

Descent 1461

[Chapter 1461 Forceful](#)

Leonel was tempted to start with the most complicated, but in the end, he chose to pick up the calligraphy pen. It had an odd extra joint to it that made the nib off angle to the rest of the pen. If Leonel recalled correctly, they called this an oblique calligraphy pen. It was supposed to make it easier to match the aesthetic necessary for calligraphy.

FORCEFUL. SUBTLE. SWIFT. GENTLE.

The words flashed in Leonel's mind.

Since he already decided to start with the easiest of the three, he also chose the easiest approach and just copied everything his uncle had done.

However, Leonel was only a single stroke in before he realized that he already lacked the same flair.

'Huh... Interesting...'

Everything was the exact same, Leonel was certain of it. Everything from the angle of his arm and wrist, even down to the speed at every point of attack. It was all exactly the same.

Leonel smiled, this confirmed one thing. This was definitely not a useless exercise, there was something else that he was missing, likely a comprehension of sorts.

This was a good thing, because it was clear that the old man planned on locking him in here until he made some progress. If he was stuck here doing something useless, Leonel would rather ram his head against a wall.

The fury he felt before getting here had somewhat faded after meeting his Uncle Montez again. But, if he couldn't make any progress, he knew it would come back. By then, he would probably be far more serious about finding a way out of here.

'Alright, then. Since this is a worthwhile endeavor, what am I missing?'

Leonel's gaze flickered. His uncle had been outside the range of his Starry Spirit Domain, so unfortunately Leonel couldn't rely on that. Truthfully, that was an oversight on his part. But, if he was honest, he would have probably hurt himself had he tried to take that approach, if not in calligraphy or music, his uncle's attempt at painting a spear would have definitely destroyed his mind.

'Then is this a different sort of application of King's Might?'

Leonel had been practicing the <Dragon's Might> technique his mother had left behind for a while. But, its effectiveness had somewhat diminished, mostly because he didn't put as much effort into it as he should have.

It had to be remembered that Leonel's original plan to give his King's Might form was to use his Innate Node as a foundation, and that succeeded. But, since then, he had yet to upgrade it. This was mostly due to the fact that Leonel had too many different things to improve in, he was constantly being pulled in all sorts of directions and it was hard to remember them all, let alone improve in them all.

Back when Leonel first manifested his King's Mind in the form of a miniature humanoid, he hadn't even comprehended a single Destruction Rune yet. But now he had comprehended 729 Destruction Runes thanks to whatever had happened when he was stuck in his Dream World.

From what he understood, there were nine basic runes, these formed the foundation of the Third Dimension.

To form complete Fourth Dimensional comprehension, you had to fuse nine basic runes nine times, forming nine large runes. This meant that to master the Fourth Dimension, you needed to comprehend 81 Destruction Runes.

Finally, you had to repeat the process all over again for the Fifth Dimension, this time forming nine large runes and fusing them together nine times, for a total of 729 runes.

So, if Leonel wanted to master the Sixth Dimension and pull Sixth Dimensional Scarlet Star Force from the atmosphere with no impact to his body, he would need to comprehend 6561 runes, and so on.

One might wonder since Leonel had mastered 729 runes, why it was that he still couldn't use his larger Innate Node.

The main issue stemmed from the fact it had grown far too large. While it was, indeed, in the Fifth Dimension, it had a complete set of Runes, sitting at almost five million total runes combined into one behemoth.

This meant that while Leonel's Innate Node was in the Fifth Dimension, it had access to the full Rune set of a Ninth Dimensional Innate Node, making it far more powerful than a usual Fifth Dimensional Innate Node. This was the price Leonel paid for having an Innate Node that had outgrown him.

That said, because his second Innate Node had been placed in his left kidney, he now had an Innate Node that had outgrown him, and another than had actually lagged behind him. It would only take a small effort to unseal this second Innate Node to the Fifth Dimension, the only reason Leonel hadn't was because he had yet to be in a situation where he needed and...

Well, would you casually mess with a seal that just magically appeared in your body without a good reason?

Leonel still had too many questions about what was going on. And, as he tended to do, he dragged his feet when he couldn't immediately understand something, situations that were, truthfully, quite rare for him.

'Let me hold off on upgrading my <Dragon's Might> for now. I have a feeling that if I do, it would actually interfere with my ability to do this instead of helping...'

If Leonel's King's Might skewed in one direction too much, wouldn't it make it difficult for him to grasp the artistic conception of other words?

'In that case... what did I feel when Uncle Montez's pen connected to paper...? FORCEFUL...'

Leonel hand hovered, his pupils flickering, his gaze sometimes dull and, at other times, lively.

'Free, powerful, unworried... No, not unworried, more like understanding the gravity and still not caring, it's a more subtle feeling than that.'

Leonel's body wafted with his King's Might as his demeanor shifted and changed. He only vaguely realized that his Tier 4 Control Ability Index had even given unprecedented power even over his own demeanor. However, when he grasped this, the shift was almost immediate.

Leonel no longer focused on just what his uncle had done, but rather layered in his own comprehensions of forcefulness.

An entire hour passed before Leonel pressed the pen to the paper. But, when he did, the lightest touch shattered the table, a ray of Spear Force piercing through the ground and threatening to split the tower in two.

[Chapter 1462 Ashen](#)

Leonel blinked, his brows furrowing.

He hadn't put any power behind that. In fact, he had lifted his arm quite gently. However, the power behind it was completely unlike anything he had experienced before. That was easily two times more powerful than his most powerful spear strike, of course assuming that he didn't use any supplemental Forces and solely relied on his Spear Force.

Despite this, Leonel wasn't happy with this.

He suddenly realized the real reason his uncle was constraining him to paper and canvas like this. Even when his uncle played music, the blades of Spear Force had all been restrained and didn't even wake up Aina. And yet, he had hardly touched the paper, but he had already split the table in two and made the tower tremble. If it wasn't for the sturdy walls of this odd training room. He probably would have pierced through it as well.

Leonel's eyes narrowed.

He had forgotten something important. It wasn't just about embodying the word or the line of poetry, it was about concentrating that embodiment into the tip of a spear.

It was about controlling it.

Leonel's brow furrowed. How would he do that?

