or anyone, for that matter.

She was stuck in a quagmire of her own thoughts. Even if she wanted to connect with someone, she had no idea how to.

Aina continued to stare off into blank space, her tears half fallen, but not quite, her emotions half spoken, but not quite, her heart half broken' † but not quite.

Chapter 454

"You want to enter our treasure vaults?"

Arthur's lip twitched as he looked toward Leonel.

What kind of King would allow someone not even of their Kingdom to randomly enter their vaults and choose as they please? Even if one was a loyal citizen, it might only be possible to enter once every several years to pick out one or two things' † Yet, not only was Leonel asking for free reign to do as he pleased, he wasn't even a person of Camelot.

Despite this, Arthur felt like he couldn't say no.

Maybe aside from him and a few founding members of Camelot, Leonel had done more for the Kingdom than anyone else. And, beyond that, Leonel was the reason he felt happier now than he had in a very long time. He had even managed to have dinner with his daughter just last night.

Of course, Arthur didn't say these things aloud. After all, he had just lost a fifth of his Kingdom and was in line to lose much more of it before all of this was over. Plus, many of his citizens were in danger.

But, after making his decision, he had already been ready to lose everything. So, how much of a need was there for him to care about such a loss?

"Yes." Leonel smiled and nodded as though it wasn't a big deal.

"Are you trying to extort me, kid?" [pANDA-N0VEL.COM](http://panda-novel.com)

"Exactly."

"Pft."

King Arthur's head snapped in a particular direction. But, by the time he locked eyes on his son, Lionus was already looking off into the distance as though nothing had happened.

"Nice weather we're having, huh?" Lionus rubbed his nose, scanning the room.

Unfortunately for his act, the only window in the throne room was exceptionally high up and was angled such that it only shone a small light on the throne itself. So, how could he possibly know with any sort of detail the kind of weather they were having?

King Arthur shook his head. Lionus had always been so obedient. He couldn't help but feel that Leonel was having a bad influence on his son.

At this point, Leonel's smile faded somewhat and he became more serious.

"Arthur, I've told Em this already but you should be aware as well. If you don't want to lose too much of your power after submitting to The Empire, what's important is to show your worth. Repelling this invasion is a great opportunity for you. PANDA NOVEL

"Since Terrain dares to do this, they're confident. I'm certain that they've scouted out Earth and understand more about our world than even maybe we do. The Empire will definitely be in trouble and Terrain definitely won't stop until they claim the world for themselves. The greatest variable in this war is you all, Camelot and the Demon Empire."

"Terrain?" King Arthur raised an eyebrow. "You seem to know a lot about these enemies?"

"Not a lot, just more than most."

"And you believe that by opening up the vaults to you our likelihood of winning will be greater?"

"Exponentially so."

"And how am I supposed to make certain that you aren't embezzling anything?"

Leonel blinked and smiled once more. "You don't. Just take it as my worker's fee."

"! Shameless." p??J??????

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“These are your vaults?” Leonel raised his brows in surprised.

Lionus smiled. “Yes, this should be the greatest treasure store on Camelot. The only rival to us might be big sister’s Empire.”

The area was much larger than anything he expected.

The vaults were located on the basement floor of the castle. And, despite the size of the castle itself, it took up several floors, a whole three levels to be exact. The amount of space totaled up to more than a square kilometer, it was absolutely inconceivable that there would actually be enough treasure to fill it all up with.

The first floor was filled with stacks of gold coins. Leonel felt as though he had walked into a dragon’s den. He was certain that just the existence of this place was a huge hazard. If one of these gold piles slipped, it could easily bury someone alive.

Still, Leonel wasn’t very interested in these piles of gold. On Earth, gold had lost its value a long time ago. Other than being a good conductor, it wasn’t very useful otherwise. It was too soft of a metal and not very good for weapons or armors.

It was unfortunate for Camelot, but it seemed that in any places other than their Kingdom, this first floor of ‘treasures’ was quite useless.

However, there were two more floors below this one.

“This’ !”

Leonel didn’t know what to say for a long time. The store of Ores seemed endless. They piled up into what seemed like perpetuity.

Though most were Pseudo Fourth Dimensional Ores, their value was so much greater than the gold on the first level that they couldn't even be properly compared. It felt like blasphemy to do so.

And here Leonel thought he was somewhat of a tycoon after mining the hive, only to find out that he was still very much a poor man if he was comparing himself to a true Kingdom.

But this made sense. Camelot had 'existed' as a Pseudo Fourth Dimensional world for a very long time. Over the years, it only made sense that they would gather so many precious Ores.

Even if there was nothing else, Leonel felt that he could create so much with just what was before him.

He saw several mountainous piles of Urbe Ore, countless types of Vein and Elemental Ores, he even saw some true Fourth Dimensional Ores hidden within that might have slipped through the cracks.

Yet' there was still one more floor.

