

Descent 901

Chapter 901

The elders were frozen in shock.

One would think that this was because of some overwhelming phenomena, maybe some flashing lights or a rare occurrence not seen in thousands of years. But, this couldn't have been further from the truth.

The reality could be described in a single word: nothing.

That was right, nothing was happening. The flashing lights had dimmed, Leonel's aura had vanished, and the tablet had returned to its previous state. In fact, the elders were so speechless by this change that five minutes later, when yet another Morales family member began making a breakthrough, none of them even turned their heads in that direction.

"This..."

"... That's it?"

These elders weren't fools. The markers for failure were not there. At the same time, the change in Leonel's name couldn't have been clearer—he had succeeded. The issue was... Why the hell was it so fast?

How long had it been since he started his breakthrough? A minute? Less than that? What the hell was going on?

If three years to prepare for a breakthrough from the First to Second Gate was slow... Then what could opening the Second Gate in such a short time count as? In all their years, the elders couldn't remember ever seeing such a thing.

“His aura was very pure,” Mila said slowly. “It felt like he spent a very long time in Tier 9 of the First Gate. But, it also feels like this isn’t enough to explain that... I have a feeling that he hasn’t just awakened one or two stars of [Dimensional Cleanse].”

The elders looked toward Mila. Aside from being one of the only few to practice [Dimensional Cleanse], he also happened to have some of the sharpest senses amongst them. PANDA NOVEL

It had to be remembered that during Leonel’s first breakthrough, the elders had even been able to see through how many cells he used to form his Nodes. If it wasn’t for the fact they had all been distracted when Mila said Leonel practiced [Dimensional Cleanse], they would have been able to pick up on some of these things as well, though it wasn’t an exact science.

“He’s a madman just like his father.” An elder shook his head. “To enter the Fifth Dimension with [Dimensional Cleanse] would mean that he entered that Vital Star Trial World at what level...? The Third Dimension? Does he have a death wish?”

The lips of the elders twitched.

It was a shame. Had Leonel built his foundation with a different technique, he could have entered the trial world with more strength backing him. Then, he might have been able to succeed in one sweep. Now, if he wanted the rest, he would have to put his life on the line.

Though most only wanted the first three layers of [Dimensional Cleanse] for the sake of the Stars it would allow them to form, it was clear that Leonel wanted to cultivate past that point. It was hard to tell without seeing him breakthrough whether he had gained the Sixth or higher Dimensional layers, but they felt that the odds were slim. He was lucky to have left with his life. PANDA NOVEL

“This brat is always doing reckless things. If he wins the Heir Wars, I can see years of headaches coming our way...”

First Leonel opened his First Gate after only forming six Nodes. Then he entered the Vital Star Trial World at the Third Dimension. And now he had opened the Second Gate in under a minute, not even allowing his body to slowly acclimate to the changes. PANDA-NOVEL

How much pain had Leonel suffered through just from the First Gate? Now he was experiencing much more pain than that all at once.

If he wasn't a madman, then what was he?

Despite the words of the elder, though, the group of old men and women suddenly began to laugh. They laughed so heartily that the hidden world of the Morales family began to tremble.

A madman? Who of the Morales family wasn't exactly that?

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Contrary to what the elders thought, Leonel sat in silent meditation as though his body wasn't being carved into piece by piece.

Before, this pain had truly been unbearable for him. But now, he had Dream Sense which allowed him to split his sensory perception between several minds. At this moment, Leonel had used a thousand of his more than million minds to dull the pain by that factor.

Of course, he could have used even more minds to make it all almost negligible, but he did not do so. Something about dulling his pain entirely made it feel like he was losing a piece of his humanity. It was a rare emotional decision for someone like Leonel who usually didn't care for such things.

That said, there was another reason as well. Leonel had turned his other minds toward observing each and every aspect of his body and the changes it was undergoing. He wanted to see what changed now that he was entering the next level of his Metal Body, how the organ system of Runes evolved, and how it might synergize, suppress or coexist with the other Lineage Factors of his body.

Leonel had hardly realized just how easy it had been for him to open the Second Gate. But, this obviously wasn't without reason. Elder Mila was also correct in assuming that he didn't have the full picture and it could be said that there were two main reasons.

The first was that Leonel had formed Six Stars before even stepping into the Fifth Dimension. His body had been purged of its impurities to the point he was practically like a newborn baby who had immediately stepped into such a height.

However, the second reason might be even more important. Not only did Leonel receive the cleansing of six Stars, but he had also been baptized by Sixth Dimensional Cleansing Waters. Let alone the Second Gate, if it wasn't for the fact he had yet to bring his Metal Body to Tier 9 once again, he could have likely opened even the Third Gate now!

## Chapter 902

Leonel exhaled a long breath, the Runes dancing across his skin dimming before vanishing completely.

Not only had the internal Runes gained far more pathways, but they had also grown thicker while simultaneously gaining some life to them.

Before, Leonel's Bronze Runes were static and unmoving. But now they pulsed as though they had their own heart. They were truly beginning to look and act more like they had life to them, as though they really were an organ system.

What was truly fascinating was that Leonel felt that his Divine Armor had gained an upgrade as well. It had firmly stepped into the Fifth Dimension, gaining a qualitative change to it. The result was something that made Leonel's gaze sparkle beside himself.

'Dad was right...'

It had to be remembered that Leonel had formed his Divine Armor with Evolution Ore as its core foundation. This allowed what should have been his Fourth Dimensional armor to display power far beyond its means. And now, it was displaying even more power than before, feeding off of Leonel's advancement to improve itself.

At the same time, Leonel felt that his control over the Spatial Element had skyrocketed along with the advancement of his armor.

In the past, it was difficult for him to displace himself just a single meter within a Fifth Dimensional world. But, at the moment, the Segmented Cube's space was as sturdy as a Sixth Dimensional world's, and yet Leonel could still move about half a meter in any direction.

Since that was the case, just how far could he move in a Fifth Dimensional world? And how far would he be able to move if he activated his Divine Armor?

'Excellent. It's time. I need resources to build my Metal Body back up from Tier 1 and what better target than the Milky Way Guild?'

\*\* PANDA NOVEL

The situation in Valiant Heart Mountain could be said to only be getting worse day after day.

Not long after Leonel's disappearance, a full blown effort toward finding him had been put into effect. Unfortunately, how could they possibly succeed in such a thing? Leonel had entered a trial world which even had Seventh Dimensional Force in abundance, it was a place that those who deemed to call him enemy would never see in their lifetimes.

