

## Descent 1391

### Chapter 1391 Really?

Leonel fell into silence, his palm flipping to return the bow to the Segmented Cube. He didn't quite have an answer, he never really thought about it.

Even when he was with Aina, he never really thought about what their future together would look like. He didn't think about marriage, he didn't think about kids or grandkids, he never really imagined them growing old together either.

It was odd that he never did. A man like him who was logical to a fault should have been thinking about those things. And, at the very least, he should have talked to Aina about it at some point. But, he never brought it up.

"Do you want kids?"

Aina, who had been staring intently at Leonel, was suddenly caught completely off guard by the question. She was baffled in one moment before she went entirely red.

"What are you talking about all of a sudden?!"

Seeing her reaction, Leonel laughed, all his worries seeming to float away. She could be quite bold sometimes, but she could also be adorably embarrassed just as easily. The ebbs and the flows of this were quite peaceful and relaxing. Maybe there was nothing wrong with some forms of boredom.

"No, really," Leonel said after he finally stopped laughing. "Do you?"

Aina's eyes darted around. She couldn't believe Leonel had really chosen this kind of situation to ask this question. But, seeing that the answer was important to him, she bit her lip and nodded.

"How many?" Leonel pressed.

Aina was exasperated. What was wrong with this man all of a sudden?!

"... Ten..."

"Huh?" Leonel leaned in.

Even with his hearing, Aina had spoken so softly that he couldn't hear exactly what she was saying. Was this really something to be so embarrassed about? As confusing as he was, this woman was even more confusing. She didn't even blink an eye when they got caught making out in the middle of a Rapax Nest, now she wanted to be all flustered?

"At least ten, alright?!" Aina snapped, her voice practically blowing Leonel's hair back.

"At least ten?" Leonel's brows rose. "Does that mean you want more than that?"

"Yes." Aina placed her hands on her hips. "Is there a problem? I'm doing most of the work anyway."

Leonel blinked. It seemed that this was more important to Aina than he knew, to think that he hadn't even thought to ask before. She even seemed a bit defensive about it, as though she was afraid that Leonel would say no.

Even without going down that path, Leonel could tell that saying no would really hurt Aina, maybe even more so than those cruel words he had spoken that day on Planet Montex. He could even feel the anxiety within her as she waited for him to respond.

Leonel felt that he should have been able to guess this long ago.

It was one thing for Aina to get super defensive and anxious over her experience with the Puppet Master back when her psyche still wasn't completely whole. But, for that to bleed over into her rage for the Steel Beast Master as well long after her mind had been repaired was a different matter entirely.

What did both Variant Invalids have in common? Well, both them wanted to use her as some sort of sow to pump out babies for them.

Maybe, the reason Aina was so enraged went beyond them just crossing boundaries any woman would have up, but rather because they were also perverting something she held close to her heart and cherished.

Leonel smiled. "What are you so worried about? Like you said, you're doing most of the work anyway. How about we start now?"

Leonel's smile spread into a wild grin.

One baby, ten babies, twenty? He didn't really care one way or another.

Aina sighed a breath of relief before she rolled her eyes. "I'm ignoring you."

She turned away and began to walk to who knows where.

"How can you ignore me? If we don't start now, how are we supposed to get to 20? Think of the gestation period!"

Aina's lips arched in a smile Leonel couldn't see as she continued to walk away. The relief in her eyes almost seemed palpable.

"Be serious, we need to find a way out of here," Aina stopped by where the green Runed egg had been, waiting for Leonel to put it down so that they could go. She knew Leonel well enough to know that he no longer had any intention of taking the egg with him.

"I can think of a few ways," Leonel spoke as he took out the box once again. "No need to take it too seriously. Getting out of here probably isn't all that difficult anymore. Just look at all the energy around us."

"Really?" Aina raised an eyebrow.

"Really."

Aina was a bit skeptical, but she didn't think he would joke about something like this.

"Look at you, doubting me. How could you doubt your future baby daddy?"

"Ew, don't say it like that. I physically cringe."

"What, baby daddy? That struck a nerve? I'm going to slot that in with things you get wrong like putting cereal in first."

"You're a terrorist to society," Aina snapped back.

"This terrorist would like to book a baby making appointment. Really, if we don't start now, it'll be too late."

"I suddenly regret telling you this."

"It's real, though! I hear having babies is harder at higher Dimensions. The earlier we start, the better."

"Maybe for other women, but not for me. I can have a baby whenever I want."

Leonel's brows shot up. He was going to ask Aina what she meant by that, but his senses caused him to turn his head instead, only to lock eyes with a young man. The two had apparently completely forgotten that there were others around them.

"That bow."

Leonel didn't need to hear the rest for his gaze to narrow.

Chapter 1392 You're Not...

The young man wasn't a person that Leonel had interacted with before. He had an unassuming build, but his gaze was extraordinarily sharp, sharper than any Leonel had ever seen before.

Among the youths here, he was one of the very few who didn't have a single scratch on him despite the sheer violence and carnage of the previous battle. There was no doubt that this person was highly skilled, extraordinarily so.

From what Leonel could tell, this young man was also a person of very few words. The stronger his King's Might and Dream Force became, not to mention his soul, the better he was at reading people. For this young man to come out and say something, it was definitely something that was very important, at least to him.

"That bow," the young man repeated, seemingly not perturbed by Leonel's silence, "how is it in your possession?"

Leonel observed this young man for a while longer. The silence didn't seem to make either man very awkward at all. Leonel continued to stare and the young man continued to remain silent, waiting for the response he wanted.

"My mother gave it to me," Leonel finally said.

The shock of Leonel's victory against Amery was still hanging thickly in the air. Many didn't quite know what to do moving forward, their minds stuck in limbo.

On one hand, the prize they had all rushed forward for was now already in Leonel's hands, and he had also more than proved his strength. On the other, there wasn't an easy way to leave this place and many still didn't know how to wrap their heads around exactly what had just happened before them.

For those who knew Amery, they understood him to be a real Deity within their generation. If they wanted a chance to catch up to him, they needed to step into the Sixth Dimension because it was the only way to bridge the advantage given by the Sword Domain Heirloom.

Simply put, Amery gained a head start on his God Path, touching upon it much earlier than one should thanks to the insights granted by the Sword Domain.

There was no use in getting jealous over it. After all, to be able to earn that Sword Domain Heirloom in that family of monsters to begin with was a feat all to itself.

