

## Descent 1441

### [Chapter 1441 A Feeling](#)

"Oh, it seems that your rival is acting just as wildly as usual."

An old man chuckled after hearing the news. He leaned back in his chair, taking a swig of alcohol and seemingly uncaring about Amery's feelings on the topic. He was quite sloppy for a man of his stature, but he didn't seem to care about that either.

"Rival?" Amery said lightly.

The old man's gaze flashed with a hint of coldness that was completely different from his usual demeanor.

"What did I say about excuses?"

The coldness in the man's words seemed to cause the temperature to drop by several degrees. However, Amery was unmoved. He continued to squeeze and open his hand, wanting to make sure that everything was perfect. He didn't plan on picking up a sword with this hand again until it was absolutely healthy. To a swordsman, the hands were far too important. He would rather only use a single hand until these lingering issues were gone than to risk aggravating it again.

Hands were among one of the most difficult non-lethal injuries to heal. There were so many bones, so many fragile ligaments, and so many potential variables. Amery refused to take any risks with his future.

He was the man who would stand atop the Human Race and repel their enemies with a single sword. He wouldn't do anything that compromised that.

"When did I make any excuses?" Amery replied. "I only questioned your choice of words. I don't see him as a rival. That is all."

The old man leaned back into his chair, the coldness dissipating as he took another swig.

After Amery finished saying this, he rose up.

"I will be back for more treatment tomorrow. My hand is still not ready."

With that, he turned and left.

"What an annoying brat." The old man chuckled.

In truth, he knew the truth. Right now, most of Amery's Sword Force was directed toward suppressing the tribulation of Sword Domain. It wasn't even a tenth as powerful as it was usually.

In addition, during his battle with Leonel, he had refrained from using his Lineage Factor as it sometimes impacted his psyche. If he lost control of himself in battle and used more of his Sword Force than he should and the tribulation was released, it would be too late for regret.

Amery felt no need to fear Leonel at his full strength even if the latter had that bow. But, he knew that if Leonel hadn't had that bow, the victor of their battle would have been him.

Knowing this, how could Amery see Leonel as a rival? At most, he was just annoyed he lost to someone he saw as inferior to himself and that was a loss he would remember. He would use it to fuel him so that he could make sure that such a thing never happened to him again.

As for challenging Leonel again to clear himself of humiliation, he didn't care to do it. As far as he was concerned, it was nothing more than a waste of his time.

"You know that he never even wanted the Shadow Sovereign Ability Index to begin with."

A second voice, this one clearly feminine, rang through the room.

"He's stubborn. Controlling that Lineage Factor would be difficult without the Shadow Sovereign Ability Index, but he thinks that his sword is all he needs. If he had listened to me to begin with and spent more time learning to control it instead of swinging that sword of his all the time, this wouldn't have been that large of an issue."

"You talk about his stubbornness like you're not worse. You dare to get mad at my grandson when you, too, lost to Ishmael Morales. Now you're trying to project a rivalry of two generations ago onto my baby boy. You'd better stop before I teach you a lesson, old man."

The old man snorted but didn't say anything in response.

"Also, you better heal my grandson well until he's satisfied. If not for you old fogies, he wouldn't have gone to the Rapax Nest to begin with and he wouldn't have suffered that injury. Let him do things the way he wants to."

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Leonel's breathing was even. He found that his stamina was on a completely different level now. But, that didn't stop his body from being drenched in blood that was both his and not his own.

Though his wounds had healed, he could feel his Healing Factor getting slower and slower. However, his eyes still maintained the same coldness, his body zipping around as it basked in a special sort of feeling.

Leonel was encircled from all sides. He couldn't even see a clear line to Aina. In fact, their Internal Sight connection had been severed by whatever interference the Dwarven Race had concocted. However, he could just barely see her through the flashes of crimson she unleashed.

There was no escaping this place, that much Leonel could tell. The door to the throne room was only marginally weaker in defense than the barrier protecting the King and Queen. If they could destroy it, they already wouldn't be very far from destroying the mythical beast barrier anyway.

'It's close.'

Leonel focused his Starry Spirit Domain on his spear. Every time he pierced outward, he changed something a small bit.

The two meter radius around him became like a no man's land. He didn't kill with a single strike, but he could force them away, keeping his distance.

At the same time, he could limit the number of enemies he had to face at once.

Every time the beam would fire, though, his no man's land would shrink, causing a suffocating sort of pressure to press down on him again before he fought it off once again, pushing the Pixies and Sparrows back.

An arrow whizzed through the encirclement and appeared before Leonel's brows.

He tilted his head to the side, spinning back with a swift speed and catching the tip of the arrow with his spear blade.

The arrow glided along the movement of Leonel's spear, drawing an elegant curve in the arc.

Leonel acted with the grace of a dancer but the imposing air of general.

His spear whipped back, taking the arrow with it and causing it to streak outward even faster than it had come.

At that moment, the fierce glowing light of Leonel's spear seemed to have become a towering, unmatched gold as the spear crown on his forehead grew another size.

Chapter 1442 Controlled Range

"Controlled Range."

The crown upon Leonel's forehead expanded to double its size. The halo above his head flourished, radiating a might that wafted a violet fog.

The moment Leonel spoke these words, the skull of the Sparrow archer was split in two, the power of the arrow feeling even greater than when Leonel used his Level Two Bow Force.

The enlightenment washed over Leonel. His King's Might flooded his Spear Force. If before it could only hold one part, now it could hold a hundred parts. Even without breaking into the Sixth Dimension, Leonel's Spear Force had increased its power by an exponential amount.

He stomped his feet. Spear Force radiated out in all directions piercing through the encirclement.

Illusory violet gold spears pierced through several heads at once, only dissipating after killing at least three.

'Five meters is my absolute death zone. This is my controlled range. Death to those who enter it.'

The white gold flame of Leonel's eyes were tinged with purple, his flowing white hair gaining the same majesty. It was time to kill his way out of here.

Leonel's spear became like a winding flood dragon. Every time it pierced forward, his Spear Force would roar, unleashing a might that surged forward.

At that moment, the Destruction Runes Leonel had built his King's Might upon made their will known. No longer being suppressed by Leonel, it left everything in its wake in a bed of ash.