The result of this failure was an even further suppression of Valiant Heart Mountain.

It had to be remembered that Misty Woods, Crimson Hall and Rusted Blade had all been implicated by Leonel's actions. This had given Valiant Heart Mountain a small bit of breathing room. But, as the three organizations panicked at their inability to find Leonel, pressure was ramped up once again on Valiant Heart. PANDA-NOVEL

This matter hadn't happened naturally. After being punished thoroughly by the Guild, it was Gretta who led the charge for revenge. PANDA-NOVEL

As a child of the 'frequented' women, she had to scratch and claw for every merit she received. She couldn't allow herself to be passive and allow all the prestige she had worked for to crumble.

The result of Gretta pressing so hard were the three rival organizations of Valiant Heart Mountain beginning to press them from all directions. Their territory was eaten away at, their resources were snatched and coopted, and they found themselves further and further on their backfoot.

The irony of it all was that the only thing keeping Valiant Heart afloat was Leonel's little shop. Somehow, it managed to continuously pump out treasures that allowed them to hold on, bolstering their strength and power bit by bit everyday.

Unfortunately, there was nothing that Gretta could do about this. Let alone the fact that even the elders of Valiant Heart themselves were completely unaware of how it was they were doing this, even if they did know, there was nothing they'd be able to do about it.

The secret to the success of Leonel's BLACKSTAR shop couldn't be found on Planet Valiant at all. The root of it all was in the Force Crafting Guild.

As for why even the Milky Way Guild would be able to do nothing about this was because the Force Crafting Guild had a scope far beyond just the Milky Way. Much like Shield Cross Stars, they had establishments across all corners of the Dimensional Verse. The Milky Way Guild, and least of all Gretta, would have no way of stopping their interaction.

Leonel had no one else to thank but Jac Beinala for making him aware of the existence of the Force Crafting Guild, something that would have been the irony of all ironies to the man in question. And, in addition to this, with Jac Beinala having been chased away by Leonel, the Valiant Heart organization had no choice but to rely on Leonel's small shop entirely...

The trouble was that this alone wasn't enough.

As quickly as Allan, Keira and the others were improving their skill with the help of Leonel's resources, they still hadn't caught up to Leonel. Even the best of them, Keira, even after Leonel had vanished for two years, was still only a Tier 9 Black Crafter. She was still a measure away from being able to Craft Quasi Bronze treasures and was even further from entering the ranks of Fifth Dimensional Crafters.

This couldn't be helped. Not everyone had the perfect Lineage Factor, ability, not to mention a Metal Spirit to support their advancements in Crafting. Without more help, it would be impossible for them to

have progressed any more than this and it could be said that Keira's improvement was a testament to her hidden talent.

Unfortunately, Fourth Dimensional treasures weren't enough to turn the tide of battle between organizations who had Fifth Dimensional existences as their main backbone. At best, it was able to stall for some time...

But how long would that be exactly?

If Gretta had anything to say about it, not long at all. At this moment, she had already laid out the plans for her first full scale invasion of Valiant Heart Mountain and had begun to press toward the core of their territory.

The space field surrounding the mostly earthen planet suddenly trembled beneath the presence of a mighty ship.

The planet's magnetic field twisted and bent, its atmosphere growing volatile as an enormous kilometer long ship descended from above.

At the helm, Gretta stood expressionlessly, a fiery red dress clinging to her curves. But, her once delicate features were marred by a red, pulsing scar that ran from her cheek, across the bridge of her nose, and finally ended by cutting across her eyebrow, leaving a thick hairless slash through it.

Though Gretta's face seemed to give nothing away, the trembling of this scar seemed to contain all her rage.

## Chapter 903

Valiant Heart Mountain instantly found itself to be under a lot of pressure. Gretta hadn't moved to attack in several days, and yet she also hadn't tried to hide her presence. Whether it was the lowest worker in the organization up to the highest standing elder, there wasn't a single soul that didn't know that Valiant Heart Mountain had finally reached the end of its rope.

What was especially odd was that the Oryx Tribe had been quiet for several months already. This alone had made many feel like something was fishy. But, before they could learn what was happening, they landed in this situation.

...

Within BLACKSTAR, Keira, the twins and Rum were present. If the rest of Valiant Heart Mountain could be described to be in a panic, these four were tranquil. Even the usually reserved and panicky Litia managed to exude the same confidence as her more boisterous younger sister, Madia.

“Do you think they will really attack?” Madia asked Keira.

“I ... I don’t think so.” Keira said after a moment of thought, her gaze still focused on the Craft she was working on.

Those familiar with training Crafters would immediately recognize that Keira might have been drawing Force Arts with her quill, but she wasn’t actually Crafting. Rather, her target was what looked like a solid piece of wood. And yet, beads of sweat fell from her forehead with every stroke she made.

This wood seemed simple, but it was actually a very hard substance with an irregular pattern of grain. This combination of characteristics made it especially difficult to control a Crafting Quill. The substance being dense and tough made things difficult enough, but the irregular grain patterns made it so that the quill tended to want to follow the path of said grains rather in the direction a Force Crafter wanted.

The result was a perfect training tool for those who wanted to increase their skill.

“Oh? Why not?”

Madia had been certain that the Milky Way Guild would eventually attack. Still, she wasn’t very worried about it. Worst case scenario, they would just flash the badges they had earned from the Force Crafting Guild. Unless the circumstances were very particular, no one would harm a Crafter without reason.

PANDA NOVEL



Of course, in order to not put their lives in the hands of others, there were all sorts of other things they could do. For example, hiring a body guard from the Guild was possible. They could also simply leave Planet Valiant for the Guild as well. So, it was no wonder none of them were worried about their safety.

That said, leaving the Planet would be an absolute last resort precisely because the optics would be poor. Whether they liked it or not, they were still representing Leonel even now. Though outsiders didn't know it, the people of Valiant Heart did. If they failed to live up to this ideal, it would make Leonel's future plans more difficult.

As far as they were concerned, Leonel was the reason they could live a life of such leisure now. They had gone from a Faction no one wanted to work with to the most important Crafters of the organization in just a few years. If it wasn't for Leonel so graciously sharing his Crafting knowledge with them, how could they ever accomplish such a thing?

