

Descent 921

Chapter 921

The Force Crafting Guild was a place of abject luxury. Every tree, every blade of grass, every paved road, and every crystal clear window was immaculately sculpted. Not a single thing was out of place and the pompousness could almost be smelled through the air.

Although Leonel had never been to the Capital of Earth while war wasn't raging, he had always imagined that it was like this. However, even to his imagination, this place felt like... a bit too much of an exaggeration.

Every person he passed by seemed to want to make sure that their status was plastered for all to see. They wore their badges prominent to one chest and their affiliations just as proudly to the other. Their noses were practically so high in the air that they didn't even bother to look down on Leonel for dressing so casually. How could they? Their gazes were enraptured by the skies above.

It was a miracle that they weren't constantly bumping into one another on the road. Clearly they weren't looking where they were going to begin with.

It could be said that the only good thing about this place was that the air was exceptionally pure and clean. There was even a slight fragrance to it that reminded Leonel of a bakery, but it also wasn't overwhelming to the point it was taking up all of his senses. In fact, it was barely noticeable at all. .com

That, though, was where all the good stopped.

The moment he had stepped foot into this place, he had been under scrutiny.

First, at the gates, he was scanned from top to bottom. The check was even more invasive since he didn't have a Crafters Badge or an affiliation to name. They checked everything from his age to his Dimension level and at some point he was certain they had even taken a scan of his teeth as though they might need to identify him when he died.

After dealing with that ridiculousness, he needed to deal with filling out a questionnaire that would put any security detail at an airport to shame. Not only did he need to state his purpose, how long he would be here, etc, there was even questions asking him about how often he might need to use the bathroom.

PANDA NOVEL

When he asked the attendant why they were asking such ridiculous questions, he received an answer from a completely straight faced lady that said: ‘We don’t want needless waste from outsiders.’

It was like they thought Leonel taking a dump would shift their ecosystem for the worst. But, now that they were being so insistent, Leonel almost wanted to lay a deuce for the ages.

He had never seen a place more pompous in his life. It made him feel the urge to piss from some tall walls. He had wondered why even his father’s training program hardly mentioned the Force Crafting Guilds, and now he had a pretty good idea why.

Leonel still remembered clearly the killing intent in his father’s eyes when he mentioned treating Little Tolly like a friend and companion, not a tool. That fury had to stem from somewhere, and if Leonel had to guess, it was most definitely from this place. ρ??c??????

“Halt! This region is for Crafters alone. Common citizens are not allowed to step foot into this region!”

Tall guards wearing the most ridiculous golden armor stunted with diamond Leonel had ever seen stopped his forward progress.

Shaking his head, Leonel presented his documents. He had already gone through all that trouble of filling out those papers—something that had taken up almost 12 hours of his time—so he wouldn’t run into trouble later. At least now, it was all prepared and ready. He just wanted to get this over with as soon as possible. After all, he was still in constant pain. Having your inner organs charred to near ash was not a good feeling. If he wasn’t dulling the pain with Dream Sense, he might not even be standing right now.

“I’ve come to take my Force Crafter Exam.” Leonel spoke.

The guards, each of whom was difficult to look at straight due to how blinding their armor was, looked Leonel up and down. As though seeing him for the first time, they scrutinized his clothing and demeanor. It became clear quite quickly that they weren't impressed with what they saw.

One of the guards was about to speak when another pressed a hand to his chest, stopping him. The two made eye contact and a look of realization dawned upon the latter as though he suddenly remembered something.

“The Force Crafter Exam won't be taking place today. Come again another time.”

“What?”

Leonel was stunned. He wasn't paying very much attention to the actions of the guards because he thought it was all just a formality. But, when he heard these words, he was stunned.

Leonel had just gone through customs to enter this city. According to all the stuff he had filled out, that was his purpose in this place. With how strict the rules were, if he couldn't become an official Force Crafter, he wouldn't be allowed to stay. But, if he wasn't allowed to stay, that would mean he would have to come back and repeat this process all over again tomorrow.

Not only would that mean another day of this pain in his organs, it would also mean that he would have to use another 12 hours to go through all that bureaucracy once again. As though that wasn't bad enough, who's to say they would even allow him through this time? He had read through the entire sheet and there was a question about how often he had visited the Force Crafting Guild city in the past. Leonel had no doubt that the fact his answer was zero weighed in favor of him entering. What if there was a hidden cap on the number of times individuals could enter this place? Wouldn't he be screwed, then?

Leonel's gaze turned cold when he thought through all of this.

“Why?”

The guards were stunned by Leonel's question. Were they... being doubted?

The two suddenly began to look around as though to check whether or not they were in a dream world. Seeing the individuals walking around, some of which had actually noticed that something was off only to begin observing, they quickly came to the realization that they were, indeed, not in a dream. Some Tier 1 fool was actually questioning them...?

Leonel stood in silence, his gaze carrying with it a hint of cold. However, without even answering, the sound of tearing paper resonated through the gate entrance. Leonel could only watch as the documents it had taken him half a day to earn were torn to pieces.

His gaze followed the fluttering pieces of paper as they were whisked away by the wind. The guard who acted seemed intent on staring him down as he tore the documents into smaller and smaller pieces, trying to humiliate Leonel to the greatest extent.

It was as though they were eager for Leonel to snap, waiting for him to attack so that they'd have all the reason in the world to teach him a more physical lesson.

"The Force Crafters Exam will not be taking place today. Come again another time." The words were repeated by the sneering guard. "If you can, that is.".com

The spectators watched on in curiosity, some who were even waiting to enter the Guild after Leonel rolling their lips over one another as though to hold themselves back from laughing. One of the first rules anyone who came to this planet would learn was the importance of status. The second rule they would learn was the importance of not offending those your status couldn't be above.

As long as you followed these two rules, even if you were trampled all over, you would at least be left with a small bit of a face. The question was if you were willing or able to protect this small bit and go about your merry way.

Over the years, there weren't a small number of individuals who hadn't managed to control their anger. However, each one of them had a more miserable ending than the last. By now, it had already been a very long time since anyone tried to stir up trouble. Or, at the very least, it had been a very long time since anyone who dared to cause trouble actually managed to stir up any waves.

Usually, such people would end up like Leonel here, having barely gotten a question out before suddenly and harshly being ruthlessly suppressed without even room to breathe.

Leonel didn't say a word as they guards continued to sneer. PANDA NOVEL

"What are your names?"

The second question came out of nowhere almost like the first. In fact, it stunned the two guards once more before the one who tore up the documents began to laugh uproariously.

"Who the hell are you to ask for our names?! Didn't you hear me earlier?! SCRAM!"

The second guard laughed maybe even harder than the first.

"No, no. Hold on. The little guy must be thinking of revenge, how about we give him some hope, Rio? My name is Xander. Now that you know, what are you going to do about it? I'll give you three seconds before we throw you out of here." p??J??????

Xander already had at least three charges he could drop on Leonel's head. With how harsh the punishment was in the Guild's territory, this alone would be able to get him locked away for years, not to mention being pinned with an additional ban even after he got out. He couldn't help but chuckle as he thought of how this bastard was just ruining himself because he didn't know how to control his rage.

What Xander and Rio didn't know, though, was that if Leonel really wasn't able to control his anger... They would already be dead.

Leonel didn't even look them in the eye as they reported their names. He stretched out a finger, causing dozens of thin strings of neutral Force to connect with the fluttering torn pieces of document. The moment these Force strings connected, the papers vanished into Leonel's spatial ring.

Xander and Rio put on odd expressions when they saw this. What was the point of that exactly? They were more baffled by the action and didn't even register just how much skill it would have taken to replicate what Leonel had just done.

“Do you know how many monitoring Force Arts there are in this region? Xander? Rio?” Leonel asked a third question.

The two guards frowned, but this time, Leonel didn't let them answer as he began to point.

“There's one at every street corner. Given their scopes, there were four that had a vantage point toward this location. There are two at the top of this very gate, that makes six. And finally, there's my own, making seven in total.”

Leonel finally looked up again. But, even when his gaze met theirs, it felt as though he was seeing right through them, as though they weren't truly worthy of him gazing upon them.

“Do you know why I bothered to tell you all of this? The reason is quite simple.”

Leonel's fingers flipped over, suddenly revealing a piece of torn paper pinched between two of them. On this torn piece of paper, there was a symbol that looked like it had just been freshly stamped. Clearly, it was an authentication seal, something that represented the Guild's bureaucracy department.

“What do you think the punishment for destroying government documents is, exactly?”

The two guards froze.

...

Back in a certain office, a young woman with a cold expression sat at her desk, reviewing some things. She had her hair up in a neat bun without even a single strand out of place and skin tight office clothing that clung tightly to her curvaceous body. However, with her expression, it was hard for anyone to sexualize her.

Suddenly, she froze.

‘Hm? He was approved? How? That should be impossible...’

Before the young woman could even investigate, a man with an expression just as cold walked into her office.

Chapter 923

“Amoray, what is the meaning of this?”

The stoic middle-aged man stood before the cold young woman, his expression even colder than it usually was.

Amoray, who had just been delving deep into her own thoughts, was thrown completely off guard by this line of questioning. She hurriedly stood to display her respect, but this didn’t help her understand what her superior was getting at.

“Sir Engnaril!”

Amoray’s back stood tall and straight as though she was a soldier rather than the office worker she truly was. She was maybe a bit too eager in her actions because her button down shirt almost threatened to burst. Luckily, the material was flexible and durable enough to hold up.

Engnaril, though, didn’t seem to notice this in the slightest. Instead, he pulled out a tablet that looked as though it was pulled right from Earth’s technological age. And yet, when one looked at its screen, there were nothing but floating Force Art nodes. It was impossible for a layman to understand just what it was that they were seeing. But, Engnaril read through it as though it was written in plain and simple English.

“According to this, there was an indefinite visa approved for entry into the Guild’s territory today. Didn’t I tell you that all such processes should be stopped? This is a sensitive time, only those who had already been accepted into an affiliation should be allowed here at this time. You don’t usually make such mistakes, what is happening?” .com

Amoray blinked in shock. So, it really was about that.

“Sir, I did everything according to your orders. But, it would cause problems if everyone who came was simply turned away, so subordinate adjusted the entry requirements to make it so that it should be impossible to enter. Subordinate has no idea how one slipped through, I triple and quadruple checked the algorithm.”

Engnaril frowned.

Though Amora didn't follow what he asked her to do exactly, this was part of the reason she had risen through the ranks so quickly. She understood how to not only follow orders, but how to also choose the best method to do so as well.

In this case, she was once again thinking of the larger picture.

The Force Crafting Guild was already labeled as quite uppity and noble by outside sources. It was just that they provided such a necessary service and they were so powerful that the quibbles of the commoners hardly mattered. PANDA NOVEL

However, even for their Guild, simply turning everyone away without cause or reason would breed more resentment than they were willing to handle. After all, they were just a small branch of the main Guild, even if they enraged all the powers in this region and ended up getting destroyed, there was little the main Guild would be able to do.

Of course, getting revenge for the main Guild would be as easy as snapping a finger. But, by then, they would already be dead. So, how would that help them?

To make matters worse, it was unlikely that the powers in this region would do such a thing. It was more likely that they would try to suppress the Guild in various ways and that would be even more annoying to deal with.