However, to see that legend in their eyes fall, and so easily at that. They found it difficult to wrap their heads around.

But this young man seemed to have shocked them awake. That was right... The bow... That bow was at least of the Quasi Life Grade! In fact, it felt stronger than even others of that caliber they had seen. The fact that Leonel even had it in his possession was shocking enough, but the fact he could actually wield it...

The young man's gaze narrowed when he heard Leonel's answer.

"That bow... shouldn't be in the hands of a Morales family member. In fact, it shouldn't be in the hands of anyone not of our families. But, somehow, it has acknowledged you... This... does not make sense."

The young man knew how finicky this bow was. Most couldn't even lift it up, let alone pull its bowstring. It was like the bow had made the conscious decision to lower itself to Leonel's level, just so that it could help him. It didn't make any sense at all.

In fact, it would cause a major uproar if these matters were known about to the Void Palace. No... It would cause a major uproar when these matters were found out...

"So, what do you want me to do about this, exactly?" Leonel asked.

He wanted to understand what this young man's goal was exactly.

"My name is Nazag Tarius. I tell you this so you know I am not a coward, but also for you to understand that I'm also far more reasonable than most. If a member of my alliance were to see you with this bow, their first assumption won't be that you claimed it for yourself, their first assumption would be your father has something to do with it.

"You aren't the first genius Bowman in the Void Palace's history, and you aren't the only one of this generation either."

Nazag's aura flourished, the piercing howl of Enlightened Bow Force roaring through the surroundings.

Leonel's gaze narrowed, but he didn't say a word, waiting for Nazag to finish.

"If I find out that your father has tampered with the White Lion Bow and suppressed its will just so that you can use it to bully those of your own generation, not only I, but the whole of the Constellation Bow Alliance will declare war on the Morales family."

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"WIFE! YOUR HUBBY HAS RETURNED!"

Velasco's voice boomed across the Void Palace, causing its mountains to quake and the youths to his back to cover their ears.

Somewhere deep within the Void Palace, there was one gorgeous woman who rolled her eyes, but outside of her, there were several others that began to scramble. The arrival of Velasco Morales wasn't something any of them took lightly.

"You kiddos stay here, I have something to take care of."

Velasco flashed a smile and his figure vanished, leaving the youths who were still in a daze from their near death experience alone.

When he appeared once more, he was already on the highest peak, his hands in his pockets and his feet suspended in the air. One would have thought that he was the perfect picture of Leonel if not for the fact that unlike his son, Velasco was enamored with dressing as immaculately as possible. Everything on him was prim, proper and trimmed, down to even his individual hair strands.

"Rosen, why don't you come out here for a chat?"

By this point, the Head of the Unfettered Blade Party had already stepped out. His head tilted up into the skies, his jaw steeled.

"Velasco, don't do any—!"

Val pointed a finger down and as though commanded by a Diety, Rosen's right arm began to crumble to ash, vanishing into the wind piece by piece.

Just like that, before the eyes of everyone, a mighty swordsman was crippled.

"Your family should think a bit more before they act this time. Luckily for you, this failure and your arm are enough to calm me for now."

Velasco looked away from Rosen whose forehead was pulsing with veins and face was dripping with sweat.

"Aiya, I've used too much power with this avatar, it's already about to fade away. WIFE, WAIT FOR ME, I'M COMING!"

With a step, he vanished.

### [Chapter 1393 Don't Worry](#)

The weight of Nazag's words were exceptionally heavy, so heavy, in fact, that those who truly understood what the ramifications of such a thing would be were left frozen in silence.

A war between the Morales and Constellation Bow Alliance wouldn't just throw the Human Domain into turmoil, it would be a near extinction level event.

With two powerhouses on that level fighting it out, the idea of protecting the rest of the human race would become nothing more than a joke. By before the dust even settled, maybe half the Human

Domain would be embroiled in this war while the other half would simply be too weak to have participated in the first place.

The fact that Nazag could speak these words, though, meant a few things.

Firstly, there was no doubt that his standing was high, exceptionally so. Even if it was just a guess on his part based on the importance of the bow to the Alliance, there were certain things that people without a certain amount of power wouldn't dare to say.

If Nazag held no power, it would be like a homeless man of Ancient America declaring that they would lay siege to Ancient Russia. It might be true depending on the context, but what place did a homeless man have to speak of such things? If anyone was going to make the decision, it would be the President or someone of high military rank.

And that led to the second thing. This bow... Was far more important than Leonel knew. It could be said that his mother had dropped a hot potato in his lap.

Truthfully, though, Alienor hadn't been expecting Leonel to gain acknowledgment of the bow. She had only heard from her father that her Little Lion was a Bowman so she snatched the best bow she could find, expecting Leonel to grow into it eventually. She could have never expected that there wouldn't even be a barrier of entry.

Like this, Nazag's assumption was quite cogent from his perspective. Leonel, indeed, wasn't the only genius to have ever existed and while his Scarlet Star Force was impressive, none of that was related to bowmanship.

None of these people here had any way of knowing how early on Leonel had grasped Bow Force, and they were even more in the dark about the fact Leonel would have grasped Enlightened Bow Force even faster if he had been aware that there were higher levels to strive for.

It had to be remembered that Leonel originally refused to ask the dictionary about progressing his spearmanship because he wanted to organically progress and improve, he didn't want his decisions to be jaded or influenced by those that came before him.

Ultimately, this method had worked out excellently for Leonel as he finally managed to find a method to fuse his intuition with his analytical ability in combat. But, the downside was that he was left in the dark about many things until it was later than one might expect.

In the end, Leonel had actually ended up only learning of Natural Spear Force and Enlightened Bow Force after entering the Fifth Dimension, the latter coming later than the former because it was the catalyst that made Leonel realize there was something beyond.

With things laid out like this, it was hard to see exactly how Leonel separated himself from other geniuses. Or, more accurately, exactly how he was supposedly a better fit for the White Lion Bow than anyone else that had tried to gain its favor.

In Nazag's mind, with the information he had on hand, the most likely series of events was that Leonel's father, known for his extraordinary abilities as a Force Crafter, tampered with the bow to allow Leonel to use it.

To those of Nazag's ilk, this was worse than a slap in the face. If Velasco had done such a thing, he might as well have pulled his pants down and pissed into their mouths. It was that foul of a mark on their history.