Leonel's left kidney flourished. His sealed Fourth Dimensional Scarlet Star Force Innate Node came to life, flooding his body with a heat that made his Bronze Runes glow a fiery red.

His clothes burst apart, being incinerated to ash.

The flames around him rose like a tower, and he unleashed a roar into the skies. The feeling of finally being able to use his Innate Node felt like a sweeping euphoria pumping through his veins. As though a beast had been unleashed, Leonel wiped out everything within five meters of him, his absolute death zone becoming the reflection of a hellscape.

Leonel no longer worried about his spears being destroyed. With the improvement to his Spear Force, Fourth Dimensional Scarlet Star Force under his control wouldn't even leave a dent on them.

He stomped his foot hard, barreling forward like a meteor.

In the distance, Aina's lip curled. She had believed Leonel would find a solution long ago, so she remained patient. It seemed it was finally time for them to go all out.

Her aura flourished, dense tattoos of black covering her neck and body. At that moment, the corpses that littered her surroundings convulsed.

The Sparrows and Pixies' expression warped in horror. They thought that Aina hadn't used this ability again because she had reached her limit. Little did they know that this was far from the case. How could she reach her limit when this action in and of itself fueled her?

Leonel shot around the throne room like a barreling canon ball. Every he landed, a five meter radius would be opened, a violent torrent of fire and Spear Force tearing through flesh and burning it to ash.

'That's it.'

Leonel's figure flickered, his river-like hair and large, looming tails streaking to his back like an ethereal dream.

He appeared above a location, cocking his spear back.

A dragon's roar seemed to leave his spear once again as he pierced down, the white-gold violet flame blazing in place of his eyes dancing with Destruction Runes.

The Sparrows and Pixies worked together to block it, but it was already too late. Leonel's spear crashed into the marbled ground.

His Spear Force shattered against it, his flames dancing across the surface like shards of broken glass.

The marbled floors hardly suffered any damage whatsoever. However, Leonel vanished as though it didn't matter to him, appearing above another location and repeating, and then doing it once again.

He flashed through the air with a speed even the Sparrows and Pixies couldn't match. He seemed to step on the air itself, his movements leaving small circles of wind across the throne room.

'Final one.'

A low shout left Leonel's lips as he pierced down.

A formation that could keep him trapped? Maybe if it was Seventh Dimension it would have had a chance. In fact, as long as it kept its tail tucked between its legs and remained hidden behind the Seventh Dimensional materials that protected it, it could have survived a bit longer.

However, the moment it had reared its head, it was destined to fall.

There was no Force Art that could trap him for long.

BOOM!

All at once, the statues of majestic beasts across the throne room crumbled.

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The bustle around the Three Star goblin Zone was only increasing.

As the bet became more widespread, information about this Zone began to circulate and the origin of its difficulty became known.

Originally, this was meant to be a simple Zone to clear. The target was the goblin race, but they weren't even a high level bloodline of the goblin race, they were just the green and grey skins. Compared to other high level goblins, these were lacking. They didn't have the strongest Lineage Factors nor did they have access to the best Ability Indexes, so they couldn't even lean into the greatest strengths of their race as much as they should.

However, because of an odd mutation to the Zone, causing all the nobles aside from the Dukes to be perpetually gathered in the throne room, a simple mission had become nigh impossible.

Those that managed to come out even spoke about a barrier that erupted in the throne room. They were forced to decide whether to use the last dregs of their strength to break the door or attack the King and Queen.

Without much of a choice, most could only decide to go for the door.

With such a challenge, it was hotly contested whether or not Leonel and Aina would be able to live, let alone clear it.

But, just when the discussions were growing feverish, on the fourth day, three days before the deadline, the portal opened.

#### [Chapter 1443 Small Pixie Shield](#)

"... Um?"

Leonel, who was stark naked from head to toe aside from a small Pixie shield blocking his most private area, was speechless. Wasn't this region barren of people? When the hell did they get such a large audience?

Luckily, you could take objects out of a Unique Zone like this one, or else he wouldn't have anything to work with but his hands.

The original plan was for Aina to go and get him another set of robes since nothing the Dwarven Race had would fit him. But, it seemed that that plan had flown out of the window.

Aina, who was by his side, was stunned as well. But, when she looked at Leonel, she couldn't help but roll her lips over, trying to hold back her laughter.

"What are you laughing about?" Leonel raised a brow. "It's you who's taking a loss here."

Leonel's figure, under the influence of Metal Body, put fitness models to shame. He made more vascularity than he knew what to do with and even his smallest oblique muscles were defined and bulging. He had lean muscle mass coming out of places others didn't even know existed, and he wasn't easily embarrassed to begin with.

So, as far as he was concerned, it really was Aina who was taking a loss here.

Aina, who seemed to suddenly realize this as well, stopped laughing, sending a glare into the crowd. Seeing the blushing faces of some of the women in the ground, she turned her glare from them back to Leonel who was caught between laughter and trying to maintain a serious expression.

How was it his fault? Plus, weren't you laughing first?

BANG!

Aina's battle ax swung outward, slicing into the ground just a half centimeter from Leonel's toes.

Leonel's lip twitched. The enormous double ax blocked everything all the way up to his neck. He could barely peek over.

This method worked too. But... 'Did you need to swing so close to my feet like that? I need those to walk and stuff...'

Aina's actions seemed to cause the deathly silent atmosphere to boil over. In one moment, there was a harsh silence, and in the next moment, there was an uproar.

The only way the portal would open three days early was if they had passed. When everyone realized this, those that had bet on their survival cheered while those who had bet on their failure clicked their tongues, turning around and leaving so that they wouldn't have to deal with the celebration that had little to do with them.

Leonel, who had been trying to appease Aina, raised an eyebrow again, looking outward. There was something odd about this.

He immediately saw the crowd split into two groups. No, there was a third group, individuals who rushed off not to avoid the celebration, but rather seemed to be in a hurry. Likely a hurry to...

'Report something?'

Leonel took all of this in.

'It seems that someone spread the news of our bet. It's unlikely to be Dmitry, and the only other person who knew was Orinik, so it must have been him. Considering the crowd's reaction, they seem to have been just as invested in this as we were. The only way for such a thing to happen is if...'