In truth, the odds of these things happening was very small. But, there were always a few madmen who couldn't understand logic and reason, only to go about doing as they pleased anyway. Though these madmen would often suffer terrible fates, it wasn't like their victims could come back to life.



This was all to say that maintaining a balance and at least a façade of fairness wasn't a bad idea for the longevity of the Guild in this region.

So, rather than just turning everyone away due to the special guest they were receiving, Amoray decided to modify the algorithm that decided whether a visa would be granted or not to make it so that it would be impossible for anyone to be granted access. ρ??J???????

And yet... Somehow... Leonel was still approved.

“Show me his documents.” Engnaril said coldly.

“Yes, sir!” Amoray reacted quickly, finding Leonel Morales and passing everything on to her superior.

She had just been about to look through them after realizing what happened. But, she suppressed her curiosity.

Engnaril flipped through Leonel's answers, realizing that each one only got more and more sarcastic as he went on. He could almost feel Leonel's contempt for them all, and yet he didn't miss even a single line. Engnaril had turned his fair share of people away for accidentally missing questions, and most of them had been annoyed with the long process like Leonel. Yet, Leonel himself hadn't made this mistake.

‘There's nothing special about these answers. Could it be a mistake with Amoray's change to the algorithm? But that was unlikely with her thoroughness. In addition, there were 10 877 people who tried to gain entry today, yet only one of them got through? If it was a problem with the algorithm, there would have been more than this. Unless...’

Engnaril suddenly thought of a possibility.

“Give me his biometrics.”

Amoray was stunned. Biometrics were saved and stored, but once again to protect against public outrage, there was a large burden that needed to be proven to allow them to be accessed. After all, no one wanted themselves to be laid bare like this just to visit a place.

But, this was the way of the world. 'Rules' were only for the weak.

Engnaril got his hands on everything from Leonel's teeth X-rays to his blood samples. What he saw made him widen his eyes. By the end of it, his pupils simply couldn't constrict any further.

'... What bad luck... A talent like this shouldn't be in this galaxy. Where did he come from? And why on this day of them all?'

What he saw could all be summed up in two lines.

Age: 21

Dimension: Tier 1, Fifth

Before Engnaril could even think of making a decision, his tablet vibrated and a voice began to speak.

"Engnaril, Lady Anya is prepared to take her Force Crafters Exam."

Chapter 924

Leonel stood before the gates indifferently. Did he think that this would be enough to make it in? Quite frankly, he doubted it. However, he had to try no matter what.

The truth of the matter was that the greatest issue he was facing weren't his injuries or even the time it would take to go through this process all over again. Of course, these things were major problems, but they weren't existential. The main issue was that this might be one of the only chances he ever got to enter the Guild normally.

Leonel hadn't forgotten that he was still a wanted criminal. The universe was just so large that enforcing such things was difficult, especially when the information had been suppressed by those who put out his warrant to begin with.

However, Leonel wasn't a fool. There was still very much a chance that he would be exposed soon. When that time came, this matter would only blow up all the more. By then, he wouldn't have a chance to exchange 12 hours for entry into this place at all, even if he was willing.

He had to take this opportunity while his name and face weren't known galaxy-wide to accomplish some things or else he would just ram head first into trouble wherever he went.

If Leonel had to point out what his goals were right now, it was to place down a solid foothold in the Milky Way that extended beyond what he could build on Earth. He didn't know why—at least, it wasn't something he could put into words—but for some reason, he innately saw his own grandfather as competition. He saw Earth as a place to be conquered, not as a power backing him. .com

Looking at things this way, Leonel was on his own. But, he wasn't aimless.

Since the Milky Way Guild was targeting him, he didn't mind sacrificing it toward his goals. What better way to lay a foundation than to use the resources of the largest Merchant Guild in the galaxy?

This was all to say that Leonel couldn't be stalled here, not now. For all he knew, Shield Cross Stars was already aware of his appearance here. He didn't know how deep their hooks had sunk into this galaxy, but he had to be cautious.

Just as Leonel was fully prepared for the worse case scenario, a commotion to his back never allowed the guards to reply to his hardly veiled threat. Turning back, Leonel found a carriage of white wood and golden leaves being pulled along by a white steed. The beast's limbs were powerful and its mane was long and pristinely tailored.

In truth, it felt as though the beast had stepped right out a fairy tale. The only thing it was missing was a horn and Leonel would believe he had been teleported into another Mythological Zone, this one being for Cinderella. PANDA NOVEL



Xander and Rio hadn't expected the special guest to come so early on so they were already shouting orders. Truthfully, most hadn't needed their warnings. They knew their place well. They had no intention of getting in the way of such a bigshot.

However... Leonel didn't move a inch. He stood in the middle of the gates as though they were being prepared to be opened for him and him alone.

“Did you not hear what we said?! Scram!”

This was their last chance to scare Leonel away. They couldn't show such an unsightly appearance to this guest. They had been warned so many times that everything needed to be perfect. This was why they couldn't allow Leonel into the Guild. And yet, this bastard was still causing trouble.

They immediately unleashed their strength, bearing down on Leonel as though to show him that they weren't joking.

Unfortunately for them, other than a slight fluttering of his hair, Leonel was completely unmoved. Both Xander and Rio were Tier 4, making them quite powerful, truth be told. But, Leonel had killed four such experts just yesterday.

The horse and carriage continued to move forward. The oppressive pressure of the steed alone made Xander and Rio shiver, fear lighting their eyes.

Leonel might not know the exact species of this steed, but they did.

The Blood Mercury race. A steed with the temper of a demon and the patience of a lit fuse.

And now, it was too late to get out of its way.

Leonel felt a billowing heat suddenly blow down the back of his neck.

Leonel's hair wafted beneath the wind. He could tell that if it wasn't for his innate Fire Elemental affinity, this breath alone might have been enough to scorch his skin.

He turned back, an indifferent look lighting his eyes. It was as though he couldn't see the fear in the guards nor the surrounding experts.

When Leonel's gaze met the steed's, the latter trembled slightly, its nostrils flaring and its body tensing. For some reason, this steed felt a large amount of pressure from Leonel. It wasn't the kind of pressure that said Leonel was stronger than it, but rather just the kind of pressure that said it should be afraid... It was a very subtle difference, almost like it was looking at what Leonel might become rather than what he was.

There were many races of people in the Dimensional verse, humans and the Oryx being just two that Leonel had met to this point. However, there was a large dividing line between species and this dividing line was humanoid versus bestial.

Humanoid races of people like humans and Oryx evolve more to rely on their active abilities and their talent was more malleable. But, the consequence of this is that there are more untalented humans than there are talented ones. .com

Bestial races evolve to rely on their innate abilities and their talent is far less malleable. However, this likewise means that there are more talented beasts than there are humanoids.

This major dividing line of knowing how to take and accepting what is given is maybe the most fundamental diverging path of evolution the Dimensional Verse had to offer, from which there were a myriad of differences that could be deduced.

One such difference was that the instinct of bestial races happened to be far sharper than humanoid races. As such, this steed of the Blood Mercury race was very much in tune with how much fear it should have for Leonel and was thus far more prepared to act on it compared to humans.

Leonel, who had been indifferent, suddenly smiled and reached out a hand. Under the stunned gazes of those watching, Leonel stroked the horse's jaw. PANDA NOVEL

At first, the steed trembled as though afraid that Leonel would harm it. But, when it sensed that Leonel had no ill intent, it neighed lightly, nudging at Leonel's hand.

Xander and Rio were frozen in shock. Was this a horse of the Blood Mercury race? Weren't they known for their fiery tempers? Weren't they able to stomp a mountain to rubble with a single hoof and disperse the clouds with a single neigh? What the hell was going on here?

"Little White? Is something the matter?"

At that moment, a sudden voice rang out. It was so melodious and sweet that silence almost fell, the only thing gracing their ears being the flute-like whistling of the wind as though it too wanted to show its appreciation. ρ??∪??????

Leonel couldn't help but look up and toward the carriage. In his life, he had only heard one other voice comparable. Suddenly hearing such a thing now caught him somewhat off guard.

This voice didn't carry the same innate coercion, but something told Leonel that this was only because she was able to control it better. And, even without this coercion, even without seeing her face, one could already feel the innate want and need to protect her.

Just from this voice alone, Leonel could tell that this woman within the carriage was powerful.

It had to be said that the carriage itself didn't have a driver, nor were there any windows. Clearly, this Blood Mercury steed had more than enough intelligence of its own to find its destination on its own. But, it was exactly because of this that the sudden and abrupt stop was out of the young woman's expectations.

The guards suddenly snapped out of their shock and remembered their duty. However, by the time they wanted to figure out a path to take out of this so that they could avoid blame, the clicking sound of the carriage's doors opened... and then they all witnessed the descent of a Goddess.

The first thing any of them saw was the hem of her long, white dress, so long in fact that it completely masked her feet, leaving it all to their imagination. The dress itself was quite plain and wasn't overly

embroidered, but despite how loose it was around her legs, it still couldn't help but cling slightly to her hips.

When the young woman's head dipped out of the carriage, it was like a refreshing breeze whistled through the world. The sun seemed dimmer, the skies more somber, even the beautiful streets of the Guild paled, unable to match up... And this was all despite the fact this young woman wore a veil.

Her long white hair fluttered, disappearing into the folds of her dress. A pair of golden eyes looked around curiously, an innocent twinkling within their depths that made one hope no harm would ever come to her. The only patches of her soft, fair skin one could see were upon her forehead and her slender, swan-like neck, and yet it was still enough to entice the masses.

The young woman blinked when she saw Leonel petting her horse. She knew well the kind of temper her Little White had. It didn't even allow others to get close, let alone touch her. This was a shocking scene, indeed.

“Ah! Lady Anya! I'm sorry for failing to greet you!”

At that moment, several powerful auras surged out from the Guild, each wearing aggrieved expressions as the large gates were finally opened wide. This Lady Anya was really too difficult to get a read on. She had just informed them minutes ago that she wanted to take her exam now, yet she was already here. She didn't give them time to prepare much of anything.

All this time, though, Lady Anya, who was still part descended and part not from her carriage, continued to look at Leonel with an almost child-like curiosity in her eyes.

“Who are you?! Why are you in Lady Anya's way?!”

One of the elders immediately snapped upon seeing Leonel's back, her aura bearing down with the pressure of a Tier 7 existence as though she had every intention of slaughtering him where he stood.



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Just when the older woman was about to reach a decision for what to do, a sudden aura approached. Engnaril appeared in their midst not long later, scanning the situation with a hint of helplessness marring his brow.

After a split moment, he bowed respectfully.

“Lady Anya, Elder Isoltihne...”

He greeted Anya and the older woman, giving the other elders a cursory greeting as well.

“My apologies, there’s been a mistake at the border. Leonel Morales, correct? Since this mistake is on me and my department, how about I extend you a Green VIP card? You’ll be able to enter and exit Guild territory for a year without fees or due process. It’ll just take a day to finish the procedures and then you can go about your business. Will that be okay?”

Leonel’s pleading expression had already vanished toward one of neutrality. He already realized that there wasn’t much of a point in keeping the act up. The moment this Engnaril appeared, the situation was already far out of his control. Unless he was willing to completely fall out with the Force Crafting Guild and battle it out right here, this was as far as he would go. .com

Plus, how would that end, anyway? In order to get anything out of it, he would probably have to just plunder the treasure stores of the Guild. If he really did that, he’d just gain himself another powerful enemy.