Now, Leonel had suddenly ended up in the middle of not just one, but two sweeping storms. On one side there was the Constellation Bow Alliance and on the other, there was the Suaird family. In the middle, there was the Morales family and much of its current problems seemed to be Leonel's fault.

It was then, amidst all the tension, that Leonel suddenly chuckled.

His head turned back and looked toward Aina.

"It seems I'm being underestimated again."

Aina shook her head. "Blame yourself, who asked you to try and act cool?"

"About that baby making appointment..."

"Can you be serious?!"

Leonel laughed, his hand reaching for the box and opening the lid. With a thought, he reached in and pulled out the egg, placing it back down where it had been and giving it a small pat.

Just sitting there, the little guy was even taller than him. Leonel believed he even felt a little kick just now, causing his lips to curl into a smile.

"Stay in this egg for a little while longer, your race is much cuter like this."

Leonel suddenly felt a hit to his waist.

"How could you say that to a baby!"

"Did you want to serve this baby up on a platter a few hours ago?"

"So did you!"

Leonel cleared his throat. "Don't worry, even if our baby is ugly, I'll still love them just the same."

Watching the two banter as though there was no one around at all, many weren't very certain of how they should be feeling. Did he just ignore the threat? What was happening here, exactly?

"You all," Leonel looked up, having had his fill of teasing Aina, "I'll be leaving this egg here, but that also isn't license to take it. I'm going to begin drawing a teleportation formation out of here now. If you'd like to live, then you should probably forget your greed."

Leonel spoke these words and then began to do as he said, his mind already becoming focused enough to forget everything else.

### [Chapter 1394 Grinded To Dust](#)

Leonel ignored everything else around him, the pressure suddenly becoming stifling for reasons most couldn't understand.

In recent times, Leonel had mostly learned how to control the leaking of his aura when he focused thanks to fully awakening his King's Might Lineage Factor, but he couldn't be bothered to do so this time. The level of focus he needed was much deeper now than maybe it had ever been.

Trying to draw a teleportation array fit for a Seventh Dimensional world was already beyond much of what Leonel should have been able to do. To try and draw one while also surrounded by dense Anarchic Force was another massive hassle.

To make matters worse, even though they were technically surrounded by a large amount of energy currently, energy that could most definitely be used to fuel such a thing, this energy was in the form of Life Force and not Spatial Force, making the task even more difficult.

This meant that Leonel not only needed a focused form of mass teleportation, he also needed it to be able to convert Force toward another use case.

In the Dimensional Verse, using one form of energy as another was nigh impossible. Like Wise Star Order had said, these Forces, especially at these high levels, practically had personalities of their own. To try and fit them into a box they weren't meant to fit in was basically impossible.

However, there was good news too.

For one, this was Life Force, not something unruly like Leonel's Scarlet Star Force. In addition, it was designed to be absorbed by babies.

Granted, the Rapax weren't exactly coddling of their young, not in the normal sense, anyway. But, a baby was a baby, was a baby, simply put. Compared to other Seventh Dimensional Forces Leonel could try to take control of, this would be the simplest.

And that led to the second advantage Leonel had, <Dimensional Cleanse>'s Visualization.

It had to be remembered that the Fifth Dimension was all about unchaining the mind and removing mental limits on the body to unleash its true and full potential. In order to do this, techniques used Visualizations and certain Artistic Conceptions as exercises of the mind, helping those that used it to strengthen and fortify their minds, thus facilitating its unshackling.

Despite this being the case, Leonel had hardly relied on <Dimensional Cleanse> at all during his breakthroughs. This was because he had another method of releasing the shackles of his mind, and that was his True State Innate Node.

Visualizing and comprehending his Scarlet Star Force was not only just as good, but in Leonel's use case, it was even better than relying on any other technique. This was because his Innate Node was perfectly tailored to him, more perfectly tailored than any other technique could possibly be.

However, despite this being the case, this didn't mean that Leonel had ever stopped comprehending the third stage of <Dimensional Cleanse> because only by comprehending it fully like he had done with the second stage could he pass it on to those around him.

It was a difficult and long drawn out process. Even with his computing powers, closing in those final gaps for Leonel was almost too difficult. But, he luckily had three breakthroughs.



The first was his Ability Index suddenly gaining a huge boost thanks to something his father had apparently done. The second was his Luxnix family Lineage Factor reaching perfection and allowing his mind to enter the Sixth Dimension. And, the final breakthrough was him entering Tier 6.

Leonel had still yet to fully comprehend this third stage, but he had gained a small inkling that had inspired him.

How was it that the formation of his Stars could cause so much atmospheric Scarlet Star Force to surge toward him?

It could be said that if not for this benefit, this battle would have been far harder on Leonel. Of course, it only lasted a small time and eventually ran out, but if Leonel could trigger this more often without having to form a star, wouldn't he essentially gain the ability to use his Scarlet Star Force without any of the drawbacks?

Leonel was certain that if he hadn't run out of Scarlet Star Force, his spear would have been enough to beat Amery. Of course, that would have not been much different from using his Bow anyway, but the point still stood.

This aside, Leonel's thoughts were simple. He couldn't catalyze such a large surge of Force without much input like <Dimensional Cleanse> seemed to be able to do. But, what he could do was use a large amount of Force as a Catalyst to bring in the Force he wanted.

Just like that, he could exchange all this Seventh Dimensional Life Force around them for Seventh Dimensional Spatial Force! Then, he could reverse engineer the teleportation path they took to get here to send them all back in the proper direction.

Easy? Easy.

Leonel's body flickered around the cavern, the Force Art beneath him growing more and more complex as he wielded the half that remained of his spear.

It took several hours and he even had to pause several times, but he was soon close to finishing.

Unfortunately, it was exactly at that time that the cavern rumbled.

Leonel's gaze shot up, his jaw steeling.

"Aina."

Aina appeared to his side without hesitation.

Leonel swept a gaze around. "If you all want to live, I would advise that you hurry up. If you don't, feel free to stay here and die."

The sudden rumbling seemed to cause the prideful geniuses to forget themselves for a moment. One tried to take advantage of the commotion to swipe the egg, but they ended up with an arrow between the eye before Leonel could even do anything.

Nazag lowered his bow in silence, not bothering to look in Leonel's direction.

As for Leonel, he didn't have time to guess at or understand Nazag's motives. Maybe it was just his way of saying he didn't owe Leonel any favors anymore, regardless, he didn't care.

