

Descent 751

Chapter 751

Leonel wasn't very surprised when he was led to the manor he saw in the distance previously. However, he still couldn't help but watch as the streets became cleaner, more well paved, better kempt...

It was as though he was slowly traveling into a new world, step by step.

The houses grew larger, more elaborate. Guards began to show their presence more and more often. The number of luxuries seemed to skyrocket with every street he passed by.

The most common marker of this wealth was weight. Overweight women and men seemed to be everywhere, chatting idly, drinking things the poor could never get and spitting out food the poor could never taste.

Then, there was the holy grail of them all.

The manor was four stories tall and just its front face was 50 meters long from end to end. At its doors, true guards stood, wearing the same armor as the fat man by Leonel's side. Except, these guards were actually powerful, powerful enough that Leonel's patience fell by another measure the more of them he saw.

Where were these strong warriors when they fought that battle? Where had this equipment and armor they wore been? It can't be that they stood here this entire time to protect a manor that was dozens of miles from the battlefield... right?

"His Lordship has requested The General's presence." The fat man spoke to the guards.

Seemingly recognizing this man's identity, even some of the guards gave him looks of disdain. But, toward these kind of people, Leonel didn't particularly care if they sided with him or not. Ultimately, were they not here while men much weaker than them, far less trained, and far less fed fought in their stead?

Who were they to feel disdain toward anybody?

Leonel's emotions fluctuated slightly. The moment his foot reached the top step, the marble cracked and splintered. But, he continued walking as though nothing had happened, passing by the guards without a greeting.

Long after his back had disappeared into the manor — the fat, armored man forgetting to follow — the cold sweat that covered the backs of the guards could practically form a pool.

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The inside of the manor was as luxurious as one might expect. But, each and every item Leonel laid eyes on cause his mind to flash to another under nourished soldier, another poor steed they were forced to ride, another blunt sword they were forced to swing... another weeping family member that was forced to grieve.

Leonel didn't need anyone to guide him. With his Internal Sight, the entire layout of the manor had already been reflected in his mind.

With large strides, he pushed open two large wooden double doors to be greeted by an elaborate feast. If there was ever an incarnation of gluttony, Leonel felt that he had found it.

Just for the sake of feeding what amounted to just eight people, there were numerous large bird and beasts, endless piles of fruit, two cakes that were at least a meter tall each, pitchers of juice that could all fill their own table... The spread was practically endless, each dish having an assigned servant of their own.

Leonel could tell at a glance by the speed and pace these eight men and women ate their food with that it would be impossible for them to finish it all.

Of the food they tasted, large amounts of meat remained on the bone, sandwiches lay with a bite or two taken out of them, juice cups were swapped between with the nourishing fluids within having been forgotten...

Every detail Leonel laid his eyes on made his expression calmer and calmer. Eventually, he became so placid that he didn't even seem to exist anymore. As a result, no one seemed to notice he was here for several long seconds, allowing him the time he needed to thoroughly imprint everything he saw into his memory.

"Ah, General. I'm quite disappointed."

One of the eight men began to speak, a half finished chicken leg still being worked on by him.

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"Though you won this battle, I am not a very patient man. Not only was there no report of spoils given to me, my own General didn't appear and made we wait over an hour before I was forced to send an attendee to retrieve him.

"What do you think a Lord like me is to do with such disobedient subordinates?"

Leonel didn't respond as he stood at the doorway.

"Hm?"

The Lord looked up from his food to see Leonel wasn't even looking at him. Rather, Leonel was looking up at a crest that hung from the wall.

It was quite beautiful, truly.

At the forefront, there was a silver shield with the image of a roaring lion etched onto it. To its back, there were two spears crossed, exuding a valiant aura of dominance.

Across the bottom, a fluttering ribbon of words written in an odd, ancient language with rune-like lettering could be found. Yet, Leonel somehow understood what it said perfectly.

‘The Valiance of a Warrior. The Heart of a Protector.’

The words seemed to resonate with Leonel. But, he only felt more and more disgusted when he realized it was painted onto the wall of a person who couldn’t understand its meaning.

Or maybe he did understand it... And simply didn’t care.

“Boy! Did you not hear the words of His Lordship?! Have you nothing to—?!”

The shrill voice of an obese women was cut short by Leonel’s spear in her throat.

The sound of a struggling gurgle brought the place to a halting silence before the screams of the attendees suddenly sounded through the hall.

The guards manning the walls suddenly sprung into action, leaping for Leonel. But, they were dispatched with just as much ease, the last gaze they had of the world being those sharp, cold eyes.

Leonel killed the gluttons one by one. In what felt like just a few seconds, he stood before the Lord.

Grabbing his fat neck, Leonel raised him up from his seat.

Foul smells began to waft off of the Lord. One part came from his poor hygiene, but the others definitely came from him soiling himself.

“Y... You can’t kill me! I was appointed by His Majesty himself! AGH!”

Leonel’s spear shot through his heart.

He watched on coldly as the Lord slowly bled out, his gaze becoming more chilling with each passing moment.

## Chapter 752

Leonel watched as the corpses fell before him. The screams of the attendees and the subsequent commotion of the manor all shook the city, yet he didn't seem to be able to hear anything.

He stared at Lord Helyes' body as it slowly bled out before him. Even now, the man struggled to gasp and gurgle, his gradually dimming eyes still filled with shock.

Even as he died, he couldn't fathom the idea of someone killing him, he couldn't wrap his head around how someone beneath him, someone he had appointed, no less, could possibly treat him in this way.

When Helyes took his last, struggling breath, Leonel turned and walked out of the dining room, his gaze still suffused with coldness.

Walking down the hallways, there were some guards who simply charged by him despite the fact he still wielded a bloody spear. Maybe in their minds, they still couldn't wrap their heads around the idea of someone attacking their Lord either. So, when they heard such commotion and alarm, their first reaction was to understand the situation before taking action.

As for the few guards with sense enough to realize that these matters were definitely related to Leonel, they received a whipping spear to the side of their heads, causing their brains to rattle within their skulls.

