

Descent 761

Chapter 761

The moment Mikael died, the buff his warriors had gained vanished. In an instant, a battle that could have been described in terms of 60-40 had become 90-10.

When Leonel joined, especially with his Quasi Silver spear, the result was devastating. Not a single on the Kingdom's men survived, though this wasn't out of Leonel not wanting to spare them.

It was clear that this Alexandre had an iron grip on his men. Though there had been plenty of those willing to join their cause in the cities they had conquered to this point, they had all been people of common birth. There were very few nobles who chose to take their side.

Obviously, Alexandre the Apex had a very tight hold on these people, likely holding the lives of their families over their heads.

Of course, Leonel felt a small bit of sympathy for this. But, he had always believed that no singular life was worth more than another, even if that was his own.

The lives of these soldier's families in the Capital weren't worth more than the commoners who suffered everyday under their rule. The lives of the soldiers themselves weren't more valuable than the commoners who fought beneath Leonel's banner.

Not to mention the fact that since these warriors had chosen to die on the battlefield, their families would be just fine. Other than a small pity he felt, most of Leonel's rage was aimed toward a singular man.

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The news of Leonel's army taking out a Titled Knight spread like wildfire, but nothing was more shocking than the sweeping conquest that occurred right afterward.

Leonel doubled back to the cities his four armies had probed in these last two months. Each and every one was manned by an Earl, making them among the largest cities this Kingdom had to offer.

They had only barely begun to recover from Leonel's first assault when they suddenly found themselves under a second siege. But, to make matters worse, Leonel was no longer using his Quasi Bronze Spears.

Every time his spear spun, even without the use of technique, he reaped dozens of lives. And, maybe the ironic part was that it was better when Leonel didn't use a technique at all. Not only did this preserve his stamina, but the extension of these techniques weren't as potent as meeting the blade of the double headed spear alone.

If Leonel was just powerful, things might still be fine. But, the issue was that he paired this with seamless tactics that completely stifled the Kingdom. It felt that in just a year, half of their territory had fallen. Yet, they were supposedly facing a ragtag bunch of commoners.

Not only did those four cities swiftly fall. But, reports that a main water source had been diverted reached the ears of the Kingdom soon afterward.

Somehow, Leonel had managed to both block a main river source and divert it.

What was truly baffling about this was that he used this diverted river source not only as a tactic to pincer Mikael and ultimately kill him, but he simultaneously used it to give his new claimed territory a steady supply of water and resources that was impossible for the Capital to cut off.

At the same time, this diverted water source resulted in a shortage of clean water for three separate Dukedoms located nearer to the capital. It felt like he was killing ten birds with a single stone.

When the Crafters learned how Leonel had done it, they stood shocked before the collapsed mountain turned immovable dam, their faces paled from shock.

Facing this kind of genius... Weren't they all finished?

It felt like the next year was nothing but the Capital receiving one slap in the face after another.

Four more Titled Knights fell, each more powerful than the last. The Kingdom had lost 40% of their territory. And at the moment, they were in the process of being completely starved out, their resources systematically claimed by Leonel one after another.

By the second year, the Kingdom was being brought to its knees and had less than 30% of its land left, most of which was a vast expanse of natural protections keeping the Capital within its turtle shell.

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It was then, sometime during a heavy storm of winter that Leonel received a visitor.

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“You little brat.”

Rollan kept Goggles in a firm headlock, his legs wrapped around the latter’s hips for extra leverage.

The rest of the military tent chugged beer, laughing heartily at the spectacle.

“Dammit! I just asked for one night!”

“With my wife!”

“Yes!” Goggles squeezed out shamelessly. “She’s too good for you!”

Rollan’s headlock tightened, Goggles’ eyes almost popping out. The latter’s face turned a bright shade of red as he struggled, trying to tickle at Rollan’s side so he would let go.

Leonel chuckled lightly. As usual, he was sipping at a fruity drink rather than the hard liquor of the others. Elise had actually personally made this batch for him, he had to admit that that little girl was indeed as close to a guardian angel they all had.

‘Hm?’

At that moment, a messenger came into the tent.

“Saluting all Lieutenants!” The young man said respectfully, an air of fanaticism lighting his eyes.
“There is a diplomat here to see The General!”

“A diplomat? From where?” Leonel asked.

“The Oryx Kingdom, sir!”

Leonel’s eyes narrowed. At the same time, the rowdy atmosphere of the tent grew more somber.

It could be said most felt that the Capital was pretty much finished even though Leonel had never expressed such an opinion. However, if there was to be a wildcard, it would definitely come from the Oryx Kingdom.

If they threatened to attack them from the back now, all their momentum would fizzle out. Their upstart group, even after two years, didn’t have a strong enough foundation to deal with such things.

It would be one thing if Leonel had had these two years to bolster them with his Crafts. But, after entering this world, aside from his Spear Domain ring which seemed unaffected by the odd restrictions of this Zone, Leonel hadn’t been able to bring anything else with him... This included Little Tolly.

At that moment, Rollan let go of Goggles just in time for Leonel to look over.

Goggles shook his head, seemingly understanding Leonel’s meaning.

‘No danger, huh...’

Leonel nodded. "Let them in."

Chapter 762

The tent fell into silence as a cloaked figure walked in.

Outside their expectation, they weren't hit with a wall of the foul stench one would expect from an Oryx. In addition, though this figure was actually quite tall, in comparison to other Oryx, they were still lacking by two or three heads.

Could it be that the Oryx had sent a human to negotiate for them? This was a thought that Leonel couldn't help but have.

From what he knew, the Oryx Kingdom of this world did indeed have humans under their rule. In fact, during his very first battle here, it was the humans under their banner that he fought. However, he found it hard to believe that for their first contact, the Oryx would send a human to represent them.

Though Leonel had grown up in a world where most problems of race had been laid to rest, he had quickly realized that such problems were dotted all over the Dimensional Verse. It was just that instead of harping on skin color, it was a matter of human versus creatures he had only ever seen from fantasy novels.

Of course, humans would always be humans. Wherever there were divisions to be made, as long as there wasn't a strong overarching power like The Ascension Empire, they would make these divisions.

This was all to say that the Oryx definitely treated the humans under their charge like secondary citizens. So, how could they possibly send one for such an important thing as first contact?

"Greetings."

The robed figure gave a polite greeting. As the representation of the Oryx Kingdom, he obviously couldn't bow. But, he had done more than enough.

Leonel continued to scan the figure before him for a moment.