Leonel only believed that there were two possible explanations.

The first was related to a rivalry between Sword and Spear. There were many Factions in the Void Palace, but none were more contentious than these two groups. It went beyond Factions and Parties and acted as two clashing ideologies. It was possible that Leonel's entry had caused such a spat.

The second explanation was that someone had formed a betting ring around their performance.

Leonel's gaze scanned the crowd again. He felt that there was a better than 80% chance that it was that latter with much of the remaining 20% taken up by the first possibility.

'Orinik isn't here. But, he will be here soon.'

"Let's wait here." Leonel suddenly said when Aina was about to go and get him clothes. "Very soon, there'll be someone who obediently goes to get what I need."

Aina raised an eyebrow, not quite understanding. But, as far as Leonel was concerned, why have Aina go run this errand when someone else would?

Leonel stood in patient silence. Eventually, as expected, Orinik came over not long afterward. He had still been focused on spreading the news and getting more to bet, he hadn't expected that Leonel and Aina would survive to begin with, so he knew he had to work harder during the earlier days, or else as time waned, people would be less and less likely to bet.

His eyes flashed when he saw Leonel and Aina standing practically unscathed. Though Leonel had been covered in blood, his flames had long since burnt that away. As for Aina, her self healing abilities were beyond what most could hope to compare to and she could control blood freely. Why would she allow it to be wasted by drying on her clothes?

However, Orinik soon calmed. No matter what, he had made a fortune. With it, he would be able to increase the distance between himself and Leonel wider than it already was. He had no need to worry about Leonel at all.

It was a bit unfortunate he couldn't make more money, but his Void Point totals were already plateauing. Now, he just had to pay everyone what he owed him, take his cut, and be on his way.

Turning his head away from Leonel and Aina as though they were there at all, he gave everyone a bright smile.

"Please form a line, everyone! Present your betting tokens! I have your winnings here!"

The crowd did as they were told even as the envoys returned.

From start to finish, Leonel didn't say a word, just continuing to stand there. His cold eyes receded, a light smile plastered on his face.

It took several hours but the crowd only seemed to be growing. It was only after the last voucher was processed and Orinik was brimming with happiness that Leonel cleared his throat.

"Are you perhaps forgetting something?"

#### [Chapter 1444 Did You?](#)

Orinik, who had planned on slipping away to go and tally his winning frowned. Eventually, he calmed. He really wanted to see what Leonel would dare to do. He had a lot of ammo on Leonel. Hardly anyone believed that he had really climbed to the 74th floor, and even if it wasn't true, he could easily weave a

tale that said that Leonel had only relied on Aina to pass. On top of that, there were plenty of Sword Faction geniuses waiting for a chance to get revenge for what Velasko had done.

On top of that, with his information network, Orinik heard that Leonel also had a grudge with the Viror family genius due to what he had done to one of her younger sisters, not to mention the fact that Aina had knocked her off of the ranking.

As if that wasn't ammo enough, Orinik also heard of Leonel's clash with the archer genius of the Tarius family. News of his claiming the White Lion Bow was spreading slowly among relevant factions, but it was definitely a ticking time bomb waiting to burst.

None of that even mentioned the fact that Aina had rejected the third ranked Queen Beauty and that Vega was waiting for an opportunity to capitalize.

Rather than ammo, it was more accurate to say that Orinik had an entire artillery unit to take advantage of. He could hit Leonel's reputation, his livelihood, and even his life itself if he so chose, he just had to choose which button to press.

He had always been a cautious person. Even though he knew it was almost impossible for Leonel and Aina to survive, he had still covered all his bases. He had already been paying attention to Leonel because he knew that he had offended him, but he had dialed up all his effort a hundredfold.

If Leonel hadn't held a grudge before, Orinik knew he would be able to avoid it this time. And, judging by Leonel's earlier killing intent, it was clear they were already long past the point of no return.

So, when he faced Leonel this time, his sneer only deepened with each passing second. He knew that there was no point in trying to mend fences. In that case, he didn't have to lower his face at all. With this push, in a year or two, he might be able to become a Sector Ranked disciple. Even with their talent, Leonel and Aina were at least a decade if not further away from such a goal.

If they thought he was easy to deal with just because they cleared a Three Star Void Mission, they would find themselves sorely mistaken very soon.

"What did I forget, exactly?"

The crowd looked on with curiosity, sensing the tense atmosphere.

Many of them understood. Orinik had made quite the sum being the arbiter of this bet. They were already a bit dissatisfied by this, but it must be dialed up a hundredfold for Leonel and Aina whose life and death was treated like a game to bet on in the first place.

Even if they were unsatisfied, they could only accept that Orinik was luckier than they were. After all, he was the one who found out that this was happening before the rest of them did.

However, it seemed that Leonel was unwilling to swallow this loss. Either way, there was another show to watch, so why not bask in it?

"Quite a lot, actually. Are you aware that bets need an overseer and a guarantor?"



Leonel knew that there was no way that Orinik could cover the insurance for all these bets by himself. And, none of these students would be stupid enough to just hand over their hard earned Void Points without a guarantee that they would have their winnings paid out. That was the simple truth.

Orinik, hearing this question, only sneered deeper.

"Is that your question?"

"It's the first." Leonel responded, unhurried.

"You're naïve and overestimating yourself. I've already verified this bet through the Gold Standard Faction. In addition, according to the rules, guarantors are only needed depending on the betting line and the betting pool available.

"Because of the bets taken, both sides were covered and could account for one another. A guarantor wasn't needed."

Because of Orinik's style of advertising, the odds were split quite evenly. In fact, he placed the odds that Leonel and Aina would die and survive at equal. No matter which side won, the payouts would be manageable.

Although skewing heavily to one side would have netted him far more if he won, he was, by nature, a cautious person. And, in the end, he benefited from it.

"Ah, so you're aware of this as well. That's good. That means I have less to explain. So you should be aware of the restrictions on betting and rank, correct?"

"Of course I am." Orinik laughed. "Unfortunately for you, such restrictions don't exist because we are the same Rank."