The commotion of the city continued to grow. However, it soon became obvious to Leonel that not all of it was caused by himself. There was most definitely something else going on. But, even Leonel was shocked when he stepped out of the manor doors to find the source.

At that moment, Leonel stood at the top of the manor's marbled steps, his position unwittingly being right above the cracks his own feet had caused earlier.

Down below, there was an accumulating surge.

One would have thought that this was the result the movements of the Majesty Helyes mentioned before his death. But, Leonel knew that such a thing was far too quick. He had no idea who this Majesty was, but what he did know was that they couldn't possibly be so close by and things couldn't possibly be so coincidental.

When the surge got closer, though, even Leonel couldn't help but be stunned.

He was correct. It really wasn't this so-called Majesty. But the source was potentially even more shocking.

A hodgepodge of men and women, even some Leonel would deem as children, all pushed through and into the noble district. Without a care for the risk to their lives, they clashed against the patrolling guards, their rage palpable.

Compared to the shimmering armor of the guards they faced, their equipment was shabby.

Many of them ran along with their bare feet, unable to afford shoes. Most wore rags that could barely cover their bodies. Some gripped makeshift weapons or kitchen knives so awkwardly that it became clear they had never done such a thing in their lives before.

At the helm of this army was a young man Leonel recognized all too well. Even from so far away, Leonel could see the fury and determination that lit his eyes. But, what was maybe even more heart stopping was the fact his petite little wife followed right by his side. p???

She too wielded nothing but a kitchen knife probably due to the fact any other weapon would have been too heavy for her. Her face was the picture of nervousness crossed with resolve, but the tears that simultaneously fell from her cheeks made Leonel's coldness dissipate somewhat, an involuntary chuckle escaping his lips.

This wasn't because he was laughing at Elise's weakness. Rather, he felt as though he was watching his little sister try her best to open a jar with her tiny hands. She squeezed and grunted, putting in all the effort her small body allowed. However, it only resulted in sniveling tears that made one want to protect her with all their heart.

The resolve for such a woman to enter a battlefield like this one was beyond Leonel's range of understanding. He didn't even know if he himself had such resolve.

But... What he knew for certain was that if he was Rollan, he most definitely wouldn't have the resolve that would be needed to march into enemy territory with his wife by his side like this, knowing that he couldn't possibly guarantee his ability to protect her.

Was Rollan wrong for doing this?

Leonel felt that the answer was too complicated. He had no idea.

On the one hand, one had a duty as a husband. To protect one's wife, one's children, one's family... In a lot of ways, keeping them out of danger in the first place was part of this responsibility.

But on another, Rollan had a duty to himself, to continue to be that man his wife fell in love with, that man of pride and honor, of sacrifice and valiance. If he hid his family away and ignored all of this, could he had continued to do that?

And then there was a third perspective. Didn't one also have the duty to bring about the best life one could for one's family?

If the world you experienced everyday could be considered to be nothing but a living hell, a place where endless suffering was abound and every minute your family spent within it was more heartache than anything else... What would you do?

Would you still have to protect the status quo? Would you still be doing your duty as a husband, a father, if you allowed your family to continue to exist in such a world?

Where was the line? Which duty should you be most loyal to? Was safety the most important? Were your ideals the most important? Or was happiness the most important?

As Rollan continued to lead the charge, his every step was like a hammer on Leonel's heart. When the flood of makeshift warriors finally made it to the manor, they all looked up toward Leonel who hadn't moved an inch and Leonel looked back toward them.

A silence hung over them all. Even though the city still seemed to be alight with blaring alarms and screaming nobles, it still seemed quiet to them, for some reason.

## Chapter 753

Feeling their gazes was more than just that. It wasn't like what one would experience standing before a crowd and being expected to give a well thought out speech.

No... It was far heavier than that. As though the burden of their hopes and dreams had suddenly been settled onto his shoulders, as though he was their light bearer, as though he was their only hope.

It was a different kind of weight, one that would definitely crush the heart and soul of any man unworthy of it all.

Rollan stood down below, holding onto the small, trembling hand of his wife. His blue eyes seemed to pierce through the space between them, landing on Leonel with a burning light, an endless fervor.

He looked from Leonel's face to the bloodied, four meter long spear in his hand. The crimson liquid dripped slowly from its tip, rebounding off of the marbled steps.

The sound, slow and rhythmic, beat along with their hearts.

"This is your choice?" Leonel asked.

In return, silence was all he received.

"Alright, then."



The crowd of commoners erupted, their roars and cheers surging through the small town like a torrential wave. For the first time, the nobles began to feel some fear of their own, none of them daring to so much as peek out from their windows.

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Over a month later, in a distant city that dwarfed the small town in size and stature, a man with a greying beard sat upon a throne, listening to a report expressionlessly.

Though his beard was indeed greying, rather than giving him the look of an old, out of his prime man. It instead gave him an air of wisdom and confidence, even bolstering his looks to a level that could only be matched by other refined middle-aged men.

“... Your Majesty, Helyes’ death has been confirmed. According to reports, he lost his life at the hands of his General. Since then, the town has been gathered beneath the rulership of the General and has even begun to rapidly expand.

“Rather than continuing to defend the border as they’re meant to, they’ve turned their weapons toward the Capital and have been steadily eating away at our Territory. At this point, seven town and two cities have already fallen.”

The King listened to this matter without much of a change in expression. However, the court ministers around him already began to bluster in rage before he, himself, got the chance to say anything.

BANG!

A man with a round belly smashed his fists down on an expensive wood railing. However, considering his stature and power, Leonel wouldn’t conclude that he was useless in combat like he had for the other nobles. In fact, this man was definitely quite dangerous, carrying with him strength that could rock the earth.

“So much noble blood is on his hands! This scourge must be eradicated!” ρ??∪??????

“Then why don’t you go lead an army to stop him? Hm? Let him see what the esteemed Mikael the Round can do?”

Mikael shot a look of fury over. His title was Mikael the Sturdy, not Round. It was clear that someone was trying to humiliate him.

When he looked over and so who it was, his fury only compounded.

“You sure have a lot to say, Normand the Cuckold. How about you come over here and do it to my face?!”

