

Descent 701

Chapter 701

BANG!

Leonel landed on the ground with a heavy thud, only to be surrounded by a wall of silence.

Honestly, even he, himself, was somewhat surprised by the conclusion. The slight change in his mentality, courtesy of his lovely girlfriend, had actually caused such a great change to his combat prowess even without any fundamental upgrade to his strength.

It had to be remembered that just a month ago, Leonel had to put in quite some effort to defeat Nigmir. Of course, his life was never in danger, nor did it seem difficult, but the reality was that if he didn't have a perfect counter thanks to his Wind Domain spear, that battle wouldn't have ended so quickly.

Yet, Nigmir was just a white belt. Of course, he was a white belt on the edge of becoming a blue belt and could be considered to be an absolute elite amongst them, but he was a white belt nonetheless.

Despite this, Leonel was just able to defeat a blue belt in just a few exchanges and he almost made it look easy. The moment he stabbed his spears into the ground, Leonel felt that the battle was over, and that was the hard truth.

His counter to Arte's chains made the latter believe that the best option was to use the spears as anchor points to directly attack Leonel. As a result of this, Leonel was able to make use of Arte's own momentum and strength against him in his counter, thus ending the battle far quicker.

If not for this, it would have been impossible for Leonel to put enough strength into a throw to dislocate Arte's arm, and thus it would have been impossible for him to land such a clean hit on Arte's chest.

It was just a single, simple move... Yet it was like a master stroke that decided the battle almost immediately.

'Why guess your opponent's next movement if you can choose that movement for them...?'

Leonel didn't know it now, but this philosophy would be one of the most important changes to his psychology, only second to what would occur just a few months from now...

Leonel put his heavy spear away, reaching out a palm and causing the final spear to shoot out from the ground and into his hand. With slow movements, he put it away as well.

Now that Leonel's Earth affinity had been ingrained into his very body, something like causing a metal spear to fly toward him was as easy as breathing. He hardly needed to think about it in the slightest.

Leonel swept a gaze through his surroundings and his eyes landed on Arte who was coughing up blood in the distance. But, before he could start to walk to him, he found his path blocked by six shivering white belts. Though the fear was evident in their expressions, they seemed to have no intention of taking a step back.

They had no idea that Arte's strength actually surpassed Leonel's. After all, Arte was a Tier 6 existence. For a Leonel who had yet to refine his Metal Body past the Tier 1 stage, and whose Force was still in the Third Dimension, it was too large a gap. It was just that none of it mattered because Leonel's ability made up for the gap in spades.

However, whatever the details were, all they saw was a young man who could easily defeat their captain. They refused to let him get close again.

Leonel sighed and shook his head.

"What do you think I'm going to do? Kill him? His entire chest is caved in, if someone doesn't do something he really might die. Plus, I need my spear."

"I will heal him." One of the white belts said coldly. ρ??∫??????

Leonel shrugged. It made sense for a team like theirs to have at least one person with a healing ability. It seemed he stuck his nose in something it didn't belong in.

It wasn't like he hated Arte, they just happened to be on opposing sides this time. He didn't even know the guy.

With a wave of his hand, the spear that had been in Arte's hand shot out, weaving through the six and snapping into his palm. Even though Leonel had countless spears of this caliber, that didn't mean he would just leave them lying around so casually.

Plus, if someone who wasn't acknowledged by Spear Domain held onto the spear for too long, it would shatter into ash just like every spear that wasn't acknowledged by it.

“You can take him away. If you have any problems with my ownership of this shop... Well, you know where to find me.”

With that Leonel turned to walk toward the bar under the gazes of many.

“Oh, and!” Leonel suddenly stopped and looked back. “Tell your captain that if he wants his hammers repaired, he can come here the day after tomorrow.”

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News of what happened spread like wildfire. The fact that Bear Rose had lost was enough to cause an uproar to begin with. But, for it to be at the hands of a supposed freshmen it was even more worth it.

The idea of a freshmen defeating a blue belt was enough to overturn all the understandings they had.

However, what was released next somehow surpassed even that.

According to reports, this Leonel was actually now a white belt. This should have made the news easier to accept rather than causing another uproar, but what really shook everyone to their core was the fact that this Leonel was part of the most recent batch of freshmen. He had been here for barely two months!

The current Leonel, though, had no idea that he had caused such a commotion. If he had known, a wide grin would most definitely spread across his face. The more people who knew that he owned this store the better.

By now, Leonel had shut the bar down and spread out his Internal Sight to memorize every nook and cranny. It took him just under ten minutes to perfectly Dream Sculpt the entire structure. Though it was large, there wasn't anything special about it other than the array which was drawn into its foundation. If not for this array, it would only have taken him a few seconds at most.

Leonel took a deep breath. He had never attempted to apply his Force Crafting to an entire building before...

He grinned. 'This should be fun.'

With a thought, numerous heavy metals began to clang to the ground one after another.. If a member of King of Ores faction had been there, Leonel would even think of taking bets on how many mouthfuls of blood they'd cough up.

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Among the many blueprints Leonel's father had left behind, there were even a few buildings among them. To this point, Leonel had mostly ignored them, focusing on the designs that could hone his skill in armor crafting.

That said, this didn't mean that he had never looked over them. In fact, he had memorized them all already. They were able to give Leonel a basic understanding of construction and the physics that went behind it.

Most of it was quite simple in Leonel's estimation, just understanding forces like tension, compression, shearing and the like. He had already learned about all these things in high school.

Plus, even if he hadn't, he could just test his design plans within his Dream World. If he did things like that, he would hardly need to think at all.

After a few minutes of thought, an amount that was likely equivalent to several hours for even other sensory types and probably several days for normal individuals, Leonel had settled on everything.

The first thing he did was completely shroud the small shop in a Light Elemental illusion, making it look like nothing but a blank space from the outside.

Then, he burnt everything down to ashes.

'Let's reconstruct this foundation... Oh?'

Leonel chuckled.

The formation that made up the foundation of the small shop had a few functions. The first was to mark the owner, the second was to mark which Union the owner was a part of, and the third was very clearly a monitoring function.

Of course, this was only 'clear' to Leonel. At most, this formation was on the level of a Tier 4 Force Art, it wasn't anywhere near complex enough to throw Leonel off any scent. The only reason it took him so long to Dream Sculpt was because of its size.

Leonel immediately began rearranging the formation.

'Hm, an emblem...? Let's go with some spears, maybe a bow, a touch of silver, and we need a mascot... Let's give that honor to Little Blackstar and give him some wings made out of Little Tolly.'