Embodying forcefulness was easy, he could even use his Ability Index in tandem with his King's Might to change the foundation of his demeanor. He only listed everything he felt embodied forcefulness, a list of phrases, words, and even paragraphs, and then he tailored his King's Might to step into that sort of momentum.

However, if he added the word control to that list, it would basically negate all of the other words he had put in, making the list he had created absolutely useless. What was the point of the list to begin with if he added such a contradictory word to it?

How could you be forceful and controlled at the same time?

Leonel fell into thought, his mind running in overdrive. Everything he thought of seemed to contradict itself in one way or another.

'Maybe it's about concentrating it?'

Leonel shook his head. He thought that maybe the answer was to narrow the scope of the forcefulness. But, not only would that also be contradictory, it would probably only make the effect more exaggerated. If he had concentrated on forcefulness any more, he might have really cut through this room.

'Wait...'

Leonel's pupils constricted, his heart skipping a beat.

His uncle had said: "the pen and the words of your heart guide the stroke of your spear."

When you were talking about the heart, the stroke of a spear or even a piece of poetry, the cadence and feel didn't remain the same throughout the entire time.

Leonel's mind focused on one of the first things he had placed on the list: "unworried... No, not unworried, more like understanding the gravity and still not caring, it's a more subtle feeling than that."

Leonel read that line in his mind again and again.

Understanding and still not caring. That was the key. It wasn't about being forceful all the time. Control didn't mean the same thing in every context.

In the case of forcefulness, a controlled forcefulness wasn't about being restrained in your forcefulness. Rather, it was about understanding and picking the right time to be forceful. Or, it was about grasping the full scope of the situation and directing your forcefulness toward what needed it.

When Leonel thought to this point, his gaze began to glow again.

That was the essence. Control manifested itself in different ways depending on what your goal was, the scope of the word was far beyond his initial bias.

Leonel sat frozen, his pen hovering above the shattered table. Ink drizzled down, paper was flung in all directions, but he remained unmoving.

This time, when his pen finally struck downward, it was as though he was writing on the air itself.

His arm shifted and his wrist glided. Each forceful stroke was like a piercing spear toward the eyes of all those who saw it. If there was someone here to witness this moment now, while to Leonel, he could see it clearly, to them, the light would feel just as blinding as Montez's attempt at painting a spear.

When Leonel's hand came to a stop, the ink hovered in the air, the SHIIING sound of dancing blades resounding through the air.

After a moment, the ink fell. But, when it touched the broken table, it tore through, leaving an imprint and searing into the wood as though Leonel had left a brand.

It was very clearly a success, but Leonel's frown hadn't disappeared. It was completely unknown why, by all rights, he had performed excellently.

At that moment, the door to the training room opened and Montez peeked his head in. The building had suddenly threatened to implode and he came to check what the hell had happened. Compared to the other training rooms, this was fairly low class. And, because he hadn't paid for Leonel to be here, the protective formations also weren't activated.

Of course, he hadn't told Leonel any of this, thinking it would be funny when Leonel got kicked out. But, he ended up coming back before that.

When he saw the word etched into the table, his brows shot up. But, whatever surprise he had felt was quickly concealed as Leonel turned toward him.

Leonel's expression was a bit embarrassed, but Montez didn't hold back in the slightest.

"Your handwriting is shit. Are you planning on creating squiggly spear arts?"

Leonel's lip twitched, but there was nothing he could say in response. If he tried to control a spear like this, his attack would be full of holes, not to mention weak.

Montez shut the door after tossing another table into the room. On the outside, though, his gaze was flickering.

Three hours, it had been three hours. That he was certain of.

'It seems he has a Lineage Factor that helps him concentrate his will. His path into the Sixth Dimension will be a lot easier, then... That Fawkes family... There's too many secrets surrounding that grandfather of his.'

Montez walked away slowly, his mind elsewhere.

...

Inside the room, Leonel had no idea what his uncle was thinking. Instead, he realized he needed to find a way to improve his actual calligraphy.

Leonel's handwriting wasn't actually bad. In fact, after gaining his control Ability Index, it could be said to be near immaculate even though he practically never used it.

The issue was that his minds were occupied by maintaining the proper frame for forcefulness, so he had to rely on himself for the art of his calligraphy.

This meant that Leonel couldn't use his Ability Index as a cheat anymore, he had to actually get good at this.

That left Leonel's heart trembling. Did that mean he actually had to learn how to paint too?

Leonel didn't fear practically anything, but his face was ashen at this thought.

[Chapter 1463 The Stroke Of A Pen](#)

The only way forward was practice. At least for most people.

But, Leonel had another potential option: optimization.

Right now, the definitions and parameters he had set for forcefulness were so deep and extensive that he had no mind left to worry about anything else. He realized now that even if he had just enough mental strength left to guide his hands as well, it still wouldn't be good enough.

If his mind was entirely occupied with this move, how would he plan his next move? How could he react if someone sneak attacked him? How would he react if his opponent countered him?

If he got tunnel vision on a single attack, he would end up shooting himself in the foot.

Luckily, if the problem was optimization, Leonel had many methods to deal with it.

The first thing Leonel did was arrange the words into a Dreamscape of its own. With the parameters organized, he began to find connections and groups, organizing them further and simplifying.

The original layout was in a list. In order to match them perfectly, Leonel went through all of them one by one. But, when organized into a Dreamscape, it became a network, and as a network, each word, phrase, sentence and paragraph had more than just a single connection.

Using these multi-layered connections sounded like it would make things more complex, but in reality, it checked for an eliminated redundancies.

If one phrase implied another word, then the word could be glossed over and skipped. Likewise, if a sentence implied a phrase, then it could likewise be ignored.

The vice versa was also possible. If Leonel had a word like 'strong', he didn't need to write a phrase describing a lack of weakness.

After Leonel was finished, he found that the efficiency had increased by a factor. But, this wasn't enough. Though it still left him with half his processing power, this wasn't good enough in his estimation. He shouldn't need to use this much of his mind for a task like this.

Plus, if he needed this much for just a single word, what about the others? Who knew if they were more complicated? Or, what if he began to string words together? Even if every word only took half, if he added a second, then he would suddenly find himself right back at square one.

When Leonel reached this conclusion, he confirmed that this still wasn't good enough.