As shocked as Leonel was on the second, the third floored him. He finally bowed down. He was indeed a poor man, he apologized for ever believing that he was wealthy.

No matter where he looked, there were endless mountainous piles of Fourth Dimensional Ores. If the gold piles could have buried a normal human, these could bury even Lancelot and King Arthur.

Seeing such a sight, Leonel thought that King Arthur was too stingy for even hesitating to say yes to him. Even if he wanted to take and use it all, would he even be able to?

But, at the same time, Leonel was shocked.

Just how did a Pseudo Fourth Dimensional world like this produce so many Fourth Dimensional metals? There even seemed to be more of them than there was on the second level? How did that even make any sense?

It was safe to say that any guilt Leonel would have felt taking advantage of Camelot like this flew out the window.

Chapter 455

“How did you gather so much?” Leonel finally asked Lionus.

“These?” Lionus started. “This room didn’t use to be so full. It got like this after the Merlin Trials collapsed.”

Leonel’s eyes widened. “You mean?”

“Mm. These used to be rewards you could spend Skill Points to buy. But, after the Trials collapsed, they were all collected up by us.”

Leonel was speechless.

Back then, he had been mostly worried about gathering up the core of the trial world. Since he was taking it, he felt it would be too shameless to take anything else, so he only accepted the goddess necklace after Crakos brought it to him personally.

But, he hadn’t expected that he had really missed out on so much’ ;

Now that Leonel thought about it, when he was within the trials, he had been overwhelmed by the sheer volume of items within the Special Store. So, instead of scrolling through all of them one by one, he used his voice to filter for what he wanted to look for.

In that situation, he didn’t really have time to leisurely scroll through the store, so he always filtered using his voice. Due to this, he didn’t have a proper understanding of the scope of items that could be found within the Special Store.pANDA-N0VEL.COM

” ; I was too nice’ ;’ Leonel thought to himself.

Leonel shook his head.

Most of the Ores he saw here were Tier 1 to 3 Black Grade Ores, this put them at the lower levels of the Fourth Dimension. But, the sheer volume might very well be beyond anything even The Empire had managed to gather to this point.

Of course, Leonel couldn't confirm this with any sort of certainty, but he felt that he likely wasn't too far off with his assessment.

"! My Divine Armor! If I can!"

Leonel slowly shook his head.

He didn't feel he was skilled enough to complete his Divine Armor just yet, not to mention the fact he hadn't even decided just what kind of Divine Armor to build.

Still, if there was ever a place to train, this would be it. And, there was likely no better place for Leonel to find the resources he needed to build it. PANDA NOVEL

'Wait'!

Leonel's gaze swept through the massive treasure house.

At that moment, he suddenly shot forward, stunning Lionus who had been by his side.

"Wait for me!" Lionus ran after Leonel.

Lionus had unfortunately yet to reach the peak of the Third Dimension, so he hadn't broken through like his father, mother, sister and the others. So, he was obviously no match for Leonel in speed.

Luckily, this store house was only a few hundred meters in length and width. Even though Leonel was much faster, he couldn't go very far to begin with.

Lionus found Leonel amidst a pile of ores, his hand pressed flush against its side.

"Ah! Be careful, if it falls over." ρ??∫??????

Leonel nodded, acknowledging Lionus' worries. If he died beneath a pile of precious Ores he had just been greedily eyeing, wouldn't that be too pathetic?

The pile suddenly shifted, causing Lionus' heart to seize. But, Leonel didn't panic.

Soon, as though by magic, the pile separated, revealing a radiant piece of Ore.

Leonel grabbed onto the Ore as the rest of the pile settled down. Only then did Lionus feel his heart calm down once again.

He had forgotten that Leonel was a Variant Earth Mage. Something like this was within his abilities. But, the level of control that was needed was beyond Lionus' imagining.

Lionus shook his head and looked curiously at the shimmering black Ore in Leonel's hands.

"You recognize this Ore?" Lionus asked, somewhat curious.

Though they had brought all of these Ores here, the truth was that they had yet to research most of their functions. In this aspect, they were still very much in the dark compared to others.

Usually, the Merlin Trials would have a short explanation of what the Ore was before they chose it. But, obviously, with it collapsed, it couldn't provide such functionality.

“This? I recognize all the Ores.” Leonel said with a smile. “This one is Black Urbe Ore, it’s a foundational type metal used as a fusion agent in Crafts. It works almost like iron in that it has a base type that can be forged into all sorts of chemical structures depending on your approach and technique. It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say it was the most important Ore in the entire universe.

“This one is special though because it was on the verge of becoming Bronze Urbe Ore before it was mined from its Core. So, the Ore Essence within it is a margin purer than regular Black Urbe Ore. This Ore might be able to help me clear a final hurdle in my Metal Body.”

Lionus’ brows raised in surprise.

It wasn’t because of Leonel’s detailed explanation, but rather because Leonel said he recognized all of these Ores.