Leonel chuckled to himself. With his ability, though he wouldn't call himself an artist, he was most definitely able to perfectly replicate anything in his mind. Something like drawing an image he had in mind was as easy as breathing.

He ended up creating an emblem that was one part valiant and another part adorable. How else would one describe a graveyard of spears with a little mink flying overhead with its little wings, pulling back the string of a bow?

Leonel encased it all in an elaborate silver border that made it look particularly royal and put the finishing touches on the formation.

'I guess we can call it the Blackstar Faction. Why not? ... You should be happy little guy, even though you left me behind for... softer pastures.'

After Leonel was finished with amusing himself, he truly got to work.

'We'll do just two levels, no need to get too wild. The first will sell goods, the second will deal with repairs. 

'The structure needs to be eye popping, but what could be more eye popping than using Twice Refined Steel and Diamond on a small shop?'

Leonel grinned like a madman, not caring in the slightest that he was wasting what amounted to millions of kilograms of Urbe Ore. In fact, he relished in it. If he was going to make a bang, he was going to go all out.

Leonel built up the frame of the small shop with Twice Refined Steel. This Ore was exceptionally good at forming heavy weapons. Not only did it have quite some heft to it, but it was also quite ductile while simultaneously being very sturdy. Let alone a two story building, it would easily be able to form the framework for a building several kilometers tall even in a Fifth Dimensional world.

Working with large beams of metal wasn't as difficult as Leonel had thought it would be, but the precision required was just as important. Thanks to Leonel's metal affinity, though, he had senses almost too strong for this kind of matter. Even when he was moving around several tons of metal around, he hardly broke a sweat.

Once Leonel was finished with this, he began to work with the Twice Refined Diamond. The material itself looked quite like the diamond of Earth. The main difference was that it radiated a gentle sky blue that could become a pale white depending on how you looked at it.

Leonel had a plan.

Building a shop of this material would almost make it tacky. As cool as it sounded to have bricks of diamond, it might look more ridiculous than anything else by the end of it all.

But... what if he made use of the formation below? The transparency and high refraction index of the diamond made it very sensitive to light, especially when introduced at a certain angle.

‘Yes, this could work if I shift the design a bit and tweak the formation...’

Leonel got to work. His fingers were a blur as he practically fused with Little Tolly.

He cut the Twice Refined Diamond into perfect pieces. Some times they would be prisms, at other times they would be perfect bricks, and there were even some others that had irregular shapes.

Leonel mapped out exactly how all of these shapes would fit together. When it all came together, the outside of the building would almost look like a kaleidoscope of shapes. And then, when Leonel activated the formation and the black and silver lights shone through it...

The hours began to tick by. On the outside, all anyone saw was a vast blank space. They weren’t foolish enough to believe the shop had actually disappeared, but they were shocked that such a formation could actually be laid without issue.

It was then, on the morning of the second day that the Light Illusion Force Art finally began to fade. What people saw, though, left them completely stunned to the point that many came to a grinding halt.

The Blackstar Emblem hung in the skies, showing no signs of dissipating. It was so clear that it could be seen from every point within the city.

Then... the doors opened.

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It should have been impossible for a two story shop to be so imposing. Yet, that was exactly what it felt like.

Its outer surface was formed of what looked like shards of glass. A deep, black light shimmered throughout it all, giving it an almost sinister outlook that had a sort of demonic beauty to it.

Up above, its emblem slowly turned, radiating out with black silver lights. The graveyard of spears contrasted by the flying, bow wielding, little mink should have been jarring. But, somehow, it felt just right.

The shop had no windows. It didn't even seem to have a single door either. It made one wonder if this was just here for looks or if others would actually be able to use it.

At that moment, lights coalesced near the second floor, soon forming a line of curved words.

BLACKSTAR.

Unable to withhold their curiosity, many approached the building. It was no surprise that quite a few had been observing this location ever since the battle that occurred two days ago ended. Some came with neutral intentions, some just wanted to watch the world burn, while others came to see if there was anything they could take advantage of.

However, right when the first person approached, a somewhat disjointed voice began to speak.

<Please choose which floor you would like to enter>

<First Floor: Shop>

<Second Floor: Repairs and Sales>



The youths that had come forward out of curiosity blinked in shock. They had never seen such a thing before. Out of curiosity, some chose the first floor option, only to find that a strong spatial force suddenly latched onto them.

Panicking, many who felt such a thing immediately resisted, causing the teleportation to fail. Their hearts almost beat out of their chest, perspiration falling from their brows.

Spatial abilities were very rare. Even those who had such abilities in Valiant Heart usually had them in small doses, making their strengths somewhat neutered. But, that didn't change the fact that being forcibly teleported was maybe one of the most hair-raising experiences one could ever suffer through.

After calming down, though, they seemed to have finally come to an understanding.

First of all, the spatial tug on them had been very small. In fact, now that they thought about it, it didn't take much effort at all to snap. That likely meant that whatever forced teleportation there was, it wasn't out of malicious intent. And, now that they had thought this far, they realized that this force only appeared after they chose which floor to enter.

"So it's like that..."

Many began to mutter to themselves.

They prompted the message again and this time, they didn't resist. Their sight blurred for just a moment before they suddenly found themselves in what felt like an all new world.

The walls shimmered like black diamond, filling the room with soft, dim light. The first floor was separated into a few corners. One seemed to sell armor, a few sold weapons of various kinds, separating them into types, and the last seemed to be consumable items.

The floors beneath their feet, the walls and the ceiling all made it feel like they were hovering in the depths of space. It was an ethereal feeling that filled them all with wonder.

"Those... Those are Tier 5 weapons!"

“Wait, look at that, those are Tier 6!”

“Those at the center there, aren’t those Tier 7?!”

The youths felt like fainting. Many of them were just white belts, they wouldn’t even normally be in the freshmen quarters if not for all the commotion Leonel had caused. But, seeing such weapons, weapons they would usually have to scratch and claw to even catch the sight of being displayed so grandly...

Many eyes lit up with fervor and greed. They rushed toward the counters, scanning through the prices.

“Why do these damn freshmen get a discount on weapons at and below the Tier 4 level?! Where are our discounts?!”

<Warning. Proximity alarms triggered. Display appropriate merit points required for exchange>  
p??J??????

The sudden warning blared through the first floor, making many snap out of their greed induced states. But, when they looked around, they found that there were really no workers in sight. Not to mention the fact there wasn’t a single blue belt to manage such a place, there wasn’t even a white belt.

Realizing this, the greed in the eyes of many lit up once again.