From what Leonel understood, this Force Crafting Guild was just a small branch. But, it represented the prestige of the main branch as well. No one would be let off after just randomly plundering an entire Guild, unless he could hide his identity.

But, it was already too late for that. He didn’t have enough skill to fool all those scanners and sensors just yet, nor did he have the time to invest in creating the Force Crafts or Arts that could. This was why he didn’t even bother to try for a disguise this time.

However, if he kept running into trouble like this, it might be a worthwhile investment.

All this said, this so-called 'Green VIP' Engnaril spoke of might be a worthy trade off... if he ever got his hands on it, that is. It was clear that by Engnaril saying 'it would take a day', that they still wanted Leonel to get out of their sights as quickly as possible. And, it didn't take a genius to understand that all of this was for Anya. PANDA NOVEL

Seeing the sudden indifference on Leonel's face, Engnaril's gaze narrowed. He knew well how Leonel had managed to slip through the cracks.

The immigration practices across the universe was actually not much different from what you might find on Earth. Visas, citizenship, green cards, workers permits... Even if they might not always go by the same name, the concepts are the same.

For more stringent worlds like this one, even for a 'vacation', you had to meet certain standards comparable to what most worlds would ask to become a citizen. In that case, the algorithm had a test for youth and talent, obviously preferring people of a certain caliber to enter these walls.

Leonel's talent was so great that even under the modified algorithm, he still managed to get through the screening which led to this situation.

Ultimately, everyone else thought that Leonel was a country bumpkin stirring up trouble. But, Engnaril knew well that things weren't so simple. In fact, if it wasn't because of Anya, he might be forced to fawn over Leonel instead. Still, he had no choice but to pick his battles. PANDA NOVEL

At that moment, though, he felt as though Leonel was seeing right through him, unfazed by his word games and his attempts at pleasing both parties.

In truth, Leonel was infuriated. He valued Respect above most things and right now he felt like his time was being wasted because these people thought it was better to anger him on route to pleasing Lady Anya.

This so-called 'Green VIP' card he would be given, regardless of how rare or nice it was, practically felt like a pat on the head he would receive for being a 'good boy'.

He had followed all the rules, done everything he needed to do, and even up until this point he had yet to lash out at anyone, but it simply didn't matter. Even in a situation where you did everything perfectly and as they should be done, if those with power wanted to find fault with you, they would find it.

So, while Leonel stared at Engnaril emotionlessly, about to begrudgingly accept his proposal since he had no real choice in the matter, he had already remembered these matters in his heart.

“Um, excuse me?”

Before Leonel could speak, that sweet voice rang out again. As though moths to a flame, all the elders and Engnaril turned over. All they were missing were tails to wag.

Anya blinked her large, golden eyes. Though it was hard to tell with her veil on, she looked to be at most around 17 years old. Though, she had the voice of a mature woman.

“Did I come at the wrong time? If we can't take our exams today, I can just come back another time.”

The expressions of the elders changed. How were they supposed to respond to this? Were they supposed to say that they were barring others from taking their Exams just so that she could do so alone? But saying such a thing so bluntly would cause problems.

Plus, no one had known she was here to take an Exam even if they had some guesses... Until right this very moment. Now it was almost impossible to hide it.

Luckily, Engnaril was quick on his feet.

“No, no. It isn't that, Lady Anya. The problem is that our small branch is most suited to give Black Grade Exams. Even all the elders here had to travel to larger branches to receive their Bronze certifications. So, in order to prepare and be certified for you Bronze Grade Exams, we had to set up a lot of things. As of right now, we couldn't hand out a Black Grade Exam even if we wanted to, that is why we're turning so many people away.”

The elders quickly nodded, feeling that Engnaril was truly quick on his feet to think of such an excuse. Plus, it wasn't entirely incorrect either. It had some kernels of truth to it.

But it was then that Leonel's lip curled.

“Who said I wasn't here to take a Bronze Grade Exam? Did you even ask?”

## Chapter 928

Engnaril was stunned. He had thought his plan to be foolproof, but now he could only try his best to hold back an ugly expression.

According to the files, Leonel was Tier 1. In addition, the scan hadn't caught the sign of any other lifeforms on him, so it was most likely that he didn't have a Spirit by his side, making it so that his Force Crafting would be limited.

Of course, Spirits were rare, so this wasn't exactly a negative on Leonel, it was just an observation, one that was just as important as the first.

As someone who was in Tier 1, it was impossible for Leonel to have had the Soul Force needed to Craft Bronze treasures for long. In addition, considering Leonel age, Engnaril would guess that Leonel had been in the Fifth Dimension for a month or two at best. Any longer, and considering his talent, he would have progressed far more than he had.

This was all to say that if Engnaril had to assign a probability, he would guess with 97% assuredness that Leonel was not a Bronze Crafter and was, at best, a Quasi Bronze Crafter, a feat that was still very much excellent for his age. In fact, Engnaril thought that he had vastly overestimated Leonel as well.

But hearing this, he felt like he was at a loss for words.

The elders looked over toward Leonel as though they wanted to tear him to shreds, especially Isoltihne. It was clear that none of them believed Leonel. They weren't aware of what Lady Anya's backing was exactly, but they knew of the person who requested for them to take care of her. Such a person wasn't

an individual they could afford to offend, and yet even they were subservient to Anya. This was enough to tell them just what a fearsome existence Lady Anya must be. .com

And yet, this little troublemaker was trying to ruin everything.

Unfortunately, before they could say anything, Anya's expression lit up. She clapped her hands together, her slender fingers and delicate palms turning red at just the slight strain.

"That's excellent! Then we can take the exams together!"

Anya seemed to be excited. Her smile bloomed beneath her veil, but it was just a shame that they could only catch the faintest shadow of it all.

At that moment, the elders knew the situation was helpless. They didn't even get the chance to twist Leonel's arm into admitting that he was lying. It was all very infuriating. However, the troublemaker himself no longer spared them a glance, smiling in thanks to Anya.

Leonel had never blamed Anya to begin with. After all, it was clear that this had all been done without her knowledge. At the same time, he also had a feeling that she wasn't as naïve as she was pretending to be. Clearly, she was helping him. For this, he was grateful. PANDA NOVEL

A beauty who also had a kind heart. Worthy of praise, indeed.


Engnaril and the elders looked at each other, not quite knowing what to do. But, Anya pushed them along with her next words.

"Little White is getting tired after pulling my carriage along all day, she would like to graze and relax a bit. I hope that we can start the Exam sooner rather than later so she can have some rest."

"Ah... Yes, yes..." Isoltihne reacted. "Please, this way."



Anya didn't bother to enter her carriage once again, walking beside Little White with a light smile on her face.

"Thank you." 

Leonel's voice was neither too loud nor too soft, so the elders leading the way forward, including Engnaril, definitely heard him aim these words toward Anya. And yet, they could only pretend like they hadn't heard a thing.

Anya looked over toward Leonel with sparkling eyes, her gaze carrying a hint of mischief, another hint of intelligence, and a splash of curiosity and kindness as she examined Leonel's face.

"I'm Anya."

Leonel chuckled. "I'm Leonel."

"Just Leonel?" Anya blinked.

"Just Anya?" Leonel replied.

"Ah, right, Lady Anya." Anya said triumphantly.

Leonel was speechless for a moment before he burst out into a fit of laughter. What was truly adorable was that Little White followed along with Leonel's lead, letting out successive 'jijiji' sounds.

Anya felt betrayed. Little White seemed to like Leonel even more than her.

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Across galaxies, Aina walked through a mansion under the escort of a maid, a cold expression hidden beneath her black mask.

“Here, Miss Brazinger.”

Aina nodded and entered the room. However, she was a bit surprised to find that there wasn't anything but an empty desk and chair. Of course, there were other office-like decorations like book cases and the like. But, other than that, the person she was sent here to meet was nowhere to be seen.

“Sorry for not being able to meet you face to face, Miss Brazinger. However, we're in a bit of a sensitive time, at the moment. I had no choice but to bring you forward like this.”

Aina understood and didn't say much as the sudden voice pervaded the room. It was impossible to tell where it came from and even more impossible to pinpoint where the Force Art sustaining it was. So, there was no point in bothering.

“I'll get right to the point. I have a mission for you.”

Aina was prepared for as much. She had accepted Rychard's proposal to join his faction for a few simple reasons.

For one, she didn't particularly care what sort of position it put her father in. This wasn't to say that she didn't care about her father, but rather that they weren't a family that harped over minor details. 'Political' strife wasn't something they took seriously.

Secondly, Rychard's proposal provided her the most training resources. It was as simple as that. Nothing more, nothing less.

However, she was also aware that there was nothing free in this world. But, she didn't mind. These missions would just be more opportunity to train and hone her skills.

“Your target is the Luxnix family.”

Leonel and Anya were escorted into a large room. There was just a single workbench present at the very center of it all and five chairs prepared for the elders that would be, presumably, overseeing it all. Clearly, they had only prepared a single workbench believing that Anya would be the only one taking her exams, but Leonel had thrown a wrench into those plans.

To make matters worse, Leonel and Anya seemed to be laughing and joking amongst each other as though they were two old friends. It was difficult for the elders to even interject with any snide remarks without simultaneously offending Anya herself who was clearly enthusiastically responding to everything Leonel said. So, they could only bite their tongues.

In truth, they didn't care about whether one or two people took the exam now. Their issue with Leonel wasn't that he was here, but rather that he had made them lose face. Every happy interaction Leonel had with Anya was like another slap to their faces. It was as though they felt like he was snatching the good impression Anya was supposed to have of them for himself.

Engnaril followed along with furrowed brows. He was meant to act as an ambassador for Anya so he wasn't necessarily participating in this as a Crafter. But, that only made his emotions even more complicated than the other elders.

In the end, there was Elder Isoltihne who would have very much liked to lop Leonel's head off his neck. But, she too could only stifle herself.

"I thought that you would be mean, but you're actually very nice." Anya said with a giggle.

Leonel raised an eyebrow. Him? Mean? Since when did he give off that sort of impression? .com

"Mean?"

"Mhm. Your eyes always look like they're calculating something, like you have a barrier up for the world. Plus, there's something dangerous coming off from your body that you seem to be suppressing. You should smile more, yours is not bad to look at."

Anya seemed to be commenting off hand, not thinking very much about what she was saying as her soothing voice tickled their eardrums. But, Leonel felt his heart skip a beat.

Was he like that? He had always thought himself to be quite charismatic... He had even managed to turn a school of nobles into one with a student body that actually respected a commoner like him...

Leonel would often think of those times as he hopped from organization to organization, baffled as to why he couldn't have the same positive effect on them he had had on Royal Blue Academy. Why was it that he made enemies everywhere he went and yet he was probably the most popular guy in his school?

The dichotomy was something he had always blamed on the Dimensional Verse. It was a place that could even ignore his own charisma because it was more intent on fighting and killing than forging relationships and building a kind heart... PANDA NOVEL

But was that true? What if he was just receiving the energy he was putting out?

Leonel didn't think the answer was so simple. There definitely were cruel factors in the Dimensional Verse he couldn't control. But, did that mean he had to close himself off completely?

Leonel's pale violet eyes seemed to glow lightly. His emotional intelligence and charisma were among the most useful traits he had, but it seemed that he had been handicapping himself. He rarely led with his charisma anymore. He was more apt these days to lead with indifference and only open up to a smile if someone responded the way he wanted them to... But that built up a flaw in his character.