It was then it suddenly clicked. Didn't he already create the perfect ability for this?!

Dream Class.

Dream Class was already the perfect program for this. It was like packaging all of this into a single existence. Swapping them, fusing them, and editing them was as easy as a thought for him.

The moment Leonel thought this, he created a new Dream Class and he called it Forceful.

He was so confident that he didn't even test it out. He immediately moved onto Swift, and then to Subtle and then to Gentle.

Each time, he went through the same process. He built a list, organized it into Dreamscape, optimized it, then compiled it all into Dream Class, creating four total new classes. Forceful, Swift, Subtle and Gentleness.

It took a day and a half for Leonel to finish, Subtle surprisingly taking him the longest as it felt the most enigmatic and out of his reach. But, he finally managed to form a list he was happy with.

Shockingly enough, his mind wasn't even strong enough to write Subtle after its optimization. Without Dream Class, he wouldn't be capable of writing it at all.

The moment Leonel finished, though, it was like his entire demeanor had undergone a change.

His pen danced across the air, changing its form at his whims. He shifted between Classes with such speed that it didn't seem like he was 'switching' at all. That ultimate state of being able to shift and change as he pleased was reached by him.

Originally, Dream Class wouldn't be able to work so freely without fully understanding all of the Classes. But, that was exactly what Leonel had done by compiling the list for individual words.

Ironically, though, Leonel's other Dream Classes actually plummeted as his battle prowess increased, his Spearman Classes fell.

Leonel understood why this was, though.

Strong Spearman, for example, had been 0.13 before. After he was stuck in a dream, it fell to 0.06. And, after this process, it fell further to 0.04.

However, Leonel couldn't have been more excited about this. This was because his strength had increased far more than he thought it had initially.

How had Strong Spearman gotten weaker? The simple answer was that Forcefulness wasn't enough to encompass the word Strong. In addition, he had also comprehended three other words that had increased his strength holistically, which had also caused Strong Spearman to fall.

When Leonel had this thought, though, his appetite became insatiable. Didn't this mean that he could replay this process for all his Dream Classes and perfect them?

The moment Leonel had the thought, he completely lost himself. What he didn't realize as a dense Auspicious Air began to waft out from him was that he would suddenly enter such a state for an entire year.

When Aina awoke two days later and found that Leonel didn't even notice her presence, lost in his own world, she only blinked and smiled, not disturbing him. She chose to remain by his side, silently watching him.

On the seventh day, she seemed to grasp what Leonel was doing, and she chose to follow him. But, her approach was entirely different.

Every time she wanted to comprehend something new, she simply picked up a new weapon, much the same way she always had.

If she wanted to learn swiftness, she picked up a flexible sword. If she wanted to learn forcefulness, she picked up a hammer. If she wanted to learn subtly, she picked up more niche weapons like threads. If she wanted to learn gentleness, she went the route of defensive weapons and even learned to use silk fabrics in combat.

Much like Montez had said, Leonel was a bit slow. Absolute geniuses had already found their own methods of doing such things.

When Leonel awoke though, the power he held within a stroke of his pen was unlike anything one could possibly imagine.

[Chapter 1464 Not Bad](#)

Leonel suddenly ruffled his own hair, his dazed eyes regaining focus. But, the moment he did, fatigue overtook him and he collapsed into a deep sleep, not waking until two months later.

Like that, 12 total months passed.

Leonel blinked awake, his head snapping up. Surprisingly, though, his first instinct wasn't to leave, but rather to reach for the mallet that sat on the table. He had grasped calligraphy now and could even paint stories with nothing more than his words, but it was still lacking.

Sniper Archer – 0.79; Explosive Archer – 0.78; Strong Spearman – 0.70; Flexible Spearman – 0.73; Mixed Fighter – 0.71; Speed Fighter – 0.77; Fire Mage – 0.79; Defensive Mage – 0.73; Combat Mage – 0.72.

The closer the number got to 1.00, the more exponentially difficult it became. The fact that there was such a large improvement just went to show how shocking Leonel's improvement had been. But, Leonel realized at the end of the tenth month that he had already pushed poetry as far as it could take him. He then understood why his grandfather had added in music and painting as well.

Leonel had a feeling that only by also bringing those two to the same level as his calligraphy and poetry could he possibly reach the ever elusive 1.00. But, somewhere deep inside, he felt that even that wouldn't be enough. He would need to take that final step beyond to cross that threshold.

However, just as Leonel grasped the mallet, he froze.

How long had it been?

His eyes blinked, his internal clock catching up and his eyes widening when he realized what happened.

After a moment of shock, he jumped to his feet, his heart sparking with flames. He had actually left that woman off for so long?!

In his agitation, Leonel suddenly heard a giggle. His head turned to find Aina and that alone seemed to make his flames douse themselves in cold water, only for the heat to return from a completely different place.

However, Leonel didn't even get the chance to think whether he should act on it or not when the door to the training room opened.

Montez looked Leonel up and down as though he wasn't surprised that the latter had awoken. But then his lip curled up into a sneer.

"Still with the Fifth Dimensional Spear For—"

Leonel's fingers suddenly pierced forward, a blinding golden light threatening to split Montez's forehead in two.

The Spear Force tore through the Anarchic Force that flooded in through the open door as though it wasn't there at all, shattering its very being as though it stood above it.

Montez's armor flashed, a barrier appearing that blocked Leonel's Spear Force.

BANG! BANG!

Montez raised an eyebrow, his figure not even shifting, let alone taking a step back. In reality, he could have dodged, but he chose to let it hit him to see how strong it was to the deepest level possible. Leonel's Spear Force was so constrained and tidy that even Montez couldn't see through all its secrets at a glance, forcing him to take this approach.

"Huh, not bad. I guess you're quite ambitious to not break through yet."

Montez was very good at keeping a straight face while his heart was busy rolling in waves. He had never felt such a powerful Fifth Dimensional Spear Force before. The only Spear Forces he had ever felt were anywhere near comparable were Spear Forces which had already surpassed the Fifth Dimension, but were constrained by their users to a lower level on purpose.

When Montez thought to this point, he realized the only Fifth Dimensional Forces he had felt were comparable were from elders of the Morales family who had already long since grasped Seventh Dimensional Spear Force.