Normand was of much smaller stature than Mikael. Despite the fact he was in the King’s presence, he had reclined back in his chair, his feet laying up on a similar wooden railing to the one Mikael slammed. The only difference was that the two were on completely opposite sides of the royal court.

Normand had long, flowing blond hair and shimmering green eyes. Everything from the shape of his jaw to the outline of his nose could be considered to be at the peak of perfection. He was truly a handsome man amongst handsome men. Even though he was slouched and his figure wasn’t clear, one had no doubt that he would match up in this aspect as well.

Despite being insulted even more blatantly than Mikael had been, Normand didn’t react in nearly as enraged a fashion. In fact, he laughed as though the insult wasn’t about him at all.

Those who knew the story behind this could only show a range of reactions. Some shook their heads, some ignored the situation entirely, but the majority snickered. It was clear that amongst nobles, Normand wasn’t well liked at all.

And... his next words proved exactly why that was.

“Ah yes, my wife-to-be was indeed snatched away by His Majesty at the behest of his favorite son. What can I say? I simply did my duty. It’s very amusing, even I laugh, I don’t mind if you do.

“But, you know what I find even funnier? If any one of those ‘nobles’ you’re crying and moping about right now were here, would you even let them lick the dirt off the sole of your boots? Do you even really care about them?”

“To you, mighty Dukes and Marquises, what are Barons and Earls worth? You only care because someone even lower than them is doing the slaughtering.

“It can’t be that you’re all unaware of the atrocities they’ve all committed at the border, right? Having such ‘nobles’ defend such important and volatile parts of the land was a mistake to begin with. But you never cared then, so why do you care now?”

“A failure all around, in my opinion.”

Normand yawned.

In just about a minute, he had said more than enough to warrant public execution ten times over.

He mentioned a taboo subject he wasn’t meant to. He insulted the sovereignty of the nobles and as such the Majesty who bestowed them this title. And finally, he insulted His Majesty directly by calling his rulership and policies a failure.

Why this man was still alive with such a nonchalant attitude was beyond them.

“Three months.”

The voice came from nowhere. It carried a baritone kind of majesty that couldn’t be ignored.

Normand didn’t bother to move as two heavy set knights picked him up by the arms and began to drag him away. He really seemed too lazy to make any movements.

His laughter rang through the courtroom. “See you all in three months!”

## Chapter 754

A silence fell over the courtroom. No one dared to breathe a word. Even Mikael, who should have been gloating, didn't dare to say a thing. In fact, he took a seat, regaining his silence as though nothing had happened.

Their King, Alexandre the Apex, was a man they all feared from the deepest recesses of their heart. When he spoke, the world listened. When he commanded, the world moved. However, sometimes, his inaction was the scariest of all.

It had already been 12 years since Normand's fiancée was snatched from him. In these 12 years, Normand had probably only meant maybe a few weeks of them free, if that.

In that time, he had never been allowed to die, forced to watch as the love of his life became a tool for another man, and a weapon for a King to exercise his authority.

By now, every outburst Normand had was like a plea to have his head lopped off, a hope that one day he would stumble upon a word combination so foul and so pointed that Alexandre would finally have enough and put him to death.

But, each and every time, The King would remain unmoved, passing down a sentence of time without so much as blinking. Then, he would continue about his duties as though absolutely nothing had happened, yet not a single person dared to say a word.

It was as though all of them had been watching a session of torture for over a decade. The seed of fear planted within their hearts only seemed to grow with each passing day, a rational fear of their King being etched onto their souls.

It took a special kind of sick and twisted person to so nonchalantly do what this King of theirs had done, and none of them dared to be the next.

On a whim, their King had destroyed maybe the greatest talent their Kingdom had ever seen in Normand, just for the sake of proving a point and asserting his dominance.

Then, still not satisfied, he continued to torture this young man who had done absolutely nothing wrong simply so that they would never forget just what he was capable of.

This sort of man... You shouldn't ever get on his bad side.

"Mikael."

"Y-Yes! Your Majesty!"

Mikael rocketed up to his feet, his belly seemingly made of steel as it didn't bounce even a single time. However, that didn't stop his attempt at keep his arms straight down his side from being laughable.

"You will lead the expedition. I want this matter handled. Do not bother to come back unless it is."

"Yes!"

"You're all dismissed." Alexandre said emotionlessly.

The King stood and left the court room, leaving Mikael sweating buckets.

The truth was that Mikael didn't want this assignment. He had stood out for some brownie points, to get some nobles on his side. However, the rumors of the rebel army were too striking to ignore. ρ??∫????  
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Of course, it wasn't that he feared Leonel. This was far from the truth. He felt that he could even crush Leonel with ease if that was all there was to it. The issue, though, was that many believed that these things weren't so simple.

Before this rebellion began, there were reports of the enemy Oryx Tribes making moves. Though they had only sent their human subordinates, it was definitely one of their stronger troops.

Yet, somehow, this General and a ragtag group of commoners had defeated them? How could this not smell fishy?

The consensus was that the Oryx were using this rebel General to sow discord within their Kingdom. As such, this rebel army wasn't so simple. They not only had a charismatic leader, but they were receiving support from an enemy even Alexandre the Apex could only share land with.

This sort of situation was something Mikael wanted to stay far out of. Or, at the very least, he wanted to share the burden with numerous nobles so that he didn't have to take the brunt of the blame. But, he just had to open his mouth and call Normand a cuckold.

Why did you think Normand was laughing so uproariously? It was because he not only gained another chance to take a dig at the King he hated with all his being, but he knew that he was dragging Mikael down with him.

The moment the words 'cuckold' left Mikael's lips, his fate was sealed. Now, he had no choice but to succeed.

Mikael looked around, but not a single noble dared to look him in the eye.

Quite 'noble' indeed.

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Alexandre walked through the castle with a dull expression. He wore fiery red robes and had a single silver shoulder guard over his left shoulder. It gave him the dignified air of a Warrior King although he hadn't been on a battlefield in decades.

Alexandre pushed open a door.

"Royal Father!"

A young man who seemed to be in his mid-twenties immediately stood.