"Are we?" Leonel asked lightly. "According to the rules, when holding a betting event, bids by those of a higher rank on a bet subject to the actions of a disciple of lower rank are heavily taxed. This tax isn't applied on the winnings themselves, but rather the betting odds. So, if a Sector Ranked disciple joined this bet where winning would give them a 1:10 outcome, for example, they would only receive half of that, giving them a 1:5 outcome instead. If you're two ranks above, the penalty is even harsher. You would only get 1:2 odds from an originally 1:10 payout.

"These taxes are in place so that higher ranked disciples are less likely to join and influence the matters of lesser ranks."

The more Leonel spoke, the more Orinik's brows furrowed. This was because Leonel's familiarity with the rules was far beyond his expectations.

He knew all of these things already, so why was he reciting these things back to him?

"It also happens to be, according to the rules, that when bets involve those outside of the Void Palace, or, according to the specific language in the codified law, Unranked individuals, the Faction that set up the bet is meant to pay a 50% tax on all earnings.

"In addition to this, it requires written consent of the unranked party.

"This rule, of course, is in place to ensure that Void Palace geniuses don't use the Human Domain like it's a board game to be toyed with as they please. After all, there are real lives on the line out there.

"So tell me, Orinik. Did you observe these practices?"

### [Chapter 1445 Easy?](#)

Orinik's forehead beaded with sweat.

The more Leonel talked about the rules, the more he felt like he had forgotten something. But, no matter how hard he thought, he couldn't come up with a reason why Leonel would sound so confident.

A part of him wanted to believe that Leonel was just a fool, but as he recited the laws basically word for word, the sinking feeling in Orinik's gut only grew heavier and heavier.

"Aina."

"Hm?"

Leonel grinned. "What rank am I?"

Aina blinked, seemingly thinking. But, she eventually shook her head.

"I don't know, the Void Senate hasn't given you a rank yet."

The moment Aina said these words, Orinik's dark skin flushed, his eyes almost rolled to the back of his head. It felt like his heart was about to fly out of his throat.

This wasn't a small problem in the slightest. Not only had he broken the law, it was a law with the harshest of punishments. Killing was prohibited in the Void Palace, but another enormous taboo was negatively influencing the Human Domain.

They were chosen to be the protectors of mankind. They couldn't be protectors if they were exploiting the people they had to protect. Even the lightest punishment for such a thing would be dozens of years of hard labor. On the other end, there was direct execution!

If Leonel reported this, he was finished.

But, that was only the first issue. Orinik still had to deal with the Gold Standard Faction. Orinik suddenly realized that no matter what he did, he would be suffering this time around.

Through his blurred vision, Orinik could see the crowd looking around in confusion. It made him realize that Leonel had spoken these words for only him to hear.

But of course he would. How could Leonel allow someone else to take advantage of this juicy piece of meat he had caught? How ridiculous.

However, when everyone saw Orinik's reaction, their expressions changed. None of them were fools, they realized that Leonel had caught onto the latter's weakness even if they wouldn't be privy to what it was.

"What... What do you want." Orinik spoke through gritted teeth.

Leonel smiled lightly. "I'm glad you've come around. This makes things easy. I'll sign a contract to keep mum about these matters, and you just have to do a few things for me.

"Firstly, I'm in need of some clothes, there's an uncomfortable draft around here."

Aina bit her lip, trying to refrain from laughing. Did this man even feel the cold to begin with? He had a raging furnace inside his body. By the time he sensed a wind, it would have been charred to a smoldering heat.

Orinik's lip trembled, his fists clenching tight. But, after a moment, he began drawing up a contract, placing down Leonel's demands.

"... I'll need the token you received to the Void Library as a reward for your work done as an envoy and I'll also need 70% of the profit you made on this bet."

When Leonel finished, Orinik was nothing more than a deflated man. However, his expression had regained its calm, his hands becoming steadier and steadier the more he wrote. In the end, he didn't hesitate to hand over everything Leonel asked for.

After reading through the contract, Leonel nodded and signed it, accepting all of his rewards.

He left Orinik with just enough to pay the Gold Standard Faction the 30% cut he owed them while stripping him of practically everything else. Leonel would have taken more, but he felt that he already had enough enemies, there was no need to be on the bad side of a Silver Grade Faction when he had already gained so much.

Soon, Orinik returned with the clothing he owed Leonel and disappeared, not saying another word from start to finish.

"He's a problem." Aina said after Leonel finished dressing himself.

She didn't like the fact Orinik had regained his calm so easily. Or, at the very least, she didn't like that it looked like he had.

Leonel smiled, but it was decidedly colder than it had been previously.

"I hope he continues to be a problem. If not, then what excuse would I have to humiliate him some more?"

The crowd watched Leonel and Aina stroll off as though nothing special had happened. The speculation about how Leonel had done it ran rampant, but no one had a solid clue about exactly what had happened, they could only make their own guesses.

Leonel knew what the most likely rumor would be, so he knew it would be troublesome. But, he chose to ignore it for now. Orinik had given him what he needed most.

A Token to the Void Library was difficult to get and cost a pretty sum of Void Points and Merits just for a small time. However, now Leonel had one in his hand at no cost to himself.

The Void Palace wasn't fond of hand holding so there was no easy way to learn anything. Everything cost.

However, this time, Leonel wasn't going to learn about the Sixth Dimension's God Path like most thought he might. Instead, he was going to see what he could find out about the Segmented Cube and how to get it back. If he had the time remaining, he would also see what he could find out about the Spear Domain ring and learn what was going on with it.

"I think only one of us can enter. This token gives me one day, so I'll be back after that."

Aina nodded. "Alright. I'm going to see what I can find out about getting us a place to stay. It shouldn't be difficult with how many points we have."

After saying this, the couple parted and Leonel soon found himself at the bottom of a winding set of black stairs built right into the side of a mountain he couldn't see the peak of. In fact, now that he thought about it, he couldn't see the end of the stairs either even when his head angled all the way up.

Leonel sighed.

'Why can't anything be easy in this place?'

### [Chapter 1446 Void Library Staircase](#)

Leonel took a breath, stepping on the first stair.

Whether by coincidence or design, a rush of wind blew his hair back, the pressure causing his clothing to flutter.