<Warning. Second infraction detected, no merit points exchanged. If there is a third, you will be expelled and banned from BLACKSTAR>

Some hesitated when they heard this, but when they remembered just how weak the forced teleportation had been on the outside, their sneers returned even deeper than before. They couldn’t even fathom how this shop owner could be so stupid.

Jumping forward many grabbed at the lofty Tier 7 treasures on display.

“Get out of my way!”

“Are you trying to die?!”

“Come on then, bastard! See if I don’t break your legs!”

At that moment, before they could even truly become rowdy, they all froze.

Feeling a strong spatial Force envelop them, they all snorted. They all erupted with their own Force in unison, expecting to break out of the hold just as easily as before.

But, in the blink of an eye, they felt as though their Force had fallen into an endlessly vast ocean. Before they could even realize what had happened, they had all been booted. When their vision cleared, they were right back on the outside.

<Access Denied>

<Ban Reason: Attempted Theft>

<Ban Length: Indefinite>

Many instantly tried to re-enter, only to be stone walled with this volley of messages.

Their eyes widened.

“No! Let us in!”

“Dammit! Let us in!”

Their insides twisted with regret. They couldn't wrap their heads around what had just happened. Their had just been so much wealth at the tip of their fingers.

Those watching on who had yet to enter were shocked by their fervor. Just what was inside?

"You think a damn wall can stop me?!"

A particularly fiery tempered man stomped on the ground. He had seen a Tier 7 Battle Ax in there he had to have. He practically salivated when he laid eyes on it. He had to have it. He had to have it.

He stepped forward, flipping his palm over to reveal his own battle ax and swinging forward with all the strength he could muster.

His arms flexed, his back practically splintering as he swung.

**BANG!**

The man paused for a moment before he was sent flying back like a meteor. A cry of horror left the man's lips before he collapsed in a pile of his own flesh and blood.

Women who laid eyes on him shrieked in horror. The man's arms had become nothing but a mesh of blood and gore.

It was then everyone realized a shocking fact.. The entire shop exterior was formed of Twice Refined Diamond.

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The realization shocked everyone to their core. How could a person be so extravagant?

They finally understood why it was that this place had no doors and not even a single window. How could anyone hope to deal with this fortress? Let alone claiming this plot of land back, one might not even be able to find the shop plaque to snatch back in the first place.

One of the only quirks of shops was that their plaques couldn't leave the immediate vicinity of their territory. This rule was implemented to stop shop owners from simply running away with the plaque so that their stores couldn't be claimed by others.

Of course, all the rules meant to promote competition were eventually rendered useless by the existence of things like Unions and the like. But, obviously, Leonel didn't have any intention of letting such things control him in the slightest.

And the result? It was yet another uproar.

News of Tier 5, 6 and even 7 weapons being sold spread like wildfire. In the face of such things, the vague descriptions of Leonel that Raylion had made were akin to trying to envelop a fire within a thin sheet of paper.

This was the second mistake Raylion committed.

If Leonel was a mere Tier 3 or 4 Crafter like his grenades and Mending Armor seemed to show, then his words then would have been more than enough. But, an attempt to suppress a Crafter who could forge Quasi Bronze Crafts with nothing more than unsubstantiated words...

Well, how well would that work out for you?

This was simply what happened when a youth from a mere Fifth Dimensional world tried to apply the common sense of his limited scope toward something far beyond his means of understanding.

...

On the second floor of BLACKSTAR, Leonel lay on a luxurious cushion. His hands were behind his head and his legs were crossed one over the other. Every so often, he would lightly snore, making a

somewhat adorable expression. At the moment, he most definitely didn't have the face of the man who had flipped Valiant Heart on its head once again.

The members of Polished Glass, even after having already been here for a few hours, couldn't help but look toward him from time to time, still unable to wrap their heads around exactly what they were experiencing.

When Leonel called them here, their first reaction was to panic. They had never thought that the one who had claimed this shop and caused all the commotion was actually Leonel himself. But, whatever panic they were feeling was immediately drowned out by even more of the same.

How had Leonel gotten his hands on so much Twice Refined Diamond? They knew well that this Ore was among Valiant Heart's most valuable exports. For him to gain so much, Kaela couldn't help but think back to the moment Leonel dug through the rubble to take King of Ores' map...

As much as they were panicking though, their minds were completely overwhelmed by other thoughts not long after. They knew what level of skill it took to work with such a high quality Ore. Yet, Leonel had not only worked with it, he had formed an entire building of it.

Not only did his Craft come out almost perfect, but it also looked like a glistening work of art. Even now, they felt like they were floating amidst the stars, making it difficult for them to continue on with their work.

<DING!>

At that moment, the group was snapped out of their thoughts. That sound meant that someone had chosen to teleport to the second floor.

After they made this choice, they would appear within a small waiting lobby where they would send in the specifications of their order to be accepted by one of them.

Up until now, there had yet to be a single order placed despite the fact they had heard this sound several times already. It was obvious that in the beginning stages, everyone was just curious about everything, so it wasn't a surprise for many to teleport to the second floor just to check things out.

The group thought that it would be more of the same again, but surprisingly, this time, an order actually went through. But, when they saw what it was for, their expressions changed. ρ??U??????

<Order Submitted>

<Requestor: Arte (Blue Belt)>

<Request for: Tier 6 Twin Hammers>

<Request Charge>

<Base Tier 6 Repair Fee: 1000 merit points>

<Damage Multiplier: x2>

<Weight Multiplier: x2>

<Blue Belt Multiplier: x2>

<Final Price: 8000 merit points>

There was a slight pause. But, not long later, a figure manifested within the Crafting room. It was none other than Arte, the member of Bear Rose Leonel had defeated just a day ago. To think that he would truly come to repair his weapons.

In truth, Arte hadn't planned to. But, after all the commotion began, his team members mentioned Leonel's words from that day.

Even then, Arte decided against it... Until he realized just how expensive it would be to repair his hammers normally. He had come here hoping that since this was Leonel's first day of business, there would be some discounts. But, what he didn't expect was for the price to actually be so low!

A single merit point was worth 10 kilograms of Urbe Ore. It had cost Arte almost 100 000 merit points just to buy his hammers, the equivalent of nearly a million kilograms of Fourth Dimensional Urbe Ore! This was how expensive such a weapon was.

Even for a repair, many Crafters had ask Arte for at least half of the price of his weapon, making his insides turn green.

Yet, even after a supposed multiplier for being a blue belt, Leonel's price was still a fraction of the cost. It almost made him sway side to side with happiness.

But, in the end, he managed to control himself. He had heard all about the weapons on the first floor, but he had also fought Leonel personally. In his estimation, Leonel was a rich tycoon from a prominent family from the way he pulled out so many high level spears to battle with. For all Arte knew, Leonel was just pulling out some of his wealth to show off.