“I have been looking forward to communicating with the Oryx Kingdom for a long time.” He said with a light smile.

“Yes. We have heard a lot about The General. After hearing so much, our King couldn’t help but be intrigued himself. It is an honor to meet the man who has brought The Human Kingdom to its knees.”

Leonel and the figure exchanged some pleasantries before the latter was invited to sit. Leonel didn’t really care much for etiquette. As far as he was concerned, he wasn’t really a King to begin with. He didn’t mind sharing a table with an envoy.

“So, to what do we owe this pleasure?” Leonel finally asked.

“...” The envoy, hidden beneath his black robes, took a moment before speaking.

“I am sure that you understand the sort of precarious position your rebel army is in, correct?”

The atmosphere immediately took a turn for the worst. Never mind the fact that even the usually cheery Rollan was frowning, even Goggles who would usually want nothing to do with this dangerous stuff was practically staring daggers at the envoy.

However, Leonel continued to smile.

“We would only be in a precarious position if the Oryx Kingdom chose to attack, don’t you think?”

The envoy’s gaze seemed to look toward Leonel, his eyes like two dull balls of light hovering in the shadows of his hood. It was almost as though he couldn’t understand why Leonel was so uncaring.

He had known that his words would be contentious and even seen as a veiled threat. In this era, though there were unspoken rules about preserving the lives of envoys like him, who could do anything if a King lost their temper?

So, this envoy was probably even ready to lose his life today. But, what he hadn't expected was for Leonel to reply to his 'threat' with a smile. ρ??∫???????

"... Please don't misunderstand." The envoy replied. "This isn't a matter of choice, it would be one of necessity. The Human Kingdom isn't as simple as you think it is."

"We Oryx are superior in every way. Whether it be resources, strength of army, numbers, territory, politics, culture... You all have seen the corruption at the borders of your Human Kingdom yourselves. Eating at the borders, at the very least, should be very easy for us."

"Yet, we only ever send our lesser warriors into skirmishes and never lead full assaults. There is a reason for this."

Leonel's expression finally showed a slight shift. However, even then, it was just a slight raise of his brows.

"So tell me, then." Leonel began. "What would you like us to do?"

The envoy took a deep breath.

"We of the Oryx Kingdom hope that your rebel army will retreat from this endeavor. If you choose to do so, you will be handsomely rewarded. You, General, will be rewarded the title of Count. As for your Lieutenants and warriors, for the best of them we can provide Barony titles and Knighthood."

At that moment, a fiery red head amongst the group couldn't seem to take it anymore. Her hair really seemed to be a wreath of flames as she stood and slammed her seemingly delicate palm to the oak table.

BANG!

The entire tent quaked even down to the ground beneath their feet.

“You want us to do what!?”

This red head was indeed a beauty. Among those who had joined Leonel’s cause, she was amongst the earliest and even happened to have once been the daughter of a Baron. She was one of the very few nobles who had chosen to join their cause.

Of course, she had her reasons. While the other nobles had their hearts gripped by Alexandre, Gertrude and long since lost her family. Ironically, they had been executed by Alexandre long ago.

It was safe to say that her fury toward the Human Kingdom was no weaker than any of the commoners of their army.

“Gertrude.”

Leonel’s even voice snapped the former young noble out of her rage. Though still seething, she slowly sat, her gaze flickering.

Leonel looked toward the envoy.

“And what do you plan to do with all the people we’ve taken to protecting? The weak? The women? The children? The elderly? It can’t be that your Oryx Kingdom want to take them all in too, right?”

Leonel asked this knowing the answer very well. If they accepted all the people Leonel had conquered, what would be the difference between that and actually conquering the land?

“I am sure you already know the answer, General. These people must stay in the Human Kingdom. We cannot accept them all.”

A heaviness hung over them all. It was as though all the happiness had been sapped away. It was the kind of fog that wouldn't easily be removed.

They were all intelligent. They understood the kind of weight this sort of visit brought with it. It was likely that the Oryx Kingdom had already chosen to attack as long as they dared to reject.

As for why they feared the Human Kingdom so much, who knew? It was unlikely that this envoy would have a reason for this. And, even if they did, it was even more unlikely that he would tell.

When the standing between two parties was so far apart, an equal exchange of information was impossible. Though this seemed to be a peaceful talk, it was ultimately an ultimatum. They would either do as they were asked and received their rewards as good dogs, or they would face the consequences.

"Mm, I see."

Leonel finally broke the silence, slowly rising to his feet.

"So, the Oryx Kingdom would like the pain and suffering of our people to be the buffer between you and this future you fear so much. A noble cause, indeed."

Leonel's voice no longer carried the smiling tone it had had since the beginning. However, it wasn't fill with rage either. Rather, it was very even with hardly any inflections. If they didn't know better, they would think that an AI had spoken these words.

However, that feeling soon vanished when Leonel spoke again. This time, it was low, forceful, filled with a charisma that washed the lands in a radiant light.

"We will not be your sacrifice."

Leonel turned to the envoy, his gaze looking down from above.

“I do not know what it is you fear, nor do I care. What I do know is that in my eyes, you aren’t much different from the Human Kingdom. If you would like to attack, Come!”

Leonel’s voice seemed to carry the weight of the air with it, causing a sudden stillness to be swiftly followed by a surge. Even the heavy flaps of the tent couldn’t help but kick up, whipping about beneath the forcefulness.

“We will show you the might that brought the Kingdom you fear so much to its knees.”

Silence fell however the heat seemed to rise. A fire lit themselves in the gaze of the Lieutenants. The pressure the envoy faced multiplied several fold. The fact he could remain seated in his position at all was impressive.

After a long while, the envoy lowered his head.

“I understand. It seems that I have overstayed my welcome. I wish you the best.”

With these words, the envoy bowed.

“Escort our guest out.” Leonel said faintly.

With those words spoken, two lieutenants rose, doing exactly that.

Leonel suddenly chuckled. “What are you all so down for? Is there a need to worry with me here?”

Leonel’s grin seemed to light up the room.

Goggles snorted. “You were going to get me killed one day, anyway. This way, it’ll just be a lot sooner.”

Those words immediately got Goggles a slap to the back of the head.

“Hey! Hey! Paws off!”

“With that kind of attitude, it’s no wonder you still don’t have a wife, Goggles.” Gertrude smiled, seemingly enjoying Rollan’s slap to Goggles very much.

“I don’t have a wife because my dream woman was stolen from me!” Goggles protested, rubbing the back of his head.

This, rightfully, earned him another headlock from Rollan. ρ??∫???