When Leonel took his second step, this happened again, causing his eyes to narrow. This wasn't a coincidence. The wind just now was exactly 0.1% stronger than the first one. And, when he took his third step, it increased by exactly the same margin.

Leonel's head tilted up. It seemed that the token just gave you a chance and didn't even guarantee entry. He could feel a formless pressure that wouldn't even allow him to start climbing if he didn't have the token in the first place.

Still, Leonel felt that it somewhat made sense that things were like this.

Usually, the Void Library was sealed off. The only way to gain access to the texts, techniques, books and tomes within was to exchange for a copy at any one of the Senate Branches. However, when taking that route, you were limited by both your rank and price.

However, if you gained a token to enter, you could read texts of any level, at no price at all, for a 24 hour period. The price of this token was definitely worth its weight in gold.

That said, to most, it was a scam. You couldn't even digest what you read in 24 hours. And, getting the books themselves was a whole other ordeal, not to mention the fact the time spent climbing the stairs was part of your 24 hours chance.

Leonel took a deeper breath, his gaze flashing as a radiant Spear Crown appeared around his forehead. A low cyclone of wind suddenly formed at a five meter radius away from him, kicking up air and dust as though a helicopter was landing.

No one steps foot in his Spear Domain without his permission.

Leonel's body flooded with Ethereal Star Force, his foot pressing down on the fourth step hard before he shot forward like a bullet.

He crossed ten stairs at a time, blazing a trail of white gold as he soared, his steps only becoming faster and faster.

Three illusory tails appeared to his back, shining a blinding light in the darkness. He was the torch in an endless light, his steps only becoming faster as the pressure increased.

The resounding sound of a shattering barrier resounded as Leonel crossed the halfway point. His gaze shone with Spear Force, a forceful intent thrumming within his limbs.

"Break!"

Within his Spear Domain, several lines of violet-gold Spear Force formed, converging onto a single point before Leonel as though he himself had become a spear.

Break! Break! Break!

Leonel shot by some who still remained struggling on the staircase, his eyes focused on the peak. He didn't seem to care how far away it was or how long it would take. All he could think was that he refused to slow his effort until he touched the last staircase.

Little Blackstar was like a little brother to him at this point. Little Tolly was his lifelong partner, a partner he would never abandon. The Void Library represented the chance he needed, he didn't have time to waste on this staircase.

Leonel's intent burned like an eternal fire, his violet-gold Spear Force gaining heated edges of blazing crimson as his eyes danced with Destruction Runes.

The sound of shattering barriers shifted, a quaking boom resounding every time Leonel crossed a hundred steps.

From a wind that blew his hair back, Leonel began to face winds as heavy as mountains and as lethal as falling boulders. But, he shot through it all, sparkling shards of space and winds falling around him.

Leonel roared, his Ethereal Star Force pacing through space and shattering the barriers from the inside out. It felt like he couldn't be stopped, he wouldn't be stopped.

Leonel's foot heavily stomped against a stair, his body retracting like a compressed spring and his thighs bulging to twice their usual size. His Achilles tendon vibrated like steel cord, the power charged within it enough to make the ground tremble.

Then, he released everything he had, an explosive boom ringing out as he shot through the sound barrier.

A clap of thunder burst the eardrums of all those that heard it, the fog in the surroundings dispersing for several hundred meters.

Leonel's body appeared high above the staircase, the enormous size of the Void Library appearing before his eyes while the gazes of those below fell onto him.

BANG!

Leonel fell heavily to the ground, his body releasing a billow steam. His reddened Bronze Runes receded, a long breath being released from his lips that sparked the air with red-gold fire.

Leonel slicked his sweaty hair back, looking up at the building before him and ignoring the narrowed gazes that had focused on him. The disciples that frequented this place were most definitely Domain Ranked disciples, they had probably never seen a Fifth Dimensional existence step foot here.

Of course, the difficulty of scaling the steps was adjusted by a person's level. The fact that Leonel was only in the Fifth Dimension actually helped him greatly.

But, others couldn't help but be shocked nonetheless. The reason for this was because it usually required stepping into the God Path to climb to the top of the stairs, that was because one needed the aid of God Runes to make it here.

To make it here in the Fifth Dimension was quite shocking. But, if they knew that Leonel had an Innate Node, it would be easier to accept, reason being an Innate Node was like a cheat to gaining God Runes long before the Sixth Dimension. And, it was precisely because of this reason that Conon dared to say the rest of them would catch up to Leonel once they broke into the Sixth Dimension.

That said... Leonel had no intention of caring for Conon's words.

'It took me almost two hours to climb to this place, I have a bit over 22 hours left, I can't waste anymore time.'

Leonel flashed forward, ignoring the Domain Ranked disciples.

#### [Chapter 1447 Fine.](#)

Leonel hardly took any time to bask in the majesty of the Void Library's glory, he meant it when he said that he didn't have time to waste. While the Domain Ranked disciples could casually sit, eat and chat, taking a break as they pleased, he didn't have such a luxury. In about a day, the token that was on him would crumble and he would be ejected.

Watching Leonel charge in, the Domain Ranked disciples raised an eyebrow before smiling and shaking their heads.

They had seen such a scene many times before. It was unfortunate that those that came here for the first time were a bit ignorant to how things worked, and as such, they would end up suffering a bit. Things didn't work as one might expect, or else they, as Domain Ranked disciples, wouldn't need to take breaks like this.

They were still a bit curious about Leonel, though. They were sharp enough to sense the Scarlet Star Force he had just used, and they could tell his Spear Force wasn't normal, it even seemed close to perfection.

...

The moment Leonel charged into the Void Library, he quickly learned why the Domain Ranked disciples had amused expressions. He had expected to find stacked bookcases that rose into the skies with row

after row of books in an endless sea of paper and knowledge. Or, at the very least, if he was wrong about that, then there would be row upon rows of pendants.

But, he couldn't have been more incorrect in his assessment.

The moment Leonel crossed the barrier of the entrance, he fell forward, losing his balance. This was something that shocked him to no end. With his coordination, even if he hadn't calculated that stat for himself in years, there was no way he would casually lose his balance without reason or cause.