There were no small number of rumors about this young man from a family so powerful even the elders of Valiant Heart didn't dare to do anything to him.

This was all to say that displaying weapons was one thing... But actually repairing them? This was a completely different matter entirely.

Steeling himself for disappointment, Arte stepped forward and cleared his throat, his gaze landing on the sleeping Leonel.

Chapter 705

"Hm?"



Leonel's eyes fluttered open, a hint of fatigue hidden within them. He could usually go several days to even weeks without sleep now, especially with his ability. But, building this shop had really taken a lot out of him.

Of course, this wasn't because of the materials itself, nor did it have anything to do with the physical structure of the shop. As for what the true reason was, well... Only Leonel knew that.

"Oh, you're here." Leonel said.

Arte shifted somewhat uncomfortably, clearly very nervous about what state his hammers would be in after all of this. If they were completely ruined, the price he would have to pay to fix them would be even several times worse.

When he thought of this, he hesitated again. But, unfortunately, it was already too late to back out. In order to stand here, he had to have paid the appropriate price already. Even for him, he couldn't just casually give up 8000 merit points just like that.

If it wasn't for the sheer volume of missions Leonel had accepted all at once, he would have never made 2000 in a single outing. Plus, without his sensory ability coupled with the frenzy those beasts had entered, he wouldn't have completed it all in just three days either.

This was all to say that it took a unique set of circumstances for Leonel, a man with combat prowess rivaling a blue belt, to reach 2000 merit points. So, it was no wonder Arte still felt a small ache even though the price was much cheaper than what he had been expecting.

Of course, accumulating points through Crafting was much easier.

"Alright," Leonel sat up, his torso flexing, "You can bring them over here."

"Yes."

Arte walked forward somewhat stiffly, causing Leonel to chuckle. He could tell what Arte was worried about. But, clearly the latter didn't know just yet that if there was one person in the whole of Valiant Heart he could trust, it was most definitely him.

Since the others couldn't deal with Tier 6 weapons, Leonel took it upon himself.

It wasn't even five minutes in before Arte began to shed real tears. Leonel had actually melted down his hammers completely. It was all over for him.

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BANG! BANG! BANG!

Furious roars shook the King of Ores faction. Nigmir flew into a rage, his violent Wind Elemental Force tearing whipping marks across the floors, walls and ceilings. He seemed completely intent on dicing the building into minced pieces.

"That bastard! Bastard! Bastard! BASTARD!"

His fury was practically eating him from the inside out. It felt as though he was going to explode if he didn't vent.  $\rho\text{??}\int\text{??????}$

This time, Aanlin, Sarrieth's right hand woman, didn't try to stop him. She too was furious, but there was nothing she could do.

They had already thought of reporting Leonel for misappropriation of resources. But, Sarrieth had told them not to waste their time. Leonel had most definitely taken these resources while he was still a black belt. As such, he didn't need to report them. This was just a small and normally useless benefit freshmen got. After all, they were so weak, what goods could they possibly get for themselves?

Yet now, this small, seemingly insignificant rule, had crippled their faction entirely.

Their best bet was to wait for Bear Rose to take action. But, if Leonel holed himself up in a structure formed of Twice Refined Diamond... Was it even possible to get to him? The worst part was that he wasn't violating any of the rules in this regard either.

Better yet, the main force of many of the powerful factions were occupied. The war at the border between Valiant Heart and the Oryx Tribe was continuously heating up. Many blue belts, including the owner of the shop location Leonel had taken for himself, weren't even present.

As though all of this wasn't terrible enough, there was an upswell of dissatisfaction recently. It was unknown where exactly it originated from, but freshmen especially seemed to be enraged by getting the short end of the stick.

They had hardly gotten to benefit from Valiant Heart at all, yet it seemed like they had to scratch and claw for everything. Now even many of their own were losing their lives even to the simplest of missions. How could they not be enraged?

Of course, this was easily dealt with by Aanlin's estimation. Who cared what a group of freshmen thought? They would be put in their place like they always were.

Aanlin shook her head. 'It feels like we're being walked into a corner. But, I can't even see who we're playing against... Is it the Oryx? Or have those other Fifth Dimensional organizations amped up their underhanded schemes...?'

Valiant Heart had been getting suppressed by these other organizations for a long time already. This was the main reason Valiant Heart had been in such a troubled situation recently, making the timing of the Oryx all the more terrible.

It only made sense. The upper echelon of those organizations had been eyeing their Valiant Heart Zone for tens of thousands of years already. Now that they sensed a chink in their armor, they believed they finally had a chance to pounce upon. But, even now, they were still apprehensive about certain things...

Now, though... They were getting impatient.

'Forget it. King has already left to the meeting. I'm sure he will be back with a solution.'

As though by design, the even footsteps of a familiar figure cut Nigmir's rampaging tirade short.

Sarrieth entered with an expression just as calm as always. From beginning to end, he had never shown the slightest hint of a change.

"It's all been dealt with." He said indifferently. "There should be a conclusion soon."

...

At that moment, outside of BLACKSTAR, three figures approached. When the youths who were hanging around outside saw this, they were shocked. Those red belts... those were elders!

Had Leonel been paying attention, he would have recognized these three almost immediately. It was none other than Kaela's former master and his two wives.

Jac Beinala smiled with his usual warm smile.

"What a beautiful little shop."

## Chapter 706

Jac observed the shop with a smile, his eyes scanning it from top to bottom. The youths who were standing around, some of whom had already been banned, could only watch on. In all their time on Valiant Heart, this was the first time they had ever heard of an elder taking the initiative to come to a student's shop like this.

Those who recognized Jac as the top Force Crafter of their organization, though, were even more shocked. Someone of Jac's status was only a step below the true powerhouses of the organization.

In truth, a Crafter would usually have even more power than Jac did. The only issue was that Jac couldn't Craft Bronze weapons. As such, most of the strongest warriors of Valiant Heart went to outside sources to get what they needed. This meant that Beinala's power wasn't as great as it could otherwise be had he been a Bronze Crafter.

That said, Jac still had quite a bit of power within the lower echelon of elders and among the elite students. It was he who created their weapons and did maintenance for them. As such, he had a great hold on the middle tier of Valiant Heart.

Still, Jac's greatest aspiration in life was to breakthrough and enter the Bronze ranks. In order to succeed, he needed resources, more than even he could gain by normal means.

He needed special natural treasures to temper his fingers and help them reach a higher Designation. He needed more materials so that he could practice creating Bronze treasures to stabilize his realm. And, most importantly, he needed the astronomical funds that would be required to buy Bronze Force Arts.