Even though Lionus wasn’t educated on the topic, he could easily tell that there were hundreds of types of Ores in this room, each with their own unique variations. To be able to recognize them all would take an absolute expert.

Leonel took a deep breath. “First, I need to organize this room. There’s no order to anything.”

Leonel always liked things to be neat and tidy, this was why his room was always meticulously kept after, though he cared less about his own appearance. It was just a quirk of his.

He had the compulsion to organize these ores by type and ability. It would make what he wanted to do next much more efficient.

“Things may get a bit wild, Lionus. Stay close to me if you’d like to remain here.”

Lionus nodded and then shook his head.

“It’s fine. I have a feeling this will take a long time, no need for me to continuously be looking over your shoulder.” Lionus chuckled. “If you need anything else, just let me know. There will be another council

gathering soon to strategize defensive measures, we also can't be certain of The Empire's plans now and if they've changed'!"

Leonel nodded in acknowledgement. He didn't expect everyone to base plans around him to begin with. It may very well be possible that Arthur wasn't too optimistic about him from the beginning.

In the end, he was just a single Third Dimensional being. How much change could he really cause?

At the moment, it was very likely that all the Forts and the capital were being attacked. If Leonel wanted to swing his weight around, he would need more.

Leonel could already sense that there was the Evolution Ore he had been looking for, for so long hidden in these piles. It was just unfortunately more difficult to reach. There was no doubt that this Evolution Ore was the most important centerpiece of his Divine Armor and there was just enough of it to form the three portions of Essence he needed.

Leonel's gaze sharpened as he looked around.. This would be his battlefield.

## Chapter 456

The instant Lionus had left the range, the treasure vault became a violent storm of swirling ores.

Leonel sat at the very center of it all, in silent meditation. Ores swooped inches from his body at speeds that surpassed a bullet, yet he didn't flinch. How could he? They were all in his control to begin with.

If others were watching on, they would find that the disorganized store of Ores was very quickly tending toward disorganized order. Then from there, it very quickly became completely tidy.

Beads of sweat fell down Leonel's brow. Without a choice, he activated his Bronze Runes. This instantaneously made the control of the metals around him several times easier even to the point that the speed they whizzed around the room with even accelerated.

It should have been impossible for Leonel to control so many Ores at once. At the very least, he shouldn't have been able to guarantee that they didn't crash into each other. After all, Leonel could split his mind more than a dozen ways, but it definitely wasn't to the point of being able to do so hundreds of ways.

Rather, Leonel used a much cleverer method. He drew a map of the treasure stores in his Dream World, rebuilding a three dimensional construct. Then, he color coded pathways for the Ores to follow, ensuring that these pathways rarely, if ever, crossed.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Almost as though he was playing a game, Leonel sorted these Ores one after another. This way, all he had to do was focus on ensuring that the Ores always stuck to these pathways and it was not necessary for him to split his mind more than a dozen or so ways, each for a different kind of Ore.

Very quickly, Leonel spread out the Ores, arranging them into neat rows with clean roads between them.

The first division was in Ore types. There was a section for Foundational Ores, Veins Ores, Vessel Ores, Domain Ores and finally, the pile Leonel was most looking forward to, Evolution Ores.

Foundational Ores were over 70% made of Urbe Ores. Other Foundational Ores simply weren't as common or as useful. They had very specific use cases that made them almost useless. And, often times, their functions could be accomplished by Urbe Ore to an even better degree. So, other Foundational Ores were only used in rare instances.

The only Foundational Ore that made Leonel take a pause while observing it was Lava Rhombus Ore. It had only one functional use case: The fusion of Earth and Fire type Ores. [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA-NOVEL)

When hearing this, one can understand why such Foundational Ores were looked down upon. For one, Earth and Fire weren't opposing elements, Urbe Ore could allow their fusion easily, there was simply no need for this special use case.

However, Leonel, for obvious reasons, was intrigued.

While Urbe Ore could be used in every use case, it also required a high level of skill. Knowing exactly how to temper the Ore to receive the desired effect was the bane of many Force Crafters. These unique Foundation Ores, however, could be used in complex constructs to make them far simpler.

After separating out these five major categories, the rest was obviously down to the Elements and other unique cases like Soul Type Ores.

Once Leonel was finished, he looked back toward the smallest pile. Of course, this held the Evolution Ores.  $\rho \int \dots$

There were actually enough for 13 portions of Essence. If Leonel combined this with the seven he already had, this meant that he could form two complete portions of Bronze Evolution Ore!

One had to remember that 10 Black Evolution Ores could form a Bronze Evolution Ore and that 100 Bronze Evolution Ores could form a Silver one.

Evolution Ores had two abilities. The first was fusing two Ores into a unique Ore never before seen. And, its second ability was to evolve an Ore to the next level. A Black Evolution Ore could evolve a Third Dimensional Ore into the Fourth, while a Bronze Evolution Ore could evolve a Fourth Dimensional Ore into the Fifth!