He felt forward. But, instead of his head hitting the ground, his arm flailed, the gravity around him vanishing. It felt like he was falling through space, but there was no harsh wind to be found.

Leonel flailed his arms one more time because he suddenly realized he wasn't falling at all. Rather, he was floating in space.

The moment he realized this, he instantly found his center, straightening himself and looking around.

He found that there was no one around him at all. In fact, it felt like he was truly in the depths of space, there were even motes of light floating around that felt like distant stars.

Leonel blinked in confusion, not sure what was going on. For a moment, his heart skipped several beats as this reminded him of the changes to his Dream World. Could it be that he was trapped in a dream again? What was going on?

'No, I'm not in a dream, I would be able to tell. This is the library, then? How does this work? How do I find books?'

Leonel tried to move, but he soon found that if he did, he would end up flailing again. Moving was absolutely impossible. In fact, he had a feeling that even if he had his wings back from his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor, he would still be incapable of moving through this space.

'So I'm meant to stay in place, then? How do I...'

Leonel subconsciously reached out with his Internal Sight, only for the distant motes of light to suddenly shoot right up to his face. The world around him warped as though he had entered some sort of light speed hyperdrive, streaking and flashing lights surrounding him.

Leonel froze up, stopping everything immediately. He felt a little disoriented and he even felt that his stamina had taken a small hit.

'So... This is how it works.'

You weren't supposed to move physically, you were supposed to use your Internal Sight to navigate around this region. If Leonel was correct, these motes of light were probably also the representations of the information he needed.

Leonel reached out and touched one and the result was exactly like what he had felt when he touched the pendant in the Senate Branch. The information flooded his mind and he was soon pulled into a world of glaive techniques.

Leonel eventually pulled back, shaking his head.

This information wasn't useful to him at all. There had to be a way to organize all of this, they couldn't possibly expect him to just randomly go through all these lights one by one, right?

The moment Leonel thought the word 'organize', though, there was another chunk taken out of his stamina and the motes of light around him began to shift around, separating into what Leonel subconsciously knew were techniques, historical recountings, and the last was related to medicine.

When Leonel saw this, he was left speechless.

'You've got to be kidding me...'

Whoever designed the function of the Void Library was a sick bastard, that was Leonel's conclusion and refused to move off of it.

After several wasted minutes, Leonel came to understand that the Void Library was a lot like the Void Tower. It was a world filled to the brim with hidden information. While the Void Library had information like techniques and historical facts, the Void Tower formed its information into enemies for the Void Palace's disciple to fight and kill.

When someone entered the Void Library, they were really entering their own personal library. They gained access to a whole host of information, but it was completely unorganized and left in a garbled mess. It reminded Leonel of the internet, except now, instead of relying on a computer or search engine to organize things for you, you had to use your own Internal Sight and stamina.

If Leonel wanted to find something, he needed to exchange his own mind's computing power to file and organize things, and only then could he benefit from the Void Library.

Leonel grit his teeth.

This amount of information made the half a million years' worth of laws look like child's play. The Void Palace didn't just have the laws of the Void Palace, but a vast endless sea of information on top of that. Those laws couldn't even make up a percent of a percent of the information here.

'Fine, if you want to play, let's play.'

Leonel's gaze blazed.

### [Chapter 1448 Motes Of Light](#)

Leonel took several deep breaths. His body was aching from the climb, but without the slightest hesitation, he activated <Instant Recovery>.

He gained a usage a day regardless. By the time he got out of here, there would only be two more hours until he could use it again. He would be foolish to not use it to bring himself to tip top condition.

The fatigue that filled his limbs vanished and his mind felt refreshed. Right then, he deployed his Internal Sight in full force.

He came up with the most efficient system almost instantly. He would use his Internal Sight's maximum range to navigate and when the motes of light entered the range of his Starry Spirit Domain, only then would he organize them.



Leonel posited that because he could deploy his Dream Force within the range of his Starry Spirit Domain, his Dream Force affinity was also maximized in that range. Additionally, if he was correct, the Void Library should work on principles of Dream Force just like the Void Tower had. In that case, the stamina he would need to compute and organize these motes of light would be minimized to an extreme.

Leonel couldn't have been more correct. The moment the motes of light touched his Starry Spirit Domain, he didn't even need to send his mind into them to understand what their function was. Very quickly, a network of interconnected motes of light began to form around him, growing into a larger and larger web.

As his web grew, Leonel realized that organizing like motes of light became easier. The more movement techniques he collected, for example, the easier it was to identify other movement techniques. Eventually, when Leonel reached a certain point of saturation, even his Internal Sight could organize movement techniques without passing them through his Starry Spirit Domain first. When he reached the next threshold, his eyes alone were enough.

Soon, the motes of light that Leonel could hardly tell the difference between began to shine with varying degrees of light and color. Just by looking at them, Leonel could tell what categories they fell into and slot them in without much issue.

Even though things were going very smoothly, when Leonel reached the next threshold, he could only sigh.

Now, he could not only see the category the motes of light fell into, but he could also see their grades, Dimension level, and eventually their length. Due to this, Leonel realized that the motes of light he was organizing right now weren't even Fifth Dimensional, they were all Fourth Dimensional. They were all the lowest grades of information the Void Palace had to offer, yet there was so much of it.

Leonel grit his teeth.

A part of him wanted to blaze through and ignore it all, but he was certain that he needed to lay this foundation. No matter how long it took, he needed to organize all of this Fourth Dimensional information. Once he did, seeing through the higher Dimensional information would become far easier.

In fact, Leonel went even further than that.

He didn't just organize the Fourth Dimensional Information, but he continued onward to split his mind in two, organizing himself into two supercomputers. One focused on deciphering information and the other half began to consume the information.

After just a few, Leonel realized that he was right. Actually digesting the information felt like he was training his mind like an artificial intelligence. It made seeing through the next motes of lights even easier.

If Leonel knew exactly what he was looking for, he would focus on absorbing only that information. Unfortunately, he didn't know what categories the information he needed to save the Segmented Cube fell under.

It could be in a spatial technique, but it could also be in a historical recounting, or it could be in a Crafting technique, he had no idea. He had to cover all of his bases for just the smallest sliver of a chance to find the information he needed, so absorbed it all.

