

Descent 861

Chapter 861

The Viola family estate was impossibly large. One might think that this meant a few hundred acres, or maybe they owned a small forest to themselves, but even this wasn't thinking nearly large enough.

The estate of this family wasn't limited to such a small range. In fact, even a large city wasn't enough to cover it all. Instead, it was constructed by a network of ten large cities that encompassed an area equivalent to a small state—about 30 000 square kilometers.

Despite the impossibly large region for just a single estate, it was difficult to find even a single blade of grass that was out of place. And, this was despite the fact that much of the region between the ten cities were used as tempering grounds for the younger generation. One would think that it was nothing but an enormous and well kempt garden.

This estate was, of course, just private property. Only the members of the Viola family and their vassals were allowed to step foot in the region. The only exception was when the family hosted some competitions in their tempering regions, but even then, it would mostly be youths from comparatively powerful families participating.

Rarely, the Viola family would hold such competitions to find new Vassals like Aina's father. But, this had many hoops to jump through to even be considered, the least of which were exorbitant fees, not to mention many rounds of screening.

It could be said that not only were Vassals extremely rare in comparison to the number of the Viola family members, each one was a talent that could even match up to the Heirs of the family, not that they would ever have a chance at succession.

As the only daughter of a Viola family Vassal, Aina had certain privileges as well. Due to the rarity of Vassals and given the size of the estate, it wasn't surprising that the father-daughter pair would have a large mansion and room all to their own. In fact, their living abode could be considered to be an estate as well—just that it was more normal in size.

The accommodations left by the Viola family for their subordinates were quite excellent. Most Vassals who managed to succeed would move their entire families over to subordinate themselves to the Viola family, so Miel had enough room to accommodate thousands of people... But, there was usually no one but himself.

Now, though, he had gained three young women in his daughter, his adoptive daughter, and their friend.

It didn't take the girls very long to settle into their new lives.

They had endless space to train. All the sparring partners they could ever want or need at their finger tips. Their meals were handled by elite Force Pill Crafters far beyond Aina in skill. The precious resources that made up their meals were so rare and nutrient rich that single bites for Fourth Dimensional existences like themselves made them feel as though they wouldn't have to train another day in their lives in order to reach the top of the universe.

Of course, this was all nothing but an illusion. Very soon, as the impurities of their bodies were flushed out and they became accustomed to such treatment, their rapid progress would slow... That is if they didn't know how to take advantage.

But, were they like this? Panda Novel [Panda Novel](#)

Let alone resting on her laurels, Aina seemed to become a madwoman. She ate more meals in a given day than words she might speak in the same time frame.

She blazed through the elite sparring partners of the Viola family as though they were canon fodder, ate enough food for ten grown men in the Fifth Dimension, and honed her skill to a mind numbing degree.

Everyone knew that the Vassal title wasn't hereditary... There might be less hoops to jump through for someone with a connection to a Vassal, but there would be hoops nonetheless.

However, with the way Aina was going, it might not be long before she gained such a right herself.

It was just unfortunate for the Viola family that something that would start off so innocent, would ultimately end in their prestige built over tens of thousands of years being plundered and their estate being razed to the ground.

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In a familiar land several Folds of Reality away, a young man who was just as familiar pinched down on one of his nostrils with a thumb before blowing hard.

A jet of blood sprayed out along with not nearly enough snot. However you looked at it, this young man's nose was a mangled mess. And yet, it didn't do much to detract from his handsome features.

This young man was none other than Elthor, the Oryx Prince Leonel had sent to handle affairs on Planet Valiant. But, clearly, he wasn't having as good a time as one might hope he would. In fact, he was having a hard time not pulling out his blade to deal with every situation.

Of course, as an Oryx, this was the preferred method. But, the issue was that he wasn't strong enough to simply rule with an iron fist just yet.

One might think that that the Oryx might be like beasts, just submitting to those with the greatest bloodline—or in their case, the strongest pheromones—but this was far from the case. They were a race that relied on their minds just as much as humans would.

Elthor's appearance had definitely been seen as a great sign by the members of the Oryx, but this didn't simultaneously mean that they would just hand over all the reins to him. There were simply too many questions.

Where was he from? What was his purpose? What right did he have to take command of all of them?

Leonel had definitely prepped Elthor to handle all of these questions far in advance after thoroughly studying Oryx culture. But, this didn't mean that the plan would be without its bumps and bruises...

It also didn't help that practically every Oryx female was in love with Elthor and there wasn't a single male Oryx who was a fan of this at all.

Chapter 862

Elthor slowly picked himself up, shaking his head. He was getting really tired of having to get into all of these fights, not because he hated fighting, but because he always had to hold back.

The ones he could kill, he couldn't kill. As for the ones he couldn't kill even if he tried, those were even more agonizing. Did they get off from beating a kid like him? Just because your wife was giving me googly eyes, doesn't mean I touched her! Shouldn't you blame yourself for her eyes wandering?!

Elthor looked up and glared at the gorilla sized bastard he had just knocked out. His fists were really too itchy at this point.

At that moment, though, Elthor's pupils suddenly constricted. His head snapped up to the skies, his eyes narrowing.

'This is... Most definitely not part of the plan...' Elthor mumbled to himself.

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The Oryx community, despite their advancements toward the importance of the mind in conjunction with the body, was still quite primitive. Their sanitation wasn't the best, their roads were still paved of dirt, their homes were simple constructs of wood, mud and dried grass... They were ultimately still living in a time countless centuries behind everyone else.

One of the tasks Elthor was left with by Leonel was to improve this. However, the method in which he did so was also important.

Elthor was supposed to become their future leader, not their plumber or construction worker. He couldn't just roll up his sleeves and get to shoveling. As shallow as that sounded, the minds of sentient beings all worked similarly.

If Elthor did this, his image would be tainted in the eyes of most. As feel good as it sounded for a leader to get in the dirt and weeds with their subjects, most didn't have the capacity to appreciate this and would even take it for granted.