What was most shocking was that Montez was sure that this Spear Force only embodied the word Swift. What if Leonel had used Forceful instead?

Leonel clicked his tongue, shaking his head when he looked at his uncle's armor. Now that he thought about it, this golden armor was probably his uncle's Divine Armor.

"Uncle Montez, is there a reason you always have your Divine Armor activated?"

"Why do I always have it activated?" Montez raised a brow.

Rather than answering, he simply allowed it to vanish. The moment he did, it was as though rain had begun to fall.

A splash of water landed in a pool at Montez's feet and Leonel realized that his uncle was drenched from head to toe in sweat. With the disappearance of the armor, Leonel could even hear the wild beating of his uncle's heart. It was so loud and forceful that Leonel took a step back beside him, not out of fear, but because the sound wave alone was too strong for him to handle.

Leonel's expression flickered, but he didn't know what to say.

Just as quickly as the armor vanished, it reappeared and Montez continued to act as though nothing had happened.

"You're not the only one who knows how to work hard, kid. In fact, from what I've seen, it feels like you haven't worked nearly hard enough. There are people out there who are far more talented than you and they also put in more work than you do. You'll need to shape up if you want to leave a mark on this world."

Leonel's gaze narrowed. He didn't say anything for a long while, calming himself.

He found it very easy to lose himself in something he was fascinated by or interested in, but as he had realized about him before... He found too many things uninteresting.

However, at least when it came to this path, he had found a bud of something interesting within it. Leonel felt that if he followed this path to the end, let alone his Spear and Bow Force, even his Crafting would become unmatched.

"Uncle Montez, I've been meaning to ask you. I can probably walk deep into it again now that I've improved so much, but there's a bit of a problem with it and I'm not sure what's wrong..."

Leonel explained matters to Montez and earned quite the frown from the latter.

"Something has agitated the Spear Domain. Usually it waits until its owner has mastered every Third, Fourth and Fifth Dimensional weapon before levying the first of three tribulations. But, for some reason, your tribulation is already on its way."

[Chapter 1465 A Year's Worth](#)

"Tribulation?"

"Yes, to the Spear Domain, the Third, Fourth and Fifth Dimensions are only primers, only when you enter the Sixth will it begin to display its true prowess and also reveal another stage of the Spear Domain Lineage Factor, a stage rarely available and only attainable to those who either have the ring itself, or are close in line to someone awakened it before their birth, their meaning the next in line, of course."

Leonel frowned. This was the first time he was hearing of this. His old man was really too useless, what if he just stumbled into this later and had no idea what was happening?

"Technically, this is a good thing. The earlier you face the tribulation, the better the effects and benefits. The optimal time is when your Spear Force is Fifth Dimensional as it gives you both the best chance to pass, and the right mixture of being a step ahead.

"The problem is that it should be impossible to reach that level before the Sixth Dimension. Usually, the true depths of the secrets the first spears have can't be seen without a certain depth of vision, even your current Spear Force is far from it.

"But, it's also because of that that it would be difficult for you to pass, you could very well die unless you really do master all the spears first."

"..." Leonel shook his head. "Fantastic, something else that wants to kill me. I'm a bit tired of guillotines hanging over my head."

Montez raised an eyebrow, but didn't ask. One would think he would be worried about Leonel, but it seemed he picked this uncaring attitude for the young men in his family just the same way his older brother had.

There were too many problems facing Leonel right now. Even though he said that he could walk further in Spear Domain now, with how strong he remembered the pressure to be, he could at best claim some Quasi Bronze Spear Peaks, and just maybe some lower level Bronze Spears if he really pushed himself.

However, he was still far from being able to reclaim the Quasi Silver and Quasi Gold spears he had managed to reach previously.

"How long until the tribulation comes for me?"

Montez looked down. "I don't know, you can feel it better than I can. It'll probably be about another year. You can suppress it with your Spear Force if you're not ready, but you'll need at least Sixth Dimensional Spear Force to do that, which would defeat the purpose. Also, you'll be severely weakened during that period if that's the route you take."

"What kind of tribulation is this?"

"One that tests your Spear, of course. According to the family records, it's similar to a Zone, a Mythological Zone, to be precise. The difference is that you enter at the Third Dimension. If your attainments in the spear are too weak, you won't even last a few minutes."

"A Mythological Zone?"

Leonel's brows jumped. He had only been in one Mythological Zone before, but it had benefitted him so greatly that it was still a heavy part of his current battle strength. In fact, during the time he had been suppressing his Innate Node, without it, he wouldn't have even been a fraction as powerful as he was.

And now, with his Ethereal Glabella filled with an enormous Mage Core, his strength had bloomed to a completely new level, all thanks to Camelot's magic system.

A Mythological Zone connected to the Spear Domain... just what kind of treasures did it have?

"You shouldn't look so excited, kid. There are 89 people who've taken the Spear Domain Tribulation in our family, only 21 have passed. Of those 21, 17 only achieved the lowest grade."

"Lowest grade?" Leonel frowned. "Since when did you get graded for Zones?"

"Every Zone has a number of tasks to complete, meeting the bare minimum constitutes achieving the lowest grade."

Leonel's eyes lit up with understanding. That was right, every Zone had quests. If you failed to meet the bare requirement, you would be stuck in the Zone until the day you died. However, it was possible to leave the Zone without completing all of the quests.

Leonel had done that with the Camelot Zone, but he managed to complete the last quest outside of the Zone. But, something told him that he wouldn't get a chance to do that with the Spear Domain.

"That Myths are tied to the Spear Domain? What Mythological Zone is it?"

Leonel felt that he should begin preparing now. He needed to have as much information as possible.

"Do I look like an encyclopedia to you, brat?"

"Can't you be useful for once?"

"For once? Who do you have to thank for all of this?"

"Grandpa." Leonel said shamelessly.

Montez opened his mouth to refute, but he suddenly found that he didn't have a rebuttal for that, causing his expression to darken.

"All I know is that the Spear Domain and Sword Domain are part of the same legend. The human race has these two, but unfortunately, the others are in the hands of others. Well, it isn't exactly unfortunate. There's only one race other than ours that has more than one Weapon Domain.

"Either way, it's a legend that encompasses the whole of the Dimensional Verse. I don't have the details you want because I didn't delve deep into it to begin with, I never owned Spear Domain, so why would I waste my time?"