He left no Fourth Dimensional mote of light unturned, swallowing it all like a glutton.

...

At that moment, outside the Void Library, an odd scene was taking place.

The Domain Ranked disciples, most of whom couldn't even be bothered with Leonel previously, raised a brow as they all looked toward the same location.

The reason was quite simple. Leonel had been in there for three hours already. Most, on their first attempt, could only last a few minutes before being overwhelmed. Only the absolute strongest could spend hours at a time without an issue.

Beyond this, Domain Ranked disciples understood many things lower ranked disciples could not. There was a reason the Void Palace had so many locations like the Void Tower and the Void Library. The appearance of someone who could perform so well in them wasn't a small deal in the slightest.

...

Beads of sweat fell down Leonel's brow as he pushed himself harder and harder. He didn't leave a single stone of the Fourth Dimension unturned, his pressure reaching a relentless level.

If his Sixth Dimensional mind wasn't restricted by his current Fifth Dimensional level, he wouldn't be nearly so pressed right now. However, regardless of how he felt, he pushed forward, pressing onward to the fourth hour, and then the fifth.

It had taken Leonel no more than a few seconds to go through over 500 000 years of laws previously, and yet he had taken five hours just to clear the Void Library of all of its Fourth Dimensional information. The reality was enough to even shock him. The sheer amount of information was astounding.

But, Leonel couldn't bask in this feeling at all. Heaving deep breaths, he looked at the sky.

Now, the motes of light were no longer bland blobs of white. Some shined red, others blue, some in between, others green and yellow... The selection felt endless.

However, in Leonel's eyes, he could see faint lines connecting them to his fluttering network of Fourth Dimensional information.

Leonel didn't realize it, but he had finally closed up all his foundational misunderstandings about the Dimensional Verse. He was finally no longer a novice.

Right now, though, he needed more.

'I'll start with the most obvious. You.'

Leonel grasped outward, his Internal Sight sending him shooting forward as he appeared before a Sixth Dimension mote of light, a bit of information usually restricted to disciples above the Third Galaxy Rank.

He couldn't see the names of Sixth Dimensional motes of light without allowing them into his Starry Spirit Domain unlike with Fifth Dimensional ones. This told Leonel that his current network was enough to elucidate up to the Sixth Dimension, but he would likely have to go through everything of the Fifth Dimension for information of the Seventh Dimension to begin to clarify themselves by a small measure.

This wasn't unexpected. Mere Fourth Dimensional information couldn't possibly open him up to everything here, but it was definitely an excellent starting point.

However, he hoped that he would be able to find the information he needed within the Fifth or Sixth Dimensional layers.

Leonel sunk his mind into the mote of light.

<Principles of Controlling Space Under the Influence of Anarchic Force>

[Chapter 1449 Maze-Lotus](#)

<Principles of Controlling Space Under the Influence of Anarchic Force>

Leonel found his mind enveloped, his pupils flickering and bouncing aimlessly as he seemed to be 'reading' through something despite the fact there was nothing but a mote of light before him. It took much more time to go through this information. It was dense and its explanations were far deeper than just words of written law.

The principles felt more profound than anything Leonel had ever read before.

This knowledge in particular didn't fall under the category of technique or historical recounting, rather, it felt more like a PhD thesis. There were a ton of references and much of it was actually theory. But, as Leonel's mind sunk further and further into it, his comprehension seemed to open up.

Without even trying, the references noted in the research paper shot over from a distance, adding themselves to Leonel's network of their own volition.

Some were actually Seventh Dimensional, but the vast majority were Fifth Dimensional.

'So focusing on research papers is actually another shortcut. This is good to know.'

Leonel hadn't realized this before for quite a simple reason. There simply were no research papers of the Fourth Dimension. All the information of the Fourth Dimension were either cold hard facts or techniques. After all, everything in the Fourth Dimension had practically already been excavated and comprehended to the fullest extent.

They were no longer 'theories', they were just objective realities.

It took Leonel a few minutes, but he finally went through it all. Pulling his mind back, he exhaled a long breath.

'Interesting.'

The research paper wasn't anything groundbreaking. Like most PhD's, it was just a tweak and critique of a smaller theory that already existed. In fact, it was one of many that worked on expounding the same theory, which made it far more reliable as it wasn't some out there shot in the dark.

According to the paper, manipulating space in Anarchic Force was difficult for reasons outside of their expectations. Anarchic Force didn't destroy things, it devoured things, turning them into nothing as though they never existed in the first place.

But, what did that mean for space?

It had to be remembered that those with high attainments in Spatial Force were seen to be great threats to the point where most strongholds had counters for them despite their rarity. Leonel had experienced this personally during his battle for Earth and its subsidiary planets.

Space was ubiquitous, but it was also the only type of Force that was easier to use the less of it there was.

The more Spatial Force there was in the region, the more solid the space was, and thus the more difficult it was to use Spatial Force for maneuvering.

The research paper claimed, then, that one shouldn't be fighting against Anarchic Force when manipulating Spatial Force in this sort of environment. Rather, one should make use of Anarchic Force to help.

Of course, one couldn't just take control of Anarchic Force. Leonel wasn't sure that there was anyone that could control Anarchic Force, it did as it pleased and there was no existence with an 'affinity' for it. Even Void Beasts could only be considered immune, but that didn't give them the right to control Anarchic Force. Only the Regulator could do that.

However, you could take advantage of the characteristics of Anarchic Force to make it work for you.

Anarchic Force flowed toward regions of high Force concentrations, its instinct was to devour. If you made use of this to force Anarchic Force to target and create a flaw in space, then teleporting would actually become easy.

There were obviously many problems with this theory.

For example, the Anarchic Force you used wouldn't just vanish after it was done with its task, it would obviously see be there. Even in the best case, you would have to keep the teleportation short to cut off the hounding of Anarchic Force toward yourself. In the worst case, you would die mid teleportation, devoured by the battle between space and Anarchic Force.

The research paper posited several solutions to this which included several Force manipulation and pattern techniques.

In one example, they suggested forming your Force into a maze-like lotus formation. According to their research, Anarchic Force took the longest to get to the center of such a formation of Force as it had to devour the outer structural integrity first.