Of course, such an approach could be taken after power was already in your hands. But, if you had to shake off the label of commoner or poverty first, history would tell you how difficult that would be... And even those that succeeded would have to wage war or lead an uprising, something Leonel had expressly told Elthor to avoid.

As such, Elthor's path toward improving the Oryx was to instead present his ideas through legislation. It was much slower this way, but it also gave him the opportunity to display his leadership qualities and to subtly prove himself.

This would be the most difficult. Elthor's combat prowess was clear enough. No one at his age was able to defeat him and even matured adults often lost to him. It was just that he couldn't match up to the true warriors of the Oryx yet, and likely wouldn't be able to for a long while. However, this didn't matter because that was just a matter of time.

Proving that he was the most appropriate leader, though, and also dealing with the fallout of those he would have to push out of the way to claim it, would be what really challenged him. Panda Novel

The irony wasn't lost on Elthor. He had never wanted to become a King in his life. And yet, in order to become the General he wanted to be, he would have to become a King first. Life truly liked to play tricks on the weary...

At this moment, though, Elthor wasn't thinking about all of this, at least not in his conscious mind.

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Due to the structure of the Oryx, they were quite closed off from the outside world and didn't have diplomatic relations with any others. However, just moments ago, a ship had very clearly descended the skies, not bothering to hide its presence.

There were only two possible explanations for this: It was either a declaration of war, or it was just the best way to establish contact with a race that was so primitive in its technology.

Just minutes later, it became clear that it was the latter.

The Oryx Tribe's meeting room was among the first things Elthor had proposed to fix. As a result, it was the cleanest and most well established. It took up the center of the Tribe and though it wasn't made of precious materials, there was no denying the care that went into making it. At the very least, there was no dirt, mud or grime to be seen. There was nothing but well polished dark wood all around.

The focus of the Oryx and Elthor, though, wasn't their well-built meeting room, but rather the group of diplomats that had come from parts unknown.

The current leader of the Oryx, a wizened older man by the name of Raymundus, sat upon a wooden throne. Though his eyes were murky and his hair was greyed, his back still sat straight and his breathing was steady. He both looked like he could keel over at any moment, but simultaneously burst with an undying strength.

To Raymundus' left and right were two guards in their prime. Both were among the strongest warriors of the Oryx and their momentum was stifling. No matter how one felt about the Oryx, their presence alone was enough to force whatever disdain this group of diplomats might have had in their hearts down.

The group was led by a young woman wearing a fluttering yellow dress. She didn't seem off put by the strong smell of the Oryx in the slightest and simply bowed with respect before Raymundus, causing the latter's aged eyes to twinkle with a hint of intelligence.

"I've heard of the Oryx Tribe for a very long while," she began with a sweet voice. "Please don't take this as useless flattery. Valiant Heart Mountain was once the strongest power in this quadrant, even beyond the Milky Way Guild, and yet your Oryx Tribe has managed to protect your lands from them, effectively hindering their path toward uniting this world and the World Spirit.

"My organization has taken a great interest in working with you all."

Elthor watched all of this in silence. Of all the plans, counter plans, and fail safes Leonel had given him, a contingency for this was not amongst them. Even Leonel couldn't plan for every change ahead of time.

To make matters worse, Elthor had no way of recognizing this woman. In fact, even if he had seen her face before, he still wouldn't because her features had changed.

This woman was none other than Heira.

'Is this a good or a bad thing...?' Elthor thought to himself.

Chapter 863

Leonel had no idea what was going on so far away from himself. It was true that he had never considered the possibility that someone would try to form diplomatic relations with the Oryx, but this was mostly because of how unlikely that it was.

The Oryx were not human. This was maybe the most important reason. Though racism wasn't very prevalent amongst humans any longer—at least not in Leonel's experience—that was only because it was replaced by another sort of race war, one between species.

Unfortunately, no matter where you were, racism was an almost inevitable part of life. There was nothing people liked to do more than participate in tribalism. The grotesque part of it all was that it was rooted in good. People had the inherent want to be connected and feel connected to one another. It was just unfortunate that this good was often twisted and contorted into what Leonel believed to be the ugliest thing in the world.

What better way to feel more connected to those around you than to exclude the 'others'? If everyone was connected, was anyone connected at all?

It was these kind of thoughts that had always pervaded the psyche of the Dimensional Verse and it manifested in the form of race wars all too often.

It could be said that the only reason Earth had weeded out racism was because of its hands on approach. The Ascension Empire fused the continents into one. A monolithic culture was formed. There were no large swaths of communities where only a single type of face could be seen...

Of course, Earth still had its own in groups and outgroups—that being the people who could call the surface home and those that could not. But, they had still made great leaps and bounds in that direction and it was about the only thing Leonel respected about his grandfather’s Empire.

However... outside of Earth, these things couldn’t be said to be the same.

The Milky Way happened to be a Galaxy of humans, so these matters weren’t very prevalent on a large scale. But, they still appeared in small doses here and there... One of which was the Oryx themselves.

Leonel had never thought that anyone would reach out a hand to ally with the Oryx because of these reasons. He felt that he understood human psychology very well, at least enough to be quite firm in his predictions against this happening...

But, what he never considered was the fact that someone would make this move precisely because they felt that no one else would do so.

The trouble was that now, even though Leonel had the initiative and the advantage of race on his side, he wasn’t able to plan out his next move because he was stuck in this trial world.

It would all be up to Elthor...

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Leonel took deep, sweeping breaths. Every time he did so, large swaths of blue Star Force swarmed into his mouth, spiraling about the air and into a funnel formation.

Leonel sealed his lips almost as though he was tasting something, but the truth was that he was monitoring the change in his body, trying to see if the changes he had made were functioning properly or if he needed to make more adjustments. Panda Novel ρ???(???????)

‘Fascinating...’