The location was a small garden that contained a concrete space for sword practice. Considering the drenched state of the young man and the numerous felled sparring partners nearby, filling the air with a bloody scent, it was clear that he had been taking advantage of this training area until his father arrived.

In the distance, a young lady sat by a stone fountain. Her eyes quite dead, she stared off into space without a word and seemed to show no intention of greeting the King.

“Come with me. Bring the girl.” Alexandre said expressionlessly.

“Yes!”

The Prince, Raoulin, didn't hesitate to follow his father's order. Alexandre's steps were already far away by the time the words drifted to his ears, but he didn't dally.

Without much care or affection, Raoulin grabbed the girl's tender arm and pulled her up, dragging her along with him. Seeing that she didn't seem to want to move, he threw her over his shoulder, uncaring that the location he had grabbed her arm at had already begun to bruise.

Not long later, Raoulin found his father's back waiting by a set of stairs that headed underground.

Seeing Raoulin's arrival, Alexandre began to descend.

## Chapter 755

Raoulin didn't say a word as he followed his father. Even though he had been to this garden almost every day of his life without ever seeing this staircase, he still didn't say anything.

He knew his father well. Even as his son, he didn't dare to take a single step out of line.

His father spoke when, and only when, he wanted to. No question, no words, no insult, could ever budge him from his own pace of doing things.

However, the more Raoulin saw, the more he found it difficult not to say a word.

The underground space was impossibly vast. At first, Raoulin thought that it must span at least the whole garden. Then he became certain that it spanned at least the whole Castle. But, by the end, he wasn't even certain if even the entire Royal City was as large as it.

There was nothing but a large grey expanse held up by pillar that must have been at least a hundred meters tall and ten meters thick. Just standing by one of them could make one feel like an ant without goal or purpose. And, just walking within such a large space made one feel as though you would never reach your destination.

Yet, though it took several hours, they eventually did.

From start to finish, as though to allow his son to soak everything in, Alexandre never increased his pace. He took one step after another, his feet perfectly spaced and the cadence of the to of his shoes resonating in perfect, controlled harmony.

It was then they reached those doors, those very doors that Raoulin would never forget so long as he lived.

Compared to the pillars they weren't very tall, just ten meters or so. Yet, their presence was so much larger that Raoulin felt as though he was being suffocated.

The doors were the only color in this large expanse of grey. They were cast in a heavy, solid bronze. Even without trying to open them personally, Raoulin felt that he would never have the strength needed to open them alone.

On its face, ancient runes were drawn across it. The more one stared at it, the more it felt like one's vision was blurring.



Raoulin lost himself in the runes, suddenly finding himself imagining the start of the world.

There was nothing but endless darkness until a hand seemed to reach down from nowhere and began to form things as it pleased.

Raoulin couldn't even last through the formation of the first star before his brain practically combusted, his nose erupting in a rain of blood that almost made him pass out completely. The only reason he didn't was because he knew what would happen to him if he failed here.

His father could always have another son, but he only had this one chance.

Swaying, Raoulin managed to stay on his feet, his jaw trembling as he grit his teeth. He bit down so hard that a tooth of his cracked in half, almost splintering completely through. But, it was this pain that managed to keep him awake.

Without a word, nor even a faint acknowledgement, Alexandre placed his palms on the doors and pushed hard.

At first, all Raoulin saw was a blinding light. But, what he saw next almost made him drop the girl slinked over his shoulder.

His father, the man he respected most in his life, the King who seemed to hold the world in the palm of his hands...

Dropped to his knees and kowtowed with such fervor that the banging of his forehead against the ground made Raoulin feel as though his ears were ringing.

Raoulin stood frozen, his gaze traveled up and into the room, only to find that within the entire expanse, there was nothing but a singular silver tablet. ρ??∪???????

It sat upon a pedestal, a river of flowing energy hovering around it without a sound. There was nothing present to even acknowledge his father's kowtowing.

Moments later, Alexandre stood.

“Give me the girl.”

“... Ah, yes...”

Raoulin passed the young girl over to his father. Despite the fact the both of them stepped into the room, Alexandre didn't say anything about his son having to kowtow. Instead, he began to speak of things Raoulin didn't know how to accept.

“In this world, every being is separated by their worth.”

Alexandre placed the girl down on an altar before the silver tablet, stripping all of her clothes off. Yet, even to this point, the girl hadn't reacted with even a flinch. It was only at that moment that Raoulin understood... He was the only one who was here for the first time.

“This world that we live in, is nothing more than the Fifth Dimension. However, even then, most who live upon it are just of the Fourth Dimension because even amongst other Fifth Dimensional worlds, we are weak.”

Alexandre brought out a blade, cutting into the young girl just above where her womb would be. One would have expected crimson blood to flow out, and that it did. However, there were very clear specks of gold mixed within that caught Raoulin completely off guard.

These specks of gold poured down the side of her hips and between her legs, pooling around the altar. However, after reaching a certain point, even as blood continued to flow, the pooling blood didn't continue to rise. Clearly, it was being siphoned somewhere.

“Compared to the Fifth Dimension, those of the Sixth Dimension are Gods.

“Compared to the Sixth Dimension, those of the Seventh Dimension are Deities.

“Compared to the Seventh Dimension, those who could step into the Eighth were Beings beyond comprehension.”

At that moment, the silver tablet began to glow with a slightly crimson light that slowly grew more golden.

“To many, this is where the limit of the universe is. Not everything has to end in beautiful, round numbers. The world is often not perfect. After all, there is no real tangible thing as the First Dimension. At the very least, it hasn’t been properly observed.

“As for the Second Dimension, some say that word of mouth and stories can be placed into this category, but even then, the consensus is not there.

“It could be said that the first Dimension to truly exist is the Third and the last is the Eighth. Even the strongest existences in our Dimensional Verse is of the Eighth Dimension, and all of them are recluse entities that haven’t appeared in countless epochs.

“An awkward Five States of Beings, Five Steps to ascend to the true Apex, to true Godhood...

“But... There is still one more. The true overlords of all that there is, the only existences truly worthy of being called God, the Creators. Or as some would like to call them...