"Go use the Void Library."

Montez spun on his heels, ready to leave.

"Oh, I almost forgot." Montez looked back. "You owe Ness a year's worth of rent. That's 100 000 Void Points and a Void Point a day."

After saying this, Montez vanished.

Leonel remained silent for a long while until he suddenly realized that 'Ness' was actually his aunt. His mouth opened and closed several times, but he really didn't know what to say.

It was true, though, it was only because the Anarchic Force in this region was so long and almost non-existent that he was able to stay up for 10 months straight to begin with. If not for this, it would have taken him at least double the time.

But the idea of paying 36 500 000 Void Points and 365 Void Merits hurt to the depths of soul.

Leonel lamented how fast his mind worked.

Why did no one in his family go easy on him?

[Chapter 1466 Quartet](#)

Leonel didn't dwell on it for too long, though. He would pay it back eventually. Plus, he was lucky that Aina wasn't added to the price, or else it would have been even worse.

"Oh..."

Leonel tried to call out to his uncle again, but the old man had already vanished. He wanted to ask if his status as a disciple was still in limbo, it couldn't be that they would still need more time than this, right?

If his status was no longer in limbo, he would probably have to adjust his plans. But, it was about time he dealt with the Viror family. Unfortunately, he would probably need to get his report on them updated since he had already been gone for an entire year.

Leonel turned his head toward Aina, his eyes glowing as he looked her up and down.

"What're you looking at?"

Leonel tilted his head to the side. "You didn't break into the Sixth Dimension?"

Aina shook her head. "How was I supposed to do that? We still haven't learned anything about the God Path, and someone here decided to stare into blank space for an entire year."

Leonel scratched the back of his head awkwardly, it seemed that he really had gone overboard this time. His sense of time was only getting more and more skewed. Back when he was in the Third Dimension, the most he could focus for was a few hours, just like most humans. The idea that he could do the same thing for almost a year straight without breaks was crazy to him that had been born and raised on Earth.

"Do you want to breakthrough before this?"

Aina waved her ax lightly, causing a wall of wind to nearly blow Leonel back.

"Not sure how necessary that is," Aina said with a smile.

Leonel's expression flickered, both he and Aina pressing two fingers together at the same time.

A line of white and a line of gold cut through the air, colliding in the air exactly halfway between the two of them.

BANG!

For a moment, they froze, until they both began to crack. With a burst, they shattered apart.

Leonel grinned. "I win."

Aina pouted slightly. "Clearly cheating."

"What can I say, I'm a wealthy young master. You're lucky to marry me."

"Marry you? I don't remember agreeing to such a thing."

Leonel flashed and appeared before Aina, his grin still as bright.

"You didn't? You really know how to hurt a man's heart."

"What would you know about that?"

"A lot. Didn't you see Rychard's face? That poor sap was half broken. I didn't even do anything to him, and even had the grace to allow him the chance to marry you, but he still came back glaring at me like I had done something to him. What's that if not a heartbroken man?"

"You're really cheeky, actually bringing something like that up." Aina's eyes flashed with a dangerous light, her smile being tinged with a hint of murderous intent.

Her hand reached forward, clawing down into Leonel's ropes and wrapping around his cloth belt.

A cold sweat fell down Leonel's back. The combination of powerful woman, murderous gaze, and a hand so close to his most vulnerable point was not a good one by any stretch. He really might have been a bit too cheeky with his words just now.

In truth, his Spear Force had a small edge over Aina's on blade Force likely because of the Spear Domain ring. There was an odd shift that had happened when a blade Force went from white to gold, it was only now, though, that Leonel understood just how tangle that difference was, and it only seemed accessible through the use of this Heirloom.

Leonel cleared his throat, laughing uneasily. "You know what they say, the best way to ease over trauma is to joke about it."

"Oh? Why don't you joke about my trauma a little bit more, I think I'm almost over it. Real close."

Leonel coughed. "Is it a bit hot in here? Wow, I think we should get out of here."

"No, no. This heat is quite good. Weren't you the fire boy?"

Leonel made a mental note to no longer offend this demoness. Her knuckles pressed against his lower belly with a bit too much force. This woman wasn't to be trifled with.

Seeing Leonel still coughing and not daring to meet her gaze, Aina smiled and released her grip, painting the faint nail marks left on Leonel's chest.

"You're lucky you're handsome, I'm more forgiving of a pretty face."

Aina fixed Leonel's clothes and cupped his cheeks, squeezing them. Then, she went to the tip of her toes and gave him a peck before pulling him away.

"Let's go, husband candidate. We have a lot to do."

Leonel only seemed to blink awake now. "Candidate?!"

Aina's steps paused, turning around with an innocent blink in her eyes.

"Is there a problem?"

Leonel stood straight and saluted like a good soldier.

"None at all, ma'am!"

"Good, good. Off we go!"

...

Montez laughed so hard he felt like he might cough up a lung. He had come back because he had sensed a weird aura in the Spear Domain ring and he felt that he finally recognized it at the end, only to see such a scene.

That girl would really become the scariest of the quartet. That quartet obviously being his mother, his wife, his sister-in-law and now Aina.

He immediately forgot his purpose, laughing so hard he didn't pay a lick of attention to his surroundings. And, it was precisely then that a strong pinch caught his ear.

"Huh?"

Montez's gaze focused only to find a familiar oil covered woman standing before him.

He tried to run, but it was already too late.

"I've waited long enough, Montez. Don't make me divorce you!"

"Wait, wait! I still have to tell Leonel something!"

"If you weren't so enamored with your dramatic exits, you could have done that long ago. Now, it's my time."

"But it's important!"

"All the more reason you should have remembered before."

Like this, Montez was dragged away.

[Chapter 1467 Every Time.](#)

Leonel didn't know what his uncle had to tell him, but if he was aware of what it was about, he would likely conclude that it was about that odd rod the Rapax had thrown at him. Leonel had also sensed the oddity of its aura, and if it wasn't because the oddity of the Spear Domain had occurred after it appeared, it would have assumed that it was because of it that the tribulation was brought so far forward.

The Spear Domain was properly organized. There were Spear Peaks and then there were the Spears that couldn't claim Peaks for themselves. This divided the Spear Domain into a noble class of spear and a not so noble class.