According to the speculations of Leonel's father, if one formed their Divine Armor's core with 10 Black Evolution Ores, it was theoretically possible to form a Quasi Fifth Dimensional Divine Armor while still being within the Fourth Dimension!

Leonel thought back to the Quasi Bronze Grade Ore he had found within the hive, Warping Domain Ore. If he made it the core of his Divine Armor, wouldn't he be able to cross that barrier and stand firmly within the Fifth Dimension?

Even if he couldn't, the effects would be so infinitely close to the Fifth Dimension that nothing within the Fourth Dimension would be able to withstand its impact.

Of course, this wouldn't be in terms of strength but rather in terms of function.

Though Leonel hadn't settled on the design of his Divine Armor, the one thing he knew for certain was that his Warping Domain Ore would be the center piece of it all.

Warping Ore was able to create an independent space that could make even a single step feel like an entire mile. Due to this, it was quite well known for its defensive abilities, but as Leonel learned more about Domains, he felt that they were far more flexible than this. The uses of Domain were as variable as the uses of an ability, it depended on a person's creativity to use it properly.

Now that Leonel had this entire warehouse of Ores available to him, the picture of his Divine Armor came into view. Rather than focusing on attack, defense, or elemental types, his plan would be very simple.

He would maximize his own speed while ensuring his enemies felt as though taking even a single step was almost impossible.

As Leonel looked through the various Ores, he felt a picture becoming clearer and clearer in his mind. And, the center of it all would be his Warping Domain Ore.

However, whether he would be able to accomplish the aspirations forming in his mind would depend on if he could build up the skill he needed.

While he had many types of Ores around him, there was just a single Warping Domain Ore. Spatial Type treasures were too rare, even to the point there were less than a dozen in this entire treasure store, and only two of which could match up to Warping Domain Ore in value'!

In that case'!

'Let's give this tiger wings.' Leonel's gaze blazed.

Maybe even Terrain could have never been aware that their greatest enemy would come in the form of a young man sitting cross legged on the floor of a vast treasure vault.

“‘ Eat slowly Little Tolly, slowly now’ ‘”

Leonel wiped off sweat that threatened to sting his eyes once more.

He never forgot that one of the hazards he learned about Metal Spirits was their propensity to overeat. If he let it happen, Tolliver could go mad and harm him.

This was the main reason Tolliver had yet to evolve into the Fourth Dimension along with Blackstar. Leonel was very careful about how much he fed him and what he fed him.

Leonel preferred to give the little fella high quality Ores that would fill him very quickly. This was much better than feeding Tolliver a lot of low-quality Ores.

The more high-quality Ores Tolliver ate, the more powerful the little guy would become in relation to its evolution stage. So, Leonel took this very seriously.

“Oh’ ‘”

Tolliver suddenly shot out of Leonel’s gloved hands. The little guy’s body concentrated into a single point before explosively growing.

Leonel realized that this was a sign that Little Tolly was finally crossing into the Fourth Dimensional realms.

Leonel’s mind had already entered such a realm, so he was very confident that he would still be able to control and command Tolliver appropriately. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Tolliver came back to Leonel looking just that much more lustrous.

“Ready to work little guy?”

“Bloop, bloop.”

Leonel smiled lightly before his expression suddenly changed.

He quickly commanded Little Tolliver to float in the air as he scanned his black gloves. After just a moment, he smiled bitterly, watching it corrode as though having been dipped in strong acid.

Leonel sighed, peeling the gloves off of his hands before it got worse.

He didn't have replacement gloves. And, though he felt he might be able to make them, how would he? He needed gloves to Craft with Little Tolliver but couldn't make the gloves he needed to Craft with Tolliver' without Little Tolliver.

Leonel grit his teeth.

'I have been avoiding this training for a long time' No time better than the present.' PANDA NOVEL

One of the last lessons of his father's beginners guide was to begin to stray away from gloves.

The stronger a Metal Spirit became, the more elaborate a Force Crafter's gloves became. Eventually, they would become a hindrance to hand speed and coordination.

Honestly, Leonel thought his dad was a madman. As if calling himself Father Overlord wasn't bad enough, the old man actually wanted to kill him.

Leonel took a deep breath and activated his Bronze Runes once again, thinking back to the words his father had spoken.

[You are a Morales, the earth bows down to you, not the other way around. Gloves are for cowards]

It made Leonel wonder why his father put a hazard section in the dictionary at all. First it was forming a Fifth Dimensional Divine Armor and now it was Force Crafting without protection. Leonel couldn't help but feel that his old man was simply too irresponsible.

Leonel brought out the first catapult, steadying his beating heart.

With a flip of his palm, a familiar chain necklace appeared in Leonel's hand. Fine cracks spread across its surface, causing a flicker of rage to appear in Leonel's heart.

This chain necklace was the very first Quasi Bronze treasure Leonel ever possessed. Unfortunately, due to Miles almost blowing him to smithereens, it was heavily damaged. ρ??J??????