Leonel finished the final stroke as the youths of the Void Palace surged in.

A wild green glow overwhelmed everything, blinding most.

Leonel squinted, his brows furrowed tightly. He had created this array on the fly using a Force Art system he wasn't even used to. He hadn't been able to optimize things the way he would like. It was still possible for them to be stopped.

If that happened, things would get more than just a little troublesome.

70%... 80%... 90%...

At that moment, the ceiling was crashed through once again, a horde of Rapax appearing.

The lights had grown so bright that Leonel could hardly see what was happening beyond the bounds of the formation anymore. But, he could just barely make out a Runed Rapax cocking their arm back.

'Shit.'

Leonel's jaw steeled. Anything thrown by a Seventh Dimensional existence was bound to be endlessly powerful. If it landed on the formation lines, or had enough Force to disrupt the natural flow, they were screwed.

The latter was far less likely since the vastness and quantity of Force Leonel had used was too much. But, as for the former...

97%... 98%... 99%...

A beam of light that looked like black lightning shot through the skies. It was so dense in its blackness that all the light around it seemed to vanish.

The beam swerved, shooting up until it was right above Leonel's head and then barrelling downward with an impossible to track speed.

100%

BOOM!

A roar of pain resounded.

"Leonel?!"

Aina, despite her head and vision swimming, rushed to Leonel's side.

At that moment, Leonel was pinned to the ground, an odd rod lying horizontally across his palm and shattering the grey land around him.

Leonel's entire body was driven into the ground. His shoulder was dislocated, his knee was shattered, and every bone in his hand had been grinded to dust.

[Chapter 1395 Lt Felt Like...](#)

'Son of a bitch!'

Leonel had never experienced so much pain in his life. He had had almost all the bones in his body broken before, suffered Runes being etched directly onto his bone, he had even almost been cut in half just hours ago.

But somehow this was worse than all of it.

The group had managed to complete the teleportation thanks to the fact that this black rod hadn't fallen onto the ground until just a split moment after they teleported. As a result of this, the rod managed to enter the range of the teleportation and was taken along, thus ending in the current situation.

Beads of sweat fell from Leonel's brow.

'Come on, come on, come on...'

Leonel could vaguely feel that Aina was trying to help him, but this rod was way too heavy, it was denser than anything Leonel had ever felt before. Despite being only a small bit longer than a usual polearm, its weight was unfathomable, it was to the point Leonel was more so shocked that his hand hadn't been directly severed instead.

For the first time, he lamented his sturdy skin. That result would have most definitely hurt less than this.

The only way out of this situation was to send this rod into a snowglobe. But the problem was that in order to accomplish this, he had to envelop it with his Internal Sight.

However, not only was this rod seemingly resisting his Internal Sight, it was hard to focus at all with this much pain racking his body.

'Fuck!'

"LISTEN TO ME!" Leonel roared at the rod.

But it didn't seem to matter.

Leonel thought of just pulling his hand away, allowing his fingers to be severed. But, he knew that he couldn't allow such a thing to happen. Although it would make the pain go away, he wasn't sure how recovery would work after that.

The pain here was clearly originating from how much superior this rod was in comparison to him. An injury from a higher Dimensional being, existence or object tended to scale accordingly. Leonel couldn't even focus enough to see what level this rod was at, but he knew that it was at least well into the Gold Grade.

The only thing keeping him sane was the thought that whichever bastard Rapax threw this thing at him after he helped saved their little baby king was probably lamenting their poor choice. If he ever met that guy, he would definitely use this same rod to bash its head in.

'Come on!'

Leonel failed to envelop the rod again.

'I've tried one too many times, I need to try something else.'

If he was in the right headspace, Leonel would have given up on this endeavor after the first failure. The definition of insanity was repeating the same action over and over, knowing it would fail.

Leonel had realized that he would never be able to envelop this rod with his current level of Internal Sight. He didn't know why, and he had never run into such a problem before, but there was no denying it. He needed a different approach.

His opposite palm flipped over to reveal the White Lion Bow once again. His thought process was simple. He hoped that it would be able to suppress the rod enough to allow him to do what he needed to do.

It was a wild thought, quite frankly. He had never thought of doing such a thing before, but he assumed that if weapons could eventually grow to have personalities of their own, then this wasn't too far fetched. This was especially so since he could subconsciously feel that this rod was fighting back against him.

It was similar to his Duality Spear when he first claimed it. It hadn't wanted to listen to anything he wanted to say and refused to allow him to use its Domain as well. It was clear that some weapons had their own sort of pulls and preferences, even if it wasn't as exaggerated as having a real soul.

However, what happened when Leonel brought the bow shocked him.

The good news was that whichever Rapax threw this weapon was definitely kicking themselves, absolutely furious that they had lost such a weapon. In addition to that, it seemed that Leonel was right, weapons could suppress one another after reaching a certain level.

The bad news...? Well, it wasn't the bow doing the suppressing.

'What the hell?!'

Leonel really didn't know what to do at this point. Would he really have to sever his hands? This would... it would be a huge issue.

He would have to restart his Designation from scratch, and that was only if he was lucky enough to regrow them or reattach them. He was beginning to feel that he was getting a raw deal.

What kind of idiot just throws a Life Grade weapon like that?! A Seventh Dimensional being's ability to calculate should be beyond even Leonel's. It should have known it wouldn't make it. Or, at the very least, it shouldn't have made its rod divert at the last minute like it had just for the sake of targeting him. Now he was in this mess.

'—Goddammit you annoying brat, listen!'

Leonel, who had practically cut off everything around him to deal with this situation, finally heard Wise Star Order's voice ringing in his head. Well, it was actually ringing in his soul. The old bastard had really gone the extra mile.

'What?!'

'It's not a spear you idiot, a spear you can touch without it disintegrating beneath the presence of the Spear Domain! Put it in the damn ring!'

'... What?'

Leonel looked again. He was absolutely certain it was a rod or a staff. It was a dense black, perfectly smooth, not the slightest blemish, all while warping the space around it just the smallest bit.

There was no blade to be seen anywhere.

However, now that Wise Star Order said it... It really, really, really.... Felt like a spear.

Leonel didn't hesitate, acting immediately.

The relief was almost instantaneous. He fell over, gasping for breath.