Though it was impossible to tell if their resolve would hold firm even to the point of death, at least for now when their lives weren't in immediate path of harm, they had no reason to betray Leonel.

"The same reason why we can't just leave," Keira replied, "the optics would be terrible. The Milky Way Guild is a Guild of Merchants. What is most important to Merchants is profit, connections, and most essentially: Neutrality. PANDA-NOVEL p??J??????

"If they had managed to handle things back on Planet Vincero, it would have been fine. After all, that was their territory being encroached upon. They had the right to defend it. But now, they're baring their teeth toward others. Whether they want it to or not, this action suddenly reminds everyone that this 'friendly' group of Merchants they've allowed into every corner of their lives might not be so 'friendly' anymore as long as they make one wrong move.

"If the Milky Way Guild really bares their fangs completely, nothing might change initially, but soon they'd find themselves slowly being suppressed in the future.

"It might start with a demand for higher taxes from the territories they operate in, and then it might become their operations having to be 'overseen' in case of illegal activity, then it might become smaller merchant Guilds eating up contracts they had held on to for years... It could all eventually snowball to the point the Milky Way Guild of old would be no more."

“Ah! Keira, you’re so smart!” Litia’s innocent, child-like eyes lit up.

Keira coughed lightly, her Crafting Quill deviating from the path she had planned.

“Yes, yes. Of course.” She said, hiding the tinge of red that colored her cheeks.

It was actually Leonel who had said all of this. He had left behind an explanation of what might happen with Allan who had passed it on to Keira. But now she was being praised for something Leonel had deduced months ago.

“But then why are they here if they won’t attack?” Madia asked after a while.

“Well,” Keira started, “they’re probably trying to apply pressure. Also, there are probably very few people who are certain that that ship is from the Milky Way Guild and that’s only because we have information on the ships they sent to Planet Vincero.

“To a layman, though, those ships are unmarked. If I had to take a guess as to what might happen, they plan on pushing us into a corner. When we’re thoroughly suppressed, lacking in supplies, and low on morale, they’ll probably send in the three organizations to deal a decisive blow to us.

“Of course, they might sneak in a few elite soldiers from their personal fleet. But, by then, who will really pay attention to such a small detail?”

Keira coughed lightly, giving out her ‘well thought out’ opinion eloquently and even taking some pauses to make it seem more authentic. When she saw the worshipful gaze in Litia’s eyes, she couldn’t help but grin to herself.

At that moment, though, Thilly came rushing in, pushing up his glasses as he hurriedly spoke.

“They’re attacking! They sent down a first wave!”

Thilly seemed to have appeared from thin air. Clearly, he had just teleported into BLACKSTAR's top floor as they all had the right to do.

Without knowing when the Milky Way Guild, or more accurately, its lackies, would take action, some of them had been sent to continuously monitor the situation. Of course, that fell on the shoulders of the other members of the former Polished Glass Faction. After all, Allan and the others, not to mention most definitely not Elthor, couldn't casually stroll around Valiant City.

By this point, the organization had been on high alert for a very long while. They weren't caught off guard by this sudden attack, but this didn't mean that their nerves weren't fried. Many of those tasked with the first line of defense hadn't had proper rest in weeks, and those on the backline weren't much better.

"A first wave? They've grown impatient, they should have waited at least another week." Keira spoke based on Leonel's analysis once again. "If they had waited that long, Valiant Heart would collapse in a day or two at most. Whoever is commanding them is either pressed for time or immature.

"Do you know what the first wave is wearing?"

"They seem to be a cluster from all three organizations. But, they're all in the Fourth Dimension. The strongest amongst them is at the Quasi Fifth Dimension. They're still holding back."

Keira shook her head.

Leonel had left behind several archetypes for what sort of commander might be leading this charge and he had ranked them all from most dangerous to least dangerous... Or, as Keira liked to put it, smartest to dumbest.

The most dangerous Commander they could face was one that not only waited an extra week like Keira had expected, but said Commander would also swarm Valiant Heart with its full power immediately, not holding anything back and claiming the city in one sweep.

As for the least dangerous and dumbest Commander... They would not only be impatient, but they would also be wishy washy in their impatience, choosing to balance their early attack with probing strikes.

In Leonel's opinion, such a commander was a fool. Sending out probing strikes would give their enemy a chance to solidify and reaffirm their resolve. Without sending out a group that could immediately crush them, you would allow the light of hope to burn. By the time your enemy realized they should be despairing, you would have suffered casualties just as great as they did. PANDA NOVEL

Of course, these were all based on Leonel's simulations, simulations that were only growing better and more accurate by the day. And, this was only one thing to consider.

The commander was Gretta, she was the one directing the three organizations. As such, not only did she not care about casualties, the more of them they suffered, the better.

The importance of a merchant Guild's neutrality wasn't lost on her. In Gretta's mind, she was killing two birds with one stone. Not only would she take out an enemy, but she would also weaken four organizations who had seen their teeth being bared. Wasn't this the perfect result?

Unfortunately for Gretta, Leonel still thought she was a fool. Though her actions would indeed weaken the three organizations, she had not only missed a golden opportunity, but she had brought the Milky Way Guild back to square one. PANDA-NOVEL

Those observing this battle from the sidelines weren't fools. They knew who the mastermind behind it all was. They could turn a blind eye to it if it was just the Milky Way Guild 'observing' things, but if it was the Milky Way Guild forcing four organizations to suffer such resounding losses, what was the difference between this and the Milky Way Guild acting personally? PANDA-NOVEL

Of course, there was still a small difference and the Guild might have slightly more leeway taking this action. But, it would still result in some pushback the Guild would have to take delicate steps to resolve. And, it was all caused by Gretta outsmarting herself.

What even Leonel didn't know, though, was that Gretta wouldn't usually be so foggy minded despite her abrasive personality. She hadn't climbed out a heap of Augustus' children just because of her fists, she had her mind as well.

The trouble was just a couple months ago, after suffering a terrible punishment from the Guild, she was finally sent out on another mission. During this mission, though, she suffered another resounding loss, this time at the hands of a troop of Oryx, creatures she had never personally laid eyes on before.

The result of that loss was the scar that now ran down her face. Even now it continued to throb, filling her with an endless rage.

After suffering two losses back to back, Gretta was on the verge of collapsing. She didn't care about the future of the Guild, she just needed results right now, no matter what the cost. Even if the Guild suffered pushback later, it would still be difficult to pin all the blame on her.