No matter which it was, it all required an impossible mountain of resources.

When faced with such an impossible to complete task, for the sake of his ambitions, which man wouldn't bend a little...? Even if it meant listening to some of the 'suggestions' of those he deemed to be his juniors.

Though all of these things were flowing through Jac's mind, his smile never faded.

"Let's go." He said to his wives. With that, they walked into the range of teleportation.

<DING! DING! DING!>

<Three Fifth Dimensional entities detected>

<Please note that only one can enter at a time. Sorry for any convenience this might cause>

At that moment, the boxy, fabricated voice faded away to reveal a recorded message left behind by Leonel.

“Apologies, esteemed elders. I am honored that you would come to my little shop, however it should be noted that BLACKSTAR only has weapons suitable for those of the Fourth Dimension.

“If you understand this and would still like to take a look around, feel free. Unfortunately, due to my inadequate skill, only one of your level of status can enter at a time.

“Should you still choose to enter: Welcome.”

Leonel’s voice was warm, inviting and carried several layers of humility. It was actually quite soothing to listen to and gave many the illusion of a junior dutifully greeting his grandparents and their close friends.

However, for some reason, when it registered to Jac, he felt it was particularly grating on the ears... as though there was a hidden mocking tone he couldn’t quite pick up on even with his senses. ρ???(???????)

Jac looked toward his two wives. They had a slight frown on their faces as well. But, when they thought about it, did any of this really make a difference?

If Leonel’s voice had said that his ‘pitiful’ skills didn’t allow him to teleport any Fifth Dimensional entity in then there was nothing they could do other than maybe try to slander him. But, he had actually said that he could allow one in?

What was the difference between one and three? Regardless, a brat in the Third Dimension wouldn’t be able to do a thing.

“I will go then.” Jac said with a smile. “With such a courteous junior, I can’t possibly keep him waiting, right?”

Jac’s two wives watched their husband disappear before sending a glance toward one another. They had been looking for some kind of relief, but all they saw in each other’s eyes was a hint of discomfort.

...

Arte was at a complete loss. Watching Leonel work felt like he was watching a deity gingerly constructing a new race of being.

His hands oscillated with such speed that they left a blur in the air. From time to time, small popping noises would shake Arte to his core. He knew instantly that this was actually a product of Leonel's fingers blasting through the sound barrier in small bursts. He could hardly comprehend how mere fingers could reach such a level, not to even mention the fact that this was a Fifth Dimensional world where something like breaching the sound barrier was several times more difficult.

The truth was that Leonel didn't need to go so far for a mere Tier 6 weapon. It was just that he just received a message that told him that he just might want to hurry up a small bit.

With a flick of his wrist, a black feathered quill appeared. With nimble movements, he quickly wrote several Force Arts, their every line precise to an extreme.

Leonel expelled a heated breath. He swept a glance over his fingers, only to find that they carried no small amount of heat.

"Your hammers should be good now." Leonel said plainly, tossing the chain connected twin hammers over. "Force should flow through them even better than before."

Just as Arte was eager to test them, a sudden sound interrupted them.

<DING!>

This time, though, there was no prompt to commission a work. Leonel had thought that this might happen, so he had designed the teleportation arrays to send any elders that might come right to this place.

On cue, Jac's vision cleared, only for him to see the expansive space of the second floor. From his vantage point, it was difficult even to tell where the walls started and the floor and ceiling ended. It really did feel like he was standing in the middle of the vast expanse of space.

When Kaela laid eyes on who had come, she clenched her fists hard, her teeth grinding against one another.

The atmosphere grew heavy.

Chapter 707

Leonel looked up, seemingly having no intention of standing from his location.

"Ah, Elder Beinala. What brings you here?" Leonel smiled lightly.

Arte stood in the middle, at a bit of a loss in what to do. He could feel that there was something off about the current atmosphere, but he had no way of understanding why that was. And, for some reason, he also found it much too awkward to try and leave at the moment. In fact... He didn't quite know how to leave, there wasn't exactly a door. He assumed that Leonel would have to send him out, but he was clearly occupied at the moment.

The room was split into several workstations and had a very open atmosphere. Usually, one would be able to choose whoever they wanted to work on their treasure, but, obviously, Jac didn't have such a thing.

Jac snapped out of his stupor, finding Leonel smiling back at him. Though he as an elder smiled back, he still felt somewhat stifled.

After being allowed in, Jac thought that he would be able to directly enter the shop's first floor and view the items. Yet, instead of that, he was sent here. Any thought he had of saying a few casual words to sow some doubt was thrown out of the window immediately.

"Ah, Leonel is it, right?"



Leonel smiled. "I'm honored that you would remember my name. Yes, I am Leonel."

"Good, good." Jac chuckled. "I was very much looking forward to seeing your shop, but have you brought me here to see repairs instead?"

"Ah, yes. You actually came at a good time. I just finished a repair for Arte, here. He was just about to test it out."

Leonel turned his gaze toward Arte. But, by now, the latter was drenched in cold sweat.

After years on a battlefield, he felt that he was somehow in the heat of another one despite the fact no one had drawn a blade.

On one side, there was a Fifth Dimensional entity he couldn't hope to defeat. Even if Beinala was a Crafter, there was no doubt he could crush him with a finger. Worse yet, he was Valiant Heart's best Force Crafter.

On the other side, there was an existence that might not have been in the Fifth Dimension, but he was just as impossible to defeat for Arte. He felt that Leonel was an insurmountable mountain he couldn't see through in the slightest. And, to make matters worse, he was the only affordable Crafter in Valiant Heart.

He didn't know what was going on here, but he knew that he didn't want to get involved.

"This... Right... I was going to head out to test it a bit. After all, I wouldn't want to break anything here..." Arte chuckled a bit awkwardly.

"There's no issue." Leonel said with a beaming smile. "This entire shop is constructed of Twice Refined Diamond. Even if a Fifth Dimensional existence wanted to cause some damage here, they would have to go all out."

Arte's lip twitched, trying to look toward Jac out of the corner of his eye. Wasn't that a very clear provocation?

"A sturdy construction, indeed." Jac said with a smile, seemingly not having picked up on any sort of threat. "I say, how did you manage to accumulate so much?"

"Oh the Twice Refined Diamond? It was just a bit of luck." Leonel chuckled. "Two days ago a group of freshmen, including myself, found ourselves being hunted down by a group of Oryx and ended up escaping through some mine tunnels. I ended up taking advantage of the situation and making a small bit of profit. Luckily Valiant Heart is good to us freshmen in some ways despite shafting us in most others, so I was able to keep my profit without reporting."