Laughter returned to the room as Goggles struggled.

The clanging of drinks and the swinging of beer began once more. But, it was clear that there was still a slight fog hanging over them all. They chugged their alcohol just a bit more enthusiastically, spoke just a little less confidentially... laughed just a little less heartily.

The night waned and eventually everyone began to stumbled back to their own homes. The only ones who remained were the poor single folk with no families to go back to.

A brutish man wrapped an arm around Leonel’s shoulders.

“What do you say, General? Want to head to the brothel? I hear this city we just conquered has a really good one.”

Leonel rolled his eyes. “Get some sleep, Castello. You’re drunk.”

Castello laughed heartily. “Only if I get to embrace two busty babes. Miles, Austin, let’s go! Those soft clouds are waiting!”

“Keep your gross talk away from the General.” Gertrude snapped, sending a kick at Castello’s ass.

“Oh, oh! Right, right, right! We can’t be all so lucky as to have a beauty like you pining after us.”

“Who’s pining!” Gertrude growled, reaching for her halberd only to remember she hadn’t brought it with her.

Castella, Miles and Austin’s laughter rung as they ran from the tent, leaving no one but Leonel, Goggles and Gertrude behind.

Goggles, who was lying on the floor, opened a single eye. Noticing the odd atmosphere and realizing his plan to just sleep here for the night wasn’t working out, he hopped up and coughed lightly.

“You two mingle. My wife... I mean my daughter... I mean my... Forget it, I’m going to the brothel too. Don’t you dare tell my goddess about this!”

Goggles scurried away under Gertrude’s deathly glare and flushed expression.

At the moment, Gertrude’s countenance might have been as red as her flowing hair, but it only made her more beautiful.

The way her leather armor clung tightly to her curves, outlining her bust and hips to an almost intoxicating degree... The way the slight bit of her lower lip almost drew blood from their plumpness... The way her emerald eyes sparkled even beneath the dim light...

She looked like a woman ready to finally bloom. However, just as quickly as she was prepared to bud, she wilted even faster.

Leonel rose with a smile. “Have a nice night, Gertrude. Get home safely, I have something to handle.”

Before Gertrude could say anything, Leonel had already vanished, leaving her looking down at her own chest wondering if she wasn’t big enough to be considered a ‘soft cloud’. She had half a mind to go and measure herself against those prostitutes. But, her logic slapped her back to reality.

She sighed, a sad smile on her face.

...

In the depths of the night, a robed figure rode its steed like a shadow, reaching a speed that seemed beyond what a normal horse should be capable of even within the Fourth Dimension.

Suddenly, that horse came to a grinding halt as the figure pulled on its reins.

“...”

“It can’t be that the mighty General wants to kill me just for passing on some words?”

Leonel stood before the horse in silence, his gaze even, his breathing unhurried, and his purpose...

Unknown.

Chapter 764

Leonel didn’t respond to the envoy’s words. He simply stood there silently, his expression not giving way to any emotion. It was as though he didn’t even notice that there was someone before him.

At this moment, they were in the dead of winter. Heavy snow fell all around, coating the ground, the trees, and sprinkling through the air as though to coat the whole world in white.

Still, the cold didn’t seem to bother either of the two men as they faced off in an endless snowy plain. There was nowhere to hide, nowhere to seek reprieve, nowhere to run...

It was then that both men suddenly moved.

Leonel's palm flipped over, revealing a four meter long, flexible spear. Aside from his Quasi Silver spear, this one was quickly becoming one of his favorites. The range of flexibility and freedom it gave him made his battle style reach an impossible level of fluidity.

At the same moment, the envoy didn't bother to stay on his horse. He had read all the reports about Leonel. This was a man who never rode a horse, yet had felled more Titled Knights than anyone else in history. If there was anyone confident in battling a man and a steed together, it was Leonel.

In that case, why allow him the chance to do what he was familiar with?

His palm flipped over to reveal an outrageous, monstrosity of a saber.

Its blade was an obscene three meters long alone. It had a width of almost two feet and a curve that almost made it look like a scythe as opposed to a saber. Yet, it had a thickness as thin as two or three strands of hair.

When the saber was swung, it felt like the wind itself was being split in two. If swung at the perfect angle, the blade was so thin that it was almost impossible to spot. And, whether by coincidence or not, this envoy seemed capable of finding this perfect angle with ease.

A streak of gold and one of black tore through the snowy plain, their clash causing a whirlwind of violent explosions to swirl around them.

Despite the size of their weapons, the two men seemed to exchange hundreds of blows in a single breath. And, as though that wasn't enough, their speed only seemed to get faster and faster.

Gold lights enveloped Leonel's body, massive white gold wings spanning ten meters to his left and right blooming from his back.

Ancient patterns of gold began to outline each individual feather. It felt that with each passing moment, the pair became less illusory and more corporeal as though Leonel was birthing true wings from nothing more than light.

One would have thought that Light Elemental Force would be difficult to gather in the depths of the night like this, yet Leonel seemed completely unaffected.

These two years, just because he had been stuck here, didn't mean that he was stagnant.

With a single flap, he retreated more than a hundred meters in a single step.

His feet stamped the ground, causing a tsunami of snow to rise into the air. The wall of white rose up more than 10 meters and was at least 20 across. Yet, what was most shocking about it all was that this was simply the result of the earth beneath heeding Leonel's call.

Leonel roared, his chest expanding as bronze runes surged over his body. The robes he wore shattered beneath the surge of Force, unable to handle it.

Beneath the shimmering white gold of his massive wings, Leonel's bronze runes stood out all the more. Under the night sky, he looked no different from a Roman God descended from the skies above, his halo hanging above his head.

The massive slab of stone that Leonel had lifted from the ground shattered into tens of pieces, rising into the air to form several stones of over a meter in diameter each.

"[Armageddon]."

In that instant, the stones erupted with flames.

In the skies, as though tens of miniature suns had appeared, they raged with a fiery light, their surfaces beginning to melt in a near instant.

The envoy's pupils constricted. What kind of attack was this? Something of this caliber could level an entire city!


The battle hadn't reached such a peak yet. He couldn't understand why Leonel had dared to come to fight him like this in the first place, especially after he had traveled so far away from their encampment. But now, it really seemed like he wanted to kill him.

The envoy roared, raising his saber into the skies.

A violent black energy coiled around him, forming countless black chains from seemingly thin air.

The ground around him suddenly exploded, the expanse of snow being washed away beneath his rippling might.

His robes fluttered in the raging wind, his eyes trained on the meteors descending toward him.