He had been so on guard against the Dimensional Verse that he was changing even himself to fit the parts he hated so much about it. What an irony.

Leonel couldn't help but gaze at Anya quite deeply. This woman had only known him for about ten minutes. Was it a coincidence she had said something so profound? Or was it deeper than that?

"There you go, calculating again." Anya said with a pout. ρ??∪???

Leonel didn't seem to mind this and smiled instead.

“You’re quite smart for a little girl.”

“Hey! Who’s a little girl! I’m already a woman, I’ll have you know. I’m 20 years old!”

Anya stuck her ample chest out as though to prove a point, but all she got from Leonel was more laughter, causing her pout to only grow more pronounced.

“Thank you,” Leonel suddenly spoke seriously. “That’s already twice today. I guess I owe you two favors now.”

Anya smiled knowingly but didn’t say much of anything else.

At that moment, Elder Isoltihne cleared her throat, taking the central position of the five chairs. The room was exceptionally hollow, making their voices echo. It was obvious that this room was usually able to test thousands of amateur Crafters at a time. But now, it would only test two.

“Apologies, we only prepared a single Bronze workbench—”

“No problem, granny. I don’t really need a workbench.”

Elder Isoltihne’s jaw clenched so hard it twitched. Who was your granny?!

She cleared her throat, trying to bury her rage.

“We didn’t prepare the theory section of the Crafter’s Exam because we have reason to believe that Anya has already met the standard. But, it is uncertain that...”

Elder Isoltihne looked up toward Leonel, clearly wanting his name for the record. Usually, Leonel would just hand over his documents. But, obviously this was impossible now... Unless he got a whole bunch of tape first.

“Leonel.” He finished.

Elder Isoltihne all but rolled her eyes. “We need your full name for the records.”

“Right,” Leonel chuckled, forgetting that he was no longer playing a game with Anya, “Leonel Morales.”

“Ah!” Anya’s eyes widened.

She lifted her skirt, hopping to stand before Leonel and looking him up and down. She looked like a little girl who had found a new toy. The elders had no idea how to react to her antics.

“Do you have one? Show me! Show me!”

Leonel’s lip twitched. Couldn’t this girl choose her words more carefully?

Chapter 930

“What are you talking about?” Leonel chuckled and shook his head.

Though he could make a few guesses, he still didn’t jump to any conclusions. Who knew what this girl was asking to see?

In truth, Leonel knew that he was a bit too casual with his treasures. He didn’t put enough effort into hiding them. A portion of the reason why was because he didn’t have a good frame of what was rare and what wasn’t, but another was definitely that he was just a bit careless.

The more powerful Leonel became, the more he felt that the people of this quadrant were actually quite... weak. He felt like the difference between him and them wasn’t very far apart even while he was in the Third Dimension, let alone now that he was in the Fifth. Even Elder Isoltihne who had experience two watersheds of the Fifth Dimension wasn’t able to make him feel any pressure.

However, Leonel's experiences in the [Dimensional Cleanse] trial world showed him that it wasn't that the world was weak, but rather that his scope of the world was too small. Even while so heavily suppressed and with himself having every advantage, he had still lost so miserably to Amery.

If it was just this, things might have been fine. After all, Amery was in the Sixth Dimension while he hadn't even truly stepped into Tier 1 of the Fifth Dimension. However, Leonel felt that if it wasn't for the suppression of the trial, he wouldn't have stood a chance against Kira while he had been at the Peak of the Fourth Dimension. Even beyond that, he didn't believe that defeating even the likes of Rychard and that other man would have been a simple matter either.

If there was anything that trial taught Leonel it was that he shouldn't underestimate this world. There would be nothing simple about achieving his goals. .com

This was all to say that he felt that if he was going to really do this, he had to learn to be a bit more cautious about some things. So, he didn't immediately guess at what it was Anya wanted to see.

"Don't be like that!" Anya said with an almost pleading tone.

"You know, just because you heard my last name, are you really sure of my origins? Can't there be other people with the Morales name that aren't from where you think I'm from?"

Anya pouted. "Isn't the fact you said that enough to prove that I am right? Then again... Only ignorant people say stuff like that, maybe you really aren't from them..."

Leonel's lip twitched. He was finding it harder and harder to get a read on this girl. Was she mischievous? Introspective? Empathic? Or was it just that she enjoyed pointing out his flaws so much?

Seeing that Leonel wasn't reacting as fast as she wanted him to, Anya shook her head and turned toward the elders. PANDA NOVEL

"I can vouch for Leonel. His skill in theory is maybe better than mine. I don't come from a family of Crafters, but his family is one that can ignore even the main branch of the Force Crafting Guild and not

suffer from it. In fact, the main branch was only created so that other families would have a way of countering them. Good enough? Okay. Let's move on to the application part!"

Hearing these words, the elders froze, looking toward Leonel with incredulous expressions.

By now, though, Leonel was certain that what Anya wanted to see was Little Tolly. If not for this, she wouldn't be so eager to move on to the application portion of the exam. As for the reaction of the elders, he didn't particularly care.

Leonel knew that he didn't have much relation to the Morales family. For all he knew, they were quite hostile to him.

Of course, this wouldn't stop him from participating in their Heir Wars. And, it most definitely wouldn't stop him from allowing these elders to misunderstand. This was an opportunity to save himself some trouble, so why wouldn't he take advantage?

"This..." Elder Isoltihne wasn't sure how to accept this information. ρ??∫???

On the one hand, she didn't want to believe it. But, on the other, she couldn't refute this young girl either. Even if she reached out and said that she wanted half the resources of their branch, Isoltihne would just have to accept it.

Engnaril stood a distance away with his face also having frozen. But, there was nothing he could do either.

"Then..." Isoltihne cleared her throat. "... We will begin with the spirit control portion of the exam."

A strong pressure descended after Isoltihne clapped her hands. However, Leonel felt that his body was perfectly fine. If there was any change at all, it was a slight sluggishness in his Soul Force.

That was when he understood. This pressure was supposed to make it more difficult for you to use your Soul Force freely. This sort of control was invaluable for a Crafter.



Two sets of rings appeared before Leonel and Anya, stretching out a ten meter distance from them. There were just a pair of rings before each of them, one within arm's reach and the other exactly ten meters away. However, somehow, this ten meter distance felt like infinity.

“Take control of your Familiars to travel the distance between these rings. A minimum travel distance of one meter is necessary to pass. Please begin.”

“One moment.” Leonel suddenly called out. “I have a question.”

Isoltihne, who still couldn't stand the sight of Leonel's face, still had no choice but to accommodate him for now... At the very least, she had to until they could corroborate Anya's words. It was obvious that Anya had just met Leonel, so how could they take her words for fact? Especially when they didn't want to believe these words to begin with...

“Yes?”

“Is it only possible to become a Tier 1 Bronze Crafter during this exam? What do I need to do to aim for a higher certification?”

Isoltihne's expression darkened. “We can certify up to the Tier 3 Bronze Grade. However, that requires a minimum of three meters crossed for this test.”

She truly felt like her time was being wasted.

Leonel shook his head. Was there that much of a difference between Tier 1 and 3? If it wasn't for the fact he needed the resources of this place, he wouldn't even bother.

“Alright.” Leonel nodded.

Flipping his palm over, a smooth ball of silver appeared, bobbing up and down above his hand.

Anya's eyes lit up. However, when the elders saw it, their gazes lit up with something far different than an innocent curiosity.

Chapter 931

'Metal Spirit!'

The heartbeats of Isoltihne, the other elders and even Engnaril in the distance all skipped at once. But, even then, it was especially so for Engnaril.

Engnaril had assumed that Leonel couldn't be a very powerful Crafter because the scanners didn't detect even a Pseudo Spirit, let alone the complete one he was seeing now. So, to him, the appearance of this Metal Spirit meant something far different than what it did to the others and his heart couldn't stop trembling out of control.

'He has a spatial treasure that can store life.'

Engnaril forced himself to calm down. For one, there was the matter of Leonel's background. If he had such a treasure, that only confirmed Anya's words as more than just nonsense a mischievous little girl was spewing to help someone they saw as a friend.

In addition, it was also possible that this was Leonel's ability. The one thing their scanners didn't test for was Ability Index. If they did so, it would cause an uproar, so they had no choice but to make such a Concession. Some forms of Beast Taming Ability Indexes also evolved such that their users could have inner worlds to maintain and nurture their creatures. So, he knew he shouldn't jump to conclusions.

However... when that greed bloomed, it became difficult to suppress... Especially when the Metal Spirit before him was more valuable than even most spatial treasures of that caliber.

Leonel ignored those around him, a bright smile blooming on his face. .com

"Hey little guy, how was your spa day?"

“\*Bloop!\*Bloop\*”

Leonel chuckled. Usually, he would have Little Tolly on his wrist. But, after the Segmented Cube evolved, it gained the ability to nurture spirits as well. So, he had been leaving Little Tolly in there.

In truth, Leonel felt a bit bad after neglecting Little Tolly for so long so he had been spending a lot of time communicating with the little guy, especially during the [Dimensional Cleanse] trial where he didn't really have much to do anyway. So, the two were much closer now than they had been back when Leonel had left him for two years.

Of course, it wasn't exactly Leonel's fault that that had happened. But, Little Tolly was still in his infancy stages. You couldn't exactly tell a baby why it was logical that their parent had left them, right?

The result was Leonel being especially doting toward Little Tolliver now.

“So cute!” Anya all but squealed as she watch Little Tolly turn into all sorts of shapes and sizes. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel smiled but didn't say much of anything.

“Alright, Little Tolly. Let's go.”

“\*Bloop!”

Little Tolly shot out from floating above Leonel's palm like a speeding bullet. In one instant, it was before Leonel, and in the next, the little guy was hovering just past the three meter mark, dancing about with a childish flare.

Sometimes Little Tolly would take the shape of a star, sometimes something as random as a baseball bat, and other times it would even become creatures.

The little guy's favorite creature to imitate was definitely Little Blackstar, so it would often become an adorable little silver mink, its whiskers twitching about as though to mock its foe in his absence.

Leonel didn't restrict Little Tolly's freedom or adventurous side in the slightest. One would have thought that this would impede his control, but even as Little Tolly flipped between whatever images came to its mind, the little one still hovered exactly at three meters without strain to either Leonel or itself.

ρ??∪???????

With just a casual beckoning of his finger, Little Tolly came back, hopping up and down in the air as though asking for praise.

The elders and Anya watched in astonishment as Leonel actually pet the little silver mink without a care for his hands. Anya would have screamed out to say something, but she too was a bit in shock that Leonel had passed the test so easily.

They suddenly realized right then that Leonel wasn't bluffing. If not for the Tier 3 cap, how far could he go?

As the tests blazed by one after another, even the likes of Elder Isoltihne had to admit that they had provoked a monster...

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Back in the Three Pillar Galaxy, Planet Luxnix had entered an odd state as though a fog was beginning to hang over them. Odd rumors about matters from decades ago began to circulate. Even now, the matter was still quite slow and subtle, no one daring to offend the Luxnix family with too much brazenness. But, every time it seemed that those rumors would be smothered, the fire seemed to be rekindled elsewhere.

Though the Luxnix family was still unable to confirm it with absolute certainty, they were smart enough to begin guessing that someone was definitely targeting them.