Of course, to other spears, this "not so noble class", was still leads beyond anything they could match up to. But, this was still the case within the realms of the Spear Domain.

So, what would happen if another spear that insisted on claiming a Spear Peak appeared?

Well, it was either the Spear Domain would form a new Peak for it, something that Leonel didn't believe would happen. Or, it would have to knock another Spear off of its pedestal.

The truth was that Leonel had never seen a Quasi level spear below the peak. So, that meant that it was either they lost a tier during the battle or... when a Peak Spear lost its Peak, it would be destroyed.

Either way, these matters had little to do with Leonel right now because the spear was far beyond his reach. Right now, he could barely claim a Quasi Bronze Spear. And, even if that wasn't the case, well... His hand could attest to the fact he had no business using that spear.

Leonel did sometimes wonder if the Rapax race wasn't trying to harm him, but was rather trying to reward him. But, truthfully, he wasn't entirely sure. He could only lament that they had refused to just use their words, not that he would understand their language anyway.

...

"Are you going to tell me what you had planned?"

"Oh, right, we should probably talk about that." Leonel's eyes roamed a bit.

They had just rushed out of the Spear Faction Region, but Leonel's attention had been caught up by something else. Namely, the heavy atmosphere. It was definitely a far cry from what he had experienced the first time he stepped foot into this place. It lacked the same life and flair.

"The original plan was..."

Leonel explained his method quite simply.

The uses of his Starry Spirit Domain were far greater than just what it seemed on the surface. So long as he kept finding methods to apply it, it would begin to evolve in its use and usefulness. Right now, he felt like he had quite a genius idea.

Aina was already an expert Force Pill Crafter. But, when it came to her skill, she used it mostly for herself and Leonel. Just thinking about it, Leonel realized he quite missed Aina's cooking and he was starving. Still, he pushed that feeling down and pushed forward.

The plan was quite simple. When it came to guessing what other people would benefit best from, Aina could only get a faint idea, and she had to spend a very, very long time with that person. That was why she was so good at cooking for Leonel. Though, she never bothered to cook for anyone else regardless.

Just like she had said, she could only gain a faint inkling about Leonel, that was why her analysis of Leonel's strengths and weaknesses were so vague.

The trouble was that this problem even persisted after Aina fused her Internal Sight with Leonel's own. The only change was that that vague picture became a hint clearer, but that was nowhere near enough. It wasn't anything like Aina's ability to tell exactly how she should improve.

But... What if Aina fused with Leonel's Starry Star Domain instead?

That process would be entirely different, it would be like Aina was gaining access to Leonel's computational abilities and as though she was ushered into his Dream World.

The trouble with this, though, was that when Aina had fused with Yuri for only a few minutes, her mental strength had been exhausted. Leonel wasn't sure if his mental strength had caught up or surpassed Yuri's yet as he didn't have a frame of reference, but what he did know was that it was unlikely for Aina to be able to handle his mind with ease.

That was why he had formulated another ability which he called Dream Exchange. It would allow Aina to partake in the abilities of his mind. As she did so, he would handle the computation and ease the load off her mind.

"So you want me to use my Ability to help cure people?"

"Not just to help cure, but to also help them break through their bottlenecks. We're not only going to suffocate their market, but we're going to do it cheaper and faster."

"With just the two of us?" Aina raised a brow.

"If I deploy my Starry Spirit Domain to its full range, we can easily fit a dozen people into it if not more. Going through a lot of people will be easy. We just need a few policies to make things easier on us. Regardless, after people see the results, they won't care about anything else.

"But first, we need a plot of land near a Senate Branch. Before that, though, I need to make another visit to the Sith family."

Leonel's expression turned cold and his fingers suddenly struck out. Before the individual watched them from a distance could react, Leonel's Spear Force rotated and then exploded, shredding their arm to pieces and alarming all those around.

Even after a year, this person still had people monitoring for the two of them. But this was good, Leonel was glad that she was so persistent, that made him want to deal with her even more.

His stance was still the same, every time such an individual appeared before him, he would crush them even if that meant crippling them.

[Chapter 1468 Forgotten](#)

[Official artwork for Leonel's Dark Ice Armor is now live on my instagram >> @awespec_ :)]

It wasn't long before Leonel had left the Sith family Faction, another million Void Points poorer. He was certain it shouldn't have cost this much, but there was nothing else he could do if he wanted solid information.

As for what had changed, it seemed that Treanna's Faction had finally been promoted to Silver Grade, and as such, its wealth and power had substantially increased, as had its territory and influence. This made Leonel's brow furrow a bit, but that was all.

Silver Grade Factions had more leeway and could also have their own territory. These territories were the very same neighborhoods Leonel had mentioned before.

In the Void Palace, outside of a few places, the regions were all controlled by students. Everything from city planning to even some laws were set and decided by the Faction of a given area.

Of course, there were also some neutral areas where lower class students who couldn't afford to live in these higher class areas could use. In fact, these neutral areas were precisely where Aina had chosen to buy their home before it was burned down.

Living in a Faction's territory didn't necessarily mean that you were part of a Faction, but in partaking in their benefits, you did have to pay taxes and, of course, rent. Many higher class territories even required entry fees. As for why you would pay just for a temporary stay, though the effects weren't as exaggerated as with the Spear Faction, there were many benefits.

For example, there were certain specialties you would only find in certain areas. Just one potential thing were restaurants run by high level Force Pill Crafters. Factions of high levels would either recruit or rent such experts to run popular food stops in their territories. If you wanted to partake in such luxuries, you would have to pay just for the chance to enter.

Of course, Leonel wasn't interested in this as there was no better cook than the woman by his side. But, that didn't mean there was nothing that could tempt him at all.

Some special training regions, some exclusive areas of the Void Palace, and even some of the prime living locations were mostly cornered off by high level Factions.

As nice as he thought Aina's choice in home was, he had no intention of letting her live in a shabby place. Leonel didn't usually care about such things, but their earlier spat seemed to have reminded him that he hadn't really done much of anything to make up for his earlier follies. If Aina was trying, then he should at least try in his own way.

To Aina, the way he flipped a switch and suddenly wanted her again was probably odd. Likewise, Leonel wouldn't be surprised if, in the back of her head, she was worried about the day that switch would flip off again.