"HA!" 

The envoy stomped his feet.

In that instant, the earth seemed to respond to his call. In one moment, there was nothing. But, in the immediate next, sparkling spikes of black shot out from the ground, impaling the descending meteors and causing explosions that rocked throughout the night.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. Those pillars were definitely not normal. In fact, he could faintly tell that they stood on a level nearing his Scarlet Star Force.

Somehow, the spikes seemed to be both made out of small dust particles, yet remained solid at the same time. Each of these little particles radiated out with a faint black light that made it look as though it was sparkling beneath the high moon.

It was as though the envoy was controlling iron shavings and darkness to form them...

If the envoy had heard Leonel's thoughts, he would have been shocked. Just a short observation, yet he was already so close to the truth.

However, no matter what the envoy did, Leonel wasn't shaken. To use a Force on this level at this envoy's strength was akin to painting oneself into a corner. There was a reason Leonel didn't use his Scarlet Star Force so casually.

As expected, the envoy was truly gasping for breath. He hadn't thought that he would be forced to use such an ability, but Leonel's combination attack had strength beyond his wildest imagination. If he had used normal earth to counter, those meteors would have blasted through with ease.

He couldn't understand how Leonel could pull earth capable of withstanding such heat from the ground so casually. Of course, what he didn't know was that Leonel's Earth Elemental Force was Variant just like his.

However, this didn't mean that the envoy was finished, he gripped his saber.

Since the pillars had already been formed, manipulating them was much easier.

The chains that floated around his body constricted as Leonel's wings flapped one more time.

He appeared ten meters before the envoy.

In that moment, the latter was prepared to turn the earthen spikes of shimmering black light toward Leonel. But, he stopped when it seemed that Leonel had no intention of attacking. In fact, Leonel stood there unmoving, his eyes calmly observing the black chains wrapping the envoy.

“Earth Elemental Force. Dark Elemental Force. Star Elemental Force...”

The envoy froze when he heard this.

“Chaotic Particle Force. Number one in Earth Elemental Forces, top three in Dark Elemental Forces, top ten in Star Elemental Forces.” Leonel concluded. “... Your talent is quite high for an envoy, don't you think?”

The envoy's eyes narrowed as he gazed toward Leonel.

“...You were testing me?”

“I guessed that you were an Oryx a long time ago.” Leonel said plainly.

“But...”

“But your cloak blocks senses? But you don't look or smell like an Oryx?”

The envoy didn't say a word, but clearly this was what he meant as well. This shouldn't have been possible.

Leonel didn't explain himself either, at least not with words. He had seen a long lineup of possible evolution paths for the Oryx in that hall, so he knew well that a stature like the one this young man had wasn't impossible.

As for how he had known? It was just a guess.

This envoy hadn't tried very hard to convince them to change their minds and also didn't have the tact one would expect the representation of a nation to have.

“So why don't you tell me the true purpose you had for coming?” Leonel responded.

The envoy remained silent for a long while before he finally removed his cloak. What was beneath made Leonel raise an eyebrow.

It was a young man with flowing white hair and handsome, delicate features that would make any woman and some men swoon. His skin was quite tanned, giving him an excellent, exotic sort of contrast and his eyes were the very same bright white his hair was.

Growing from this young man's forehead were two branching horns that were a very pure shade of white, yet they didn't seem to detract from his beauty at all, even the vertical slit between his brows was completely unable to do so.

Aside from these clearly Oryx-like features, the young man was strikingly human. If Leonel didn't know better, he would think that this young man was some sort of demon prince risen from hell. And maybe, in some ways, he was.

"This is just my natural state. My battle state, however, is much different..."

Chapter 765

The moment the young man's words fell, his body grew a size. From shorter than Leonel, he became an entire head taller.

Pristine white fur began to coat his entire body. His cloak burst apart, revealing a rugged appearance. Of the parts Leonel could see, the only parts that seem free of hair were the young man's chest and chiseled torso. He almost looked like a King of Apes for a moment.

But, what was strongest was the sudden explosion of a smell so strong Leonel almost passed out from exposure to it alone. It was so potent that he had no choice but to stop breathing entirely. Even trying to do so through his mouth had him feeling as though he was trying to swallow fumes wafting from a vat of vinegar.

"The smell is somewhat strong for you humans." The envoy said nonchalantly.

It was clear from his words that though his face remained expressionless, he took some pleasure in Leonel's discomfort. He obviously didn't like being led by the nose as he had just been, so he would enjoy this small victory.

Leonel was inwardly relieved when the envoy returned to his normal form. He could tell that such a scent would be extremely attractive to female Oryx. But, Leonel felt he would suffocate to death in its presence.

Compared to the Oryx he had met, the difference was so striking that there was really no comparison at all.

Leonel could tell, though, that the envoy hadn't just shown him this battle form to force him to smell such a thing. It was also to show that he had yet to battle at his true peak state.

As taxing as Chaotic Particle Force was, unlike Leonel's Scarlet Star Force, it didn't damage the envoy's body. All he was experiencing now was fatigue and nothing more. If Leonel really pushed him, especially since he had already formed such large reserves, this battle would definitely be in his favor.

However, Leonel didn't mind what the envoy was thinking. His purpose here was much different from this. He had already probed what he needed to probe. What he needed to do now was talk.

"Now that we've gotten pleasantries out of the way, do you mind telling me what kind of status you have among the Oryx?" Leonel asked.

The envoy remained silent, seemingly trying to decide whether he should answer or not.

"No, I think it would be better for me to ask which of the Oryx Kingdom's Princes are you?"

The envoy's pupils constricted into pinholes.

"You can't think that these matters could be hidden? No matter what Kingdom it is, falsely representing them would be a crime punishable by death. And, I'm willing to guess that the Oryx Kingdom actually did plan to send a real envoy who was, for whatever reason, intercepted by you before they could fulfill their duty.

"Anyone daring enough to do this, and even so casually return to the Oryx Kingdom right after without special means, is definitely of high standing. Your actions seem to show that you don't particularly care whether you get caught by your Kingdom or not, which means you're confident in not being punished.

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“Of course, you could be... I don’t know, a Duke? Trying to sow chaos and look for a chance to take the throne for yourself. But, you are too young, one. And secondly, once again, your actions aren’t secretive enough.”

Leonel was able to spend hours drinking with his lieutenants and still catch up to this Prince because his tracks were so obvious.

Of course, Leonel was also likely one of the very best trackers in existence, especially with the new abilities he had formulated for himself in the last two years, but he hadn’t even needed to use them to find this young man.