Rumors in and of themselves weren't a big deal. However, the larger the family, organization or Guild, the more they would have to worry about such things. One only need to look toward the example of Camelot to understand why.

When it came to the Dimensional Verse, even a false story when spread wide enough could come to life, let alone a story many thought was plausible or even probable.

For the Luxnix family that placed such an emphasis on purity as a result of their Lineage Factor, such a story of impurity circulating around could even begin to subtly weaken the power of their Bloodline. Such a thing was far more serious than it seemed to the point where the Luxnix family would easily become irreconcilable with anyone who dared to spread such a thing.

But... What would they do if everyone felt it was 'true'?

...

At that moment, there was a group of young men indulging in the fine dining Planet Luxnix had to offer. It was said that the unique air of this world allowed women to grow up to become more beautiful, so they were quite famed for their gorgeous waitresses and hostesses.

This reason alone was enough for countless young men, even from other noble Sixth Dimensional families, to flock toward this location, especially after finishing a hard mission.

Among these group of young men, there was a particularly one by the name of Ossan... The very target of the first of Rychard's plans.

He chugged his beer grandly, leering at the perky bottoms of a passing waitress before leaning forward toward his group of friends.

"Have you all heard those rumors?" He whispered with flushed cheeks.

...

Right then, a figure dressed in leather armor and wearing a black mask casually entered the same restaurant.

## Chapter 932

The moment the young men around Ossan heard his words, their expressions twisted. Whenever this fool got a few shots of alcohol in him, he always forgot about everything else.

They were quite literally in Luxnix territory, all while having lunch in one of their more famous restaurants. This was the worst time to bring up a scandal like this.

As young nobles of their families, they had been trained in etiquette and personal brand and safety since they were old enough to put their clothes on by themselves. Among those lessons was the care they needed to take when out in public, especially when there were so many flies with ears buzzing around.

Who knew how many young masters had had their lives ruined by being overheard by a pretty waitress?

The truth was that they weren't meant to be there to begin with. The moment such rumors started floating around, Ossan's elder brother had strictly banned his young buffoon of a younger brother from coming to planet Luxnix to begin with. However, it was exactly this ban that made Ossan want to come all the more.

The current Ossan was followed by two youths, one of which was from First City but wasn't an Heir Candidate. The second was also from the First City, but was the son of a Vassal. Their names were Mall and Willaith respectively. .com

The moment the words fell, both Mall and Willaith's necks snapped in a particular direction. But, what they saw allowed them to sigh a breath of relief.

The waitress whose bottom Ossan had just been leering at seemed too far away and also hadn't reacted to the words. This set their hearts at ease.

Mall waved a hand, causing a thin barrier of Force to appear around their table that was nearly completely invisible to the eye. This was part of his ability, but it was slightly different in comparison to other energy shield abilities of the like.

“Ossan, please watch your words.”

Ossan snorted. “I can’t ask questions?” PANDA NOVEL

He took another chug of his beer, his cheeks already turning rosy. One would have thought that his alcohol tolerance would be far greater with how burly he was. But, a secondary look would tell you that Ossan was far less burly than he was just chubby. He was just quite lucky in the fact that his frame was quite large thanks to his lineage. But, rather than filling it out with muscle, you could probably cut him open for a few pints of beer if you were so inclined.

Mall and Willaith sighed in relief, thinking that Ossan was going to lay the topic to rest. But, when he sat back up from swinging his head back, Ossan’s gaze seemed more fiery than ever.

“You two don’t remember? Probably not, actually. I don’t really remember either, I’ve just heard my brother talk about her a few times. I’ve never seen Gradeyr take a liking to anything. You guys know my older brother, he’s a stone faced statue. If it wasn’t because I’ve seen him a few times in the bathhouse, I’d think he was stone down there too.

“But when it came to that woman, his eyes always used to light up like two gems. You could say that he’s an outright simp, a simp of epic proportions, a simp to end all simps. He’s actually pining over a woman that apparently let a country bumpkin put a baby in her – HAHA! I can’t stop laughing!”

Mall and Willaith looked toward one another with pale expressions. p??J??????

Only Ossan would dare to say something like this about Gradeyr. But, luckily, they had the barrier up and Ossan’s words were still vague enough that even if it wasn’t, people wouldn’t necessarily tie the two events together.

Whenever Ossan got like this, they didn't quite dare to stop him, not out of fear of Ossan himself, but rather his elder brother. At the same time, though, they didn't dare to join in either. What a joke, they still wanted their lives. And, Gradeyr always seemed to have a method of finding out things other people didn't want him to figure out.

So, they remained silent.

“HAHA! That big brother of mine has always been so perfect, and yet he made such a mistake! I really can't stop laughing! It's too funny!”

Ossan hiccupped, his awkward breath getting caught somewhere between a gasp, a heave and a burp. It was like the mouth equivalent of not trusting a fart. Only Ossan could accomplish such a great feat, admirable indeed.

In the end, what came out was a bubble of spit before Ossan fell over in his chair. He hadn't even reached the ground before he was suddenly snoring so loudly that Mall and Willaith almost felt the need to cover their ears.

Mall shook his head. Waving his hand again, he dispelled the barrier and called a waitress over. He then used a connected service to book a room in a nearby inn the owner of this restaurant had a stake in.

He had flown in a shuttle with a drunk, bloated and burping Ossan before. He refused to do it again. One such event was enough trauma for a lifetime.

Plus... There was still some business to handle.

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Hours later, the sun set and Planet Luxnix fell into darkness. With how the three planets rotated around one another, there was always at least one that was experiencing a bright day, this coupled with how frequent and easy travel between them was, there was no such thing as closing time for most establishments.



However, this didn't mean that workers didn't have off shifts. It was right then that a particular young lady with a perky bottom accentuated by her tight, short skirt, waved her goodbyes to her colleagues and boss.

She drifted out of the restaurant, a peculiar light in her eyes glowing bright after being hidden all day. Her steps were about 10% quicker than they usually were and her breathing was also slightly shallower than normal. It was like she had an excitement within that could hardly be contained.

And yet... All of that deflated the instant she chose to take a shortcut through an alleyway. An alarming feeling of danger gripped her as two figures blocked her path forward and back.

### Chapter 933

The waitress froze, her small frame trembling. She suddenly felt as though it was particularly cold despite the fact Planet Luxnix had spring-like temperatures year 'round.

There was no surprise that the two figures that had blocked her path were Mall and Willaith. Likewise, it was also no surprise that this young woman was the very same waitress with a perky butt that Ossan had been ogling at.

Mall and Willaith were too experienced with cleaning up Ossan's messes to take a chance like this. At the same time, these waitresses knew well the kind of job they had. Not a single waitress picked out for such a high-end restaurant wouldn't be extremely beautiful, extremely skilled, and most importantly of all: extremely intelligent.

A waitress might be a position many stereotypically looked down upon. But, the higher end the restaurant, the more stringent the requirements. At a certain level, becoming a waitress was not only exceptionally lucrative, but highly revered as well.

Due to knowing such things, Mall and Willaith had even come together, cutting off all paths of retreat and not taking a single chance. Even when this young woman began to shiver in fear, they didn't lower their guards in the slightest.

It was possible that she really was so weak. But, it was equally as possible that she was a talent that surpassed the two of them. .com

In that moment, without even waiting for any words to be exchanged, the two shot forward, killing intent thick in their gazes. Mall had already set up a barrier to block out all sounds. This one was even thicker than the one he laid in the restaurant.

A vast energy coated Mall's palm as he struck toward her chest. A spark of lightning ran through Willaith's irises as he too struck out, but toward her back.

It was right then that the seemingly frail young lady sprung to life. She slipped out of her high heeled shoes in one smooth motion and tore a line up the thigh of her pencil skirt, uncaring for the skin or undergarments she exposed in the process. What was her dignity if she couldn't keep her life?

She knew exactly what was happening here. It seemed that her act in pretending not to hear a thing earlier hadn't worked. Or rather, maybe it had worked but they still chose to cut away loose ends and not leave anything up to chance.

It seemed that after a few years of working in the industry, she finally ran into her first life and death situation. But, all hope wasn't lost. They were in the middle of the city. As long as she could find a chance to break through those barriers the guards would be alerted and she would have a good chance to live. PANDA NOVEL

If this was Viola family territory, it would be helpless. But, luckily, this wasn't their arena to control.

The young woman's body became as nimble as a panthers, her body taking a quarter spin to the side and arching out of the way of the two strikes.

Mall and Willaith's palms smashed against one another, missing their target. The resulting impact sent the woman flying toward a wall of the alley-way, something she took full advantage of.

Her toenails seemed to grow into two inch claws, tearing through her black stockings and cutting into the wall to anchor her propulsion upward.

Before Mall and Willaith could react, she was already more than ten meters in the air, her arm cocking back as her fingers also grew with claws, each one having their own metallic sheen beneath the twinkling golden moonlight. p??c??????

The young waitress's back was bloody from the impact of Mall and Willaith's strike, her once tight shirt having been ravaged by violent force and her trinkling blood. She could feel her vision swimming as she forcefully kept it together.

Just the aftershocks of their strikes put her in such a state. Yet, even without looking back, she could tell that both of them weren't injured even after exchanging blows like that. The difference between them was clear and obvious, at least in terms of defenses.

This was her one chance. She had to break through this barrier.

The young woman's eyes lit up with excitement. She had made it!

Her claw ripped forward, coated by a menacingly sharp Force. It tore through the energy barrier Mall had set up like a knife through butter.

The young waitress's chest expanded as she took a deep breath.

“HELP! SOMEONE IS TRYING TO KILL ME!”

She roared out at the top of her lungs. She put so much effort into tearing through the barrier that she lost sight of the building before her.

In the back of her mind, she felt that tearing through that energy wall had been too easy. She had put so much effort in the swing that it knocked her off balance, causing her to lose a chance at staying latched onto the tall walls.

The young waitress found her falling back to the ground, her expression changing. She realized in that moment that she still couldn't hear the bustle of the city even after tearing through the barrier.

‘There’s more than one barrier?!’

She realized in that moment that she had made a mistake. It wasn’t that Mall and Willaith couldn’t chase after her, but rather that they didn’t have to. In all likelihood, they were confident that even if she realized this earlier on, she would have been blocked and sent tumbling down by the second barrier.

Who would have known that she would ruin herself before she could even make it that far?

Despair sunk its hooks into the young woman’s heart. She too had her own story, who didn’t? She thought that this would be her chance to take a step forward. But, it seemed that she would be like so many who got snuffed out by the harsh realities of the world long before they got a chance...

Mall and Willaith’s gazes locked onto her as she fell to the ground, hopeless to do anything. They brandished their palms again, ready to kill her in one blow... Until, that was, they sensed a killing intent sharper than even their own.

Before the two men could react, a shadow had appeared between them, catching the young waitress who had accepted her fate out of the air.

The masked shadow swept an indifferent gaze toward the two of them.

Chapter 934

Mall and Willaith felt a deep sense of fear for some reason. They didn’t even register that this shadow was a woman until they breathed their last breaths... Maybe it was only then, when they could finally release their worries, that they could notice something so meaningless.

The battle lasted less than a hundred exchanges and there were even some points they believed they might be able to win. But, the rate of improvement the masked shadow underwent was far beyond their expectations or anything they could handle.