“The existences of the Ninth Dimension.”

Chapter 756

Raoulin could hardly understand the words his father was speaking. But, each and every one weighed on his heart like a booming war drum.

The Ninth Dimension? Even to those of the Morales family it was nothing more than a mythical existence. In fact, even to those of these ever elusive Eighth Dimensional families and organizations, such a level doesn't exist, though many have tried to push past these limits.

There was a reason why Earth, despite 'only' having Eighth Dimensional potential, is still seen as a hot commodity by the Dimensional Verse as a whole.

To put these matters into perspective, as far as the Dimensional Verse laymen are concerned, the Seventh Dimension is the absolute highest. Existences like the Morales family, then, are seen as being the pinnacle.

It is only organizations on the Morales family's level, at this ever illusive Seventh Dimension, that understand there is at least one more step to take. But to them, whether these Eighth Dimensional family's and organizations exist is still a mystery!

Now one can properly understand just how ridiculous Alexandre's words were. He spoke of an existence a step beyond even what the Morales family could prove existed as though he had personally witnessed it all with his own eyes... Yet, he himself admitted to the fact that he was nothing more than a King of one of the weakest Fifth Dimensional worlds in existence.

Raoulin couldn't think so deeply about these things. He didn't have enough scope of understanding to grasp what his father spoke about. In his mind, this world was the only one and his family was the strongest.

But... This time it seemed that reality had played a joke on him.

Raoulin looked down at the girl who was meant to be his wife. She had a wound right above her womb cut open, flowing out with ever goldening blood. However, she stared at seemingly nothing blankly, her body being almost lifeless.

If Raoulin couldn't understand by now, he would be too much of a fool.

His father hadn't given him Normand's fiancée for the sake of making him happy, nor was it because he had begged and pleaded for it. His father had given him this woman only because it would be more convenient for him to use her like this.

What reddish gold blood was flowing out of her at this moment was clearly very important to this tablet. However, none of this explained what this tablet was and what it could do.

Raoulin opened his mouth to ask, but he hesitated. He really couldn't afford to make a mistake at this critical juncture. There was a reason his father hadn't shown him this until just now. For some reason, Raoulin was certain that if his performance wasn't perfect...

He would never walk out of here alive.

Cold sweat began to drench Raoulin. His skin became tingly and the room's temperature seemed far hotter now than it had been in the past.

Without even understanding what he was doing, he kneeled down, smashing his forehead against the ground toward the tablet. His kowtows were even more resounding than his father's, even to the point where blood trickled down and stung his eyes and salted his lips.

For the first time since they entered, Alexandre looked back. It was just slight, but if one had been looking closely, it seemed as though two slits just beneath his eyes had closed at that exact moment.

"Come here."

This voice was almost like the call of an angel to Raoulin. He realized then that he had finally done the right thing and managed to transverse this tribulation. ρ??∫??????

Soon, father and son stood before a bleeding young woman in the nude.

Raoulin took a deep breath, suddenly feeling as though his body was invigorated. The bottleneck he had been at for years suddenly shattered and he stepped into Tier 8 of the Fourth Dimension.

The Prince stood frozen in shock. He had only breathed in a small bit of the air this tablet had to offer, but he had broken through so easily?

Raoulin looked toward his father but didn't have the words to say. He might look like he was in his mid-twenties, but he was way older than this. Even though he trained hard, he still found it difficult to reach this step, something that pissed him off especially when everyone seemed to want to compare him to Normand.

Yet, this tablet had done exactly that...?

Raoulin's eyes glowed with a fervor even beyond his father's.

"Soon, we will be able to call down the Gods. The True Gods." Alexandre said, his voice quivering just the slightest bit. It was imperceptible to most, even his own son. "When that day comes, this world will be ours..."

"But that will only be the very first step. With God's strength, we will claim the Dimensional Verse for our own."

If Leonel had been there, these talks would have sounded eerily familiar to his ear.

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"General, news will have reached the Capital by now and they will definitely be preparing countermeasures. There's a good chance that they may send one of their Titled Knights."

Within a military tent of beast skin, Leonel sat listening to a report given by one of his scouting units. The young man was dressed like an assassin, but also wore goggles over his eyes as he squinted toward a report.

Over the past month and a half or so, Leonel had gathered up many subordinates. But, it could be said that the ones he trusted with the most tasks were Rollan and this young orphan everyone called Goggles.

“A Titled Knight, huh?” Leonel smiled. “How powerful are they?”

“Powerful. Each and every one is at least Tier 7 with the strongest being Tier 8. But, that’s not what’s important. There are plenty of experts on that level in the Kingdom which is why I keep saying we’re all going to die.

“You know, if everyone just listened to me, we could still turn back right now and trek into a distant mountain somewhere and never return. How would they ever find us? At worst, we could just live off nature for the rest of our li—”

“Alright, alright, Goggles. Get back to the point.”

He really was a greatly talented young man. Too bad he was afraid of everything.

## Chapter 757

After being cut off before he could go on yet another emotional tirade, Goggles could only mumble under his breath about building an HR department and how much abuse he was suffering through.

Toward this, Leonel could only shake his head while the meeting tent burst into shorts spurts of hidden chuckles.

“... Titled Knight isn’t just a randomly handed over title. In other societies, a Titled Knight is still beneath the lowest noble. Even a Baron could easily look down at them. However, to Alexandre the Apex, his Titled Knights represent something completely different.

“He’s able to breathe power to their Title, giving them a buff they can use in battle. In addition, beneath the flag of a Titled Knight, their army gains the same buff, making them extraordinarily powerful.”

Leonel finally perked up with interest.

“An ability?” He asked.

“Yes. Alexandre the Apex has the ability to breathe power to a word. Due to the fact he is a King, he can also mobilize Royal Force to fuel his ability and make it far stronger. As such, within the borders of the Kingdom, his Titled Knights are even more powerful.”

‘Royal Force...’ Leonel narrowed his eyes.

This name was the one used by this world. However, Leonel had already learned about it long ago despite not having heard it referred to with this title.