“... I am Elthor Umewraek, Third Prince of the Oryx Kingdom.”

Leonel smiled. “It’s nice to meet you, Elthor.”

Leonel had given up on telling people his name after these two years. For some reason, no matter how many times he told people what it was, they would still call him The General and nothing else. Even after so long, he couldn’t quite wrap his mind around this.

“I hope that you understand that even though you’ve learned of my identity, this changes nothing. The Oryx will still stop you from attacking The Capital. The only thing my actions have done is give you a small buffer of time.”

“You say this, but wouldn’t I just have to kidnap and hold you hostage?” Leonel said casually.

“You’re overestimating my value, General.”

“Am I? You may not have stepped off of this world, but do you think those with Chaotic Particle Force are common? Whether you know or not, your family likely see you as the future of the Oryx Kingdom. It’s even possible that they’re only willing to take a backseat and not poke the bear that is Alexandre the Apex so that you have time to grow.

“Knowing this, do you still think I’m overestimating your value?”

Elthor's heart trembled. Looking into Leonel's cold, calculating eyes, he suddenly felt the same fear his enemies had ever time they met on the battlefield. He could hardly understand how a person could see through so much with so little information.

The chains that floated around Elthor rattled as though he was prepared to spring to action at any moment. He felt the tension even down to his very bones.

"However, I am not here to antagonize the Oryx." Leonel finally said.

Elthor felt himself deflate at that moment.

He couldn't understand. He was a Prince. Why did he feel so much pressure in the face of a man who was born a commoner?

"I will still need you to do something for me in exchange for your freedom, though." Leonel continued.

"... And what is that?"

"You need to stall. I need two months. In two months, The Capital will fall and Alexandre's head will be in my hands."

Chapter 766

Even long after he had left Leonel, Elthor still felt his heart pounding. For the first time, even as a Prince, he felt as though he should bow down to a knee before a man.

He had never felt such emotion before, not even before his own father. Somewhere deep inside, he had already admitted to himself that if the Oryx and The General were to fight, even if they gained small advantages in the beginning, even if it seemed that The General might lose, in the end, it would be they who ultimately suffered.

Elthor clenched his fists.

He had never really wanted to be Prince in his life, this was why he had always been happy to be born third. He was content to allow his elder brothers to take the reins. All he wanted to be was a powerful warrior... The most powerful.

However, the day his Third Eye was awakened, it all changed. The looks his father gave him shifted from love and a doting adoration to looked of expectation, hope, and pride.

It was the kind of look Elthor had always wanted to see, but he had wanted to see them for the sake of support toward him chasing his own dreams. He wanted to be the spearhead that finally unified their world under one banner... He didn't want to be the Ruler that did so.

Unfortunately, his father didn't see things this way. To the King of the Oryx, there was no greater strength than to be King.

This sort of philosophy thrust Elthor to the forefront and created a tension between him as his eldest brothers. The favoritism his father showed couldn't have been more obvious. It didn't matter how much he said he only wanted to be a Knight under their charge, it didn't seem to change anything.

It was then he began to hear stories of The General.

At first, it was just a small blip on their Kingdom's radar. This wasn't the first time the people of the Human Kingdom had rebelled.

But, this time turned out to be different. Two years later, it seemed that they might really fall...

It was then that Elthor finally learned of why his father placed so much hope in him, of why he was willing to risk ripping their family apart for the sake of pushing him to ascend the throne... of the fear that had gripped his father, his mountain of support, for so long.

However, this fear that his father had buried deep within his heart for so long only showed Elthor more of why he didn't want to be King.

Burying such anxiousness within yourself, carrying the burden of hope for so many, being responsible for the lives and deaths of billions...

He didn't want any of this.

He just wanted to step onto the battlefield and fight to his heart's content, to let his strength quake the earth, shake the skies and sunder the stars...

Today, though... Elthor learned something that could make his eyes lock with resolve.

In his pursuit of being that warrior, he had neglected something very important.

If he wanted to be that deity of the battlefield, that existence who could make an opposing army quake with nothing more than a roar... He needed a banner to fly under, a might to grow beneath, a King to follow.

His father wasn't that King, he was too eager to pass on his burdens. His brothers weren't that King either, they had already allowed jealousy to plague their relationship. It was obvious that they had no confidence in themselves.

But The General... He somehow seemed incomplete as well. He was almost perfect in every aspect but something subconsciously held him back from choosing him too.

That said... Elthor felt that by following a man who was so close to his ideal, he just might find that King he was looking for. ρ??∪???????

'Two months... I can do that...'

...

Leonel dashed through the night, an incomparably calm expression on his face.

In these two years, he had felt a certain anxiousness slowly leaving his body. He felt as though he was even calmer than he had been in the past. Much of this had to do with him learning of the existence of a fourth Lineage Factor lingering within his body.

No, it was inaccurate to say that it was lingering. In fact, this Lineage Factor had been following him for the longest of the four he had. He had just never realized that it was indeed one.

Even now, it was still mostly dormant. But Leonel felt that it was slowly awakening as though a slumbering dragon shaking millennia of fatigue from his foggy eyes...

...

Time continued to tick by. And, soon, a month had flown by.

As promised, there wasn't any movement from the Oryx. However, Leonel hadn't breathed a word of his conversation with Elthor to his lieutenants. Rather, they all focused on tightening the noose around The Capital's neck.

Every movement they made seemed to constrict the once mighty Human Kingdom.

From above, one could almost see the image of a boa coiling its body around The Capital. The more they struggled, the tighter the squeeze became.

Waterways were blocked, supply routes were cut off, escape paths were destroyed.

Every city was systematically conquered. It felt as though one was reading a textbook on military execution rather than a telling of true events.

As the rebel army descended and the second month was quickly drawing to a close, the nobles began to truly feel the heat.

Maybe it was because of the fear Alexandre had instilled in them from the very beginning, but none of them had ever thought that things would reach this point. Or, if they ever did, it still wouldn't be long before their awe inspiring King flipped the tables with a casual move.

Yet, even when the rebel army was bearing down on their Gates, there was still no sign of movement.

Were things really going to end like this for them?

It was then the fateful day came.

Leonel stood before The Capital's tall walls with an army of tens of thousands to his back.

He rose his spear into the air, his aura dignified and his momentum like an endless tidal wave.

At that moment, as though they were all witnessing an act of God, it happened.

“[Armageddon].”

Chapter 767

The earth rose high into the skies, forming boulders that were each two meters wide.