The more time Leonel spent in this trial, the more he realized just how much of a genius this creator was. It seemed as though this was nothing but a long, drawn out trial of battle, but with every new discovery Leonel made, he realized how far from the truth this was.

Logically speaking, it didn't make sense that a Star Force that could stop him from feeling hungry or tired couldn't also help his stamina. At least this was the case if he was correct about Star Force being this all encompassing energy source that could be applied to anything...

But, who was to say that this was true?

Anyone with half a brain knew that depending on the device, it would need a different power source. Or, at the very least, that power source would have to be packaged in a different way.

Back in the 21st century, Earth had batteries that were split into all sorts of rankings. Technically, they all functioned similarly and had near identical mechanisms by which they worked, but they came in all different shapes and sizes and couldn't be casually swapped out for one another.

Leonel believed that this blue Star Force was like a single type of those batteries. In its base form, it was capable of halting fatigue and hunger, but did nothing for muscle recovery, oxygen supplementation, or anything of the like.

However, Leonel then realized something else. Technically, this blue Star Force should be unable to become the blade of his weapon, right? After all, it wasn't an attack type Star Force like Leonel's Scarlet Star Force was. And yet, hadn't it fused with his blade just fine?

That was when Leonel understood that this was a hidden puzzle. In fact, maybe the gradual weight his body was gaining was a puzzle as well.

As for what Leonel's task was? It was adjust the uses of this blue Star Force to fit his needs better than they already were.

Even if he didn't feel hunger or the need to sleep, if his stamina hit a wall, what good would that do for him?

So, Leonel got to work. His first goal? To have this Star Force become capable of replacing his oxygen intake with far more efficiency.

Funny enough, this brought Leonel right back to Mage Arts and their creation. This time, he focused everything he had on the Star Element, trying to formulate a Force Art that would allow him to satiate his body's thirst for air.

Once he finished that, he would move on to his muscle fatigue and attack that weakness as well. With the abundance of Star Force there was in the air, how could he not take advantage?

Due to his measured steps and far weaker body, Leonel only fell further and further behind the others, completely unaware that he even had competitors. However, the further toward completion he approached with this Force Art, the brighter Leonel's gaze glowed.

Chapter 864

Leonel took another large breath. The spiraling of blue Star Force this time was even more violent and rampant. Every ounce of Force within ten meters surged toward him, filling his lungs to the point they seemed like they might burst.

'Not quite... Almost there...'

Leonel's mind spun, undergoing several calculations at a time as he continuously adjusted the Force Art.

However, as Leonel progressed, he quickly realized he was approaching a bottleneck. His progress was slowing and he subconsciously felt that he would reach a barrier he couldn't push past with more calculations very soon.

This wasn't the first time Leonel had run into such a problem. While he was Force Crafting, there were many times the blueprints he thought of couldn't quite meet the mark he wanted them to. When things reached that point, the best choice was to always scrap the design and start anew because this barrier definitely meant that there was a fundamental flaw to his approach.

'A fundamental flaw, hm...?'

Leonel's gaze suddenly sharpened as he took a heavy step backward.

A blade of blue swung down heavily before him, missing the tip of his nose by just a hair. A fine line of blood trickled down and dripped from Leonel's nostrils, his pupils constricting to an extreme.

This wasn't a kilometer. This was 500 meters. The parameters had changed again. Had he been just a moment late in his reaction, he would have been sliced in two. No... If it wasn't for his Dream Counter, he would be dead right this very moment.

Leonel reacted quickly, his spear jetting forth so fast that it cast a inescapable net.

Ding. Ding. Ding.

The spirit countered with a deft skill, its speed far beyond Leonel's. If it wasn't for Leonel's own skill surpassing it, allowing him to use a single attack or defense to block multiple assaults, he would have been riddled with holes by now.

Leonel's gaze sharpened, his short hair wafting about in a slight breeze as the spear etched onto his forehead grew ever brighter.

Leonel stepped to the side, the blue illusory spear ripping a gash along his black compression shirt but missing just enough to leave not a single mark on his skin.

Leonel spun his spear in one hand and clamped down his free forearm and elbow. After trapping the spirit's spear, he pierced its throat through, kicking it off his blade just a moment later. Panda Novel

Exhaling a long breath, Leonel's brow furrowed. Was it going to be every 500 meters now? Did that also cut down the time he would have to think in between?

Leonel decided not to make a rash guess. Since things were like this, he might as well wait here until the spirit appeared again, even if it meant he would have to take on additional weight once more.

The time ticked by and in less than 50 seconds, the spirit reformed.

Leonel sighed. 'Fantastic.' ρ???(???????)

Leonel shook his head as he began to battle the spirit again. At least the distance was also cut in half. If he had to cover the same distance in half the time, it would be even harder for him to restore his stamina.

'I'm missing something... Still missing something...'

Leonel felled the spirit again, accepting the same penalty twice.

He knew that he had to change something drastic. However, he didn't know how.

When he failed with a Crafting design, there were any number of paths for him to take. He could try a completely new design, he could swap out the materials he used, he could even try a different tempering technique.

But... What would he do in this case?

The equivalent changes would probably be to try and use a new Force Art language, maybe it would be more receptive to what he was trying to do. But... Leonel only knew two languages—three if he counted what he learned from that time he almost lost control of his body in the Joan Zone... A mystery he had still yet to properly solve.

The first language he learned was in the Joan Zone incident. That was from the mysterious entity with the ability to turn abilities into Force Arts and bestow them upon people.

The second language he learned was from his father and the Morales family teachings.

The third language he learned was from Camelot's magic system and it was also the one he was currently using.

At this point, the problem was obvious. The first language was restricted to the Third Dimension for Leonel. The second language was constructed for use in creating Crafts and though it could be adapted, Leonel was still certain that the third language was best suited to this.

Why? This was because Camelot's magic system and language was perfect for integrating the body and magic. If Leonel wanted to take Force and use it to energize his body, it was by far the best choice. And, if it wasn't working... That meant that Leonel had run into a dead end.