This so-called ‘Royal Force’, wasn’t Royal at all. Or, rather, it wasn’t exactly related to the Kingdom. It was more likely that Alexandre had spread this myth so that he could establish his sovereignty.

But, the truth was that this Royal Force was actually World Force. World Force was a strength one gained access to so long as you wielded at least a quarter of a World Spirit. It was similar to Universal Force in that it gave a strong boost to one’s overall techniques, however, there were some differences.

For example, World Force could be used to directly strengthen one’s ability. But, Universal Force couldn’t be used so flexibly, especially when it was anchored to one’s comprehension of the Universal Cycles.

This said, World Force also had its own weaknesses as well. For one, it was capped by the potential of one’s world whereas Universal Force’s only limit was one’s comprehension. And second, it became weaker the further from one’s World one got.

“I see.” Leonel nodded. “Well, here’s the plan.”

Seeing Leonel go from listening to his concerns to listing off their next plan of attack left Goggles feeling like he should find a wall to bang his head against. Was his explanation not clear enough?! They should be running!

“We’ll split the army into four. We’ll attack here in exactly three weeks.”



Leonel pointed toward a location on the map.

“A week later we will attack here. Two weeks after that here.”

Leonel continued to point.

“I will personally head every battle. Don’t worry about how I plan on crossing so much distance, just trust me.

“Once those attacks are completed, the first army will take this route... the second this... the third this... And will all meet with the fourth army exactly two weeks from now.

“That day will be when their Titled Knight falls. Alright, everyone is dismissed. Rollan, you will lead the fourth army. Concealment is your main objective until the second month arrives. Goggles, stay here for a moment, I have a task for you.”

Goggles groaned. “... More danger for me, yay. How could I not be excited? Torture me more, daddy. Clearly, I’m a masochist for staying here.”

Rollan laughed uproariously, patting Goggles’ shoulder.

“You’ll be fine. Stay safe out there.”

All the military officials shuffled out. Not a single one of them seemed to even care for Leonel’s plan. It was either they truly couldn’t be bothered, or they had already built a trust in him that was irrefutable.

“Goggles. Your task is the same as always, you’re the key cog here.”

Goggles rolled his eyes. Of course he was.

“You want to take advantage of their slow network to hit them from the back, right? But the only way to make sure information doesn’t spread too fast is little old me?”

Leonel grinned. “Well isn’t that so?”

Goggles glared at Leonel. “And my reward?”

“What do you want?” Leonel laughed.

“I want to marry my goddess, Elise!”

Leonel gave Goggles’ forehead a karate chop. This young man could never stop screwing around. How was he supposed to promise him Rollan’s wife?

“Fine, fine!” Goggles slinked off, his shoulder exaggeratedly slouched. “I’ll just slave away for the cause until one day I die on a nameless battlefield, no one to remember my name, and no woman to call wife.

“OH! DESTINY! Why do you treat me so?!”

Leonel shook his head, laughing.

Goggles was indeed an important part of their operations. He had a sensory type ability, but it was quite unique. It was similar to Leonel’s simulation ability, except for the fact it all occurred on its own without conscious thought.

This ability allowed Goggles to not only sense a problem before it happened, but also understand exactly what sort of cause and effect would force it to occur. This thus allowed him to stop this ‘problem’ before it even began.

The only drawback to this ability was that Goggles needed enough foundational information. The broader his target, the more vague his understanding of cause and effect was. The more focused his target, the sharper his senses became.

At this moment, Goggles only had one task: Take out all the messengers of the opposing Kingdom. Not only that, but he had even one extra step of specificity, he only had to focus on messengers carrying information about the movements of their armies within a very specific timeframe. His job was essentially to make their information late and dated.

For Goggles, this sort of focused and specific task practically made him like an oracle who could gaze into the future. When Leonel first met him, he almost mistook him for a savant.

This kind of chess piece... It was the kind any King would kill to have.

Yet, as 'cowardly' as Goggles was, he had chosen to join their cause.

## Chapter 758

Mikael walked around with dark lines on his forehead, cups, tables and other furniture smashed all around him.

As though this wasn't bad enough, he had torn a hole in his military tent out of rage and a few of the comfort women were currently trying to sow it back together. But, this only pissed him off even more.

The corpse of one of these women was lying on the ground, having been killed by him in a fit of rage. But, none of them dared to move her body, they could only step over her as they continued their attempt to sow the tear shut.

As though by design, this of course managed to piss Mikael off even more. Why wouldn't they stop sniveling and crying? It was just one dead woman and now they suddenly couldn't take it? They were fine with servicing a dozen men during any given night, but murder was where they drew the line?

Clearly, in his ridiculous tirade, Mikael had completely forgotten that most of these women weren't here by choice.

"Fuck!"

Mikael ripped one of the women away from the tear, ironically making it even wider as she subconsciously grabbed out.

“Dammit!”

The woman was quickly bent over a table, her dress being torn away and a sudden cry leaving her lips as she felt something enter her.

Mikael began to vent all his frustration, clearly not caring that he was using far too much strength.

“Sir Mikael.”

At that moment, an attendant walked into the tent. Despite seeing the woman pressed into the table and Mikael furiously humping her from the back, he didn’t have much of a change in his expression as though he was very much used to seeing such a scene.

“What the hell is it?”

“We’ve gotten news of their movements.”

Mikael’s eyes went red with rage.

“Oh yea? We’ve gotten more word, is it? What about the first time at the Alpes? The second time at the Treeant Forest? Why am I spinning my army around in circles just to find cities they’ve abandoned and hardly touched?! Are you fucking with me?!”

The woman below Mikael whimpered. The hand Mikael used to press her face into the table exerted too much pressure, making it impossible for her to breathe.

“This time we’ve done more due diligence. We are certain that this information is at most three days old. We will most definitely be able to intercept them if we move now. From my understanding, it seemed that the net they cast to stop our messengers finally showed a flaw. This time, we’ve got them.”

Mikael squeezed and threw the woman he had bent over to the side. She gasped for air like a fish out of water, scrambling to return to her work mending the tent’s fabric.

“Why didn’t you say that from the very beginning?!” Mikael roared. “We’re moving out!”