It took time, but not long later, dozens had formed before erupting into a blaze of black-red flames. The searing heat alone seemed to want to melt the city to ash.

Even without Leonel saying a word, the rebel army felt their blood boiling.

There were no words of rage, none of fury or animosity. Even with this goal they had been working toward for years, praying for, for decades... There was still nothing that needed to be said.

Actions spoke far louder than words ever could at this moment.

This was indeed Armageddon. It was a judgment day for The Capital and its nobles who had had their foets on their throats for centuries.

It was finally their turn to return the favor.

The meteors descended toward the gate in a blaze of fire.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The cacophonic booms resonated like drums of liberation. Walls that had stood tall for centuries came crumbling down. A Gate which had never been opened to them incinerated to ash. A City they hadn't been deemed worthy to step foot into had suddenly been opened to them all.

However, Leonel didn't give the order to charge. He continued to stand before the army, his chest wide, his back straight, his gaze cold and indifferent.

At that moment, a figure suddenly began to appear out of the blazing fires as though they weren't there to begin with. When this figure became clearer, many began to look on with frowns on their faces.

Truth be told, this man looked as though he had been living on the streets for several months. His clothes were beaten, ripped, dirtied and ragged. His hair could only be described as a rat's nest, their natural blond color discolored by what looked like and hopefully was mud. His eyes looked both groggy and lazy...

Of all the things the rebel army expected to find when they came here, this was the last. The fact that there were no anti siege tactics prepared by The Capital was odd enough. It was even weirder that there hadn't been a single person atop the wall before their attack. And now... there was this odd man?

The man stumbled over the rocks before dropping down awkwardly before the carnage.

He stretched his back in an exaggerated manner as though he had spent far too long sitting. The crackles and pops that sounded from his action were so loud that they carried throughout the battlefield, even given the destruction to his back.

This alone seemed to make those of the army take this man far more seriously...

The man coughed, slinking his hair back and spitting at the ground before him.

Somehow, a sword appeared in his hand. Despite the fact they had been observing him from beginning to end, no one had been able to pick up on its appearance. ρ???∪???

If it was as simple as a spatial ring, they obviously wouldn't react like this. But, there was not a single spatial treasure on the man's body. It was as though the sword had really popped up from out of thin air.

The man's action of sweeping his hair back revealed a devilishly handsome appearance. If he wasn't so dirty, he would truly be a lady killer. In fact, the fact they could think this at all could only mean that the dirt and grime that covered him couldn't possibly be as much of a deterrent as they thought.

“... Blah, blah, My name is Normand. Blah, blah, your General is weak, he should fight me to prove his worth. Blah, blah, not just anyone is worthy to fight my lovable bastard of a King... You get the gist of it right, hurry up mister General sir.”

The rebel army was speechless. Was this person issuing a challenge? Or were they acting out a comedy skit? What the hell was going on?

Rollan, who sat on his horse not far from Leonel's back, also frowned. Challenges were rare on the battlefield but not to the point that they never happened. But, it was rare for the supposed 'stronger' party to issue them.

Usually, the point was to get a shot at taking out an important member of the opposing army with the least amount of hassle. It was also a good chance to lower the momentum and morale of an army.

Still, challenges had to be issued by those of equivalent status. It was one thing if it was Alexandre who had issued this challenge... But where had this homeless man come from? Who was he to challenge their General?

However, surprisingly, Leonel held out a hand before Rollan could say anything. He simply walked forward, leaving the immediate protection of his army to stand in no-man's land.

“Normand the Swift, I presume?” Leonel asked.

Gertrude's pupils constricted when she heard these words. Normand the Swift? He was a genius no lesser than the Third Prince of the Oryx Kingdom. The only difference was that Normand was far older and had actually grown into his potential.

But then, years ago, he suddenly vanished from the public eye and stopped appearing on battlefields all together...

Normand chuckled, still stretching his back.

“You didn't know, mister General sir? I go by Normand the Cuck now. As you can see, my Kingdom treats me great. But you, mister General sir, are quite well informed. I'm surprised you've heard of such a title.”

“I am quite informed. More than informed enough to recognize the actions of a useless King when I see it.”

Normand's gaze narrowed. In all these years, only he ever dared to say a word slandering Alexandre. And even he often hid behind layers of sarcasm. Maybe due to an innate fear of what could happen to his former fiancée, he never truly went too far.

But this General... Didn't seem to have any such qualms.

“I will give you two options Normand. Though your hand is being forced, without first razing this city to the ground, there is nothing I can do for you.

“The first option is to step aside and either physically or spiritually join our effort. The second option is for you to die beneath my spear.”

Leonel had hardly finished his words when a sword light so swift it seemed to skirt reality appeared before his throat.

Chapter 768

CLANG!

The polearm of Leonel’s spear appeared before him vertically, blocking the pierce of Normand’s swift sword. It was such a precise block that the sword didn’t slip one direction or another, it simply trembled in place, unable to move forward any longer.

“What a coincidence.” Normand said, his voice sounding particularly flat, all of his playfulness and sarcasm vanishing. “I’ve been looking to die for a long time already.”

Leonel’s eyes narrowed. His spear shifted, forward, the tip of Normand’s sword to get caught in one of the hollow grooves of his long, flexible spear.

Normand suddenly experienced his sword being twisted as Leonel’s spear spun to the side. The pressure bore down on his wrist, threatening to break it entirely.

But, it was at that exact moment that Normand left his feet, his body spinning in the air along with his sword.

Leonel’s pupils constricted. ‘Weightless...’

He didn't get to dwell on the thought for very long before, Normand swiftly pulled his sword back, piercing forward again with a speed even greater than the first time. He seemed to have no need of his Swift Title at all, his actions existed on a plane all to their own.

Leonel took a calm step back, the spin of his spear picking up as he blocked its pierce precisely. He controlled the speed with such accuracy and precision that even when Normand tried to aim for the gaps, he would always find Leonel's polearm waiting.

Normand pulled his sword back, his lazy eyes seemingly becoming even more lazy. His body loosened, his limbs becoming flexible to an extreme.

He seemed to fall toward the ground. But, when his leg pounded against the dirt below, a crack spread out instantaneously, even reaching back toward the collapsing city wall to his back and forcing it to fall even faster.

His speed was so blazingly fast that Leonel's eyes couldn't keep up no matter how hard they tried. He became nothing more than a slight ripple of wind, yet it still felt that his body was still accelerating.

Leonel coldly watched on, his spear moving in a blur of its own.

Clashes sounded throughout the battlefield.