No... It wasn't improvement. It was as though as this shadow was adapting their already ridiculously strong combat capabilities to counter the two of them specifically. It was the most shocking feat of battle they had ever seen. Even in death, they couldn't help but admire it.

The sound of two bodies falling to the ground resonated as the masked shadow finally put the young woman down.

"Thank you! Thank you!" The young woman bowed deeply. Even though her back had been torn open and was still bleeding, she still took the effort to properly bow.

The masked shadow, who was obviously none other than Aina, nodded lightly. In her hand, she brandished a spear, much different from her usual battle ax. But, it was hard to tell that if this was another training method to help her breakthrough, or if she was just trying to hide her identity. If Mall and Willaith had known that they died to someone not even using the weapon they were most comfortable with, who knew how they would react?.com

Seeing that gratitude of the young woman, Aina nodded lightly before vanishing.

Her mission had already been complete. In truth, she was supposed to follow Ossan around until he slipped up and could be pinned with the crime of spreading false rumors by the Luxnix family. But, this was just the third day and he had already failed so epically.

Rychard knew that Ossan had his elder brother's followers cleaning up after him so he had sent Aina here to interfere with their cleanup duties. The fact that Mall had put up such a convenient barrier only helped her out.

The battle had been more difficult than she thought it would be, though. The two might have been from the First City, however they were under the umbrella of their families. Only when you became Junior General would you be assigned to a city based on your own strength.

This was to say that a Junior General from City Six like Samson was far stronger than a youth without a title from the First City. But, it was clear that Mall and Willaith had been refraining from applying to become Junior Generals so that they could continue to protect and clean up after Ossan. PANDA NOVEL

If they applied now, Aina guessed that they would either be elites in City Six or even mainstays of City Five. They weren't simple characters, indeed. But, that also meant that since Ossan's elder brother, Gradeyr dared to send them here without worrying for their dissatisfaction, his true subordinates were far more powerful than this.

It seemed that the competition of Heirs was ramping up as they slowly reached maturity. The closer they got to the Sixth Dimension, the closer the elders of the past generations would be toward having to make a final decision.

And now... Rychard had thrown down the gauntlet.

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The young woman watched as Aina vanished, the sounds of the city entering her ears once more. She looked toward the dead bodies and panicked slightly before regaining her bearings. ρ??(???)

One part of her wanted to go home and forget that any of this had ever happened, but she was much smarter than this. She knew that the fact Aina had come here to save her was not a coincidence, this was definitely planned. Now, even if she wanted to, there was no way out of this.

If she really went home, she bet it wouldn't be long before Aina appeared before her again. And, if that happened, rewards she could have monopolized for herself would probably end up in someone else's hands.

Gritting her teeth, the young woman made her resolve.

It was exactly like this that a small character set rolling the events that would embroil three planets into chaos.

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Ossan snored away like some sort of big baby. The bed he rolled about on was easily enough to fit half a dozen people comfortably, and yet he somehow managed to go from edge to edge without much effort.

The smell in the room was absolutely foul despite how high end and luxurious the accommodations were. Unfortunately, no amount candles and incense sticks could match the fog of alcohol, vomit and shit stain inducing farts.

However, it was exactly then that Ossan's dreams came to an abrupt end.

BANG!

The heavy oak doors of the hotel room flew off their hinges, shards of splintered wood sprinkling through the air and falling to the ground.

Ossan, no matter how much of a deep sleeper he was, was instantly awoken. Fear, shock and confusion colored his features. It was clear that he had no idea what was going on. He had just been in a land of dreams when he suddenly heard a lot of banging, shouting and roaring.

If it was just a battle, that would be fine. But, it felt like all this noise was being aimed at him? Why? What had he done? What the hell?

At that moment, a middle aged man wearing tight, white leather armor walked in. He had a twelve pointed star radiating a delicate light on the left of his chest and two beautifully embroidered feathers on both of his tall collars. To his waist, an exceptionally thin sword could be found—so thin, in fact, that one might not even be able to tell that they had been stabbed until it was far too late.

Ossan's expression changed and the fog of his mind finally vanished when he saw this middle aged man. It was as though a bucket of cold water had been poured over his head as he was stunned awake.

This uniform could only be worn by the most elite guard of the Luxnix family. While the Viola family had Vassals, the Luxnix family had Feather Star warriors and this man actually had eight of his twelve star points illuminated!

Ossan didn't know what he had done, but he knew that it was serious now.

## Chapter 935

“Bind him.”

The middle aged man said coldly.

Ossan’s expression changed. “What is the meaning of this?! I am a seed of the Viola family’s main bloodline! You can’t do this to me!”

The middle-aged man hardly reacted to this ‘realization’. It was clear that he was perfectly aware of Ossan’s identity as the young waitress had reported this. This was part of the reason why they had sent someone of his stature to deal with such a thing to begin with.

The Feather Star warriors of the Luxnix family were not a joke. They were an elite guard that rarely, if ever, saw the light of day.

They were split into four tiers. Starless, Four Point, Eight Point, and Twelve Point. .com

Of course, this ranking system was based on the most famous symbol of the Luxnix Family: The Twelve Pointed Star. Not many knew or understood the secrets behind this symbol or how it related to the Snowy Star Owl, or if it was related at all, but what they did know was that the Luxnix family would be willing to go to war to protect its prestige.

To be a Twelve Point Feather Star Guard was the absolute highest honor and such trump cards rarely left the family grounds. But, this could even be said for the Starless guards as well. The fact that an Eight Point Feather Star guard was actually sent here was enough to show just how serious this matter was and how furious the Luxnix family was about these circulating rumors.

Ossan wasn’t able to resist as he found his wrists and ankles chained. His combat prowess wasn’t very high to begin with, so how could he be a match for such elite warriors?

The entire city fell into silence as Ossan was dragged away. The number of eyewitnesses were so numerous that it was impossible to hide, and maybe the Luxnix family didn’t want to hide it.



At the same time, though, those that had a guess as to what was happening didn't dare to say a word.

PANDA NOVEL

There was a saying on 21st Century Earth that said what appeared on the internet would always be there. It was just a way of letting everyone know that there were some things that couldn't be taken back and it wasn't so easy to erase the truth.

However, were things still so simple when the technology in question was far beyond that time? What if the government had absolute control? What if there was a powerful existence that could decide your life and death on a whim?

Maybe in those cases, it wouldn't necessarily be impossible to shape and change the 'truth'...

Unfortunately, the Luxnix family wasn't on its own. There were two other families with its level of strength in this region, and one of them was already targeting them.

This was just the beginning of a brewing storm and the one who started it all—Rychard—was nowhere near the destruction. ρ??∫??????

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Across the Dimensional Verse, back in a galaxy far weaker—on the surface, that is—a group of elders sat in abject shock, unable to gather themselves.

It felt like every test they gave Leonel, he passed with just enough to reach a Tier 3 standard. And yet, it was done with such ease that it couldn't have been more obvious to them that his skill was beyond just this.

Even though Anya was also shocking in her own right, completing the Tier 1 trials with a steady and sweet smile on her face, they had already expected as much from her. But, this Leonel came out of nowhere and even seemed to have more skill than many of them.

The truth was that Leonel was only truly being held back by his Designation. Due to his weak Dimension in the past, his finger speed, dexterity and strength couldn't keep up with the rest of him. The only reason he had even been able to forge Bronze treasures back then was thanks to his Metal Body. Unfortunately, though it gave him strength, it didn't give him the corresponding dexterity and flexibility

Now, though, those shackles had been shattered. Leonel's hand speed was at a Superior Grade One Designation for the Bronze Grade, granting him perfection. Leonel also felt that if he used [Star Fusion], he could even push past this to a Silver Grade Designation!

In the end, there was no fault Elder Isoltihne could find. Somehow, their small branch had gained another Tier 3 Bronze Crafter, leaving them at a loss for words. Even their best Crafter, an older man who was currently not present, was only Tier 4. Right behind him was Isoltihne, but she was only Tier 3... Just like Leonel.

They truly didn't know how to wrap their heads around this.

One had to know that in the Guild, status wasn't based on seniority or family power... It was all based on skill. In the blink of an eye, Leonel suddenly had the same level of authority they all did and also had the same amount of say.

He had gone from someone who could be blocked at a gate to an existence that could directly kill a guard for even daring to think of doing such a thing.

"Done?" Leonel asked.

His expression didn't look like he had done anything particularly impressive. In fact, he looked quite calm and relaxed.

In truth, as he had been undergoing these tests, he had been thinking more about what Anya had said to him as opposed to anything else. He felt that she was definitely correct, no matter what her motives were. He couldn't enter every situation bracing for hostility, then be shocked when that was exactly the energy he received. And, even when he still received hostility in return, who knew if he was just meeting someone who was as jaded as he had once been? In that case, shouldn't he also give them a chance to change their tune like he would?

He needed friends and allies right now, not enemies. He was well aware that he couldn't do all of this alone.

If his attempts still failed in the end, at least he would know that he tried.

So, Leonel smiled. "Miss Isoltihne, I noticed that pendant around your neck has a bit of damage on it, how about you let me take a look, free of charge? Take it as a gift to a fellow Crafter."

Leonel smiled warmly. Isoltihne suddenly found her old heart skipping a beat.

## Chapter 936

Isoltihne snapped out of her surprise, subconsciously shaking her head. She had been so annoyed with Leonel all this time that she hadn't noticed until just now that this boy was quite handsome.

Wait, what was she thinking? She was old enough to be his grandmother's grandmother. She had grown out of the swooning over pretty men stage a long time ago. Though there were still some faint lines of beauty on her aged features, definitely above average for a woman as lived as her, she wasn't under the illusion that she could still attract men with her looks—at least not men who weren't at least as old as she was, that is. But, even those old bastards would prefer to chase after youthful swan meat.

It was quite the double edged sword. As a Crafter, Isoltihne's thinking speed might not match up to Leonel's, but it was still far greater than most. This was usually a good thing, but at the moment she felt like she had overthought something as benign as a smile. It was embarrassing to the point her cheeks flushed slightly.

Of course, this flushing had little to do with her attraction to Leonel and everything to do with the embarrassing train of her thoughts. After all, as she had told herself previously, she had long since grown out of such a stage.

However, before she could regain her bearings, she found that Leonel was before her, his hand having already reached out to lightly grasp the pendant that had hung from her neck. In that moment, she found herself frozen again. .com

This time, it was because of two things.

For one, Leonel's scent was unique. It wasn't masked by cologne and felt fresh and natural, and yet it still held an edge of intoxication to it. The best thing it could be likened to for lack of a better comparison was fresh paper. When one entered an office, especially one that had large printers blasting at full tilt all hours of the day, the first few whiffs of that new paper smell was almost drug-like.

Isoltihne felt that Leonel's scent was like this, but it was far more layered, complex and fragrant. But at the same time, it wasn't as overpowering nor was it as easy to get over as the smell of paper.

The second this that shocked Isoltihne, though, was that Leonel actually dared to get so close to her without warning. PANDA NOVEL

Maybe if she still had that same hate for Leonel, she would have slapped him to death for doing such a thing. Or, maybe if he wasn't so nice to look at or smell she would have reacted in that way even if she had a good impression of him. But, for some reason, she just froze, her gaze locked onto Leonel's fingers as they twirled her jade pendant between them.

Compared to Leonel's face or his scent, Isoltihne found Leonel's hands to be the most enticing. She couldn't take her eyes off of them.