Leonel's brows furrowed. He absentmindedly stared at the looming blue star in the distance that didn't seem to be getting any closer. Someone else at his strength level might have already felt like they were finished.

'Wait...'

Leonel's steps came to a grinding halt.

The combination of body and magic? Was that correct? Or was it more accurately described as the body and mind? Didn't magic manifest itself from Soul Force? Wasn't that how Force Arts were drawn...?

Leonel's pupils constricted. 'The battery... Is in the wrong shape... Is that the real purpose of this trial...? If that's the case, then where... Where should I put it...?'

All the while, Leonel's gaze couldn't be torn away from the blue star in the distance, his cold eyes giving way to a burst of passion that hadn't been there in a long while.

Leonel ignored everything and suddenly took another massive breath. But, this time, he didn't seem into on stopping even as a tornado of blue Star Force began to form above his head, growing by tens of meters at a time.

At that moment, a door had creaked open.

As for what it lead to...?

It was the Fourth Dimension.

Chapter 865

Leonel felt his body surging toward a barrier with such momentum that even he, himself, couldn't stop it even if he chose to.

Leonel believed that he had understood the purpose of this trial. Maybe it wasn't that this was a puzzle at all and maybe there wasn't the reward of the remaining portions of [Dimensional Cleanse] waiting at the end for him. What if the entire purpose of this road was to comprehend the next step of [Dimensional Cleanse] yourself?

What did it mean for Leonel to say that battery was the wrong shape?

Well, all this time, the perfect image was hanging before him. He continuously tried to use the blue Star Force as though it was normal air he could breathe in, before then trying to adjust it to function like oxygen would. But, was that the right way to do things?

Then there was the blue Star Force that fused into his body and kept making him heavier. Why did it feel like the process was eerily similar to what one experienced when entering the Fourth Dimension? Wasn't that the Dimensional Realm one spent time tempering their bodies and drawing more Nodal Pathways?

On top of that, there was the fact that Leonel felt he was using the blue Star Force all wrong. He felt that if he wanted to get the most out of it, taking Star Force from the surroundings and directly applying it to himself was the wrong method.

If he wanted to flip the table and approach this from a completely different angle, then he believed that the best course of action to take would be to accept the Star Force into his body, convert it into the form he needed, and only then would he apply it to himself.

But this process... How was it any different from his Three Star Constitution?!

When Leonel completed the first phase of [Dimensional Cleanse], he managed to complete what the creator called a near impossible feat and form a Three Star Constitution. Back then, he had felt like the creator only knew how to exaggerate because he hadn't even struggled.

One had to remember that forming nine Nodes didn't guarantee the formation of a Star. Rather, it only allowed one the capacity and chance to form one. Every three Nodes one formed with the [Dimensional Cleanse] technique gave one the chance to form another Star. However, Leonel's own Stars had formed immediately and without his conscious effort the moment he met the threshold requirements.

How could Leonel not think the creator was exaggerating in such a situation? For Leonel, who didn't often get lost in the thick of his own emotion, it all sounded like a simple mind game.

If the creator was lost in his or her own narcissism and wanted as many people to use their technique as possible, what would they do? They would probably make said person feel like they were part of a special 'elite' group that could accomplish something almost 'impossible'.

Leonel concluded that the formation of his Three Star Constitution was likely something similar. However, that didn't mean he couldn't recognize the importance of them. At the very least, he felt he could trust the strength of the technique because he felt like he could trust Uncle Montez. ρ??(???????)

What Leonel didn't know, though, was that the creator hadn't exaggerated in the slightest. And, what he also didn't know was that the Three Star Constitution was just the beginning... Or rather... He didn't know until this very moment.

Leonel's body began to tremble with a violent abandon.

Within his Ethereal Glabella, three slowly rotating Stars of pure silver-white suddenly began to pulse. At first it was subtle, but in just a few moments they began to expand and contract so wildly that they would double and even triple in size in one moment before shrinking to the size of a fist in the next.

Such violent movements made Leonel's mind feel as though it might collapse at any moment. Panda Novel

His Three Stars were the root of much of his mental prowess. Thanks to it, he was able to quickly and continuously replenish his Dream Force. As a result, he was able to use his ability with an almost negligent abandon.

With it suddenly becoming unstable like this, surging out with pulses of power that shook Leonel's Ethereal Glabella, it felt like the situation might turn bad.

The truth of the matter was that this wasn't the fault of the technique. The Three Star Constitution, at least at its current state, was designed to be used with Third Dimensional Soul Force. And yet, not only did Leonel use the more powerful Dream Force, it was even at the Fifth Dimension!

However, where there was danger, there also came benefit. With the Three Stars seemingly evolving under the pressure of Fifth Dimensional Dream Force, their overall character and quality were improving by leaps and bounds.

If the creator of [Dimensional Cleanse] had been observing, they would be able to tell that despite the fact Leonel was suddenly pushing toward the Fourth Dimension, the quality of his Three Stars were actually closing in on something closer to the Fifth.

This, though... Was just the tip of the iceberg.

It was right then that the blue Star Force tore a path into Leonel's Ethereal Glabella, rotating about as though under the influence of savage winds. It felt like it wanted to tear everything in its path apart, and compared to the more docile silver-white Star Force, it had the heft and strength to do so.

Luckily, the barriers of Leonel's Ethereal Glabella were comparable to an existence at the Fifth Dimension thanks to his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor's Wisdom Branch. As a result, though the

surroundings quaked and a splitting headache shook Leonel's mind, everything managed to remain together.

The swirling blue Star Force began to rotate faster and faster. As time passed and it swept through the entirety of Leonel's Ethereal Glabella, its form became clearer and clearer. Or rather... its three forms did.

The blue Star Force began to form three more Stars that very instant.