One man stood almost unmoving. Even when he did, it would be to take a slight pivot in a given direction. His foundation was as steady as a mountain, a singular strike of his seemingly blocking many from his opponent.

The other was nothing more than a blur. Over 90% of the battlefield couldn't even follow his movements, while another 10% could only barely catch a glimpse of him the instant his sword clashed with Leonel and he was forced to slow for just a moment.

This ratio wasn't much different even among those watching from the Royal Court. They all wore somber expressions, watching from the Castle. Somehow, the one man they had hated for so long had become the one man they hoped would save them all.

Leonel's spear suddenly descended with a fierce light, sending Normand skipping backward.

'So it's like that.' Leonel nodded to himself. 'He's a Speedster...' ρ??C??????

The Speedster Ability Index had many categories just like any other ability. There were some Speedsters that relied on the Wind, Light or Lightning Elements. But, pure Speedsters like Normand were quite rare. He wasn't relying on an Element, he was using nothing more than his bodily talent.

As odd as it might sound, such Pure Speedsters were monstrous talents no less sought after than a genius with a deep Space or even Time Affinity.

The Speedster Ability Index was broken down simply: Speed, Weightless, Acceleration, Control, and Warp.

Speed was the simplest. It allowed one to break the body's limits and display an uncommon pace.

Weightless is where the true strength of Pure Speedsters began to show. This state allowed the freedom of the body to unlock. Maneuvers like the one Normand had pulled earlier occurred as easily as him thinking it.

Acceleration built upon Weightless. This allowed a Pure Speedster to ramp up to the greatest speed far quicker and at the highest level, allowed it to be near instantaneous. This allowed a Pure Speedster to both save on the stamina they would normally need to hit their top speed and also allowed them more flexibility in using their ability in battle.

Once reaching Control, both Weightless and Acceleration were built up. At this level, one gained an inhuman amount of agility. Stopping from speeds far surpassing the pace of sound on a dime and turning to a completely new direction without putting any sort of pressure on your body would become as easy as breathing. This was something that Elemental Speedsters would never be able to accomplish.

Control also allowed onto to turn Speed into power with the highest level of efficiency. This level made pure strength types look like nothing more than a joke.

And then... There was Warp. At this highest level, a Pure Speedster could bend light, space and at the pinnacle, even time to their whim. Such an existence was beyond reproach... nigh untouchable.

At Normand's level... Leonel was absolutely certain that he was at the Three Star Acceleration stage. And, that was despite still being a mere Tier 3 expert and likely not having the opportunity to train in over a decade.

If he used his Title...

Normand finally appeared once again, his head shaking. He had no idea how these fools expected him to display any true strength after spending so much of the past dozen years in a cell.

However, this was a beautiful irony to him. He would definitely go all out. He would pour his blood, sweat and tears into this battle, not just for the sake of hoping to save the love of his life a small bit of hardship, but also so that they could regret it... Regret what could have been, regret what they had done to him from the depths of their souls.

He wanted The General to crush him at his very best. He wanted to fall beneath that mighty spear while they knew full well he had done all he could.

Then, he wanted this Kingdom to fall to its knees before the same blade.

Normand suddenly began to laugh into the skies, his aura blazing.

“I am a Titled Knight of His Majesty Alexandre the Apex! I am Normand the Swift! The Wind calls me Brother! The Light calls me Friend! The Gods try to Strike me down, but my Speed is Eternal!”

“ETERNAL!”

Chapter 769

A pillar of golden light descended from the skies and seemed to blind the entirety of the battlefield.

Normand's roars shook the Capital, his conviction splitting the clouds in the sky apart and causing a fissure that divided the two opposing forces.

When he reappeared, it seemed as though he had been completely reformed. His body was flooded with a white gold light, making it look as though he was wearing robes. His golden hair had been completely cleansed and his emerald eyes shone like two true gems. As though his form had become ethereal, he seemed as light as a wisp of smoke and as fleeting as a fragrance in the wind.

Then, he moved.

Leonel's pupils constricted. He circulated [Golden Feather Step], causing two massive wings to appear toward his back. Their white gold appearance was no less dazzling, especially as each feather became more and more defined.

However, they had hardly formed when Normand had already appeared before him. It was as though it had only taken him a single flicker, a small twitch of the muscle, a minute intention, for him to suddenly cross a distance of hundreds of meters.

Like a streaking light, his sword struck forward, its speed so fast and its pattern so all encompassing that a singular thin blade almost formed a curtain all to its own.

Leonel frowned. '[Grand Bell Construct].'

DING! DING! DING! DING!

Instantaneously, an illusory bronze bell appeared before Leonel, his casting speed having reached ungodly levels. However, before he could take advantage of the spell's construction to attack while he was being protected, his pupils constricted.

In the blink of an eye, Normand's sword lights doubled. In an instant, [Grand Bell Construct]'s defensive limit was reached and a rain of piercing swords surged toward Leonel's vital points.

Brandishing his spear, Leonel accelerated backward, a single flap of his enormous semi-illusory wings taking him dozens of meters with ease.

Yet, as though Normand was nothing more than his shadow, he pressed his advantage. It seemed to take not a single ounce of effort to keep up, his body draped in an endless white gold that streaked to infinity toward his back.

Leonel's eyes couldn't keep up with him even if they tried. But, his Internal Sight could see Normand's face almost as clearly as if he was standing perfectly still.

The red eyes, the gritted teeth, the streaming tears... The first opened a window to a man on the brink of madness. The second was so fierce that it drew blood, causing crimson to drip down his chin and be whipped away by the wind. The last sparkled beneath the golden light, carrying a beauty with it that it had no right to have...

Leonel's jaw set.

Every fiber of his being did not want to kill this man. Anyone with even the slightest shred of sympathy wouldn't want to do such a thing.

Emotions dictated that he should find a way, that he should climb through a mountain of corpses to save this man he had only just met today. It was a silly, meaningless nicety, especially when he knew very clearly that this was a person who wanted nothing more than to die.

However, logic told him a single life wasn't worth how many he would sacrifice by taking such a route. Wasn't that how he had dictated his life until this point? The reason he hated killing so much was because he didn't feel that his own life was worth any more than another's. p??ú??????

So, how could he on one hand believe that. Then, on the other, feel so torn in this moment?

Normand roared, his call feeling like the madden wail of a wounded beast. His shout spread throughout the Capital as he pushed himself to his very limits.

Leonel could see it all. The blood that fell from his eyes, how his bulging thighs tore streaks of flesh away from his legs... He could even sense his heart pumping past its limits, causing micro tears to appear one after another.