This win.... She needed it. She had crawled up so far through a bed of needles. She refused to cough back up the rewards of her labor so easily.

...

“Should we go and fight?” Rum suddenly spoke up for the first time, his large frame sitting up.

Though he was so massive, he was basically an enormous teddy bear. Let alone fighting, he didn't even like to raise his voice.

“No. We've done our job as Force Crafters. All the frontline men and women are equipped with the best we can give them. How long they survive is up to them.” Keira said with a heavy tone.

The group fell into silence.

In truth, they all had complicated emotions. Somewhere deep inside, they knew that Valiant Heart Mountain was finished even as the first wave charged up the mountain pass. It was hard to tell how they should feel. Before Leonel, they had experienced nothing but bullying at the hands of the Valiant Heart system. But... It had still been their home for several decades. Should they rejoice? Or should they feel sad?

“What are you all moping around for?”

The sudden voice cut through all their thoughts.

“Leonel!”

Chapter 905

Leonel suddenly appeared amongst them all, a casual smile on his face. But, the instant he did, the members of Polished Glass felt like prostrating themselves, their very souls trembling in his presence.

They couldn't wrap their heads around what they were feeling for a long time until Keira's eyes suddenly widened, a shocking realization hitting her.

“You're not in the Third Dimension anymore!”

The shock sunk in for them all at once. They were so used to Leonel doing ridiculous things that they had completely forgotten that he was an entire Dimension below them. Now that he was suddenly a Dimension above them, it felt like they were in the presence of a God. Despite the fact Leonel's clothing couldn't have been more casual—even down to the sneakers on his feet—they still felt like they should be worshipping him.

“Ah, right.” Leonel grinned. “I broke through. That's why I had to leave for such a long time, the next pieces of the technique I practice require passing a trial to get to.”

Keira suddenly felt itchy all over. Leonel's strength was already so ridiculous in the Third Dimension, he had even managed to run from a building filled with Fifth Dimensional existences! Of course, they hadn't been prepared for his sudden murder of their young heiress, or else it wouldn't have been so simple. But the fact still stood.

Now that Leonel was in the Fourth... No...

Keira's eyes widened. "You're not in the Fourth Dimension..."

Keira gulped. Taking eight or nine months to cross an entire Dimension. What kind of monster was he?

Leonel had already told them all that he was from a family in the Seventh Dimension. He didn't seem to care about hiding massive matters most others would keep close to their chest. And, that was especially so when he was around his own people.

This was all to say that Keira knew that he would be a monster... But wasn't this too exaggerated?

Of course, if she knew that the Morales family still thought he was slow, she wouldn't know where to bow her head in shame.

"Let's forget about those little details. They're attacking, right? I can feel it." PANDA NOVEL

Leonel's affinity for the Earth was on another level. In fact, he directly took off his sneakers even as he spoke, feeling the diamond etched flooring beneath his feet.

In that instant, he felt as though he could feel the vibrations throughout the whole of the planet. If he couple this with the now ridiculous range of his Internal Sight, hardly anything would escape his notice, even if it occurred hundreds of miles from him. PANDA-NOVEL

"Yes, they're attacking. But, there's no one of the Fifth Dimension..."

Leonel's lip curled. "So the least dangerous commander, huh?"

Keira grinned mischievously, nodding in agreement.

"Then we can have a little bit of fun." PANDA NOVEL

"But..." Keira hesitated.

“I know what you want to say. I’m no longer in the Fourth Dimension so my going out will force their hand, right?”

“Not just that, but you’re also the one they’re looking for! If you go out, they’ll ignore everything else and just target you.”

Leonel chuckled. That was a fair point. He was so excited to jump into battle again he had almost neglected this. He could already hear his blood rushing and his heart pumping.

“Also, Leonel, what is your goal, exactly? If you save Valiant Heart, then what?” Thilly suddenly spoke up, his eyes flickering nervously behind his glasses.

Unlike Allan, it seemed that Thilly really did need his glasses. Leonel hadn’t been able to tell before, but now it caught his attention, making him quite curious.

“I’ll be giving this planet to the Oryx.” Leonel spoke without hesitation. “As for Valiant Heart Mountain, as presently constructed, they have reached the end of their road.”

The room fell into silence. As for Leonel, his eyes narrowed. The first clash had begun.

Through his feet and his Internal Sight, Leonel’s gaze was practically transported dozens of kilometers away. As though he was right there, he watched the first clash happen—the first spurt of blood, the first clang of two weapons, the first mournful cry...

The reason Leonel hesitated wasn’t because he was worried about his safety. It would take a lot to threaten his life right now. What he was worried about was the implications it would have for Valiant Heart Mountain.

By now, Shield Cross Stars had definitely heard of these events. So, if he appeared now, not only would the Milky Way Guild think the organization had been harboring him, but Shield Cross Stars would likely also begin to target them in an above board manner for colluding with a fugitive.



But, Thilly's question had put everything into perspective for him. He had already decided that Valiant Heart Mountain couldn't exist anymore. In fact, the pressure that would be applied by both the Guild and Shield Cross Stars would make it even easier for the Oryx to take this planet.

'I'll have to apologize to Sael when I get the chance. Hopefully she won't hate me too much. After all... I owe her a favor for removing the slave brand from my forehead.'

Leonel bent down, rolling up his sweats until both legs rested at his calves. His palm flipped over, revealing a simple wooden spear. It seemed pristinely crafted, but there wasn't an ounce of a special aura coming from it or its blade.

"You guys head to the Force Crafting Guild. After I am done here, I will go meet up with you. Leave the treasures in the shop behind, they can consider it as a final farewell gift."

Without another word, Leonel vanished. When he appeared again, he stood so high in the skies that he was nothing but a faint dot to most.

His aura spread out, a rumbling might shaking the battlefield as though to alert them all of the presence. A Warlord of the battlefield had come, and his purpose was singular.

Then, Leonel began to fall.

## Chapter 906

On the ground below, the blue belt wearing seniors had taken up the vanguard. Those that were left were absolutely loyal to Valiant Heart, and surprisingly, both Apestus and Raylion were present.

With their talent, most organizations would accept them. In fact, many of the blue belt seniors had long since found reasons for leave. Whether it was to 'visit their families after such a long time' or to 'go out on an adventure' and sometimes it was completely without reason, many of them slipped away.

However, maybe the two men Leonel hated the most were still here, holding down the frontline.