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Mikael rode a magnificent steed. It had a muscular body that seemed pumped of steroids and flowing hair that made up its mane and covered its hooves. It almost looked like it was galloping on air with the way it moved.

The army tore through the plains.

“I don’t like this valley, circle around it!” Mikael roared.

Even though Mikael seemed hot headed, he was still a general with decades of experience. He refused to be led by the nose. He would be cautious whenever there was an opportunity to do so. ρ???(???????)

Circling around the valley would at most add half a day. Rather than harming them, this would only help. Instead of arriving in the morning, they would be arriving in the afternoon. If they managed to catch the rebel army mid siege, this ‘war’ was as good as over.

However, what Mikael didn’t expect was to have to pull the reins of his horse, forcing himself to come to a grinding halt, barely a day later.

Before them, a river that had never appeared before had suddenly appeared as though a god reached down and created it on a whim.

It wasn't very wide, just five or so meters. It probably wasn't very deep either, maybe a meter or two at most. Yet, for an unprepared army like theirs, it was enough to bring them to a screeching halt.

Go around? They had no idea how this river appeared here in the first place, just suddenly appearing at the end of a forest of sparse trees. Without knowing this, how could they even make such a decision?

Was the only option to go across? But if they were forced to cut down some trees to build a bridge, they would add another half day to their journey. By then, they might as well have not gotten the message on time at all.

If they tried to brute force their way across, it would be too easy to get caught with their pants down.

It was exactly then that Mikael heard something he least wanted to hear at this moment.

“CHARGE!”

Mikael's expression changed.

His neck snapped back, suddenly realizing that an army was approaching from his back.

‘How the hell did they get behind us?!’

Mikael froze. ‘The valley?!’

He had chosen to go around. But, what if there was an army hiding within the hole time, waiting for him to make exactly that decision and prepared to pounce on him?

If he went into the valley, he was finished. If he went around the valley, he was finished.

“Cross the river!” Mikael roared.

But, as soon as his command fell and began to be acted upon, the sound of arrows whistling through the wind came from the other side of the river.

Hiding within the widely spaced trees, archers Mikael hadn't even noticed before suddenly made their presence known.

“FUCK!” Mikael roared, charging his horse through the shallow waters to make it to the other side. He would hack these archers to pieces!

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, now. I can't let you do that.”

In a streak of golden light, Mikael suddenly found his path blocked by a boy who was young enough to be his grandson.

Leonel smiled lightly, holding a spear in his hand.

“Mikael the Sturdy, right? Nice to meet you.”

Chapter 759

The instant Leonel's greeting fell, so too did his spear.

Mikael's expression changed, reacting quickly. He was a veteran of battle after all. And, as far as he was concerned, Leonel challenging him on foot while he sat atop his horse was one of the most foolish decisions he could have ever made.

Mikael pulled at his reins, pulling a massive hammer from his back and using the momentum of his horse reeling back and stamping down to swing with all his might.

But, as though he had seen through Mikael's ploy from the very beginning, the trajectory of Leonel's spear had already shifted, its long, flexible body snapping in the air at a flick of his wrist and shooting through to the steed's falling throat like a meteor.

With how things were now, the momentum of the horse's stomp would only help Leonel sheer apart its throat. In fact, its current situation was no different to have jumped into the air for an attack despite the fact its back hooves were still on the ground. There was no way for it to change its trajectory.

However, even Leonel was surprised by the result.

"Sturdy."

As though enveloped by a holy light, man and beast accepted a pillar of blessings from above.

In that instant, Leonel's spear reached the black steed's throat, prepared to sheer it apart completely. But, what he actually found was a sturdy steel wall.

Leonel's brows shut up. With swift steps he retreated.

The heavy swing of Mikael's hammer left his hair whipping about, his clothes even threatening to shatter beneath the wind pressure alone. The shave had been so close that Leonel could see the hammer's body pass a mere centimeter from the tip of his nose.

Leonel didn't panic. He felt that that was at best a temporary invulnerability. There was no way an ability could so casually block such a strong strike from him. The issue wasn't just how strong his strike had been, but also the quality of his weapon.

There was no way for a Quasi Bronze weapon to be so easily dealt with by a barrier. The most logical explanation that this was a temporary matter. The amount of energy it would take to sustain such a thing would be too great.

And, Leonel was exactly right. He analyzed the situation perfectly.



The instant Mikael's swing missed, he had already shot forward again, pressing forward knowing that such a heavy weapon couldn't be recovered so easily.

The follow through of Mikael's swing didn't throw him off balance, but he was definitely in no position to attack right this second. ρ??∫??????

In that split moment, Leonel's spear struck out a dozen times in the blink of an eyes, an explosion of [Meteoric Impact]'s raining down on the steed and Mikael.

As though crimson roses were blooming in skies, they opened up a current of red and black, covering the duo whole.

It looked as though no one could survive such a thing, but Leonel still explosively retreated the moment he finished. And, it was exactly at that moment that Mikael and his steed leapt out from the flames, flames licking at their armor but ultimately leaving them unscathed.

Mikael raised his hammer to the sky, roaring with all his might. For a moment, it seemed as though his mighty shout would collapse the sparse forest around them.

All around him, his men were falling like flies. He couldn't do anything about the archers sniping them down even though he had crossed to the other side of the river, nor could he do anything about the surging army pincering them from the back, at least not directly. But, that didn't mean that he would take this lying down.

“I am a Titled Knight of His Majesty Alexandre the Apex! I am Mikael the Sturdy! I have Legs of Iron! Arms of Steel! And a Heart of Stone! My defenses are Eternal!”

Mikael's army roared to match his words. “ETERNAL!”

Shimmering pillars of light descended upon the whole army. Each and every man seemed to gain immunity for a moment. Some used it as an opportunity to charge across the river, others turned back, facing the enemies toward their back line.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. 'It seems that though the invulnerability was indeed temporary, I underestimated the buff to their defense.'

Leonel couldn't help but chuckle to himself. This buff from just a single Title Knight under Alexandre was already enough to put his Metal Body to shame. What a fascinating ability indeed. If this was what the Sturdy title could do, what exactly did Apex do?