The truth of the matter was that it should have been impossible for explosives of the 21st century like Miles used back then to damage a near Fifth Dimensional treasure.

The main issue is that this was an energy based treasure. As a result, it had to rely on the Force around it in order to form its defensive shields. This was exactly why it stopped working when Leonel was under the influence of the Force Disruption Towers.

Simply put, this chain necklace was using Third Dimensional Force to protect itself and as a result was far weaker than it should have been. If it was using Fourth Dimensional Force, it would likely take at least 24th century explosives and technology to damage it to this extent.

That was right. At full strength, this chain necklace could survive several blows from the crossbows that White Knight Diore couldn't survive two strikes of.

This was the power of Quasi Bronze treasures, this was their true value.

It was just a shame that this chain necklace was damaged' ;

For now, that is.

This was Leonel's first test for himself. If he wanted to gain enough skill to build his Divine Armor, he would need to build up his skill just as quickly as he built up his strength within Brave City. The only way he could protect himself, his friends and Aina would be if he had the strength to do so, and this was his fastest path toward that end.

Leonel smiled lightly. 'If I have my Divine Armor, I won't need this. In that case, I'll combine both necklaces into one' ¦ This should be a good birthday present.'

Leonel took out the Treading Goddess Necklace. His mind spun with thoughts. He wanted to combine three abilities into one. First the defensive abilities of the chain necklace, the teleportation abilities of the Treading Goddess Necklace, and finally, add something on the end to give Aina a sensory boost.

After half an hour of meditation, his gaze grew cold and calculating.

He outstretched a hand and allowed Little Tolly to land in his bare palm.

\*\*

Leonel hadn't been wrong. Earth was in shambles, facing battles on all fronts. All eight Forts and even the Capital was under siege. The only difference was that the Capital was under siege by two cities with the Moon, Camelot, and the eight Forts only being under siege by one each.

However, surprisingly, at this moment, the Emperor of Earth sat in his garden, the delicate chirping of birds around him. He continued to meditate, raising a cup of tea to his mouth without opening his eyes.

He listened intently to a report, not showing any particular reaction.

“ ¦ That's should be all, Imperial Grandfather. This is the current situation of the Camelot satellite.”

“Mm.” Emperor Fawkes nodded his head. “You may go.”

Noah hesitated. Was that all his grandfather wanted to tell him? Where were the orders? Should he continue to try and assimilate Camelot and the Demon Empire? Or should he focus on wiping out White City?

“ ‘| Grandfather’ |”

“Hm? Is there something else?”

“| |”

Emperor Fawkes let out a deep sigh, his eyes opening to reveal two piercing emerald gems. It felt as though he had the whole world within his purview.

“Noah, you’ve grown too reliant on me.”

“ ‘|’ ”

Noah didn’t know what to say. He stared at the talisman in his hand at a complete loss.

“Did you know that your cousin is on that satellite right now?”

Noah’s expression changed.

“The very same White Knights you came to report to me about, he’s already killed one. He didn’t have an army, he didn’t have support, he only had himself.”

Noah’s heart seized. How was that possible? That’ |

“Do not contact me again until White City is nothing but flat earth.”

## Chapter 458

Noah placed the talisman down, a small hint of shock on his face. Still, it only took him a moment for him to regain his calm.

Noah didn't know what his grandfather's ability was. In fact, he was certain that no one knew. Emperor Fawkes was a man who always kept his cards close to his chest. Even his closest advisors might not know everything he was thinking about.

But, this was the way of an Emperor. To remain so calm even in the face of everything you and your Ancestors had built potentially burning down' † this was the marker of a true ruler.

That said, Noah wasn't so certain that this was all about calmness. He always got the sense that his grandfather wasn't calm but rather' † confident.

It was a subtle difference that was hard to grasp but even harder to fake.

However, as the Prince of the Empire, Noah knew the situation well. And, quite frankly, there was simply nothing to be confident about.

Earth was caught completely unprepared.

This wasn't a failure of Emperor Fawkes and the royal family, but rather simply due to circumstances. Who could have predicted the appearance of Camelot? And who could have predicted that a second acceleration would occur right after the first?

In truth, Camelot should have been a variable Terrain couldn't prepare for. But, due to the circumstances, it became a saving grace for them instead. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

"What would you like to do?" Jessica interrupted Noah's thoughts. Maybe only she was allowed to listen in on a conversation between the Emperor and a Prince.

Noah tapped on the large table before him, his thoughts running wild.

He wasn't very sure how he felt about his cousin. He didn't hate nor love Leonel, he was about as neutral on the topic as one could get.

At the same time, he could also tell that his grandfather wasn't overly eager to bring Leonel back to the palace either.

Though it was said like this, this wasn't to say that Emperor Fawkes didn't want anything to do with Leonel. If that was the case, he wouldn't praise him so much. Rather, the main point was that the Emperor was content to watch Leonel spread his wings out from afar.