The former brandished his two daggers with ever growing ferocity. The latter made a ten meter radius around him an absolute death zone. Anyone who stepped foot into his range was crushed into minced meat without warning.

To their side, Sael flourished as well, the petals and vines of her unique constitution taking on the role of both offense and defense, not to mention giving them an even greater advantage in terrain.

Not only did the Valiant Heart army hold the advantage of high ground as they defended the mountain pass, with the help of Sael's vines, the smooth terrain had become treacherous to cross. The combination of these three geniuses made it feel like they had a chance...

But there was only so much they could do.

Valiant Heart was completely out numbered. Though the impact of those three was quite large, there was only so much of the battlefield that they could cover for. And, without the support of other geniuses like Leonel or Aina who hadn't appeared in almost a year now, they were all the organization had.

Since their enemies hadn't sent out Fifth Dimensional existences, this became a tacit agreement that such powerhouses wouldn't participate just yet. This was their best chance to make an impact with their strength, so they had to go all out.

But, how much could they do as three against an army of tens of thousands... Among which were geniuses just as great as them?

At that moment, Rafthin of Rusted Blade, Wissan of Misty Woods, and Emna of Crimson Hall all made their presences known, charging for Raylion, Sael and Apestus. The instant the latter three were occupied, a slaughter would commence. They all knew this well.

Rafthin grinned wildly, sending Emna a wink as he brandished his massive three meter long rusted blade.

"Come die!"

His boisterous laughter filled the skies as he prepared to swing.

But, it was at that exact moment that a suffocating aura suddenly pressed down upon the battlefield. The expressions of everyone changed, especially those of the elders observing things from the side of Valiant Heart and the three organizations. PANDA NOVEL

No Fifth Dimensional existences were supposed to take action yet. What was going on?!

Each side thought the other had shamelessly duped them and prepared to rush out. But, what they saw next left them completely stunned, their hearts shuddering.

Leonel fell down from the skies, his expression indifferent as he sweat rustled through the whistling wind. He seemed completely at ease. PANDA-NOVEL

The closer he got, the more suffocating his aura became.

BANG!

As loud as the sound of his landing was, it wasn't nearly loud enough. To fall from several kilometers up in the sky and to barely cause the earth to tremble was a feat that made little to no sense. In fact, Leonel's knees hardly bent on impact. One would have thought that he had been standing there the entire time.

In an instant, he had appeared at the dividing line between two armies, his right hand casually swinging his spear in what seemed to be a more and more refined arc. p??J??????

It took no more than a moment for most to recognize Leonel. The spear, that light violet hair, that bronzed skin... It was undeniable.

But, as soon as they realized this, the reactions were vastly different. One side couldn't believe he had appeared while the other was caught in the excitement he had crossed with the shock he felt so imposing now.

Rafthin, who had raised his blade to attack already, narrowed his gaze, a sinister light flashing within their depths. Before, he had lost to Leonel handily, but he couldn't display even a tenth of his power. He felt like he had been suppressed from all angles and he couldn't manage to get a foothold anywhere.

But now, they were on solid ground, not those ridiculous waving pillars. The power he could display now was like night and day.

After just a moment's delay, Rafthin shot forward, the aura of his blade rising again and against as the manifestations of his Four Seasons Realm comprehension rose into the skies.

On one side, there was a blazing heat. On the other, there was a treacherous cold. They wrapped around one another, threatening to implode in a cacophonous boom.

"Leonel! You shouldn't have appeared here!" Sael's voice was caught between anxiousness, anxiety and a shrill disbelief.

Leonel sighed and looked back toward Sael.

"I'm sorry about this."

Sael was stunned by Leonel's words, her expression warping. What was that supposed to mean? Her mind was too befuddled to come up with a conclusion immediately. And, by the time she was on the precipice, she suddenly noticed Rafthin's actions.

"Watch out!"

Leonel shook his head, seemingly still lost in his apology. It really was hard for him to cross Sael like this. Though he had reprimanded her almost a year earlier for expecting him to help an organization that didn't want to help itself, that didn't mean he wouldn't feel bad doing what he was about to do... Or rather, what he had already done.

But, there was no changing that now.

At that moment, Rafthin had appeared before Leonel, his long blade raised high in the air.

“Getting distracted on a battlefield?! DIE!”

Rafthin released all his resentment. Because of Leonel, he had to spend months recovering from his wounds. The result was his progression slowing by several measures, all because of this bastard.

Sael didn't even get a chance to reach out a helping hand. Just as she was about to go all out, the casual arc of Leonel's wooden spear suddenly shifted completely.

Rafthin's roar was caught in his throat, his eyes widened in shock even as he suddenly found himself staring at a headless corpse... his headless corpse...

With a single blow, Leonel had felled a genius of the Rusted Blade organization.

He turned to face the remainder of the army, his aura steadily growing the point they felt their knees go weak. Without Leonel raising a finger, they began to collapse one after another, the resolve in their hearts shattering.

## Chapter 907

Leonel's aura continued to rise as one group after another fell to their knees. It felt like no matter how hard they tried, there was simply nothing they could do before his majesty. They could only watch in horror as the head of a genius spun through the air before landing on the ground with a dull plop.

Let alone the enemy organizations, even those to Leonel's back were in shock. It wasn't just that he dared to appear here, but also that he had taken just a single strike to deal with Rafthin who had just moments ago displayed a strength that made them all shiver.

Wissan's chubby cheeks trembled. The moment he saw Leonel attack, he felt the threat of death force the hair on the back of his head to stand tall. Out of reflex, he formed as many shields as he could in the blink of an eye and shot backward. However, even then, his knees continued to tremble, a deep fear taking root in his heart.

Emna clutched two daggers so forcefully that despite her palms never having touched the blade, blood still began to fall from them.

Her senses were even sharper than Wissan and Rafthin's. After Leonel appeared, she didn't move a single inch because she felt that it wouldn't make a difference. Whether she was one meter away or a hundred, it would only take a single thought for her to die. The only way for her to have preserved her life on this day was to not have stepped onto the battlefield at all.

Of course, Emna was also smart enough to know that Leonel's appearance here was like a death sentence to Valiant Heart, but who cared? She would be dead by then. Why should she care about her organization ultimately winning in the end?

"HOW DARE YOU?!"

Rage filled roars rose up from the backline of the three organizations. Their auras surged forward, trying to dispel Leonel's hold on their armies, but it was to no avail.