Leonel didn't realize it, but for some reason he was eager to see.

Dodging swiftly backward, Leonel nimbly leapt out of the way of Mikael's swinging hammer. The Titled Knight left absolute devastation in his wake, chasing after Leonel with an undying fervor.

Every time Leonel's spear snaked outward, making contact, he would barely pierce a centimeter or two of flesh, resulting in what was nothing more than superficial wounds to a man and beast so powerful.

The worst part was that Sturdy seemed to have an exceptionally high Elemental resistance. Even with a perfectly timed [Meteoric Impact], the damage was nothing more than a bit of charred skin.

Leonel had a feeling that this wasn't just about the sturdy ability, but was definitely related to the armors Mikael and his horse were wearing. He had been intrigued by it ever since he saw that fat man at Rollan and Elise's home. But, apparently, that had been nothing more than the tip of the iceberg.

Golden lights enveloped Leonel's body as he shifted from side to side. He slid with ease through the forest, and though the trees were as much as ten meters apart most of the time, Mikael was clearly not having as easy a time. For people moving as fast as the two of them, what was a ten meter distance worth? It felt like he was forced to circle around another every exchange.

However, Leonel likewise was making no headway. And, judging by Mikael's current battle style, he wasn't worried about a time limit for his ability either.

'... I guess there's no other choice...'

Leonel flipped his palm over, causing his spear to vanish.

Mikael seemed to want to press his advantage the moment he saw this. He didn't believe that Leonel was giving up, but that didn't matter. All that did matter to him was that this was a chance to finally end this battle.

Though Leonel had seemed to survive so long because of his speed and agility. Mikael could tell that another large portion of the reason was the length and reach of his spear.

He had never seen such a long spear before. The Crafters of their Kingdom were excellent, but the logistics of forming such a long and flexible spear was a nightmare, especially if you wanted it to carry any strength.

If it wasn't for his Sturdy Title, he felt that he would have already lost his long time partner.

However, would Mikael really have the chance to press such a small advantage? Leonel's spear had hardly disappeared before another one appeared in its place. And, though this one was exactly a meter short of four, Mikael's pupils immediately constricted.

It was the kind of spear that held a presence of its own, a fiery aura that seemed to want to battle against even its own owner. Just laying there in Leonel's palm, it made the energies of the world tremble, its mere existence exuding an undying superiority.

Leonel twirled his spear in his hands, its double blade slicing apart trees tens of meters away with its wind pressure alone. He hardly put any effort in, yet the devastation he wrought had reached an all new level.

'Let's end this.'

Leonel shot forward. However, Mikael immediately retreated, his pupils constricted into pinholes. He didn't dare to meet that spear with his hammer. He could already see the future where a weapon that had followed him for decades would be split into two, taking his arm along with it.

However, Mikael's wishes didn't matter in this regard, not even in the slightest.

Leonel's spinning spear came to an abrupt halt, the sound of tearing air making Mikael's hair stand on end.

At that moment, Leonel pierced forward.

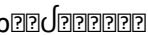
'It's not enough, the range is too shallow. He won't make it.'

Mikael remained composed, ready to look for a lane to counterattack.

If he ran from this battlefield, his army would lose the buff he had given them. The instant this happened, the slaughter would ensue once more.

Even though at this point the situation still wasn't in their favor, it was at least far better than the alternative. And, as long as he killed Leonel, the momentum would shift and victory would be his. Such a ragtag group of commoners, what did they know about honor? About duty? About bravery? The moment their spiritual leader collapsed, so too would they!

Mikael's eyes lit with fury and contempt. But, what happened next made him feel as though his whole world was flipping.

The instant Leonel reached the limit of his piercing movement, completely short as Mikael had expected, he suddenly burst past it. 

Leonel's spear splintered into two of its three segments, a snaking chain shooting through the air as the blade continued forward.

Mikael couldn't even react before his valiant steed of decades had its throat pierced, a pained neigh followed by gurgling blood leaving it as it died.

Leonel's spear spun in his hands, ripping upward.

The spear's blade followed suit, tearing through a defense he could hardly dent moments ago as though a knife through butter.

A hot rain of blood blinded Mikael for a moment as his steed's head was split in two. Even though he reacted quickly, blocking his front with his massive hammer, he found that Leonel's next attack came from his side.

Leonel's spear separated into three parts, as it spun in his hands, it was almost like a massive meat grinder. Mikael couldn't even react before his body, along with his horse's, was bisected four different ways.

The rotation came to a grinding halt, Leonel's spear snapping back together.

As though the clicking noise was a sign for the world to begin moving forward again, dozens of trees in the surroundings were sliced into four or five pieces, collapsing to the ground like piles of fire wood.

Leonel looked toward Mikael's collapsing, gory figure in silence before looking at his spear. He had most definitely not expected the difference to be so drastic.

The scariest part was that at this point, he could only make use of this spear's innate sharpness, he couldn't even pour Force into it. Yet, just its sharpness alone was able to have such an effect. It felt as though the same strength he applied to Quasi Bronze spears, when applied with this Quasi Silver spear was easily a hundred times more destructive.

Leonel clearly didn't understand the level of privilege he had. What he was doing was the equivalent of taking a weapon forged by a God into a world of mortals. How could it not have this sort of effect?

But, it was for this exact reason Leonel never casually took this spear out. He could use it here because he was in a Zone. Logically, he either found a way to leave this place or he would die, so whether people knew about it or not was irrelevant.

However, things were different in the outside world. It wasn't like he could just leave everything behind and expect it all to be erased.

Leonel shook his head. The outside world didn't matter right now. He had to focus on this task so he could get out of here as quickly as possible.

Since he had the advantage of being in a Zone, there was no need to hide the strength of his treasures here.

Taking a deep breath, Leonel shot into the battlefield. He didn't bother to change his spear again. Since he was free to do as he pleased in this Zone, he might as well take it as an opportunity to train in controlling it.

Since speed was his goal, why would he hold back with his strength?

Unfortunately for the Kingdom, the fall of this Titled Knight would only be the first and most definitely not the last.