Chapter 866

The three swirling masses of blue Star Force began to compress as the silver-white Star Force continued to pulse. They fed off one another, seemingly trying to find some sort of balance. However, maybe in the history of the [Dimensional Cleanse] technique, no one had ever formed all Three Stars of the Fourth Dimension at once.

There were three foundation layers for Dimensional Cleanse. The first was for the Third Dimension, the second for the Fourth, and the last for the Fifth. Each would produce a maximum of three Stars, of which most wouldn't be capable of forming even one.

However, let alone not forming even one, Leonel had suddenly begun to form three at once and no matter how he tried to slow the process so that this splitting headache would leave him alone, nothing would work.

The truth of the matter was that Leonel's body had been ready to spill over to the next Dimension for too long now. Not to mention the fact he had one parent who was bestowed the complete World Spirit of a world with Eighth Dimension potential on one hand, on the other he had a parent born from a Seventh Dimensional world that had birthed a Clan with a Lineage Factor with Eighth Dimensional potential as well.

The fact he had remained in the Third Dimension for so long, all while spreading his limits thin through his Metal Body and his Dream Force, was almost a form of blaspheming. If it wasn't for the fact his body didn't know how to progress to the next level, it would have long since done so.

It was like a hole had been poked through the barrier toward Leonel's next advantage, large waves of crashing waters ramming through it and forcing it wider and wider.

If it was said that the best breakthrough was one that came naturally, this was more than just natural. It was almost like a wine locked away for thousands of years, fermenting to the point of achieving a potency that could knock someone out with a single whiff, let alone a sip. The trouble was that Leonel's body had to be the bottle that contained it all, and it was on the verge of collapsing. Panda Novel

Leonel roared into the skies, his body pulsing with a blinding light.

He could feel every individual cell in his body being washed over by a seemingly endless torrent of energy. His blood vessels dilated, his nerves fired continuously, impurities poured out of his body like a flood, pooling around him just to be incinerated by the Star Force in the surroundings.

At that moment, enough time had passed for yet another spirit to form, but it could hardly mold itself into a silhouette before it suddenly found itself obliterated, unable to withstand even a single strand of the moment of Leonel's breakthrough.

Leonel's hair began to fall from his scalp once again, only to rapidly grow to lengths that would put some rivers to shame. His skin's pores opened and closed as though it was breathing, pouring out with foul smelling odors that would put even the Oryx to shame. Leonel could feel his mind and body transcending. It was the very first time he had ever experienced such a thing.

Leonel had thought he could predict how his breakthrough into the Fourth Dimension would go. After all, he had 'experienced' it before with his Metal Body and his Dream Force. Wasn't it the same thing?

But he was wrong. He couldn't have been more wrong. This was a completely different experience. It felt like rather than breaking through, he was becoming a completely different person, as though he was shedding away what he once had been to become something new. p???(??????)

If Leonel had to describe the difference... It felt like he had been in charge of constructing an enormous building. But, for some reason or another, he had started to build the foundation with wooden planks.

Feeling like this wasn't good enough, he hid those wooden planks underground and swapped out the upper tiers of the building for more elaborate building materials like steel beams decorated with polished glass.

However, ultimately, the foundation of his building was still weak. The wooden beams could hardly hold up its heft and the structural integrity was lacking to a great degree.

Finally... He decided that he had made a mistake. But how would one rebuild a foundation?

The only answer was to tear everything down and build it up again!

Leonel felt as though every single one of his cells was being reborn. It was simultaneously like he was both the weakest he had ever been and the strongest all at the same time.

As his body reconstructed itself, it remembered the previous blueprint with ease. It reconstructed his Metal Body, making Leonel feel as though it had become what felt like hundreds of times more powerful in the blink of an eye. At the same time, it reconstructed his mind and his Dream Force. Even if some of the foundation was still too weak for Fifth Dimensional Dream Force, it was powerful enough that Leonel improved by leaps and bounds.

Leonel had once only been able to split his mind just over a thousand ways. But now... He felt that even splitting himself 50 000 ways wouldn't be difficult in the slightest! And, he still felt as though his mind was only growing more and more powerful like chains that had held it down for the longest time were finally being released one after another.

Leonel's roar grew louder. Blinding lights that erupted from his body began to incinerate his clothing and the impurities it was dripping with.

Within Leonel's Ethereal Glabella, the six reforming Stars began to grow explosively in size along with the boundaries of his mind. At the same time, the body of his Mage Core grew along with it, its foliage becoming more exaggerated and the trunk of its stem expanding all the more.

In one sweep, Leonel had stepped from the Third Dimension to the very Peak of the Fourth.

Chapter 867

Leonel's body, which had been lifted from the star road, fell back down heavily upon it. He landed on his feet, but his face was obstructed by the sheer length of his light violet hair. It covered his body and his face, cascading for hundreds of meters as though it had a mind of its own.

Leonel exhaled a breath. Even from beneath his endless pile of hair, the billowing steam made its presence known.

Leonel's long hair blew out of the way, revealing a body that put even Apestus' to shame. Despite the fact Leonel had never been as obsessed with training his body as Apestus was, it seemed that his breakthrough had reformed his image into something the Romans would have carved out from white stone.

From top to bottom, Leonel was covered in a sheen of colorless sweat that still pumped out what remained of his body's impurities. However, by this point, his body had grown so pure that even his sweat itself released a refreshing aura, smelling like a faint cinnamon with just the slightest touch of honey.

The fibers of his muscles could be seen from beneath his skin, their steel cord like construction wiggling about and following the contours of his tan. His abs seemed to have one too many pairs for a normal human and large veins pumped throughout his body, giving him a vascularity that put most body builders to shame.

And yet, he was a lean, explosive machine, even down to his defined quads and calves of his legs.

Leonel knew that this must be the result of his Metal Body. He had never had such defined muscles in his life despite the fact he had always been fit. That was definitely the only explanation, and he was correct.