"According to the information we have, there's a great possibility that he is within Camelot at the moment.

"The dead White Knight that His Imperial Majesty mentioned should have fallen before the attack on the first Barony. That attack occurred within 20 to 30 kilometers of Camelot. This coupled with the fact reports say that Prince Leonel was a part of the Zone trial that brought Camelot here and this is the most appropriate conclusion."

Noah nodded noncommittedly. PANDA NOVEL

"How do you think he managed it?" Noah couldn't help but ask after a while.

"I"

Jessica didn't respond. She had been with Noah long enough to know that whenever he asked questions he knew they didn't have enough information to answer, that he didn't really expect one.

Noah was usually a meticulous, hard nosed, and between the lines kind of person. The only moments he acted like this was after he finished speaking with his grandfather. He didn't even seem to have the same aura about him anymore.

Noah stood, his calm returning in full.

“It seems that Imperial Grandfather was correct, there are many eyeing our Earth and some of them might even still be lurking in the shadows even now. Maybe it’s time we show them that we aren’t pushovers.”

Noah walked to the side of his military tent.

Located on what would have been a wall, there was a weapon’s rack, but it was filled with nothing but sabers. However, shockingly enough, each and every one of these sabers were as large as a human body, carrying blades that seemed capable of cleaving a mountain in two. ρ???(???????)

Despite their heft, Noah picked up the first with a single arm. Its radiant blue blade reflected beneath the dim flickering lights. It seemed to exude a magic aura.

“This one will do.”

With a flip of his palm, the saber vanished and Noah walked to the entrance of his tent.

“Jessica, all the preparations you made for the Demon Empire, forget them for now. We have a city to level.”

Jessica nodded.

According to their intelligence, the Demon Empire had allied with Camelot and planned to submit to The Empire. With this sudden change, their thoughts might turn from submission to thoughts of taking advantage of The Empire in their time of weakness to maintain their own sovereignty.

In that case, rather than giving them a hollow show of power for mere negotiations, they’d show them a real one.

\*\*

Within Camelot's treasure vaults, Leonel had no idea that his grandfather was aware of his presence already. In fact, he wasn't even aware that he had a grandfather to begin with. In Leonel's mind, his only family was his father and his missing mother.

But, maybe even if he was aware, he wouldn't have the mind to think about it.

Leonel sat on the ground, beads of sweat falling down his face.

If one stopped focusing on his visage and focused on his hands, it would be possible to see a ghastly sight without compare.

Blood dripped from Leonel's hands, ricocheting off the ground and echoing through the vast vault.

Little Tolly happily swam around Leonel's fingers, not realizing the damage it was causing. But, Leonel couldn't blame the little guy, despite having evolved into the Fourth Dimension, it was still nothing but a toddler. In fact, the little guy hadn't even really begun to form cohesive thoughts of its own.

Though Leonel could command Blackstar with words, Little Tolly didn't accept such direction well. Leonel had to use a series of images for Tolliver to understand his meaning.

However, understanding didn't make it any less painful.

There was good news and bad news.

The bad news was that it was almost impossible to suffer such pain and focus on crafting at the same time. How could one maintain a steady connection and complete such intricate actions when it felt like the world was collapsing around them?

The good news, however, was that Leonel managed to evolve under pressure and create a new ability. He called the ability Dream Sense.

Since it was so hard to feel such pain and focus at the same time, why do so at all?

Dream Sense allowed Leonel to split his senses the exact same way he split his mind, it was just an extension of his Dream Clone ability.

Leonel used Dream Sense to split his mind two ways. One tackled the brunt of the pain he was feeling while the second focused entirely on his Crafting.

It was on the third day of using this ability that Leonel evolved once more. He realized something incredibly important.

If he could split his senses to help him focus, why not split his sensory pain between several minds? If he did that, wouldn't this allow him to dull his pain by several factors?

If he split the same pain between ten minds' ¦ Wouldn't he reduce his own pain by a factor of ten?

This realization truly opened Leonel up to a new world. If he could control his mind even down to this minute level, just what other possible abilities could his creativity have in store for him?

## Chapter 459

After grasping an initial mastery of Dream Sense, Leonel realized just how much freedom he had in this regard.

While he could diverge his senses by separating his mind, if he instead chose to layer and concentrate his senses instead, he could cause a convergent response instead.

In the end, this meant that Leonel was suddenly capable of both dulling and magnifying his senses by several times, all of which was limited by the number of Dream Clones he could form.

On the surface, this wasn't very important, but the applications Leonel could think of were practically endless.

For one, if Leonel had the ability to dull his pain in this fashion, he wouldn't have struggled nearly as much to open the Ninth Door of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor. By extension, if Leonel applied his higher pain threshold to other training methods, he could force his body to withstand much more than it previously could.

Though the idea of suffering through pain and tempering one's will power sounded nice, this was something that could only appear in fantasy novels.