Leonel's foot rose. The clear movement of his toes, the glimpse of his sole, and the casual flex of his ankle made his actions seem as mundane as they could. And yet, by the time his foot touched the ground once more, he had vanished, appearing before Wissan who was just a moment away from pissing his pants. PANDA NOVEL

The swing of Leonel's spear seemed slow. Every half a foot it moved in an arc left behind another clear image, harmonizing with the Light Elemental Force in the surroundings.

Leonel had found that practicing the swing of his spear while activating [Harmonic Spear] caused the nerves that made up his Spear Domain Lineage Factor to fire multiple times for just a single swing. The result was a single swing being worth up to ten or even more depending on the afterimages he produced.

He found it to be fascinating. The act of mapping out exactly the position his body had been to relay it to [Harmonic Spear] and thus leave a cloned afterimage in the air was actually helping him to train.

It seemed that this low level technique would have to follow him for a while. p??(???????)

PCHU.

Wissan's energy shields were sliced through like partially melted butter. He didn't stand a chance before he too found himself looking at his headless corpse. However, unlike Raffin, he had been aware that he was about to die from start to finish... The result was him being forced to watch as a moist patch spread across the crotch of his corpse.

He died. Humiliated.

At that moment, the enraged auras of the elders of the three organizations charged through the army. It seemed that none of them had the ability to fly, so they could only take large leaps forward, crossing hundreds of meters at a time with fury lighting their gazes. PANDA-NOVEL

Among them was the elder from Rusted Blade with the exaggeratedly large great sword that had previously made Leonel chuckle, the old woman with a foot in the grave from Crimson Hall, and finally the silent old man from Misty Woods.

Even the silent old man couldn't seem to hold back his rage. He stared at Leonel with a brewing storm threatening to leap from his chest. They had never thought that such a thing would have happened right at the start of the battle. There was supposed to be a tacit agreement against such things, and yet here was Valiant Heart breaking those rules.

But, when they saw Leonel's face, they suddenly understood that his appearance couldn't have possibly been related to Valiant Heart. Sending him out, especially when the battle had just begun and they weren't anywhere near being in dire straits, was foolish to an extreme. It was like nailing their own coffin.

The fact that Leonel had come out of his own volition was obvious to anyone with half a brain. However, why would they give up this opportunity by admitting such a thing?

“Valiant Heart!” The shrill cry of the old woman shook the skies. “My Crimson Hall won’t rest until only one of us remains! Such a shameless organization has no right to exist! ‘Valiant’?! What exactly is Valiant about y—?!”

The old woman’s shrieks were suddenly cut off as she rapidly moved to the side, horror painting her face.

In one moment, she looked perfectly fine. In the next, her arm flew into the air, flipping continuously amidst a fountain of blood. It looked oddly poetic.

Leonel shook his head. He should have been able to kill her with one stroke, the power gap between them was enormous. And yet, he was only able to take an arm.

Granted, he hadn’t activated his Spear Domain Lineage Factor and was only using a single neuron at a time. But, he shouldn’t have to go so far against such a weak opponent. He needed more practice.

“YOU—!”

The old woman froze. In the next moment, a thin line of red appeared at her forehead and quickly grew.

Before the stunned eyes of those watching, she was suddenly split into two, falling to the ground in two gory halves.

## Chapter 908

The silent old man and the Rusted Blade elder were stunned. Their raging blood suddenly iced over, whatever momentum they had dying out like the last embers of a fire.

Leonel had no idea why the old woman had been the most ‘enraged’ of them. After all, her genius, Emna, was the only one that Leonel hadn’t killed. Of course, that was because Leonel still wanted to recruit Emna, but that was beside the point.



The fact she was still so shrill and annoying despite the fact her Crimson Hall had suffered the least was enough to prove that they had already latched onto Valiant Heart's 'weakness' and were prepared to eradicate them for Leonel's appearance.

This much Leonel had already expected, but he still found it annoying that they would blivate about having the high moral ground so grandly. So, he decided to kill her first.

Plus, what got to Leonel the most was the mantra of Crimson Hall. They were an organization that loved blood and murder. They even taught their disciples that there was nothing more important. And yet here was their leader, shrieking over the death of warriors who had come to a battlefield.

It was ridiculous.

By now, there wasn't a single soul who didn't know Leonel was in the Fifth Dimension. It was hard to tell because he couldn't be quite considered to have firmly stepped into Tier 1, but his battle prowess was more than enough to force the elders to ignore this small difference.

To become an official Elder of a Bronze Organization at their level, one needed to enter Tier 1. The Organization Heads like the shrill old lady and Hutchin of Valiant Heart would be either Tier 2 or 3. As for the mysterious protector elders that had followed them to the competition on Planet Vincero, they would be Tier 4.

Much like in the Third and Fourth Dimensions, every three Tiers resulted in a large watershed, causing the gap between Tier 3 and Tier 4 to be quite large. This gap was enough for these old men and women to become the trump cards of a Bronze Organization.

However, what these numbers also showed was that Valiant Heart, Rusted Blade and the other two organizations were at the bottom of the barrel in terms of Bronze Organizations. They most definitely couldn't be compared to the Milky Way Guild which stood amongst the peak of Bronze Organizations, having a Quasi Sixth Dimension existence as their Head.

Knowing this now, it was no wonder the two Heads were frozen into silence. A Tier 3 expert had been killed with just two swings. Didn't that mean that Leonel already had the ability to single handedly eradicate their organizations? PANDA NOVEL

The Head of Rusted Blade took a step back, slowly communicating with his four meter long great sword. For the first time in his life, he regretted just how enormous his weapon was. Why was it taking so long to enter his palm?!

The silent Head of Misty Woods released his aura, shattering his shoes into scattered fluttering pieces of leather and fabric.

His toes dug into the soil of the mountain pass, a strong surge of Wood Elemental Force pervading the surroundings as he kept his nerves tight and primed.

‘Oh? Tier 4...’

Surprisingly, the Head of Misty Woods was already at the level of a mysterious elder. Clearly, he had kept this card close to his vest until now because even the Head of Rusted Blade was stunned.

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Of course, it wasn’t that Leonel couldn’t have pried into the secret previously, it was that there was simply no point until just now. Who knows, maybe the gap between Tier 3 and 4 would be large enough to make this interesting.