Leonel knew just how his mind worked quite well. He had never stopped 'wanting' Aina. He had just shifted his priorities and sacrificed her.

His father's words, though, shifted those priorities again. He was probably the only person who could do such a thing outside of Leonel himself.

The question was, could those priorities shift again?

When Leonel thought about it, he realized that the only reason they had shifted in the first place was because he felt that Aina had betrayed him, not in the harshest sense, but enough that he found it unacceptable.

By the time he learned of why and the weight she had carried everyday, it was already too late to turn back. There were sometimes where the timing of things were just wrong and Leonel felt that his focus was better spent on other things.

However, the contradiction was something his mind wouldn't allow him to sit with. He ended up doing things that were completely outside his character, and even acting in a fashion that he regretted.

It was as though even his Tier 4 Ability Index couldn't control what he felt for Aina.

There were many times where Leonel didn't understand something and he allowed it to stop his footsteps and fester in his mind. But, this was something he didn't understand that he fully embraced...

The one thing he never really cared about finding the logic behind.

Aina had just spent the last year by his side in silence, supporting him. But, in the back of her mind, there were clearly still some fresh wounds that couldn't even be considered to have scabbed over. As funny as it was to joke about baby making appointments, Leonel wouldn't even feel right taking that step yet.

Knowing himself, he would probably accept it with open arms anyway, but that didn't mean that it wouldn't be wrong.

He had probably ended up gaining all of his father's and uncle's promiscuity, but he had somehow aimed it all toward one woman. Why it was things were like this, he didn't know. All he knew was that he had never been interested in any other woman. He didn't even feel sexually aroused by other women.

At this point, Leonel couldn't even call himself straight. He was more like an Aina-sexual. He was practically asexual in almost 100% of contexts outside of when he was with her.

Leonel looked away from the pendant in his hand toward Aina and smiled.

"Stop smiling at me like that, I'm still mad at you and I want to stay mad for a little longer."

Leonel burst into a fit of laughter when he saw Aina's pouting expression. He suddenly felt that he never wanted to leave this woman's side.

"Locations by Senate Branches tend to be safer and more convenient areas, so they're also very expensive. We'll need at least 10 000 000 Void Points and I think probably several dozen Void Merits to buy one even in a neutral zone."

"Then more Star missions it is." Aina replied simply.

Leonel grinned, that was right.

But first, it seemed they had some unwanted guests.

Since Leonel couldn't kill, his victim had, of course, been allowed to escape, and that brought trouble to their door. But, this was exactly the kind of trouble he wanted.

From what he had heard in passing, during his and Aina's absence, their generation had begun making waves of their own. In addition, Amery seemed to have stepped out from his tribulation successfully.

It seemed that they had forgotten that there were two other Amethyst Token wielders of this generation. If they hadn't forgotten, why hadn't Treanna's Faction gotten the message, yet?

He wasn't someone they could mess with as they pleased.

[Chapter 1469 Unexpected Outcome](#)

Leonel and Aina slowly walked away without a care, their backs being littered with the half crippled bodies of several of their supposed seniors. Judging by their faces, one would have never thought that they had just done such a thing.

On the ground, the higher level Galaxy Ranked disciples trembled, their blood leaking outward and fear etched onto their faces.

The original student tasked with monitoring Leonel and Aina's movement in and out of the Spear Faction was not a normal individual. At the very least, he wasn't someone that Leonel and Aina should have been able to deal with so easily, having been in Tier 3 of the Sixth Dimension and well established among Treanna's subordinates.

Though he also reported that he hadn't had a chance to use his God Runes, it still wasn't enough for those that had come now to underestimate Leonel and Aina.

But, to their shock, beneath Leonel's gaze, they couldn't even summon their God Runes to begin with, feeling that it had been oppressed by something. By the time their vision had cleared, their bodies were shaking with an unimaginable amount of pain.

Monsters.

That was the only conclusion they had come to. They had forgotten just what kind of monsters Amethyst Token wielders could be. The large majority of them had only entered as Nominal Disciples, barely able to climb to this rank after decades of effort and more blood, sweat and tears than they dared to even think about.

But these two youths, who hadn't even stepped into the Sixth Dimension yet toyed with their lives as though they were nothing.

None of them were under any illusions. If it wasn't for the rules of the Void Palace, their lives would have ended right here.

They barely crawled up to their feet, looking toward their crippled arms with ugly expressions. It then dawned on them exactly why it was that Leonel kept crippling their arms but leaving their legs just fine.

He didn't care if they went off to tell Treanna what had happened. In fact, he welcomed it with wide open arms.

He left them with their legs so that they could run off and tell their master exactly what was coming. A year had already been too long, and Leonel didn't particularly care if Treanna's Faction had managed to become Silver Grade or not.

He would crush them just the same.

...

Leonel and Aina entered a Senate Branch only for the two to be pleasantly surprised to find that it was Dmitry on the other end. Dmitry himself, though, couldn't help but raise an eyebrow when he saw the two.

Leonel and Alna had made such a commotion a year ago, all to just vanish later on.

There had been a big commotion 12 months ago. News had spread that Treanna had targeted Aina and how the two were forced to run. But then Leonel came back and crippled not just one of Treanna's people, but seven in a row, severing all of their arms.

This was a clear slap to both the faces of Treanna and her Viror family, and there was an uproar caused while many looked for the two, there had even been a bounty up for a while until information returned that Leonel had entered the Spear Faction Territory.

It was quite odd for a newbie to suddenly enter the Spear Faction Territory like this, after all, it was expensive. However, those that remembered that Leonel had just cleared a Three Star Mission found it to be more acceptable.

After calculating how much Leonel should have made, plus adding what they thought he could have made from extorting Orinik, most those that Leonel would still only be able to stay for one day on the

low end since he should only have enough Void Merits for that long. After all, he should have had to pay for both himself and Aina.

In their estimation, the only way Leonel could stay longer was if he managed to break some Spear Faction records. But, reasonably, even if he did, considering his current level of strength, he would at most be able to extend his stay a week or two.

No one was even sure how strong Leonel's Spear was except for the geniuses who had gone into the core of the Rapax Nest with him. But, many of them were oddly quiet about what had happened that day and not many even understood how Leonel had come back injured in the first place.