They were slender and well kempt, but they also coursed with veins that traveled up his forearm. Their beauty was beyond anything she had ever seen and the longer she looked at them, the more she felt her chest being taken over by a searing heat.

By the time Isoltihne realized that there was something wrong with her actions, a flash of silver covered Leonel's hands for a moment before retreating. p??J??????

Leonel lowered the elder's pendant back down, careful not to touch the skin of her chest before taking a step back.

"You..." Isoltihne's was going to speak before her pendant began to glow lightly.

At that moment, a gentle green energy wafted out from it, pouring into her skin and coursing through her veins. In just a few circulations, Isoltihne's cheeks seemed rosier, her skin less wrinkled and she felt as if her energy reserves had been replenished three times over.

In just a few minutes, under their astonished gazes, her age regressed by at least five years. Though she still looked like she could be a grandmother, it was now to the point one might have to ask her just how young had she had her first child to still be so youthful.

Isoltihne was stunned. 'He... He actually repaired it...?'

What Leonel didn't know was that Isoltihne had won this pendant at an auction about ten years ago. It was made of a very precious jade known as Revitalizing Jade. Much like many other precious Ores, Revitalizing Jade came in several grades and this one just so happened to be of the Bronze Grade, allowing it to have great affects on helping a Fifth Dimensional existence to retain their youth.

As one might expect, it was extremely expensive. It took trading off decades, centuries even, of hard work for Isoltihne to get her hands on it. And, even then, she only managed to succeed thanks to the fact this was an incredibly small piece and the fact it was sold damaged.

If it was so easy to repair, Isoltihne would have done it herself long ago, or the auction house would have taken those steps long before they decided to auction this piece off. And yet, it took Leonel a brief moment? What kind of exaggerated nonsense was this?

The jade around her neck now was easily worth a hundred times what she paid for it. This amount of wealth dangling from her neck almost made her want to forego youth and sell it off again.

Was this really just a gift...?

No matter how stone hearted Isoltihne was, she couldn't muster up the same hatred she had before. In fact, what happened before couldn't even be considered hatred, it was more like annoyance. It was just that in her position, when someone or something annoyed her, the results would be devastating for them.

"... Thank you."

The words sounded so foreign rolling off her tongue that Isoltihne flushed red again beside herself. This Leonel was truly the bane of her existence.

Leonel just grinned. "It's not a big deal, a Metal Spirit is especially good at forging small, intricate parts and is also excellent at repairing items. It was just a small task."

## Chapter 937

Isoltihne's mood and attitude seemed to shift on a dime. Quite frankly, rather than being shocked, her colleagues were more jealous than anything else. As Crafters, they understood the value of her jade pendant quite well.

But, after Leonel also extended helping hands to them, their tunes couldn't help but change. Before Anya and Engnaril understood what was happening, the five of them were happily chatting about their Crafts, completely forgetting that there was a certification exam going on. If not for Engnaril clearing his throat and excusing himself, who knew how long it would have gone on for?

...

Engnaril walked out of the Guild House shaking his head. He really didn't know what to make of this day. He had some Crafting experience of his own and he had never seen a youth as talented in this aspect. Even Anya, who had gained acknowledgement of that person, couldn't match up.

Though it was clear that Anya was also holding back, Leonel did the same with far more elegance and ease. The gap between them was as clear as day...

Still, Engnaril felt that much of this gap could be explained by their Familiars. A Metal Spirit was just too perfect for Crafters. Though it couldn't be used across disciplines like a Flame Spirit, for example, within its niche, it was untouchable. .COM

As for Anya, though she had a great background, she only had an ordinary Flame Spirit.

Engnaril shook his head. There was nothing 'normal' about having a Flame Spirit. His perspective had been twisted by Leonel to the point where he forgot that Anya's Flame Spirit was the first he had seen in his lifetime.

Beyond that, even if Anya could get a Metal Spirit, not just anyone could control one. As far as Engnaril knew, they were incredibly dangerous, which was what made it even more shocking that Leonel didn't even use Force Crafting Gloves.

'Just what kind of monster is he...?'

Engnaril shook his head, putting his greed away. He didn't have a death wish. Even if he could defeat Leonel, what about his backers? PANDA NOVEL

The fact that everyone who came here had to be registered was a double-edged sword. He couldn't just erase information that Leonel had been here. And, because of that, if something happened to Leonel, it wouldn't be long before he and the other elders became suspects. By then, he would be finished.

Plus, if Anya was correct about Leonel's origins, let alone him being implicated, his entire family and even the Guild itself might be eradicated because of him. He had no intentions of getting embroiled in such nonsense.

Engnaril shook his head for the third time in just as many minutes.

At that moment, he suddenly got another message from his tablet. This time, though, the gears and Force Arts that ran across its surface shifted, forming the emblem of an organization Leonel recognized all too well: Shield Cross Stars.

This wasn't a very surprising development, at least not for Engnaril. The truth was that the security of worlds like this one were often left up to Shield Cross Stars. After all, they were the universe's police force. At the request of powers, they could take root at your borders and give a layer of protection you wouldn't otherwise have. p??c????

The concept was similar to someone on Earth buying a security service and planting their emblem in their front yard for all to see. Sometimes, the fact that there was a certain level of security to begin with was more important than the security or its level itself.

This was mostly a route taken on by Guilds and Merchant Hubs while Organizations, Kingdoms, families and Empires usually handled their own security. Though, there would always be exceptions.

Of course, this came with a fee. But for the Force Crafters Guild, it was negligible.

As for Engnaril himself, he worked for Shield Cross Stars and could be considered to be a hired hand of the Guild. As such, though he answered to the Guild directly, those orders could be overruled by Shield Cross Stars in some circumstances.

He had been tasked with Anya's safety by both the Force Crafting Guild and Shield Cross Stars. So, the seriousness of this charge couldn't be underestimated, which was why he had been especially sensitive to Leonel's arrival. Even now, he hadn't forgotten his job.

Hours ago, he had ordered a detailed background check for Leonel. But, he had already expected not to find much of anything.

If Anya was right about Leonel's identity, he didn't have the cachet to access information on those higher order families and organizations. So, he had fully expected to receive an access denied. But, when he looked down to casually accept his fate, he froze instead.

'What...?'

...

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Leonel smiled, looking toward Anya who was observing him curiously behind her veil. She seemed to be trying to look into his mind.



The two walked through the hallways of the Guild House, heading toward the treasure house. Though they had yet to build up any merits, in all their gratitude, the elders and Isoltihne had given a million Guild Points to Leonel directly.

Leonel had no idea if this was a lot or not, but he still accepted them enthusiastically. It seemed that being kind no matter the circumstances came with its own perks.

Anya blinked. "My mom said to avoid men who were too charismatic."

Leonel's lip twitched. First he was too mean, but now he was too nice? Maybe he should have been used to the difficulty of pleasing women by now. He couldn't help but sigh as his mind wandered to Aina again.

"Oh, right!" Leonel suddenly thought of something he had meant to ask Anya before, but it felt inappropriate to do so. "You said that only the ignorant would say what I said about family names. What did you mean by that? Is it not possible for others to be called Morales?"

Leonel felt that there was something off about that... Morales wasn't exactly a unique family name on Earth.

## Chapter 938

Anya blinked, checking over Leonel to see if he was being serious. Before, she had thought that Leonel was just trying to be cheeky. After all, someone of his standing should be well aware of the reason. But, she was confused to see that Leonel was actually serious.

Was he really not from the Morales family? No, that didn't make sense. Metal Spirits rarely submitted to anyone outside of members of that family and Little Tolly seemed far too obedient. Plus, she could sense a strong Earth Variant affinity coming from him.

Anya shook her head, not minding it anymore.

“The higher level someone is, the more unlikely it is for them to share a name with such a powerful family. The Fifth Dimension is already too high for you to still be able to casually call yourself Morales without truly being from that family, especially since you’re so young.”

“Why, though?”

“Well, just the same as the future can influence that past, the inverse should obviously be true as well. In fact, though that much should be intuitive, it’s even deeper than you think. It’s more accurate to say that the past can change the future.”

Leonel’s brows furrowed. He felt like he was back in school learning algebra for the first time. What kind of nonsense was this? It was both obvious and baffling at the same time. .com

It was obvious that the past affected the future. But what did it mean for it to change it? After the past happened, wouldn’t a set future decided by cause and effect already be set into motion? What did it mean to change it?

“If I had to explain it as simple as possible... If someone of your caliber appeared and shared the Morales family name, all while not being affiliated with them, it would mean that the destruction of the Morales family wouldn’t be too far away.

“Well, it might not be so exaggerated. But, the Morales family probably wouldn’t allow it to happen. You’d probably have your own personal swarm of bodyguards coming after you.”

Leonel’s expression became weird. How could any of this be considered an explanation?

“Actually,” Anya tapped a finger to her veil covered lips, “if it was you specifically, it would definitely mean that the destruction wouldn’t be far away. They’d probably even send a Seventh Dimensional existence a step away from the Eighth Dimension after you.”

Anya kept babbling on and on as though Leonel should already understand what she was saying, but he was only growing more confused. And why him specifically? PANDA NOVEL

“Why me specifically?”

Anya blinked and turned her golden gaze toward Leonel. Something about her felt far more profound than it had before, an odd, almost ancient Force swirling about her.

“Because you’re dangerous.”

For a moment, it didn’t even seem that Anya was the one who was speaking, but rather someone far more aged and mature. Compared to the mischievous girl that Leonel knew, she was completely different to the point they could only be comparable in looks and nothing else.

Leonel didn’t know how to respond to this in the slightest. What about him was dangerous, exactly?

He couldn’t help but think back to the words his Coach had spoken about and the backstory that connected him and Lionel. He still didn’t know how those machines of Earth had concluded him to be a danger to society... ρ??C??????

However, Leonel believed he had come up with an explanation for this. Back then, Earth couldn’t even properly categorize his ability because it could only properly read 5% of his DNA and was confused by the remaining 95%. Wasn’t it obvious, then, that it could have misread him in this situation as well?

This conclusion had helped Leonel to throw those matters to the back of his mind. He had always subconsciously ignored it, even to the point where despite always telling Aina everything... When it came to this, he never did.

Plus, hadn’t he lived a perfectly normal life to this point? How could there be anything wrong with him?

So why was Anya saying this stuff now?

Anya looked away and Leonel shook his head, he found this woman too difficult to read. He just needed to focus on healing himself so that he could more confidently take his next steps. It was about time he checked in on Elthor and the Oryx.

The guards of the treasure house were stunned to see two youths approaching but they soon had no choice but to accept the reality. A duo of such youthful Bronze Crafters was something they had never seen before.

This storehouse was shared between both Force Crafters and Force Pill Crafters. It had shelves hundreds of meters tall and an eerily structured organization that made one think that someone had dedicated their lives to ensuring that everything would be perfect.

Without much thought or a word toward Anya, Leonel found the section of healing Herbs before he realized something especially intriguing.

He didn't need to spend his Guild Points on these herbs. He just needed to use Dream Sculpt on them. That way, he could save his points for Ores he could use in the future.

He doubted that this treasure vault would have the Ores he would need for his next Divine Armor. But, that didn't matter. He could do a lot with what was before him right now. He just had to be quick about it. The matters related to Anya had already been thrown to the back of his mind.