Leonel had nothing to hide so he laid everything bare.

"I see, I see." Jac stroked his chin. But, as though a light bulb had gone off in his head, his eyes widened before his expression suddenly turned to one of worry and concern. "You say that all of this happened within the span of a day?"

Leonel's eyes narrowed into meaningful slits, his smile becoming almost demonic.

"Yup!" He replied cheerily. "Just a day was enough. Luckily the shop was quite small. If not for these limitations, I might have added a third floor."

Jac sighed. "Leonel, oh Leonel."

Jac shook his head as though lamenting something terrible.

"What is it Elder, is something wrong?" Leonel asked with concern.

Jac looked up toward Leonel and sighed again.

“You might not know this because you are just a freshmen, but there are certain rules that come with owning shops. One of these rules is that outside resources cannot be used regardless of the circumstance. Whether it be the shops construction, maintenance, management, or its merchandise, it all must be the product of the student’s own hand and created from the resources of Valiant Heart Mountain.

“The shops were created to promote competition amongst students, not the families that back them.”

Jac sighed again. He pulled off his concerned elder face very well. However, Leonel didn’t miss his emphasis on the word merchandise. It seemed that among other things, Jac seemed to believe that the Tier 7 weapons below were brought in by Leonel from outside sources.

“Oh? Really?” Leonel said somewhat stunned.

“Yes.” Jac shook his head. “I can help you by not reporting this, but it will be necessary for you to take all these things down. If you donate these Ores and weapons to the elders of Foundation Peak to be repurposed into Valiant Heart’s strength, this can easily be swept under the rug.”

“That’s good then.” Leonel continued. “Considering I did all of this on my own, there shouldn’t be a problem. Elder doesn’t have to worry.”

Jac’s smile froze before he forced out a laugh.

“Don’t joke around, Leonel. I am trying to help you. Even I couldn’t accomplish so many things in just a single day.”

“It’s a good thing, then, that I’m better than you are..” Leonel replied plainly, his smile fading.

## Chapter 708

Jac’s laughter came to a grinding halt when he heard Leonel’s words. For a moment, he thought he had heard wrong, but seeing the cold expression on the latter’s face, he thought he had been sent to some parallel universe.

A Fourth... No, this brat was actually in the Third Dimension and actually dared to talk to him in this way. It felt like he must have been living in some sort of matrix, or this was possibly some sort of great practical joke. But, where were the cameras?

He was stunned for a good long while, not knowing what to say in the slightest.

It wasn't just him. Even Kaela and the others forgot to breathe. Although they all had a tacit understanding that it was Beinala who had screwed them all over, none of them actually dared to say anything. Even when Kaela was wronged by Beinala for so many years, she hadn't dared to do anything other than leave. But, even that took great courage.

As for Arte? He felt like he was about to faint.

Who knew how arrogant Higher Dimensional Beings were? They practically looked at those within lower states of being like they were ants, and they weren't wrong to. Every Dimension was a great watershed. Even though Leonel had experienced this with his body and mind, he couldn't be truly considered to have.

In the simplest terms, Beinala who was in the Fifth Dimension should have been like a god to them. Yet, Leonel actually dared to say such words.

"... What did you just say?"

"I don't think my words were unclear, Beinala. Others might see your smiling face and feel forced to ignore the atrocities you've committed, but I feel no need to. I don't have to kiss at your feet because in my eyes, what you can provide to me is worthless. My calling you an Elder is nothing more than respect for your being born earlier than I was.

"According to my understanding, due to your haughtiness, you've never truly joined Valiant Heart. Instead, you a contracted representative brought over from a Crafting Guild. This only makes your coming here to try an enforce rules on behalf of the organization laughable.

“However, since I still have some accounts to settle with you, I will play along. This is already the second time you’ve slandered my Crafts. I promise you, there won’t be a third.”

Leonel’s temper flared. Rage he had been holding down for several weeks already boiled over.

He gripped the quill in his hand. With swift movements, he removed his Crafter Gloves from his spatial ring and threw them to the ground at Beinala’s feet.

Jac looked on stunned.

Of course, he understood the meaning of this gesture. He had never thought he would see such a thing here. Memories of years gone by swirled through his mind, his expression twisting to the point it became dark beyond recognition.

A Duel of Crafters looked eerily similar to one of gentlemen. The issue was that the Crafting Gloves were meant to represent the blood, sweat and tears of the Crafter. But, the last time Leonel had used these gloves, he had been dissecting a beast’s corpse.

For trash like Beinala, he didn’t deserve this kind of respect.

Elder Beinala suddenly began to laugh. He threw his head back, his amiable smile fading to one of near madness. Who knew what kind of memory Leonel’s actions had forced to resurface. But, what was clear was that he was wholly infuriated.

“Good, good, good. An ant of the Third Dimension dares to challenge me. I, Jac Beinala, accept!”  
p??J??????

Jac pulled out a shimmering badge from his spatial ring, slamming it toward the ground by Leonel’s glove.

The pressure of a Fifth Dimensional existence swept through the room. Without quarter to fight back, Arte fell to his knees, his face smashing against the ground not long after. As for the other youths who had already been sitting, their bodies crumpled.

Leonel, however, stood. His foot lightly tapped against the ground, causing a subtle flash of light. In the next instant, Jac felt as though his pressure had fallen into an endless ocean. After a small rumble, the building stabilized.

Cracks spread out from the outside, catching those watching off guard. But, what shocked them even more was that the BLACKSTAR emblem faded to reveal two men, one young and one old, facing off against one another.

“Set the rules, Beinala.” Leonel’s voice coldly projected outward.

At that moment, on the outside, Jac’s wives were caught off guard. Seeing the badge and gloves on the ground, their expression changed wildly.

Their faces warped. A Craftsmen Duel? How had this happened?

There was no way Beinala challenged Leonel, so that only left one other option. But, if that was the case... The expressions of the two wives became uglier.

They were observing this from an outsider’s perspective, so they were less hot blooded than Jac and could thus calmly analyze the situation.

Strictly speaking, a Craftsmen Duel wasn’t a common thing. In fact, it was strictly uncommon. That was because it was an extremely old relic of the Craftsmen community and was usually a tradition only carried out by the oldest of families and organizations.

To even be aware of its existence was evidence of having a certain level of standing.

For all these things to be true, and for Leonel to challenge Beinala regardless of the circumstances, meant that this matter wouldn’t be so simple.

The competition was overseen by Beinala’s Crafter’s Badge. Even if Leonel didn’t have one, just one being present was enough.