The human body had strict limits on the pain it could withstand for a reason. Going beyond these limits often meant the shutting down of one's body regardless of how much 'will power' you had. Pushing past these limits was often impossible, not for lack of will power, but simply due to lack of feasibility. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

At the same time, however, these thresholds were often lower than they could be. This made sense, if one's body only shut down when at the very edge of breaking down, it might no longer be possible to pull back.

But, like this, Leonel would be able to use his own senses to look for his body's breaking point and choose a safe point to stop before then. This ultimately gave Leonel far more control over his own body.

Still, the applications of this were far beyond just dulling pain.

If Leonel applied this skill to his Internal Sight, for example, he could make it several times more sensitive than it had been in the past. This could not only make his calculations more detailed and accurate, it would also be almost impossible for someone to slip by his senses.

Applied in this way, Leonel could layer his vision to gain more details in a single look, he could layer his sense of touch to make his fingers more sensitive during Force Crafting, he could even layer his sense of taste to make food tastier if he so chose to.

The potential applications were almost endless. PANDA NOVEL

When Leonel realized this his mind seemed to implode. It wasn't with pain, but rather felt as though a door had been thrust open to him.

Leonel sent all his focus into his arms, first separating his mind to control them independently then layering them once again to multiply this same control.

The instant he finished this, his finger speed hitched for a moment before it felt as though they broke past a barrier.

His movements became smoother and more fluid, his control over Little Tolly reaching unprecedented heights.

'This is it'! Superior Grade One Designation'!

Leonel's hand coordination and speed had been stuck at Advanced Grade One designation for a long time. Thanks to his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, he was effectively as good as someone who had already stepped into Superior Grade One designation, but it hadn't been a true breakthrough just yet'! until just now. ρ??∫??????

Looking down at his bloodied hands, orchestrating the movements of thin lines of silver like a conductor guiding a voluminous sonata, he couldn't help but laugh.

This feeling, he had never expected it to feel so good.

Leonel's confidence shot through the roof. He finally felt as though his body could keep up with his mind.

It was almost as though his own body had become one of his familiars as well. He controlled it no differently than he took control of Little Tolly and Little Blackstar.

The two necklaces before Leonel seemed to magically and seamlessly fuse into two.

In the blink of an eye, Leonel completed a task he had spent several days on.

The Treading Goddess Necklace became more resplendent, exuding a silvery aura.

Without looking to the side, Leonel locked onto a Soul Type Ore from the Vein and Vessel piles.

Leonel had already long since picked these two Ores out. If he wanted to give this necklace a sensory boost, this was the only way.

The Vessel Ore was known as Ghost Whispering Ore. It had the ability to continuously absorb and purify Force into Soul Force. It was born in places with exceptionally dark energy and due to this ability to 'create' Soul Force, it became known as the ghost Ore.

The Vein Ore was known as Soul Pulsing Ore. When fed an appropriate amount of Soul Force, it had the ability to amplify it. But, what made it so useful was the fact it was able to resonate with whoever marked it, thus effectively become an extension of this person's own Soul Force.

Due to this Ore's sensitivity to souls and their resonance, it gave whoever fused with it an equally great sensitivity to the resonance of other Souls in proportion to how much Soul Force it was provided with.

When these two Ores came together' | The results were exponentially greater.

By Leonel's previous estimates, it would have taken him at least a week to finish the integration of these two Ores without disrupting the balance of the remainder of the treasure. After all, the more moving parts a treasure had, the more complex it was and the more difficult it was to succeed in Crafting.

Yet, Leonel now felt a confidence he never had before. He felt as though the entire world was in his hands.

The communication between one's brain and their body was a limiting factor to everyone. This was why endless training was necessary to breakdown the body and force it to understand the tasks the brain wanted it to complete.

But, for the current Leonel, at least within certain limitations, he could control his body to the finest detail on the very first try.

All of his mental prowess was concentrated into his hands. As though each joint had become a node to be controlled at his whim, he took hold of his own body like it was a puppet on strings.

Bend to my will!

Chapter 460

Leonel's right hand moved like the wind, wrapping around the Ghost Whispering Ore. At the same time, his left shot toward the Soul Pulsing Ore, working with complete independence.

Leonel's gaze stared out into blank space. It was as though his mind was completely wiped. It even felt like his eyes might roll back into their sockets at any moment. Yet, the speed of his hands didn't slow in the slightest.

Leonel's right hand rapidly tapped at the Ghost Whispering Ore. Little Tolly raced across its surface causing it to spin rapidly and heat up even faster.

Smokey impurities flew into the air and dripped down from the green Ore. It shrunk at a speed visible to the naked eye, falling from the size of a palm to the width of just a few fingernails.

Leonel's left didn't stop. It stretched out at odd angles, causing Little Tolly to spread across the Soul Pulsing Ore's surface.

Very quickly, the red Soul Pulsing Ore became an incredibly thin length of metal wrapped the entire way by Little Tolly's body. Yet, it seemed as though the thinness wasn't enough for Leonel as he continued to elongate the metal.