It didn't take Leonel long to find several healing herbs with Light Elemental attributes. Though most were Fourth Dimensional, there were a handful of Fifth Dimensional ones. Each of these were worth hundreds of thousands of points though, something that truly put Leonel's million points into perspective.

Leonel, who was about to get lost in his own world, was suddenly startled. His head snapped back, only to find Anya had once again appeared by his side.

Wait, had she appeared there, or had she never left? Now that Leonel thought about it, he wasn't sure of the answer to that.

"What are you doing?" Leonel asked.

Anya blinked. "I have zero Guild Points. I don't have a sugar mama like you do."

She spoke as though this was the most obvious thing ever. Why wouldn't she follow him around since she didn't have points of her own to spend?

Leonel was speechless.

## Chapter 939

This girl was truly too loose with her lips. When she wasn't saying things that made no sense, she was teasing him as though they had known each other for decades. She was really too difficult to get a read on and Leonel also had a feeling that her veil was only making it more difficult.

In the end, Leonel could only shrug. He had thought that Anya was coming with him because she had free reign over the items in this treasure house. After all, with how the elders treated her—likely due to her status—he had made certain assumptions. But it seemed that instead, she was just stuck to him like glue like a little girl chasing after her big brother.

It reminded Leonel a bit of Little Nana, he couldn't help but think back to that adorable little blue haired girl. The trouble was that even Little Nana was far more mature than Anya.

Leonel found that his experience in the Valiant Zone had made him far more stoic and level headed. Even when he had been with his brothers, he hadn't joked around with them as much as he usually did.

What he couldn't tell was if that was a part of him maturing, or if he was just becoming jaded. Of course, he could turn his charisma on and off like a faucet, but was it really the same if he had to consciously act like that...? It felt somewhat robotic. .com

How many people could have heard Anya's advice about being too 'scary' and immediately change on a dime. Maybe Leonel was the only one... But a product of that was the realization that he was a bit too good at artificially producing his personality.

Something like that made it difficult for him to tell who the real him was...

Was he charismatic because he wanted to be and that was just the type of person he was...? Or, was he just abusing his emotional intelligence to get what he wanted out of the world?

Leonel shook his head again. It felt like Anya's presence was forcing him to introspect. It was an uncomfortable feeling. PANDA NOVEL

But, if there was anything Leonel was good at, it was stone walling those kind of things.

In one moment, he had a pensive look in his eye. In the next, it vanished with a calculating light, scanning the array of Light Elemental healing herbs before him.

Anya's irises twinkled with something imperceptible. But, she stood obediently to the side, her sweet fragrance hanging in the air with a strange magnetism. Leonel, though, didn't seem to notice, his mind completely focused.

As beautiful as Anya was, to the point where Leonel was certain if she removed her veil she wouldn't lose out to Aina in the slightest, there was still only one woman who could ever distract him from a task at hand. And, Anya wasn't that woman. PANDA NOVEL

'All the like herbs are here. Convenient, I don't even need to move. There are 38 variations of herbs in the Fourth Dimension. There are three variations for the Fifth Dimension.

'A Fourth Dimensional Mage Art might be useful if I want to mass heal a large group of individuals. But, my priority right now is forming the most powerful healing spell I can muster.

'I need an herb that not only matches the Light Element, but it also needs to be one that is compatible with Snow Force so it can synergize well with the Healing Branch of my Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor. If those are the parameters I set, then there are only three of the Fourth Dimension that fit and only one of the Fifth Dimension.'

Leonel ignored the three Fourth Dimensional herbs for a moment, training his eyes on the Fifth Dimensional one he felt responded the best to his Snow Force. By all measures, it was quite a beautiful herb.

It had the six petals and delicate bell shape of a lily. It was a gorgeous white color and had veins of white that would even sometimes spring to life, dancing above its body for a moment and sprinkling down a heavenly light before going to rest once again.

It had a long stem that attached it to three other companions identical to it. However, what was curious about this long stem was the fact it was covered in a white fur that waved about as though it had a life of its own.

However, even this was just the tip of the iceberg. Amidst the six petals, coming out from the center, several stamens that seemed shaped of pure gold metals sprung upward. On their ends, each of them held a twinkling gold bell. Every time the flower swayed, these bells would release a delicate sound that tickled the ears, filling one with warmth.

Or, rather, that's what would have happened had the Twinkling Bell Lily not been enclosed by a glass case.

Leonel didn't waste much time, immediately beginning to Dream Sculpt the Twinkling Bell Lily.

'The root of this flower's artistic conception seems to be the ringing bells. Even its name says so. But... I feel like the fur covering its stem is actually just as important. This beautiful plant is actually... a bit carnivorous. No wonder it resonated so well with my Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor, it might be more beast than plant...'

Leonel didn't know much about Force Herbs, after all, he wasn't a Force Pill Crafter. However, combining the dictionary and his Dream Sculpt allowed him to understand an herb far better than even an expert herbologist would.

'How fascinating...'

Leonel had come looking for a Force Herb that could replace [Grand Heal]. But, he had never expected to find a combination heal-attack Mage Art like this. If he shifted it to a Light-Earth Elemental Mage Art, the results might be even more shocking.

However, for now...

“[Twinkling Lily: Bell’s Blessing].”

At that moment, Leonel’s eyes snapped open, his body beginning to glow with a fierce light.

## Chapter 940

Right then, Anya’s eyes widened. She had been wondering what Leonel was doing, but when she saw the result, her golden irises were completely filled with shock.

At that moment, a lily manifested around Leonel, a strong surge of Light Elemental Force causing the surrounding winds to pick up and surge.

The sound of delicate chimes resounded, the golden bells dancing above Leonel’s head. Every time they swayed, a sprinkle of golden light fell upon him, attaching to his skin and sinking into his body.

Without a word, Leonel cast this spell 17 times before he finally exhaled a breath and gripped his fists, his body finally feeling light again as he expelled the last of the black ash that had been inside of him.

‘It took 17 casts and 70% of my stamina just to heal from one split second usage. This Innate Node of mine is really the bane of my existence.’

Leonel shook his head and chuckled. Though he had seemed fine all this time, he really only had about half his usual strength. He could only function normally thanks to Dream Sense dulling his pain.

‘This [Twinkling Lily] series of Mage Arts I’ve come up with aren’t bad. The [Bell’s Blessing] only has about 20% of its max healing potential but it still did so well. Should I find some Star Force healing herbs that could be used with my Vital Star Force...?’ .com

Leonel thought for a moment before he shook his head. His Vital Star Force was too precious and took too long to replenish after he used it. It was best to reserve it entirely for using [Star Fusion] at a critical moment.



As for why Leonel had only used [Bell's Blessing] and not the full version of [Twinkling Lily], that secret was rooted in the hidden carnivorous nature of the Force Herb. He felt it wasn't appropriate to test the of the Mage Art's capabilities here.

Leonel moved on without a word after Dream Sculpting the three Fourth Dimensional Force Herbs. He had already decided which Fifth Dimensional Ores he would use for his Metal Body so he didn't need to think about it.

Though his merit points weren't enough to trade for a ton of Fifth Dimensional Force Herbs, Ores were a bit different in this regard since they were sold in quantities of kilograms. At the very least, he should be able to get enough to take a first step into and solidify his stance in Tier 1.

Anya was so stunned she forgot to follow for a second.

'Did he just...' PANDA NOVEL

She looked from the Twinkling Bell Lily to Leonel's disappearing back and back again. She was certain, that spell... It had given her the same feel of the plant right before her. How had he done that? How was that even possible?

It took him... Ten minutes? Maybe? To create a technique that could be passed down in Bronze Organizations for generations to come...

"Ah...!"

Anya picked up her dress and dashed after Leonel, catching up quite quickly considering he wasn't exactly sprinting. She continued to look at him as though he was some sort of monster, following closely behind.

'Fifth Dimensional Star Core will still be my foundation, upgrading from Fourth Dimensional. I'll replace Refractive Gold with Dancing Lantern Ore and I'll replace Blazing Night with a more volatile Fuel Type Ore in Devil's Shavings Ore.'

Leonel still felt the Star Core was the best foundational Ore for him. Dancing Lantern Ore worked similarly to Refractive Gold in that it could consume and concentrate the Light Elemental. But, whereas Refractive Gold was dangerous and could turn even a benign ray of sunlight into a deadly attack—a property that made Leonel’s sniper rifle especially dangerous—Dancing Lantern Ore was very docile.

Dancing Lantern Ore could accumulate the Light Element to the point of saturation. Once it reach that point, its internal structure would begin to move and shift, thus the ‘dancing’ part of its name. This dancing wasn’t just an optical illusion, though. Once it reached this state, it was possible to choose one of two paths.

The first was a steady output of power and the second was an immediate and violent burst that would put even Refractive Gold to shame. This made this ore quite good for armors, shields and the exterior of vessels, or the body of weapons.

Finally, Devil’s Shavings Ore was like a nuclear bomb in comparison to Blazing Night Ore. However, much like its weaker counterpart, it was able to maintain a steady and relatively safe form in its complete form. Only after it was chipped, and its shavings were introduced to flames would it cause a catastrophe.

It didn’t take long for Leonel to find what he needed. He wasn’t stingy and directly spent all million of his points and was even lucky enough to gather enough Ores to enter Tier 3.

Of course, he would need to be patient and couldn’t enter it directly. However, it was possible to use the silver tablet to loosen and erase his bottlenecks before moving forward. But, something told Leonel that he couldn’t casually bring that tablet out just anywhere. So, he would need a secluded place first.

Anya remained silent as Leonel picked out his herbs, but the light in her eyes seemed to dim somewhat as she did. If Leonel had been paying attention, he might have even been able to notice that she sighed as well. But, he had grown accustomed to ignoring her completely so that he could focus his mind. Only after he was finished and stored his things away did he finally look at her again.

“Where will you go now? It can’t be that you’ll follow me home, right?” Leonel asked with a smile.

Anya pouted. "What would be wrong with me doing that? Are you trying to get rid of me?"

Leonel's lip twitched. He was indeed trying to get rid of her. He had things to do, he couldn't drag someone he barely knew around with him. Though, he had to admit, she was a pretty good shield. Thanks to her, things had gone far more smoothly than he thought they would.

Just as Leonel was thinking of something to say in reply, a light lit on Anya's wrist, causing her playful expression to come with a touch of cold.

"It seems I have to go," she said lightly.

Her voice was just as enticing as it always was. But, for some reason, she seemed ten years older without aging a single second.

"Oh." Leonel blinked. "Be careful, then."

Anya's brows rose at Leonel's choice of words. She opened her mouth to say something before hesitating.

"You... You be careful too." She finally said. "This galaxy isn't as simple as you think it is. Your ambitions might let you down."

Leonel's brow furrowed. "What do you mean by that? My ambitions...?"

"... The birth of just a single planet of a certain caliber is enough to change the destiny of an entire galaxy. I'm sure you're smart enough to understand what that means."

Leonel's pupils constricted. But, before he could ask more, Anya seemed to vanish right before his eyes. It was like he was both aware and unaware of what was happening at the same time... As though she had both always been there and never been there.

'What...'

Leonel suddenly realized that he had no idea just how strong Anya was. Before he could even think any further, he felt several strong auras sweep through his surroundings. He didn't even have a chance to figure out what was going on before they all locked onto him.

Leonel realized in an instant that their intentions weren't kind, but at the same time, he was confused. He was still in the Guild, how could he be targeted like this? And for what reason?