If Leonel stated that the reason for this duel was Jac's slander of his Craft and even won, the consequences would be disastrous. Even losing his Crafter's Badge wouldn't be an impossible outcome.

How could they not know why Jac had rashly accepted such a thing. He was probably seeing red at the moment. If not for a challenge just like this one, how could he be in such a place without any hope of entering the Bronze Grade?

For a child to dare challenge him like this, how could he not be infuriated?! It was hard to tell if Beinala was even aware that his image was being projected out like this.

## Chapter 709

Jac's face was livid, veins bulging through his forehead like coiled snakes.

"I won't bully a brat like you. We'll complete a One Ore Weapon Medley. The ore will also be something a brat like you can deal with. In fact, how about we choose something that you're very familiar with. Polished Glass."

At that moment, Leonel was slightly surprised. This wasn't because Jac was being unfair, but rather because of the exact opposite. In fact, he was being almost too fair.

Polished Glass was just a Tier 6 Ore. If Leonel was claiming to have forged Tier 7 weapons, this was more than reasonable. In fact, Jac had taken into account that it might have been difficult for Leonel to complete Tier 7 weapons and even chose to take it a step down so that Leonel would have no excuses.

Even beyond that, Jac knew that Leonel was a 'part' of the Polished Glass Faction. Polished Glass was an inherently difficult ore to work with if you were unfamiliar with it, but after a certain point, it could be handled with ease.

However, for Jac who might not have made a weapon with Polished Glass in years, he was purposely giving Leonel the leg up knowing full well that not long ago, Leonel had completed several Crafts with exactly this Ore.

As though that wasn't enough, the One Ore Weapon Medley, especially, was a shock to Leonel.

A Medley, in terms of a Craftsmen Duel, was a gauntlet in which a Craftsman would create a series of Crafts. As such, there was no surprise that there were many different types of Medleys.

A One Ore Medley locked a Crafter in to using just one Ore. This might sound simple, but when having to complete differing Crafts having varying kinds of uses, being locked in to the use of just one particular Ore was akin to tying a Crafter's hands and feet.

By extension, there were obvious Two Ore, Three Ore, or even Hundred Ore Medleys where Crafters were forced to use every kind of chosen Ore in each one of their Crafts.

These sort of Medleys followed a bell curve in difficulty. Usually, the lowest number of Ore would be among the most difficult to complete. Numbers around Three or Four Ores were slightly easier and were pretty good from novices. Numbers entering the dozens to hundreds very quickly became more difficult than even One Ore Medleys were.

As such, it could be said that Jac's choice was once again in the middle. It was difficult, but not obscenely so. In Leonel's estimation, this was once again very fair.

That only left, then, the talk of 'Weapon Medley'.

A Weapon Medley was once again a specific type of Medley. But, this one focused in on the Crafting of weapons. As such, one might imagine that there could be Armor Medleys, Consumable Medleys, Movement Treasure Medleys, Escape Treasure Medleys... So on and so forth.

A Weapon Medley also came in several shapes and sizes. But, since Beinala didn't specify, this meant he was referring to the most commonly used Weapon Medley: The Nine Core Weapon Medley.

The Knife, Sword, Saber, Battle Ax, Staff, Spear, Glaive, Halberd and Bow.



In this exact order, one could find the least to most difficult weapons to Craft. During a Nine Core Weapon Medley, a Crafter would start at the easiest and work their way up. In this case, they would only be able to use a single ore to complete each one of these Crafts.

Of course, there was only one problem with all of them...

If Leonel tried to make a spear, it would most definitely combust into a pile of ashes. And, according to the rules of the Medley, he wasn't allowed to continue to the next weapon unless he finished the one that came before it. ρ??∪???????

This only left Leonel with one choice.

If he didn't sweep the first five weapons of the Medley, he would lose.

When Leonel heard Jac's choice for their Duel, his opinion of the Elder had already somewhat changed. Even if it might have been because Jac didn't believe he needed any underhanded tricks to defeat Leonel, Leonel still altered his opinion somewhat and even believed that Beinala might have been a more skilled Crafter than he gave him credit for.

This realization placed a faint pressure on Leonel. After all, it wasn't as though he could forge a Quasi Bronze treasure with a Tier 6 ore. He would be limited in this regard. As such, he had to surpass Beinala with quality.

At that moment, Leonel grinned, a stifling aura rushing from his body.

“Alright, Elder Beinala. Let's do this.”

Jac's expression flickered when he noticed Leonel had gone back to politely calling him Elder, but his mind was still too furious to linger on this for very long.

“Kaela, we still have a large store of Polished Glass, right?”

“... Ah... Yes, yes.” Kaela, who was still trying not to shiver, weakly called out.

“Good. Bring it all here.”

Leonel’s words were full of confidence, his momentum rushing through the room. For a moment, he didn’t lose out to Beinala in the slightest despite no longer relying on the Force Arts of his shop.

As Kaela rushed away, news of what was happening in BLACKSTAR spread as though a nuke had fallen in Valiant City. It wasn’t long before the news had been sent back to the King of Ores faction.

At that moment, they were all looking toward Sarrieth for an explanation of what to do.

Sarrieth frowned. It was only a subtle shift in his demeanor, but the members of the King of Ores faction felt as though their breaths had been taken away. In these three years, not once had they ever seen Sarrieth’s face display anything but indifference. Just what was going on?

“We will go.” Sarrieth said coolly, his frown smoothing out.

...

It had been a long time since anyone had seen the remnants of Valiant Hall. It seemed that after they had all been humiliated, they had completely disappeared.

However, somehow, news of these matters reached their ears as well.

Sael sat within a training room all alone, beads of sweat falling down her body like a rain. In fact, as though she had known her clothes wouldn’t be able to take it, she was completely naked, her lovely curves partially obscured by countless floral tattoos that covered her.

“Again.”

She rose up, causing numerous fighter puppets to appear.. With a light roar, she charged out.

## Chapter 710

Jac's expression solidified, a coldness rarely seen on him manifesting.

His gaze leaving Leonel, he slowly slid on a pair of white Crafter Gloves, diligently ensuring that each of his fingers reached the very tip before strapping it around his wrist tightly.

With a clap of his hands, a Crafter table appeared before him. Its size was about the same as Leonel's. However, the materials it was constructed of were easily seen through by Leonel whereas he was unable to replicate that same feat with his own.

Leonel was aware that a Crafter's Workbench should be as inseparable from himself as his Crafter Gloves, Force Art Quill, and his Familiar. But, to this point, at least while following his father's training regimine, Leonel hadn't had to rely heavily on his Workbench. At the moment, it was just a convenient place for him to sit at.