Unfortunately, the reprieve didn't last for long. The commotion around him, the very same he had ignored until now, wasn't small in the slightest.

### [Chapter 1396 Injured Patient](#)

Leonel lay on the ground, the pain coming in waves, but still much less than before.

His hand was practically just a mangled ball of flesh, his shoulder still hadn't been pushed back into his socket, and after the initial pain subsided, he finally noticed that he had shattered his kneecap when he was driven into the ground.

Luckily, it was only one shattered knee. But, that just left an entire side of his body practically useless.

And yet, right this moment, there seemed to be a battle?

Leonel's gaze squinted as he finally took in the surroundings.

The landscape was just as bland as everywhere else, albeit rockier than usual. The region looked like it was covered in sand dunes, but these dunes were just small hills of hard rock.

When Leonel's Internal Sight cleared, finally recovering from the beating the supposed rod-spear had given him, he frowned.

He had thought that they had somehow stumbled into enemy territory, but there weren't any enemies around at all. In fact, the ones fighting were Aina and the other geniuses... amongst themselves.

Leonel frowned, trying to stand, but he fell over before he could.

He actually felt so weak. To make matters worse, every time he moved, the rattling bone left in his hand and leg sent more sharp spikes of pain through him.

Still, this was good news for Leonel. If his bone had truly been grounded to powder, he might as well just chop it off now and find a different method to regrow it. But, if they were in shards like this, he had a chance of making a full recovery. Of course, it would require a lot more pain, but it would be a worthwhile exchange.

PENG!

Right then, a dagger landed right beside Leonel, missing him by a hair's breadth.

His brows furrowed. Just then, someone had aimed at him, but Aina's ax had deflected it from its path. Were they aiming after him?

Leonel's expression darkened.

This region should be in or very near human territory, that much Leonel was certain of. They were maybe a journey of a few hours away from the Void Palace at worst. This much was confirmed by the fact everyone's golden glows seemed to be back. Likewise, his purple glow was very much back as well.

'Seems I chose a terrible time to get injured. What happened here old man?'

'You collapsed, your little girlfriend ran to your side, but some saw this as a potential chance. Most have already left, using their Tokens to orient themselves toward the Void Palace. But, those that have stayed probably want your head.'

'How fantastic,' Leonel replied dryly.

Ungrateful didn't even begin to describe it.

His gaze scanned those that remained. There were five of them, all of which Aina was fighting alone. Leonel could tell that she was absolutely furious.

"Don't worry about me."

Leonel's voice called out.

Aina's ear twitched, but that seemed to be all she needed to hear. Her aura flourished and her hair whipped back.

Leonel watched silently and without much of a word. The individual of greatest note here was Rowan Cancer, the very same young man that had sneak attacked Leonel when he first put up his Amethyst Token for competition. It seemed that he was very much eager to lay his hands on one for whatever reason.

Aina's ax took one of their arms.

A limb flew through the air, taking a spurt of blood with it.

Aina reached a hand out, and almost immediately, a harsh scream followed.

"NO—!"

The young man was sucked dry, becoming a mummified corpse before the horrified gazes of his allies.

Rowan dashed forward, using the opening this created to attack Aina from the back.

Aina's palm flared outward, the large orb of blood she had just procured becoming as this as a sheet of paper and wrapping around to her back. Its speed was sublime, surpassing anything human legs at this level could possibly match.

CLANG!

Rowan was sent reeling backward and was soon faced with a wall of crimson spikes chasing after him as Aina actually chose to take a strong step forward, severing the heads of two more youths and adding to her bloody concoction.

Seeing that the situation was bad, Rowan's gaze flickered as he continued to retreat, looking toward Leonel. But, all he found in return was a gaze that was somehow both cold and dull. Despite the fact Leonel was just sitting there, clearly heavily injured, Rowan felt a cold chill crawl up his spine.

There was a large problem as well. Even if he killed Leonel, he would have to face Aina's wrath, and he wasn't willing to get entangled into such a battle right now.

Thinking to this point, he turned on his heels and sprinted away, his straight-line speed making him look like a black line racing across the rocky dunes.

Leonel didn't do anything as Rowan ran away, not that he could do much of anything. He was entirely focused on at least trying to get his right leg working. Unfortunately, he had already used his <Instantaneous Recovery>, and even though he could now use it once a day, it hadn't been 24 hours yet.

Plus, while it would work on his knee and shoulder, he was certain that it wouldn't work on his hand. After all, the Snowy Star Owl was a Sixth Dimensional creature while that rod was of the Life Grade. They weren't comparable at all.

Aina slaughtered the final two, her expression still fuming. While it softened a bit when she returned to Leonel's side, it was clear she was pissed.

Not only had Leonel been attacked after saving all of them, no one had even bothered to help out of gratitude. It was as though they were doing them a favor by not getting involved.

Leonel chuckled as he hopped up to one foot, unceremoniously leaning all of his weight on Aina and draping his uninjured arm over her shoulder.

"You're adorable when you're angry."

"Don't make me kick you away."

"Ow! Ow!"

Aina's head snapped toward Leonel, but when she realized he was pulling her leg, she pinched his hip, hard.

"Hey! I'm an injured patient here!"

"Then act like one!"

Aina supported Leonel's weight without the slightest issue and the two began to walk back toward the Human Domain, their banter becoming probably the only laughter in the whole of the Void Battlefield.

### [Chapter 1397 Very,Very Scared](#)

The trek back was long but not particularly arduous. If it wasn't for the dense Anarchic Force in the air, it would have been quite a simple hike. With Aina's strength, even if Leonel was a hundred times heavier,

it would have hardly made a difference. If it wasn't for the difference in their sizes, she could have just lifted him up and over her shoulder.

With Leonel's teasing, she was almost tempted to do it anyway. But, she eventually decided that she would give him some leeway.

Leonel, though, was greatly fascinated with Aina's Blood Force. Even now, he couldn't really understand how it worked. It seemed to both be a really sharp weapon and simultaneously a powerful shield as well. And, that was only when Aina didn't consume it.

Leonel knew that Aina could benefit greatly from blood. He still remembered her absorbing his own blood through her fingers. The result of that was her curse being burnt away and her true appearance being locked into frame.

Still, it seemed odd. What was it about Blood that could make it such a powerful tool?

The answer seemed obvious enough. Blood carried much of what we were. But, that was mostly the answer of someone obsessed with talks of bloodlines and lineages. The reality was that every piece of a human's body, so long as it contained a cell, carried just as much information about their genes and DNA as their blood did.