When Leonel's body was reconstructed, the explosive strength of his Metal Body could finally manifest itself. The bulging strength that had been hiding all this time made itself known, threatening to burst out from Leonel's skin.

If one peeled all of Leonel's skin off and took a look at the muscles beneath. Rather than a pure healthy pink, it would be tinted with a slight bronze that made it look as though his body itself was becoming a machine.

Even though Leonel could tell that he was also far heavier than he had been in the past, he somehow simultaneously felt as light as a feather. His every breath filled him with a seemingly endless energy, his every heartbeat circulating his blood at impossible speeds.

Still, Leonel hadn't expected to step to the top of the Fourth Dimension in one sweep like this. He had yet to branch out his Nodal Pathways so it was quite shocking that he had managed to do so, at least on first inspection.

Ultimately, the Fourth Dimension was all about bringing the body up to standard to deal with subsequent evolutions one would undergo in the future. However, Leonel, who had a Tier 9 Metal Body, had already laid out the perfect foundation for this.

The Fourth Dimension made use of Nodal Pathways to accomplish this, but Leonel's Metal Body made use of his Bronze Runes. ρ??C??????

One had to remember that because Leonel had managed to open the Fourth Dimensional Gate of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor to the ninth level, even his very bones had been carved with his Runes.

Thanks to this, the depth and completeness of Leonel's Metal Body was at the highest possible level, allowing it to complete the same task Nodal Pathways would be able to and thus allowing his body to be capable of withstanding being filled to the brim with Star Force immediately upon his breakthrough.

Of course, this didn't mean that Leonel's Runes could replace his Nodal Pathways. If he didn't begin to form them on his own, it would cause problems in the future. But, at least for now, there was no problem treating them interchangeably.

Leonel nodded to himself, rolling his forearms before his eyes. He still couldn't believe all the veins popping up across his body, it almost felt unnatural to him.

‘Once I finish forming my Nodal Pathways, I should be able to step into the Fifth Dimension right away, then... I don’t think that would take more than a few months...’

The unfortunate part about Leonel’s Metal Body was that due to its sturdiness, rearranging his cells and forming new pathways was now far more difficult. Had he not had a Metal Body, maybe just a few days would have been enough to finish since he had more than enough Star Force and wouldn’t face bottlenecks. But, Leonel wasn’t too disappointed.

There were people stuck at the Fourth Dimension all their lives. Plus, a few months would probably still have him stuck in this place so it didn’t make much of a difference one way or another.

Leonel shook his head, grabbing at his hair and slicing it short again. He felt that his hair was easily tens of times tougher than it had been in the past, but thanks to his King’s Might, it was just as easy to cut.

‘Still no beard...’ Leonel shook his head, rubbing his chin in disappointment.

Somewhere deep inside, Leonel felt that he had no beard because he was progressing too quickly. What if he felt like he was 21, but his body still felt like he was 17? How depressing would that be...? Not that a 17 year old without any facial hair whatsoever was exactly normal to begin with...

Maybe he just didn’t win the genetic lottery. Of course, if others heard him think such a thing, there wouldn’t be enough tomatoes in the world to throw at him.

‘Forget it, I’ll just stay baby faced forever...’

Leonel stored his hair away as he had done before. He wasn’t sure why he did this, but he just felt it would be a shame to get rid of it for some reason. Who knows, maybe one day, it would come in handy.

With that, Leonel shot forward.

What he hadn’t expected, though, was for his speed to be so fast that he would leap across over 200 meters in the blink of an eye. By the time he had skidded to a stop, he was already at the next 500 meter mark.

‘... Oops?’

Chapter 868

Leonel’s fist shot forward, blasting the head of the spirit into pieces.

After he was done, he almost felt bad about it. He had just reacted as quickly as he could and didn’t even think much. The poor guy didn’t even get a chance to take a good look at his face.

‘I should put on some clothes...’

Leonel, unfortunately, didn’t have another pair of sweatpants, so he could only use Valiant Heart Mountain’s white pair of hammer pants. It would have to do for now.

Despite his success, Leonel didn’t feel any sort of complacency. The road ahead still seemed endless and it was impossible to tell how many more opponents he would need to face. Who knew, maybe after a hundred more rounds, he would be right back to gasping for air.

Thinking to this point, Leonel measured the change of his strength he calculated with his last leap, then adjusted himself immediately.

It only made sense that he had missed the mark like this. Though Leonel had been taken ‘measured’ steps in the past, that didn’t mean he was going slow—at least not in the eyes of a normal human. After all, he had to cover a kilometer in less than a hundred seconds, that would be like running that 100 meters ten times at world class Third Dimensional speed.

He had been trying to tap into that speed once again, but forgot to account for the change in his body’s strength because he knew he was running out of time before the spirit appeared again. He didn’t want to take on any added weight he didn’t have to.

‘Hm...?’

Leonel blinked.

His weight... It hadn't increased...

Leonel's gaze narrowed. Could it be that this hadn't been the trial? Or could it be that he was still at the Fourth Dimensional level and as such since he had cleared the mark, he wouldn't have to deal with any of the drawbacks for now?

Leonel wasn't sure which it was. He really didn't have enough information. He had already tried to ask the dictionary about it, but it mostly functioned on scanning things. The information it stored was limited, and it seemed to not be capable of scanning this trial region.

The further Leonel progressed, the less enigmatic and omniscient the dictionary seemed to become.

Leonel pressed forward, but having adjusted himself, his steps were still calm and perfect. Since he didn't know how long this would go for, he needed to use all the time he had to improve as much as possible.

The next mystery he chose to tackle was quite a simple one on the surface, but the further he dug, the more his gaze narrowed.

Why was it that his silver-white Stars were silver-white while his blue Stars were blue?

It was an innocent enough question. The answer also seemed to be obvious as well. There was only silver-white Star Force on Earth and only blue Star Force here. Mystery solved, right?