However, no one could have expected that not only would Leonel vanish for an entire year, rumors about him taking advantage of his family's connections again began to stir up once more. And, unfortunately, it was once again the truth.

The pressure the Spear Faction was facing from the Sword Faction was already great after the fall of the Stalwart Polearm Faction. After a year, that pressure was even greater, and Leonel's actions didn't help at all.

No normal spearman dared to call out Leonel to his face because they all feared his aunt, but back then, Leonel had still felt the heavy atmosphere that hung around.

Many thought that Leonel was ignoring all of the pressure and wouldn't come out until he broke into the Sixth Dimension, many of the geniuses of his generation were also preparing for their breakthrough into the God Path as well.

It made sense, Treanna was a terrible enemy to have, anyone would want to be prepared.

But, it was also clear that no one without background would have been able to deal with this matter as easily as Leonel had, leading to more dissatisfaction and an even heavier weight being pressed upon the Spear Faction.

Now they had not only lost their strongest Party, their prestige was circling the drain.

Dmitry didn't hold back in explaining these things to Leonel, causing him to fall into silence.

Leonel hadn't thought that his casual choice to focus on calligraphy would have such an outcome.

[Chapter 1470 Constellations](#)

"I see." Leonel nodded.

The Spear Faction seemed to be more important than he thought. Usually, talks of prestige and public perception wouldn't bother him that much, but the more he learned about the Dimensional Verse, the more he had come to understand that many things weren't as simple as black and white.

For example, the so-called Constellation Alliance Nazag had mentioned had rolled off of Leonel's shoulders before, he hadn't really cared. But then when he was reading in the Void Library, something suddenly clicked for him.

The Lio family, the Pyius family, the Tarius family, the Gemin family, the Lira family, the Taur family, the Cornus family, the Cancer family, the Ram family, the Virgo family, the Quarius family, and the Pisc family.

Of those families, Leonel had had run-ins with all of them during the True Selection, some in passing, and some in much more fierce confrontations. He hadn't known their names before, but when he did come to know them, the answer was so glaring that he couldn't ignore it.

Weren't their names too similar to Earth's 12 most important constellations? Whether by legend of infamy, who of Earth didn't know those 12 names? They might have been a bit different, but three was already a coincidence, so what exactly did a dozen make?

One might ask why this was even important and what it had to do with Leonel's thoughts of public perception.

Well, the answer was quite simple for a person whose mind worked like Leonel's.

How did Earth so suddenly stumble into such names for their constellations? Anyone who had ever seen the actual alignment of stars could very easily tell that said constellations looked very little like their namesakes. Whoever named them most definitely had an overactive imagination and would probably see entire storylines while cloud watching.

If the star patterns were hardly recognizable from their constellation patterns, then how exactly had Earth stumbled onto the exact right names?

It wasn't just the name that was similar, but even the meaning behind them seemed perfect.

Take Vega Quarius for example, the very same woman who tried to recruit Aina into her Faction. Was her hair not blue? Was that a coincidence? It seemed like a ridiculous one.

Even further, many had seen Vega fight before, she was without question someone with a strong water affinity.

And what about Nazag Tarius? Could it be any more on the nose that his family was part of the Constellation Bow Alliance and that he was a genius archer?

And then there was the overly arrogant Conon Lio who had a head and face of golden hair that quite frankly looked more like the mane of a lion than anything a human should have.

[AN: I have no idea which bastard wrote this, but we Leos are not arrogant, we're just very handsome and everyone hates us for it]

All of these things couldn't possibly be coincidences. So, what had happened? Had these families sent representatives of Earth to spread word of their family names?

That didn't make much sense to Leonel. At the very least, if they had taken such an approach, the names wouldn't have been "kind of similar", they would have been exact. In addition, what would be the point of that?

But then Leonel felt that he was still thinking too rigidly. What if there was actually a benefit to spreading your fame like this? If Artistic Conception could wield such power, who was to say that there weren't other things that Leonel had been unaware of that could potentially hold such strength?

Then Leonel remembered that in his second ever Zone, he became enemies with Shield Cross Stars because they had interfered with Joan. And then they actually appeared again in Camelot's Zone.

By this point in his analysis, Leonel had to take a step back and shake his head. The actions of Shield Cross Stars had been very conservative and very covert, it couldn't be compared to something so obvious. And, clearly, changing up the names a bit wasn't exactly stealthy.

Though it wasn't obvious, there seemed to be a bit of a taboo in talking about Earth.

No one here ever mentioned Earth, no one in the Luxnix family had mentioned it, and everyone seemed to approach Earth in a hands off fashion. Leonel didn't believe that these families would be so brazen.

There was a piece of the puzzle Leonel thought he was missing. But, that was when he thought about things in the reverse fashion.

What if it wasn't that the families wanted to spread their influence to strengthen themselves, but rather that they were powerful already and as a result, the influence of their constellations influenced Earth unknowingly?!

The more Leonel thought about it, the more he felt it made sense.

When he fused an Artistic Conception into his spear, even if someone couldn't quite understand the foundation and root of it, he could still convey a feeling. And, what was the Constellation Realm if not the ultimate Artistic Conception?!

It was the highest Realm you could touch and the strongest Universal Cycle you could comprehend. It made sense that if it took its place in the night sky, that people would be able to vaguely understand the meaning it was trying to convey. And, if it was strong enough, maybe even hear a little bit of its name.

Of course, there were many other things Leonel was confused about. For example, weren't he constellations in the Milky Way? But they weren't even in the same Galaxy anymore.

However, toward these questions, he could only ignore them as this was probably related to higher level secrets he wasn't aware of.

The original point of this line of thought stood strong, though. Things like reputation, while feeling intangible, could actually have real world impact even on a Third Dimensional world countless light years away.

In that case, what effect did they have on higher Dimensions that were far closer?

The Spear Faction's blade seemed to be dulling continuously and their enemies were taking advantage of it as they pleased.

Leonel never cared much for the spear as a weapon. He chose it originally by coincidence, and then he stuck with it because he had a Lineage Factor to pair with it.

But, if there was one thing he did care about, it was losing. He really hated to lose.

"Thank you for the information, Dmitry. Can you show me what Void Star Missions are available, please?"