Maybe the only reason blood became such a forefront of such talks was because it was among the easiest and less disgusting things to sample. You could just as easily get a full picture of someone's genes from their spit.

This was how things were if you looked at them logically, anyway. But this left Leonel all the more fascinated.

Aina's control over Blood went beyond just manipulating it. She could absorb and assimilate it. In fact, if she absorbed enough of Leonel's blood, he wouldn't be surprised if she birthed a Scarlet Star Force affinity no worse than his own, much the same way she had taken all the strengths of the Abyss Panther of Terrain for herself as well.

"... Maybe those things are true for Earth and the Third Dimension, but Blood represents much more in the Dimensional Verse. The simplest way I can describe it is that it's the conduit that Life Force resides in."

"Life Force? So your Blood Force is that powerful because of Life Force? Then why the hassle, then? Why not just use Life Force directly? That way you don't need to cut your enemies to make use of their blood."

Aina shook her head. "It doesn't work like that. Life Force is like gasoline or electricity while blood is the engine that runs on it.

"Alone, gas and electricity, or most forms of that type of energy, are useless. It's only when they're applied across certain modes that they gain power.

"Blood is like a vehicle I'm driving and Life Force is the fuel. There's no better fuel than Life Force and there's no better vehicle for it than Blood.



"If I use Life Force alone, I can only really apply it to my body and it becomes difficult to apply it to others. That's because unlike other Forces which have universal signatures to them, the Life Force of everyone differs from one to another. Hopping between them is inadvisable and only someone skilled enough to make Life Force neutral could use it to heal someone other than themselves.

"It's similar to blood types in that way."

Leonel was suddenly enlightened.

If what Aina was saying was true, it was no wonder she was so powerful. Her Life Force affinity was exceptionally high. This would make her greatly in tune with her particular Life Signature, which would in turn lead to many of the abilities she seemed to have.

At the same time, because her Life Force was so powerful, it made her Blood Force just as powerful. The end result would obviously be physical strength.

It all seemed to tie together quite nicely and Leonel came to very solid understanding.

"So when you take the blood of an enemy, you're essentially taking their Life Force with it. Then you use their own Force to fuel the strength of your blood manipulation."

Aina nodded. "It's also a bit more complicated than that as well. Life Force is tied to your vitality and how long you can live as well. Because of that, when within the body, the responsibility of Blood Force is to regulate how much is used over time.

"That means that at any given time, the active Life Force within your blood is only a fraction of a fraction of a fraction of your total Life Force.

"When I rip someone's blood out of them, that regulation falls under my control. I essentially gain access to the total sum of a person's entire life's worth in an instant and can use it as quickly or slowly as I please.

"The more powerful the person, the more difficult it is to take their blood. But, likewise, the results are also far better.

"The power I can output with blood by my side is exponential. Theoretically, I don't really have a limit. It's just that I don't use it very often in battle because it feels like a cheat. I prefer to hone my foundational skills, knowing full well that when I want to, the power I can output easily tenfold or even many more times that stronger."

Leonel chuckled. "Should I be scared of you?"

Aina nodded eagerly. "Very. Very scared."

Leonel laughed. He knew that his assessment of Aina wasn't off and this explained a lot. Her base strength was one thing, but her power when multiplied by her Blood Force and Life Force affinities were on a completely different level.

"So how does this relate to you saying you could have a baby whenever you want?" Leonel suddenly asked.

## [Chapter 1398 Heartless](#)

Aina blushed slightly and looked away. Why was this man always asking her about embarrassing things?

Leonel smirked. "What? Is this related to your period—?"

Leonel's words were cut off by an elbow to the gut. Damn, this woman was too strong for her own good, but maybe he deserved that a little bit.

He didn't really think it was an embarrassing thing to talk about, honestly. All women had to deal with it, even those of higher Dimensions. He just never really looked into it.

Though, now that he thought about it, he was quite clueless about Aina's cycle, something that didn't make much sense considering how long they had spent together. It had never really been a problem and he didn't notice any trends.

In addition, he never really picked up on her discomfort or mood swings either, though the latter could be explained away by the fact Aina had practically been in a perpetual state of mood swings back then. But, that wouldn't begin to explain the former.

"... I don't have to worry about my period, especially recently, it's entirely in my control. I can decide when an egg is released and when it isn't, it's not a problem.

"Usually, higher Dimensional beings have trouble having children because their life expectancies increase, slowing down all of their biological functions. Whereas for someone in the Third Dimension, an egg would be released once every month, the higher you go up in Dimension, the more erratic and dilated the timing becomes.

"Beyond there, there are extra added barriers to life clashing high level Forces that make it difficult for some batches of sperm to fuse with an egg even if the egg really is there. In those cases, it becomes a matter of frequency and determination. But, in most cases, it's just a waiting game."

"Clashing high level Forces?" Leonel asked.

"Yes. An egg and a sperm each have half their owner's DNA, but the resulting combination is completely random. The higher you are in Dimension, the more Force plays a role in this. Certain affinities, Lineage Factors, and even Ability Indexes can cause clashes. In fact, at those high levels, every variable matters.

"For example, the female or male's diet that month. At high levels, food also contains large influxes of Force that can fundamentally change the chemical and hormone balance of the body and thus potentially ruin proper fertilization.

"It can become really complex, very quickly, even down to the environment. So, rather than becoming easier as you grow more powerful, it actually becomes a lot more difficult."

Aina seemed like she could continue for days talking about this topic. She was obviously not only well versed, but she had dedicated a lot of time to understanding. It only reminded Leonel all the more how important it was to her.

At the same time, it also reminded Leonel that Aina was labeled a Five Star Health Professional for a reason.

It made him think. The Gene Analysis Exam of Earth was actually so accurate. What mechanisms were it built on? Was it really possible to guess what someone would be good at from their genes alone? If the answer was yes, it felt almost... existential in the level of problems it could present.

"So you're able to control all of those factors," Leonel guessed.

"Yes. I can feel what food would be beneficial to me, I can choose which egg is released and when, I can fuel it in the most optimal way..."

"Hold on a minute." Leonel's gaze narrowed. "Doesn't that mean that a condom was completely unnecessary?"

Aina blinked, staring off into the distance before turning her head to look up into the skies.