For the current Leonel, whether he had a table to sit at or if he was Crafting mid-air, he could do both just as efficiently and without a single issue.

Working at his own pace without a care in the world, Jac carefully wiped down his Workbench, cleaning every nook and cranny as though he was trying to please a lover. Despite this, his expression only seemed to be growing colder, his hands grew more steady and unhurried. Eventually, he reached a state where he seemed to forget all that there was.

Leonel silently observed, displaying at least this modicum of etiquette. When it came to other matters of the Dimensional Verse, he might have been clueless about a lot of things. But, when it came to Force Crafting, there was rarely if anything he could come across without understanding.

This sort of ritual might have seemed useless, but almost every Force Crafter had one. It helped them to settle their minds and center their focus. Those that completed this meditation ritual would always perform better than they otherwise would.

Leonel's father had suggested he get himself such a ritual, formally known as a Crafter's Meditation, to help himself as well. But, Leonel had never bothered. When it came to losing himself and becoming absolutely focused, there was likely no one better at it than Leonel.

Still, Leonel found it to be oddly therapeutic watching Jac like this and his tone of seriousness was raised another notch.

For a man who thought so little of Leonel, for him to still go so far as to complete his Meditation so seriously... It could only be said that Beinala, despite being a vile man, at least took his Crafting as a matter close to his heart.

Jac slapped his hands together in a sudden and abrupt movement.

In that moment, a flurry of flames shot from out of his palms, dancing about in small spheres of fire like miniature spirits.

Leonel's eyes lit up when he saw this, a gentle smile spreading across his face. This was the very first spirit he had ever seen aside from Little Tolly...

No, this wasn't a true spirit, it was a Spirit Embryo. Spirit Embryos were much more common than true spirits and could be considered to be the second best choice for those that couldn't afford true spirits.

Spirit Embryos essentially gave a Crafter all the same freedom a true spirit did, but with a few limitations.

For one, a True Spirit could grow indefinitely, but a Spirit Embryo had a very stringent ceiling. Secondly, True Spirits had intelligence and life while Spirit Embryos did not. And, finally, True Spirits were much more fluid in their usage whereas Spirit Embryos were more difficult to control and guide.

A later training regiment Leonel's dad suggested was using a Spirit Embryos should his Crafting ever reach a bottleneck. The increased difficulty would give him more room to improve within his realm.

Leonel couldn't help but be fascinated. In fact, so was Little Tolly who peeked out from his wrist. If Jac hadn't been so focused on his craft, he would have definitely been shocked out of his wits seeing a True Spirit. However, by now, he had already blocked out all distractions.

'I guess its time we start, hm? Little Tolly?'

\*Blop\* \*Bloop\*

...

"What did you say?"

"I heard that Leonel challenged Elder Beinala to a duel amongst Crafters. There's already a large crowd gathering around BLACKSTAR and it seemed like Elder Beinala is going all out."

Sael listened to the voice through the intercom of her training room, her expression flickering.

Ever since she was defeated by Apestus, she realized just how much she was lacking. She had spent so much time worrying about trying to keep Valiant Heart together that she neglected her own strength. Ultimately, it ended up being her own weakness that led to the downfall of Valiant Heart.

The words Leonel had spoken that day continuously rang in her mind like two hammers smashing continuously against her skull and pulling at the strings of her heart.

They were truly quite pathetic, were they not? They wanted Leonel's help, but were too cowardly to ask for it. They wanted to keep the status quo but weren't brave enough to fight for it. They wanted Valiant Heart to survive into the future, but they were actively allowing it to rot right before their eyes...

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Sael realized after all of this introspection that she didn't even hate Raylion as much as she should. In fact, if it wasn't for the fact he slandered her master and dragged his name through the mud, she might not hate him at all.

Unlike her, he was willing to do something, to fight for something. Even if the end goal was to fulfill his own ambition, ultimately, his ambition was to rule over Valiant Heart. Would he want to take on a crumbling faction? Of course not.

In his own way, Raylion was trying to force Valiant Heart to rise up again, just like she was. It was just that while she was passive, he was willing to fight.

For Sael, this was a complete shift in her mentality. It was also why even after awaking from her injuries, she never went to seek out Leonel.

Still, now suddenly hearing about all of this, Sael was suddenly left feeling somewhat expectant.

If there was anything that represented the old order of Valiant Heart, it was most definitely Beinala. He hoarded so many resources and so much knowledge for himself, working the students under him to the bone even if they had talent. He was the product of a system that was fundamentally rotting from the inside out.

Then there was Leonel. He always seemed to tip toe the line of rule breaker and law abiding student, testing the limits as he pleased without a worry in the world. He was the budding talent of their Valiant Heart, trying to push through the oppressive rule of those who got here before him.

Sael felt like... She couldn't miss this.

She rushed to a corner of her training room, turning on a blisteringly cold shower head and getting rid of every ounce of sweat on her lovely body. The tattoos that covered her faded back to fair, delicate skin, her wet hair clinging to the curve of her breasts.

Not long later, she shot out of the training room in her uniform, her hair still dripping wet. Without a word, she grabbed onto Gersan's wrist and shot out.

"Let's go! History's being made."

Gersan couldn't hope to resist against this senior sister of his and could only be dragged along.

...

The crowd grew larger and larger, yet the silence seemed to only become more deafening. Many present couldn't even understand the intricacies of Crafting and Craftsmen. Yet, for some reason, they all held their breaths.

In a distance restaurant, in a glass walled room tall enough to see BLACKSTAR from its vantage point, a familiar young man sat.

Before him, a massive plate of over a meter in length and at least half that in width sat. Despite being so large, though, the meat that sat on it still hung off its side, dripping aromatic juices.

All signs pointed toward this young man being barbarian of sorts, but he was the exact opposite.

He had a plain looking, but cleanly shaven face. He wasn't very tall, being only about 5'8" if he stood from his position. And, he was quite normal in stature, neither being too lean nor too fat.

He dug into the carcass of meat before him not with ferocity, but with a noble air. It seemed almost odd having such a large piece of meat being eaten with fork and knife as though a normal steak.

The young man turned his gaze toward the projection in the distance from time to time, a contemplative look deep within his eye.

Who else could this young man be if not The Hero... Raylion?

...

On the ground floor beneath BLACKSTAR, yet another group stood. This one was of two more familiar figures, Henorin and the busty Balthorn.

Somehow, despite the fact all the others had been arrested a few days ago after exiting the tunnels along with Hallis, these two stood here just fine.

Balthorn sighed. 'Why'd you have to choose big brother's shop of all of them?'