From an Ore of barely two inches thick, the Soul Pulsing Ore became a thin line that stretched almost five meters.

Finally satisfied, Leonel's left fingers twitched, causing the thin line to fold in on itself length wise, thus halving it to just over two meters.

To the naked eye, it seemed as though nothing had happened other than this. But, any sharp Force Crafters would be able to see that after folding it, Leonel used the added thickness he gained to roll the thin line into a thin tube. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

The Ore ultimately became a fragile hollow tube that seemed capable of snapping in on its own weight at any moment. But, what happened next was truly magical.

Little Tolly, who had wrapped itself around the thin tube at Leonel's command, suddenly began to move.

At first it seemed as though the little guy was snapping the delicately constructed Ore in half, but it soon became clear that this wasn't the case at all.

Little Tolly began to bend and contort into an intricate shape. The more time passed, the more complex the structure became and the smaller size it seemed to shrink to.

It felt almost as though Leonel was constructing a miniature maze, hidden within the thin, gorgeous lines of the Soul Pulsing Ore. But, the reality was that he was constructing something much more miraculous than that.

In just an hour, the over two-meter-long tube had been sculpted into a small spiderweb of structures with a width of no more than half an inch. From afar, it looked like an oval gem. But, up close one could see that it was a maze of delicately forged lines.

As though by coincidence, the tempering of Leonel's Ghost Whispering Ore concluded at the exact same time. By now, it looked like nothing more than a flowing blue liquid, having lost its green color during the purification process.

Without a single pause, Leonel communicated with Little Tolliver to bring the thin blue liquid forward. Then, as though he was a madman, he controlled it to pour over the delicate red structure he had just formed. PANDA NOVEL

One would think that with the heat difference, the red structure Leonel took so long to form was finished. The melting point of Ghost Whispering Ore was simply far higher than that of Soul Pulsing Ore, there shouldn't have been even a chance for it to survive.

However, Little Tolly's body had yet to stop covering the delicate red structure.

In two parts, Leonel both controlled Little Tolly to protect the delicate maze while on another hand controlling the blue liquid to pour over it.

The blue substance wormed throughout the structure, sliding through impossibly small crevices with absolute ease.

If other Force Crafters saw Leonel now, they would be stunned to the point of speechlessness.

Such a process would usually be done in several steps. The easiest method would have been to split the structure into two molds before fusing them into one at the end. However, Leonel didn't take this approach at all despite it being the far easier option.

The reason for this was quite intuitive. When using two molds, it would be impossible to avoid imperfections. The only way to guarantee a sublime result would be to complete the gem in a single step. But, those who had the skill to do such things were simply too few.

One had to remember that most would never even reach the Advanced Grade One designation, let alone the Superior Grade One designation. In addition, those who could use Metal Spirits who were known for their ability to complete intricate Crafts were even fewer!

'

Leonel's vision regained his clarity and a sudden wave of fatigue slammed into him.

His mind spun and he collapsed to the ground, the skin of his hands peeling and dripping with blood.

Leonel sent a glance toward the newly reforged Treading Goddess Necklace, a light smile creeping up on his lips.

He modified it so that Aina could wear it as a head piece again. It looked much less flashy than it did in the past and the only exotic thing about it was the purple gem that hung from its center. But, Leonel was greatly satisfied. He felt that his skill had reached a new level.

“Hey dictionary, scan this treasure for me.”

[\*Ping\*]

[Treasure: Unnamed]

[Abilities]

[Minor Teleportation: Instant teleportation within three meters once every three seconds. Has enough stores to save up for two charges]

[Force Skin: At full charge, capable of withstanding three strikes of a Pseudo Fifth Dimensional entity]

[Sensory Boost: Increase sensitivity and range of Internal Sight by a factor of three]

[Grade: Elite Quasi Bronze]

Leonel grinned. ‘This should be a good birthday present, right?’

Other than the fact the teleportation charges had fallen from three to two from the original Treading Goddess Necklace, everything else was perfect.

Leonel still remembered those emotions that ran through him when Miles and Simeon almost killed the two of them. Back then, he had greatly regretted not giving Aina the defensive treasure he had chosen for her earlier.

‘Her birthday is just a few weeks away, I’ll give it to her then.’ Leonel thought with a smile.

After thinking this, Leonel became serious once more.

Originally, he had expected it to take him at least a month to complete Aina’s present. By the time he finished, he believed he would have the skill he needed to built the Crafts he had in mind. But, he never expected for him to have a breakthrough and ultimately take less than a month.

But, this was even better. Now, he could begin immediately.

Though his body was tired, Leonel’s mind was still sharp. He felt an endless energy coming from his Dream World. He felt as long as his mind was awake, the state of his body meant little.

‘[Grand Heal].’

Leonel was showered with blinding Light Elemental Force, the injuries to his hands repairing at impossible speeds.

‘Let’s start!’