"Well, would you look at that?" She said cheerfully. "What nice weather we're having today—Ah!"

Aina suddenly felt a greedy hand squeeze at her chest. Leonel had his arm draped over her shoulder for support, but now it seemed he wanted a little bit more.

Aina jumped up and scurried away, letting Leonel fall.

However, to her shock, he appeared by her side again.

"Your legs! They're already healed!"

Aina was part relieved, part betrayed, and another part amused.

Leonel grinned. "You're not getting away that easily. You heartless vixen, I want my emotions back!"

"What emotions?!"

"Heartache. Despair. And the king of them all, blue balls."

Aina sputtered with laughter, her body suddenly becoming enveloped by a crimson aura. By now, Leonel knew that this meant that Aina was pouring more of her Life Force into her Blood, increasing her physical attributes. She could basically exchange her life for a buff whenever she wanted.

Of course, Leonel wasn't worried about her shaving years off like this because firstly, it wouldn't be so exaggerated, maybe days at best. And, because Aina's Life Force affinity was so high, her lifespan was beyond what Leonel could imagine. On top of that, she could steal Life Force from others whenever she wanted.

At that moment, she smiled sweetly, looking every bit as lovely as usual.

But, for some reason, Leonel could almost see the devil horns and tail coming out of her.

"Your legs might be healed, but running with that arm would be quite the hassle, don't you think? Catch me if you can."

Aina bolted into the distance, leaving a line of red and black in her wake.

Leonel was left speechless. Where was the justice? What about his emotions? His blue balls?

Leonel looked at his right hand, realizing her probably couldn't even enjoy sex with his arm like this. What a waste.

With a thought, Leonel brought out some metals from the Segmented cube then formed them around his hand, locking everything in place so that the hurt to him was minimized to the extreme.

Then, with a grin, his body lit up with a white-gold glow. He didn't max out his Speed Branch for no reason.

He shot off, leaving a blazing trail of gold in his wake. Illusory wings appeared to his back, making it feel as though he had been shot out of a canon.

The air imploded as he closed the distance by half in the blink of an eye.

Unfortunately, Leonel's fun didn't last. Over the horizon, the tall gates of the Human Domain loomed. It seemed he would have to put his fun aside for now.

Another win for the heartless vixen.

### [Chapter 1399 Relax](#)

As Leonel caught up with Aina, he slowed, eventually coming to a halt by her side. He smiled a bit, seeing that her cloak of gold had indeed become violet.

Leonel knew that she was already close, so defeating those last four individuals should have put her way over the edge. If she took out her Golden Token now, it would most definitely be Amethyst.

Leonel looked down at his metal encased arm. He didn't know what else this journey would have in store for him, but this would definitely be a problem. He could only sigh toward his bad luck. He had never really consciously trained his left hand and his right always took the lead.

'No, I should be able to if I... Alright, I'll name this Dream Mirror.'

Leonel closed his eyes for a moment, a focused aura concentrating around him. It took a few minutes, and he even had to come to a stop, but when he opened his eyes again, the feeling of his left arm was completely different. It was almost as though he was looking through a mirror world.

The control Leonel had over his body had definitely increased. Just now, he rewired his proprioception and reworked how he received signals from his nerves. He didn't physically change anything about his body, he only put the signals he received through a filter he built in his Dream World.

Dream Mirror allowed him to now use his left hand as though it was his right. It felt as though nothing had changed at all.

'Good.' Leonel nodded to himself.

"Ready?" Aina asked. She didn't bother to ask Leonel what he had just done, she assumed that if it was important, he'd say. If wasn't so much, it was fine.

Seeing her trusting expression, Leonel sighed inwardly. He knew he would have to tell her what he had tried to do with her father soon. He didn't feel right keeping it to himself.

"Aina."

"Hm?"

Leonel met Aina's gaze. The two ignored everything around them, even the slowly opening gates up ahead. Leonel bluntly explained everything, not leaving out any details. From start to finish, Aina didn't say a word. Even after he was done, she remained silent.

Leonel didn't press her and simply waited.

"You wanted the tablet?"

"Yes."

"And you were willing to steal it?"

"Yes."

"But you rejected me?"

Leonel blinked, a bit confused.

Aina suddenly smiled. It was the kind of smile that froze Leonel in place, one he couldn't even properly react to. She was simply too beautiful. Even wearing beast skin clothing, something that should have made her primal and quite rough, she had an air of softness and a rare gentleness that left him in awe.

"You're quite the idiot, don't you think?"

"Huh...?" Leonel responded absentmindedly, unable to take his eyes off of her face.

"If you want to steal something from a woman's father, you just have to get her to steal it for you. What are you going to do without me? You can't even do the simplest of things without my guidance."

Leonel was speechless. What was this woman saying?

"Come on, we still have work to do. Don't worry your handsome little head, I'll take the vanguard."

Leonel found himself being pulled away by a strength he probably couldn't resist even if he wanted to. His brain was still trying to compute what he had just heard, but it felt as though the program kept returning errors.

And then his eyes happened to land on Aina's swaying hips and the dimples on her back. Had those Venus Dimples always been there? Maybe he had felt them with his hands before, but he had never actually seen them. It felt like two enchanting pair of eyes were looking back at him, swaying with the rhythm of her hips and ass.

'Damn...'

"Tokens!"

Leonel was snapped out of his day dream by the shout of guards. When he looked up, though, he found that their appearances were far more reserved than one might have expected. It was clear that their apprehension was rooted in the violet glow that surrounded both Leonel and Aina.

Doing as they were told, the couple presented their Tokens, and as expected, Aina's own had mutated. There was just a tinge of gold that separated it from Leonel's own. This was likely just confirmation that Aina had battled her way to earning her own.

The apprehension was still quite muted, though. The youths could probably hardly be considered youths any longer and they had seen their fair share of battle. Plus, reaching this step, Leonel and Aina could only be considered Quadrant Ranked disciples while all of the students here were Galaxy Ranked at worst. Their status could not be compared.

However, whether that would last, was a different matter entirely.

There was something that Leonel had forgotten in his thought of the True Selection being over... This was merely the Gold Token Ranked Selection. As for the Amethyst Token Ranked...

'There's some god up there that hates me.'

Leonel looked toward Aina, suddenly understanding what she meant by 'take the vanguard'. She literally meant that she would carry him the rest of the way.