This design allowed the inner workings to remain unharmed and structurally sound during the teleportation.

According to this, this method was safe for movements within ten meters, any further and the structure would crumble before you could make it out.

Of course, the idea of forming a complex maze-lotus monstrosity in the middle of battle all for the sake of teleporting just ten meters was ridiculous.

Even back in his Camelot days, it only took Leonel about two or three seconds to cast even the most complicated of techniques. If he used this method, it would take even his current self upwards of five seconds to finish.

'Unless...?'

Leonel's gaze narrowed. Because he could now project his Dream World into the real world so long as it was within his Starry Spirit Domain, his control within that region was unprecedented. It was like his control of his own body had extended out from him.

While it would theoretically take time to form his maze-lotus with his Spatial Force or his Ethereal Star Force which had spatial attributes, he could form it in less than a single blink of an eye with his Dream Force.

If he projected that maze-lotus into the real world, and then set a command within his body to constrain his Spatial Force to that area and that area alone...

'It would take me about half a second with that approach. That's still quite a long time in battles at this level, but it'll also be troublesome if my enemies can just see what I'm preparing in advance...'

Leonel's gaze glowed.

Who said his enemies had to see what he was preparing? It was his Dream World, he could make it invisible if he wanted to.

#### [Chapter 1450 Collapsing Mind](#)

Leonel continued blazing through research papers, realizing that he had gotten side tracked. That paper had been helpful, but unfortunately, it didn't give him anything he needed on fixing the Segmented Cube.

Leonel chose to focus his efforts a bit more. He could search for Segmented Cube relating things specifically, but he felt that there would be low odds of finding anything useful through this route.

There were a few reasons for this.

First, the Segmented Cube was the Heirloom of the Morales family. He highly doubted that they would allow information about it to be so easily accessible.

From what Leonel had seen of the Void Palace, though this was supposed to be the frontier of humanity, the influence individual families had was very heavy. If not for this, there would be a "sword" and "spear" division, nor would that bowman genius have threatened him with their alliance despite the fact that there was a very clear no killing policy here.

It was likely that the Void Palace was probably being pulled in all sorts of directions by the undercurrents of the families supposedly 'beneath' them.

The second reason Leonel didn't bother to take this route was also because of this. As the Heirloom of the Morales family, the Segmented Cube had probably spent most of its life highly protected. The odds that something like this had happened before was slim to none, and even if it had, the Morales family would have definitely no disseminated information about it.

Of course, Leonel had thought of the possibility that the Segmented Cube had a history before the Morales family. However, he deduced that focusing on this category in specific was a better use of his time. Only if it failed would he take that approach. "That category", being spatial devices and Crafting.

Leonel read through every Crafting light he could get his hands on that even remotely mentioned spatial devices, trying to see what he could learn.

However, even after going through everything in the Fifth Dimension, he found himself exhausted, beading with sweat, having a drained mind, and still being no closer to finding an answer. The only good thing was that he had learned a lot about Crafting under the influence of Anarchic Force. But, that wasn't what he needed right now.

Leonel sent his mind toward his token, realizing now that he had already gone through 20 hours of allotted time. He could hardly see the number straight, he felt like he might collapse at any time.

'This approach is wrong...'

Leonel's brows furrowed.

After reading all of those papers, he understood something. For spatial treasures at the Fifth Dimensional level or could be classified within Fifth Dimensional information, they would never survive the collapse of their space to begin with.

Something like what happened with Leonel's Segmented Cube, where the exterior remained and Leonel was even capable of sending his mind inside to see what happened, would never happen to such low level treasures. The information he needed would never have been found at such a low level to begin with.

Leonel hesitated. Should he read about the history of the Segmented Cube if he could find it?

'No. It's not that this approach is wrong, it's rather that I haven't gone deep enough. This time hasn't been wasted, it might be just enough for me to be able to see...'

Leonel's mind flashed with the last dregs of its strength, zooming toward Seventh Dimensional information. His thoughts were simple. With how things were like right now, he had just gone through countless research papers that touched on Crafting Spatial Force treasures. With that being the case, then it was likely that other related topics would also be far easier for him to pick out at a distance.

As expected, without Leonel even doing anything, all research papers, techniques, and even history recounting related to spatial treasures and their Crafting entered his network without him even lifting a finger.

Very soon, a large swarm of Sixth Dimensional motes of light joined Leonel's network, fusing with the web of his personal library and growing its size. It wasn't until Leonel entered the range of the Seventh Dimension that the process slowed.

Leonel's gaze flickered. The pressure here was almost impossible to manage but he grit his teeth, holding on.

He didn't even know if he had the mental strength left to even take on a Seventh Dimensional light. But, he had no choice. He just had to pick right.

'That one, that's going to be the one.'

Leonel took a breath, focusing his eyes on one of the only three he could see the names of.

<The Shelf-Life of a Spatial Treasure>.

Leonel felt that it might have what he needed. It sounded ridiculous. The title was more of something he would find in the Fourth Dimension, not the Seventh. Plus, the Segmented Cube hadn't reached the end of its lifetime. But, Leonel had his own reasons for making this choice.

'Come.'

Leonel grasped the mote of light and it felt as though a bang had gone off in his mind. If not for the sturdy Seventh Dimensional walls of his psyche...

Leonel's heart skipped a beat in fear. Just now, his mind could have collapsed. He realized that he had been far too reckless. It was a good thing his Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor's Wisdom Branch had been fully Awakened, or else he would have been seriously injured, and that was only if he managed to avoid being killed.

Despite its simple name, this information was without a doubt Seventh Dimensional. The vast stores of information were beyond anything Leonel had ever seen before. He had yet to get far enough in his father's training to receive information of his caliber. In fact, Leonel realized that if it wasn't for his recent breakthroughs in comprehension, he wouldn't be able to make heads or tails of this research paper.

His mind split like a bolt of lightning was trying to bisect it. However, he held on.

Just as Leonel reached the final pages of the research paper, his token began to count down.

He pushed himself to go faster, a projectile of blood leaving his lips.

When Leonel awoke, he was at the bottom of the Void Library's staircase.