If one concluded this, though, didn't that mean that the strength or abilities of your Star were dependent on where you formed them? In that case, did that mean that Leonel was at a disadvantage because he formed his first Three Stars on a Third Dimensional world? Come to p a n d a - n o v e l, c o m
p??J??????

Something so important, shouldn't the creator have mentioned it? Or was that sadistic bastard playing tricks again?

It was easy to fall into this belief, even Leonel felt that it might be true. But, something about it all felt... off. As though Leonel was missing something important.

Of course, there was also the possibility that Leonel was wrong and this was true. But in that case, could he replace the foundational energy of his Stars?

With far more minds to work with, Leonel assigned one to forging out his Nodal Pathways, then split the rest between his Spear Domain, comprehending his Stars, and formulating new Star Elemental Mage Arts.

As for why he only assigned a single one to his Nodal Pathways, it was because the more he formed at once, the more Star Force it would take. It wouldn't be smart to drain himself in such an intensive battle environment.

Leonel continued forward like a madman with only improvement on his mind. All he could think about was becoming a step more powerful with every second, not knowing what kind of challenge laid ahead for him.

Of course, he had no idea that he was currently dead last and even the second to last individual was several hundred battles ahead of him.

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“Alright.”

Aina spoke indifferently, brandishing her ax. Despite the speed at which she swung it, there was no sound of whistling wind nor did the air shift at all.

Her father simply nodded and vanished once again.

Just now, Miel had come to bring her news of an opportunity to enter a Sub-Dimensional Zone of the Viola family.

Entering a Zone on a Sixth Dimensional world was a fool's dream for the current Aina. One had to remember that a normal Zone was a location where higher Dimensional Realms touched upon lower Dimensional ones. This meant that the Zones that would appear here may very well have Seventh Dimensional threats.

That said, the Viola family controlled more than just a single world and, among them, there were more appropriate Zones that could be entered, especially if things were accomplished as a team.

...

Days later, Aina found herself not on another world, but rather a moon. The atmosphere was thin, the ground dusted by dry red sand and rock, and the beaming stars in the distance made one feel an undying dread for the heat.

By her side, both Yuri and Savagn were present, all of them wearing what could be considered to be excellent flexible armors even for warriors of the Fifth Dimension, accentuating their figures quite perfectly.

At that moment, a young man with deep black hair and twinkling violet eyes stepped forward.

“I am Samson, a Junior General of the Sixth City. I know that some of you may be disappointed as it is usually Rychard's job to introduce potential Vassals to their first trial, but he was suddenly summoned some weeks ago for an important mission, so you'll have to settle for me.”

Samson smiled lightly. Despite his candor and warmth, though, the disappointment on the face of many couldn't be hidden. How had they gone from Rychard, a potential Heir to the Viola family, to Samson, someone from the Sixth City...?

This wasn't just a single step down...

Chapter 869

A Junior General couldn't be looked down upon. In fact, beside being a potential Heir, it was the highest ranking a youth of the Viola Bloodline could have.

When a world reached a certain level, especially for the Viola family's that had reached the pinnacle of its potential, the only way to grow and expand was by conquering the lands of other worlds. Of course, the best way to do this wasn't by fighting it out with worlds at your level. Rather, the best way was by targeting worlds beneath you.

Lower level worlds had certain protections. That came either from tacit agreements, protection by higher level worlds, and/or natural barriers.

Earth, for example, is among a few lower level worlds that had all three of these layers of protection. Due to its talent, it had gained the favor of numerous high level worlds, all of which had invested in some way or another toward their continued progress. In addition, due to its exceptionally low Dimensional level, the natural barriers of protection it had were leaps and bounds beyond most.

One had to understand that crossing between Folds of Reality was always dangerous. However, crossing from a higher Dimensional Fold of Reality to a lower Fold as a higher Dimensional being was both exceptionally difficult and exceptionally dangerous. The only exception to this is if one had a certain affinity for the Fold of Reality in question—for example, having been born there.

This was all to say that the Junior Generals of the Viola family played a large role in bolstering their strength. It was they who led campaigns to lower level worlds and conquered them in the name of their family. To gain such a right definitely meant that you were among the best the Viola family had to offer.

However... Being from the Sixth City was a small knock on Samson's prestige among them.

The estate of the Viola family was formed of ten cities. These were named by number and went from Ninth to First. The tenth city was known as the Main City.

Competition within the family was fierce and even which city you took up living accommodations in was regarded as a measuring stick for your value. Being from the Sixth City meant that though Samson wasn't at the bottom of the barrel in terms of talent, he wasn't very prestigious either. This was especially so since among the youths here, many of them lived in the Main City.

Of course, their living accommodations had nothing to do with their own strength. Their parents were Vassals that had proven their worth over a long period of time and, as such, had gained the right to live in the Main City among the most important members of the elder generation.

This number included Aina, Yuri and Savahn. Since Miel didn't have any other family, they of course moved to the Main City as well and had maybe the best living accommodations of all those present. However... Unlike many of the other youths here, they didn't feel any disdain, nor did they show it on their face.

They hadn't been here long enough to build up such an elitist attitude. And, even if they had been, they were led by Aina who couldn't be bothered to care about such superfluous nonsense. Her emotions were practically even keeled all the time these days.

Samson's gaze swept over the youths, his hands clasped behind his back and his smile slowly fading.
p??J??????

"I see, I see. You all think that because I'm from the Sixth City and many of you probably live in the Main or First City that you all are above me? For the mere children of Vassals, you all really do have quite some nerve. Rychard asked me to come so that I could scout out if there would be anyone worthy of joining his retainers and helping him claim the right to succession, but I see that you all are nothing but trash."

The disdain the group had immediately flipped toward rage. Come to p a n d a-n o v e l,c o m

A young man wearing a heavy set of dull grey took a heavy step forward. Beneath the somewhat weaker gravity of the red moon, his movements were large and unrestrained.

"I'm not going to stand here and be insulted by a Sixth City swin—!"

"Then sit."

BANG!