“If you are doing this for your friends, I can tell you that they’ve already returned to Earth.”

Leonel blinked when the usually silent old man spoke. Was he trying to get him to give up? What a sly old man.

If he left now, Valiant Heart would still be labeled as traitorous and it would only make it easier for them to take down. It seems the Head of Misty Woods thought that Leonel was worried about his friends so he took this risk.

The reality was that Leonel already knew his brothers returned to Earth. It couldn’t have been more perfect timing. By now, Earth should have already entered the Fifth Dimension. Its speed was shocking to many, indeed.

Leonel simply smiled in response. "Let's fight."

Leonel shot forward, his figure leaving afterimages in its wake.

In that same instant, a tsunami of tree roots surged out of the ground, causing Leonel's brows to raise. The power of this move was not small. Surrounded by forest from all sides, it seemed that the Head of Misty Woods wasn't a pushover. PANDA-NOVEL

The Head of Rusted Blade finally got his blade into his hands, his aura flourishing. His gaze locked onto Leonel, his mind filled with murderous thoughts and intentions as Universal Force began to formulate around him.

Leonel suddenly found himself dashing through a death trap of thick trees, roots and branches. Sometimes he was right side up, but he often found himself running sideways and upside down just to dodge out of the next vice trap.

Leonel quickly realized, though, that the Head of Misty Woods' goal wasn't to immediately kill him. He was changing the terrain to make the battlefield as beneficial to himself as possible.

It was clear that compared to the shrill old woman and the Head of Rusted Blade, this old man knew how to use his head.

The Head of Misty Woods took a deep breath as scales of bark began to cover him from head to toe. An ancient, wizened aura exuded from him as his strength and momentum continued to grow.

He rose his palms before him and turned them to face the sky, angling them at a 45 degree angle to make it seem as though he was holding a large book with pages twice the size of his head.

At that moment, Leonel's pupils constricted as he felt a subtle shift in the atmosphere. Today would be the day he met his first religion of the Dimensional Verse. It was most definitely not going to be a good time.

"O Goddess of the Evergreen. Hear my call..."

## Chapter 909

An energy Leonel had never sensed before pervaded the air. If he had to describe it, he would say that it felt as though World Force and Universal Force had fused into an all new sort of Force that suddenly gave this Head before him, who was already going to be slightly difficult to deal with, even more strength to work with.

The trouble with Leonel's current level was that he had yet to create or learn Fifth Dimensional techniques that could supplement his raw strength. The only exception to this was [Star Fusion], but he couldn't very well take out his trump card for this battle, right?

Now with the Head suddenly bringing out his full power, feeling the threat of Leonel, this would be troublesome indeed.

At that moment, the countless layers of wooden vines around Leonel suddenly began to rise up and fuse into one. The odd Force grew into a tempest, even faintly suppressing Leonel's own aura to the point he couldn't help but narrow his eyes.

In one moment, Leonel was jumping through an obstacle course of tree roots. In the next, a large palm formed of wood suddenly blotted out the sky.

It was ten meters from palm to tip and was constructed of numerous overlapping vines. Just the momentum of its downward swing alone made it feel as though the air around Leonel was solidifying, the harsh whistling and whining grating on the ears.

It felt to anyone observing that the moment the palm fell, everything beneath it would be eradicated. But, what was most shocking to Leonel was that he found his Force being restricted as though he had suddenly stepped into a higher Dimensional world. Even his Spatial Force didn't seem to want to allow him to dodge out of the way.

How could Leonel not be shocked? He had never heard of such a Force before, and he had definitely not expected someone like the Head of Misty Woods to have access to it.

The Head continues to hold out his palms, his face the picture of piety and reverence. It was like he could almost feel his Goddess embracing him, like he could sense the touch of her lips to his forehead. For her, he would do anything.

Leonel found his ankles bound and his wooden spear refused to listen to him. It was clear that his spear preferred to listen to the call of the Wood Elemental Force around it rather than Leonel himself.

Leonel shook his head. He had a feeling that if it was Amery, even a Seventh Dimensional Wood Elemental Force user wouldn't be able to make his sword react like this.

Leonel's spear couldn't have been more common. With a simple knife, he could easily carve one far better. But, Leonel still felt like this was true.

'It might be in the way I use Spear Force. Is it just a blade for sharpening? Or is it more than that? If it's just a blade, what would be different between different weapon Forces? Wouldn't they all be the same...?' PANDA NOVEL

Leonel felt like he had grasped onto something. His Dreamscape began sparking, but what was especially curious was the fact the sparks were trying to connect his Spear Force, his Mage Arts... and the Head of Misty Woods' odd Force? What could possibly link these?

Seeing that Leonel was actually absentminded in battle, the people of Valiant Heart panicked.

By this point, the palm was only five meters above Leonel's head. Depending on the angle, it seemed that he had already been engulfed. There was already nowhere to run.

Leonel's clothing fluttered wildly beneath the pressure, his hair almost threatening to fly from his scalp. Even keeping his eyes open at this moment was a difficult task as hurricane force winds whipped about with impunity.

Leonel finally looked upward, a calm expression on his face. For a moment, the winds around him settled down as though they couldn't move in his presence.

'[Meteoric Impact].' ρ???(???????)

Leonel sent out a simple piercing strike upward, its image layering several times over.

The instant his spear blade met the palm of wood, the world went silent for a moment. And then, it all imploded.

BANG!

A tempest of raging flames shot into the air like a crimson cone. It blasted a hole through the palm so wide that Leonel's figure was completely unharmed when the rest of it descended.

Leonel's sudden burst of Fire Elemental Force was so massive that all the water vapor in the air vanished in an instant. The temperature skyrocketed, the air became dry, and the skin of those in the surrounding became to crackle and redden.

Flames licked across the Head of Misty Woods' technique, threatening to burn an entire forest of trees along with it.

At that moment, the Head of Rusted Blade appeared before Leonel, his four meter long blade descending from the skies with every intention of severing everything in its path.

Despite having blade in their title, the men and women of Rusted Blade all used blunt weapons. Their mantra focused on power. They didn't care if their edge was dulled by rust, their strength alone was supreme!

The Head was a veteran of battle. He had chosen the instant Leonel released a devastating attack to make his move, believing that the latter wouldn't be able to release another so powerful in a short time. His action would also give the Misty Woods Head a chance to regroup and form an even more powerful attack.