The duo had hardly stepped foot into the walled off fort when a familiar woman appeared before them both.

The Human Domain Fort was unlike anything Leonel had ever seen before. The height of the walls were measured in kilometers, their thickness measured in hundreds of meters. They seemed to be all metal-worked into a single sheet and he couldn't find a single seam anywhere. Maybe if it wasn't for the gloomy atmosphere, they would be shining like stainless steel.

The inner-workings of the fort were a bit confusing. They seemed almost too simple compared to the walls. There were nothing but endless beast skin military tents, with even the tallest only being barely three meters. There wasn't a hint of luxury in sight.

The woman that appeared before both Leonel and Aina was, of course, Ossenna. Her expression was impossible to read, even for Leonel himself. However, he had already been carefully observing this woman since she had a spat with his mother.

"You have three days. Failure in that time frame demotes your Token and your only chance to become Galaxy Ranked Disciples in a single bound."

She snapped her fingers and a formless pressure took hold of Leonel and Aina.

When Leonel's vision cleared, he found himself in a world he couldn't make heads or tails of. What he could tell, though, was that aside from Aina, there was a third person by his side.

Amery.

Leonel sighed. The Void Palace was truly not a place that allowed you to relax.

[Chapter 1400 Which One?](#)

Leonel expressionlessly met Amery's gaze before his own shifted toward the latter's hand.

Amery obviously hadn't had a chance to properly heal himself. His right hand was now useless to him and wrapped up in several bandages. The two of them were ironically the same in this facet.

Amery didn't seem to react very much to the appearance of Leonel and Aina. It was clear that he had been expecting as much. The light in his eyes didn't seem to have faded at all despite his loss, being just as starry as they always were. Maybe the only difference between now and then was the fact he actually looked at Leonel this time.

Both men looked away at the same time, observing their surroundings.

Aina, who had been observing this scene, shook her head.

'Men...'

If you want to kill each other, just do it. There obviously wasn't a chance to do so now, so in that case, what was the point of the dick measuring contest continuing?

Her lips curled into a smile despite her thoughts. Seeing Leonel act like this was adorable to her. Sometimes he seemed less than human, but it was things like this that grounded him a bit.

She didn't know which was the real Leonel, and it somewhat worried her that he was only able to be this 'human' at all because of the restraints his father had placed on him. However, what she did know was that no matter what the answer was, she wouldn't be changing her mind about whether or not to stay by his side or not. That much was already decided.

Despite spending some time observing the world, Leonel couldn't pick out anything. There was nothing but an endless blackness in every direction.

The only good news was that at least Ossenna wasn't just messing with him again. Since Amery was here as well, it meant that he didn't get a chance to rest either. Though, there was a gap of few hours, that much could only be blamed on Leonel himself.

"Welcome to Void Tower."

The voice boomed, enveloping everything.

Leonel's brows shot up. Would they actually get an explanation of what was going on this time? This was great.

'This must be what victims of Stockholm Syndrome feel like.' Leonel shook his head, how ridiculous was it that he was getting excited for the bare minimum?

"As wielders of the Amethyst Token, you will be allowed one free entry into the Tower, do not squander it."

The voice vanished.

Leonel was speechless. Was this supposed to be an explanation?

Before he could think any more, a strong pressure enveloped him. Leonel realized at that point that letting Aina carry him was out of the question. It seemed that this would be a solo venture once again. Looking down at his right hand, he could only sigh.

When Leonel's vision cleared, he found himself in a room filled with weapons.

"You have 10 minutes to pick your weapon of choice."

Leonel looked down at himself, realizing that all of his accessories and spatial rings had vanished. He was stark naked, being stripped down entirely. Soon, though, his naked body was covered in a skin tight black onesie that felt like a second skin.

'My metal arm is going to crumble without my conscious protecting it.'

Leonel frowned, realizing instantly that this wasn't his real body. But, to make things worse, the Void Palace wasn't nice enough to give him back use of his right arm.

'What the hell is the point of a virtual simulation if you're handicapping me anyway.'

Though Leonel was complaining, he understood why. This was an extension of the True Selection, of course they wouldn't be nice enough to let him heal. They wouldn't make things so convenient.

The good news, though, was that this skin tight suit was able to adjust based on Leonel's thoughts. He solidified the fabric around his hand and then caused extensions to grow so that his arm could sit in an arm-sling.

He rotated his right shoulder and nodded once it was secure. Now, his right arm was practically fused with his body, it wasn't going anywhere.

'What weapon do I pick...'

Leonel's brow furrowed.

He couldn't use a bow with one arm. And, while he could get away with using a spear with one arm, it wasn't ideal.

Now wasn't the time to suddenly start experimenting with new weapons.

Leonel's gaze flashed. Since he was only getting one shot at this, there was only one right answer.

'I guess the quarterback of the Royal Blues is going to make an appearance today. Time to bring the show to the wider Dimensional Verse.'

Leonel began to load himself up, his thoughts flickering and new weapon racks appearing again and again as though he was flipping through pages. No one had ever said he could only pick one weapon, right?

...

Leonel had no idea that currently, outside the Void Tower, a large commotion was brewing.

Every year at this time, the spectacle was just the same. Seniors would gather to watch their Amethyst Token wielding juniors either fall flat on their faces, or soar beyond their previous records.

This year, the number was fewer than they were used to, being just three. But the spectacle was just the same.



A large crowd accumulated at the bottom of the tall black tower, many of which were representatives from Factions of various ranks.

The atmosphere this time, though, was a bit odd. That was because just hours ago, Velasco Morales had made an appearance, crippling the Shared Majority Leader of the Void Senate. And now, rumors said his son was about to undertake his first Void Tower challenge.

Velasco had long since vanished, but the commotion he stirred lit a blaze of fire beneath the Void Palace, causing even those that wouldn't normally come to such an event surge over.

The crowd this year was easily ten times larger than it had been in any other True Selection era.

And it was right then that three screens flickered to life.

Almost instantly, a large wave of whistles rang out.

"Who's that beauty?"

"We have another one for the list?"

"Shut up and focus, which one is Velasco's son? None of them have the Morales family's bronze hair and I don't see anyone wielding a spear..."

It was obvious in the end that only Leonel could have been the one they were looking for. But, seeing his choice in weapon or rather... weapons...

Their faces couldn't help but turn odd.

In the crowd, though, six particular young men watched silently, waiting to see what their baby brother could do.