The young man couldn't even finish his sentence before he found his face being twisted into the red rock that should have been beneath his feet. Samson stood before him, grinding his face into the dirt with a foot.

Hardly anyone had seen him move. His speed was beyond them. His means were beyond them. His strength was beyond them.

“You...!”

The muffled voice of the young man was practically swallowed by the ground. No matter how hard he moved, he couldn't seem to free himself. To make matters worse, when he thought he would succeed, he felt that if he continued, he would end up ripping his own neck from his own body.

“You all must think you're very special, hm?” Samson's friendly smile had turned to an almost fiendish grin, his black hair waving about even in the absence of wind. “Do you ever wonder why it seems like there's always another Vassal family being escorted out of the Viola family estate everyday? It's because you're all even more useless than the young masters you proport to hate.

“You Vassal Heirs are rarely good enough to take up the mantle of your fathers and mothers. While we of Viola blood have to scratch and claw for everything we have, you all live a life of luxury, not having to worry about succession, not having to worry about being backstabbed, not having to worry about protecting yourselves from your own brothers...

“It's quite funny, if you ask me. You all dare to look down on me when it's the blood, sweat and tears of people like me that keep you all so carefree.

“Do you know why you all dare to be like this? Because you are weak and there's a sucker out there stronger than you willing to protect your fragile little existences.

“To make things worse, you think they owe you this protection... But what are you going to do when that person's gone?”

Chapter 870

Samson removed his foot from the armored youths head and kicked him away toward a relay station not far from them.

“Get this bastard out of my sight. I have no interest in protecting dead weight.”

There weren't a small number of youths of the Viola bloodline that were unsatisfied with the Vassal system. But, there was nothing they could do. They didn't have the power to change things, and even when most of them did gain power, they chose to leave things as they were.

The trouble was that Vassals didn't have a very strong connection to the family to begin with. They were essentially glorified hired guns. So, the best method the Viola family had to keep these experts by their side was to treat their families well.

If a Vassal died in the line of duty, their family would also be well taken care of. However, should that Vassal not have an Heir, their family would not be allowed to stay in the Viola Estate.

The trouble was that the descendants of Vassals had an overinflated sense of worth. And, this was especially so for descendants from Vassals in the Second, First and Main Cities. This was because the Vassals in these cities were amongst the most important to rope in for succession wars. In such a situation, wouldn't it be too foolish to offend a family member of such a Vassal?

So why was it that Samson dared to do this at all? It was because Rychard was a special case. He had the support of one of the two Eternal Vassals—one of the only two Vassal families that managed to pass down their title from generation to generation.

In addition to this, his mother's background wasn't simple and should he succeed on the current expedition he was on, there was a 60% chance the claim to succession would be his.

On top of that... The youth he had just kicked away had a father who was a Vassal from the Second City. And, considering his lack of talent, there was no way this title would be passed down.

Also, as far as Samson was concerned, the potential Heirs that didn't dare to offend the youths of Vassals... Never stood a chance at the Head Position to begin with!

"Alright." Samson clapped, feeling that he had established his authority well enough. "This Zone is quite a special one. According to our analysis tools, it actually seems to be related to General Fye.

"After doing some research, I found out why. This region was among those the General conquered back in his youth. It was only after the Empire fell that it then fell into our hands..."

Samson was about to continue explain, but he saw the blank looks on all their faces. Even the few he thought were comparatively better than the others, like those three masked women over there, didn't seem to know what he was talking about.

He shook his head, lamenting the state of these youths as though he wasn't actually younger than a lot of them.

From a young age, he had been training to be a General. In addition, as a member of the Viola family's main Bloodline, he had also been drilled with all sorts of history. However, the legend of General Fye shouldn't be one that one had to be a history buff to know.

How could one be in the Sixth Dimension and have never heard of the Silver Empire? ρ??ϕ??????

The name sounded simple, but it was just an unfortunate part of the language being lost in translation. To General Fye and his people, 'Silver' represented the highest prestige, an unmatched glory, but most importantly, and underestimated, unrefined talent that rose to the top.

This last definition is why Silver was the most appropriate translation as it always lost out to more precious materials like gold, diamond or platinum. But, it still wasn't exactly perfect.

"Our Tri Pillar Galaxy... Forget it, I'm not wasting my breath. All you need to know that it is very possible that we will have to face General Fye in his youth. I don't have the time or patience to protect all of you, so some might die. If you don't want to see your coffin lids close early, follow my instructions and cut the bullshit."

With that, Samson turned and vanished into a swirling portal, almost a dozen youths following after him.

...

It was an odd feeling indeed. Zones seemed to pass down legends of an age long past. But, what would happen if that age hadn't exactly ended yet?

**

The discussion between Heira and the Oryx didn't seem to last very long, just three hours. And yet, it felt like the Tribe had suddenly become a swaying rowboat amidst an ocean of waves in just that small moment.

The promises she made were quite monumental. She promised to hand this world over to them, she promised that they would have a place in this galaxy, and she promised that her success would be theirs.

The Oryx weren't so naïve to simply believe everything that was thrown at them. After all, they were an intelligent race of people. And, they had more than enough experience dealing with humans, and even the much more powerful Valiant Heart Mountain—or rather, the Valiant Heart Mountain of the past.

However... The temptation was also great.

In their current state of Hyper Evolution, the Oryx had a very small window to either rocket to greater heights or crash... never to rise up again.

Hyper Evolution wasn't something you could just sit idly by for and reap the benefits of. It was the last chance this world was giving them to claim what was theirs. If they couldn't fight for it, they would be finished.

But, if they got lost in the weeds battling the dying Valiant Heart Mountain, leaving themselves without enough room to expand beyond this world, then they would have wasted a golden opportunity.

Of all the things, thoughts and plans Elthor had come with... What he was lacking the most in were the resources the Oryx Tribe needed to crash through the barriers that were holding them back...

Resources Heira had in spades.