He wasn't just going all out. He was going beyond his means for just one goal...

To kill Leonel.

A deep breath seemed to silence the entire battlefield. Leonel could no longer hear a thing.

He couldn't feel the collapsing walls of the city. He couldn't sense the crunching ground beneath his feet or the shouts of his men. He could hardly even hear the beating of his own heart.

He closed his eyes, the flow of his blood reaching a crawl.

Why did everything always have to be such a burden? Why did every choice he had to make come with such a dull pain? Why did he live in a world where he had to make such choices to begin with?

Leonel's focus reached an extreme height. Beneath his thinking speed, even Normand's blazing speed seemed as slow to a snail's crawl. He felt that he could accomplish days of thinking in just a few seconds.

And so... He sighed.

The world sped back up, Normand's blazing pace starting to leave sparkling motes of red as his blood vaporized into the air. His muscle fibers tore apart one after another, but his roar seemed endless, bellowing into the skies above.

At that moment, Leonel lightly tapped his foot.

On a piece of ground to his back, a small patch of earth no more than three inches across rose a half centimeter up.

In the blink of an eye, he had already crossed this distance. However, Normand couldn't react to the change. No, maybe he never saw it to begin with.

Chasing after Leonel, his entire focus on piercing his throat, how could Normand realize that such a small change had occurred on the ground?

So... he tripped.

He fell forward at blazing speeds, his body losing all of its coordination in an instant.

It was just a small moment. Having stepped into Control with the help of his Title, coupled with his deep comprehension of Weightless, it wasn't more than a micro second.

Yet, it was in that second that he suddenly found a spear plunged through his chest, shattering his heart into an eruption of crimson flesh.

Chapter 770

Normand crashed into Leonel's body, impaling himself further. However, Leonel didn't move an inch. As though a steady mountain that had stood since an ancient era, he remained unmoving even as Normand's chin fell over his shoulder.

Normand sputtered, his mouth, already leaking with blood, suddenly beginning to flow with it. The tears that fell down his face only seemed to make the crimson stream down faster, sapping away the heaviness of his life's blood and washing it away as though it was meaningless.

A light chuckle left Normand's lips, his raised sword slowly falling to the side. He no longer had the strength to hold it up. Even now, the only reason he could continue to stand on his feet was because of Leonel's spear and shoulder.

"... How... pathetic..." He coughed violently, shards of flesh flying from his mouth and coating Leonel's back as though to mark him for a lifetime.

“... I... Normand the... Swift... Lost because... I tripped...”

He found it hysterical.

He could see through the difficulty in doing such a thing to him. The location of the change to the earth had to be precisely chosen, it had to be well hidden, and it had to be perfectly timed.

At the speed he was going at, his feet hardly touched the ground even once in tens of meters and the intervals weren't even evenly spaced. Depending on the attacks he chose, the acceleration or deceleration he could choose mid combat, any number of changes could occur.

At his speed, any one of those changes could cause deviations of several meters. Yet, Leonel still chose the precise point where his toes would strike the ground, causing the greatest amount of devastation to him.

He understood all of this well. To be a Pure Speedster, he had to have a thinking speed that could keep up with his legs. However, he still found it all to be hysterical. If he had the energy to laugh into the skies, he would do it.

Normand's mouth sputtered with another mouthful of blood, this time completely drenching Leonel's back through.

“Thanks... For the battle...” He said softly.

His eyes dimmed, his body going completely limp.

Leonel stood in silence for a long while, his spear still running through Normand's body, the latter's chin still resting on his shoulder.

He couldn't see it now, but he could feel it. He could feel the light smile on Normand's face, that satisfied upturn of his lip, that peaceful dimming of his eyes.

It was the look of a man who had finally died on his own terms. Not in a cell surrounded by rotting mold or scurrying rats, but on the battlefield fighting with all he had.

Silence rang over the battlefield.

There wasn't a single hint of the cheering one would expect to hear after a successfully won challenge... None of the pride, none of the adulation.

There was only a brewing heaviness, an unwillingness that radiated outward in the syncing of their heartbeats.

'... I was Normand the Swift... The Wind called me Brother... The Light called me Friend... The Gods tried to Strike me down... But my Speed is Eternal...'

Eternal.

Leonel's spear vanished as he slowly lowered Normand to the ground. 

Kneeling to his side, he closed the lids of his eyes with two fingers, uncaring as the tips of his hands were drenched through with blood.

Leonel's head slowly turned to the sky above the castle in the distance. There, there was a man who stood amidst the clouds.

His black hair, dotted with strands of grey, was immaculately well kempt. Even as it shifted in the wind, whether it was his short hair or his partially greying beard, not a single strand seemed to leave its preordained spot.

He had long, flowing imperial robes wrapped in the body of a golden dragon. His crown sat upon his head, completely straight. It seemed to connect him to the skies above... Even as his robes fluttered and his hair shifted, this was the one constant that never seemed to change.

Looking down on the world, he seemed indifferent to it all. As though a passive observer rather than the King of a Nation that had lost almost all his land, he didn't seem angry, nor saddened, nor even somber.

If one didn't know better, one would think that he was a deity, observing the work of his creation as though it was passive, middling entertainment rather than the lives and hard labor of real people.

His demeanor was worse than any debasing snicker, any snide remark, any cruel chortle.

Leonel looked back down to Normand's corpse. Even now, his lip was curled into that very smile Leonel had imagined. He was unmoved by the supposed Apex.

Rising to his feet, Leonel's palm flipped over, a glistening, double bladed, silver spear appearing in his hands.

The moment it did, for once, it seemed to be completely docile. It didn't move or rattle, it didn't fight back against Leonel's control, it didn't throw a tantrum. It was as though it could feel that if it pissed Leonel off now, it would never see the light of day again.

Leonel's steps didn't make a single sound. In fact, they were as light as a feather, as soft as a gentle breeze. And yet, every one resonated with the beating of their hearts.

As light as they were, they only seemed to grow heavier.

There were no piles of rubble, no tall fires, no single warrior that could stop his path forward. As though he had decided that he would go straight ahead from the very beginning, he didn't deviate an inch from that path.

He stared toward that man in the skies, his gaze expressionless.

Leonel's foot rose as he stepped into the city.

When it descended...

BANG!

Massive stones of earth jetted out from his back, shattering the ground beneath his feet as he shot into the air.

There was nothing in this world that he wanted more than the death of this man.

The crown of a King... He didn't deserve it.