Unfortunately... He had no way of knowing that Leonel saw [Meteoric Impact] as a foundational skill to his combat style. Meaning... It was his least taxing technique and the one he would use the most often.

A powerful attack? Sure, maybe to him. But to Leonel...

‘[Vanishing Blade].’

Leonel stabbed out his spear at empty air. Before the Head could even be happy that it seemed his guess was correct, he felt a splitting pain at his forehead.

Just like that, before he could even cross the last hundred meter distance between himself and Leonel, and even before he could get a clear view of Leonel’s face through all the branches and roots, his life was snuffed out.

Leonel, though, was shaking his head. He hadn’t wanted to use techniques in this battle, but he had already been forced to. It seemed he had a long way to go.

The Head of Rusted Blade’s sacrifice had done something, though... It didn’t buy a lot of time, but just a small bit of breathing room was all the silent old man needed.

His aura was pushed to a new level and Leonel’s flames were snuffed out in a single breath.

Chapter 910

Leonel’s eyes narrowed. He felt that mysterious energy snuff out his flames much like it had suppressed his other Forces previously.

Wood should naturally had a weakness to Fire but it seemed that whatever this mysterious Force was had the ability to counteract this weakness to a small extent.

What Leonel saw next, though, left him baffled.

A lotus began to form amidst the winding wooden structures. But, it was completely unlike any lotus Leonel had ever seen or read about before.

This lotus was constructed entirely of arms and hands. They overlapped over one another to form petal-like structures, each layer exuding a more and more powerful aura. Although the Head of Misty Woods seemed to only be capable of forming three of these layers, it was more than enough to display his might to an almost heavenly degree.

The skies trembled, the earth shook and the density of Wood Elemental Force only seemed to grow exponentially with each passing moment. After a few breaths, it felt less like his Forces were being suppressed and more like there was simply no other Forces to call upon to begin with.

The lotus of arms and hands began to rotate, the piety in the Heads face only growing as he closed his eyes, feeling the world around him through his countless roots and branches. It was like the death of his comrade meant nothing to him, all there was in his mind was his Goddess. Nothing more, and most definitely not anything less.

It was hard to tell if he wanted to prostrate himself before this invisible Goddess or if he wanted to worship the lotus itself. But, those worshippers of the Evergreen Goddess had a hard time distinguishing between the two.

The Evergreen Lotus was the symbol of their Goddess. It was their privilege to be able to use even a portion of its power like this. They were blessed beyond belief and gratefulness overflowed in their hearts.

To kill the enemies of the Evergreen Goddess, that was their duty!

“DIE!”

A roar left the lips of the silent old man. He seemed to have changed into a completely different person.

The bark that covered his skin became an ink black color. His irises were painted over in an unnatural, almost poisonous sort of green. He bared his teeth, their pearly white sparkling amidst the contrast of black and harsh green. At that moment, his murderous intent even made those of Crimson Hall bow out in inferiority.



The rotating lotus of arms and hands suddenly began to lash out. Each whipping palm was more furious than the last, leaving cracks of thunder and shattering sound barriers in their wake as they cratered the ground beneath Leonel's feet.

Without even touching the ground, the wind pressure of the palms alone made it feel like meteors were falling from the sky. The earth exploded apart, mushroom clouds of dirt and rock shooting upward and showering the battlefield in a fog of brown. PANDA NOVEL

Even as he rolled and dodged for his life, Leonel couldn't help but be astonished.

He could tell that the power of these palm strikes was beyond just the Wood Element alone. It wasn't that a powerful enough Wood Elemental expert couldn't create such an affect, but rather that the Head of Misty Woods organization wasn't using enough raw Force to cause such devastation.

There was something else hidden within, a secret Leonel felt stemmed from the palms themselves that held a mysterious power.

Leonel felt that it was related to that mysterious Force that seemed to be a cross of World Force and Universal Force... But he simultaneously felt that it was a layer even deeper than that.

"O Goddess of the Evergreen! Shower your Blessings down upon me so that I might cleanse the world of a scourge!"

The aura only seemed to grow. The longer the usually silent old man held his palms upward, the longer his prayer lasted, the more powerful he seemed to become.

Leonel's pupils constricted. PANDA NOVEL

The lotus of arms and hands was originally a gorgeous shade of brown, a beautiful grain of wood that woodworkers would give an arm and a leg to work with. But now, it suddenly became even more so, gaining vein patterns of gold that reminded Leonel a lot of his Bronze Runes.

The instant these veins appeared, the aura of the lotus of arms and hands skyrocketed, their strength more than just doubling in a single breath.

A palm shot out with such blazing speed that Leonel's knees bent beneath the wind pressure before he managed to dodge out of the way.

BANG!

An abyssal hole of at least 20 meters deep was excavated in the blink of an eye. Yet, the palm had already retracted, shooting forward in twos, threes and even fours as the aura of the lotus continued to climb.

'[Infernal Cyclone]!'

Leonel's spear began to spin in his hands, causing wheels of fire to jet outward, rolling through the ground and slicing through the air as they took out one arm after another.

'I have to end this...'

Leonel sighed. He realized that battling like this really wasn't his style. He was relying a lot on skill and technique, not to mention raw strength, as opposed to his mind. If he was using his ability like he usually did, this battle would have ended dozens of exchanges ago.

He needed to find a balance. But, right now, he couldn't afford to get embroiled in a battle that might injure him and also drain his stamina. After all, he had enemies closing in from all sides right now. It would be foolish to continue like this.

'Still... I have to thank you for opening up a new world to me now... I think I understand how to progress my Universal Force after so long.'

Leonel stopped holding back, his gaze suddenly turning a deathly shade of cold. The entire world reflected in his mind. If he wanted, he could envelop the whole planet in his senses.

Leonel's steps flickered, his body vanishing and reappearing as it weaved in and out of sweeping roots.

In the midst of prayer, the silent old man was shocked to find Leonel suddenly before him, holding a spear that had gone through his chest. And yet, he couldn't understand how Leonel had done so while standing more than 20 meters from him...

'[Vanishing Blade].'

Leonel retracted his spear, his head tilting up to the skies as the jungle of wooden vines collapsed all around him.

Were they finally going to take action now?

Suddenly, Leonel's expression changed.

This feeling. It was the same as when Shield Cross Stars branded him with a slave mark!

His head snapped toward the Head's corpse, the latter's face still etched with an endless piety.

'It's coming from there. Shit!'