

Descent 1481

[Chapter 1481 Scolded](#)

"—Right, as I was saying, fighting between disciples is usually not policed and competition is encouraged, but such a thing is also only allowed within certain limitations. If a Domain Ranked senior came down to thrust their sword at me, how would I even manage to survive?"

"Thus, fights between disciples with large Rank divisions between them must be sanctioned or occur during certain exceptions.

"For example, if I enter a Faction's territory, they can deal with me with students and the entire full Rank above me without breaking the rules. Or, if I attack a higher Rank disciple first, then it doesn't matter what Rank they are.

"However, in this situation, that did not happen. I'm only in the Level 9 Quadrant Rank, but this Micrath individual attacked me. Not only did he attack me, but he attacked to kill.

"This is a violation of a Taboo Law. The exact Law states that Killing or Killing Intent toward a fellow disciple is prohibited. It's usually impossible to prove Killing Intent so it's rarely enforced, but he spoke quite clearly that he had intentions to kill me, I'm sure many heard it.

"But, this was just one of the Taboo Laws that he broke. Another is that a disciple of the Void Palace is the arbiter of peace for the Human Domain, they must not lay hands on or have the intent to harm the commoners.

"I might be ignorant of many things, but I know my father well enough to know that it's an impossibility that his name wouldn't be on at least one leaderboard. And yet, I don't see his name. The only explanation is that his name has been wiped from the record, meaning that he isn't a person of the Void Palace and should be able to receive its protection.

"And yet, this Micrath individual said that he would take his head in the future? Is that not intent to harm the commoners?"

"I could list many other violations he's crossed, especially since he's on duty as the representative of a Majority Leader.

"Since it doesn't look like you believe me, I can still list at least one. When he came here, he said "I sentence you to death". Even if I committed the crime of breaking a Taboo Law, that would still be grounds for punishment.

"Vigilante justice is not allowed and represents the breaking of another rule. If anyone could dole out punishment, then what would we need the Void Senate for?"

"If that's not enough, I can list another one too—"

"That's enough!" Cornelius finally couldn't take it anymore.

The moment Leonel started talking about Velasco and even called him a commoner, he almost couldn't stop himself from laughing anymore. There had to be a limit to shamelessness. That rule was in place to protect the weak, not to protect the man whom even the Void Elders were apprehensive of!

Aina bit her lips hard trying to hold back her laughter. Much of the crowd, even those dissatisfied with Leonel, couldn't help but look away, trying to hide the amusement in their eyes. Even Cornelius himself was forced to stop Leonel before he got any closer to losing his composure.

The only person who seemed truly infuriated was Micarth himself. Why was he being treated like some sort of jumping clown? He had been able to remain calm previously because he could already see the sign of Leonel's death. But, after being blown back twice and then forced to stop just before he could unleash his full strength, he felt stifled beyond compare.

Now he was forced to just stand here and listen to Leonel's nonsense. It was absolutely infuriating.

"Leonel, this is a serious matter. Since you're so familiar with the laws, you should also know that what you've done is intolerable. This cannot be allowed."

"I broke a Taboo Law?" Leonel blinked, feigning confusion. "I've read the laws of the Void Palace front to back, but even if I hadn't, there are only a few Taboo Laws and everyone knows them. I wouldn't be stupid enough to accidentally break one."

Cornelius' brow furrowed. This was much less funny, Leonel wasn't taking this matter seriously at all.

Setting aside the fact no one would believe a Fifth Dimensional existence had read all of their laws front to back, just the fact Leonel dared to say this made Cornelius' favorable impression plummet. Did Leonel think that he would just help him sweep this matter under the rug?

Even if Cornelius knew that killing Leonel would cause trouble, he was a man who followed the letter of the law to the end. Even if he had to allow the Void Palace to sacrifice him to sate Velasco's rage, he would do it. But, he wouldn't let Leonel prance atop his head like this.

"Leonel—!"

Cornelius' voice was much more forceful, the momentum of a Seventh Dimensional existence blooming forth in waves. Many couldn't help but take a step back.

Leonel frowned, his joking attitude vanishing.

"This is so annoying," Leonel said, cutting Cornelius off. "No one bothers to do their research anymore. Someone said I castrated a person now it's suddenly fact? Did either of you two who came to mete out punishment even go and check?"

"The Taboo states that the crime of castration is punishable by death, but I didn't castrate him. I crushed his penis and one of his balls, the other one is just fine. He can have children in the future. I have things to do, go and double check what the truth is before wasting my time.

"And I also hope this supposed Suiard family member is also punished to the standards of the law."

Leonel took Aina's hand and walked away, heading right toward his next mission sight.

Cornelius' lip twitched. He was trying to help Leonel previously, how had he suddenly ended up being scolded?

Only crushed one penis and one ball? Was he supposed to go and verify that now?

Cornelius' expression changed suddenly thinking of something. He stepped through the air, vanishing in the blink of an eye.

Micarth was left behind, seething.

[Chapter 1482 Foul Play](#)

"Why'd you choose that approach? He was trying to help, you know. He didn't deserve that," Aina said disapprovingly.

Hearing this, Leonel nodded.

"You're not wrong, but I wanted to get out of there fast. He needs to get over there quite quickly if he wants to stop what's likely to happen and this was the fastest way. If I had said it more nicely, we'd still be there exchanging words."

Aina raised an eyebrow, Leonel wasn't wrong. But, what required such speed?

She shook her head for a moment before she suddenly thought of something. Her gaze sparked with fury.

"You think?"

"it's possible. I didn't really think about it before, but after seeing Micarth, I wouldn't put it past them."

"You're not worried?"

Leonel' grinned. "Not really. The formation I drew around them isn't all that easy to deal with. They'd be able to take down the two women so long as their strength is great enough. But, it'll take more than strength to take down that bastard."

Leonel had hung up Eliot in the middle of the two women for a reason. In fact, Eliot's stake was dug into the ground right at the very center of the formation.

Leonel was a man who had been able to teleport out dozens of geniuses from the depths of a Rapax Nest. Even though he hadn't picked up a Force Crafting Quill in over a year now, his skill had still been increasing by leaps and bounds, whether it was his subtle breakthroughs in comprehension, his understanding of calligraphy and poetry, or his stint in the Void Library.

The number of research papers Leonel had read on Crafting and spatial rings especially was astronomical. There was likely no other disciple beneath the Domain rank that understood better how to manipulate space through Force Arts than he did right now.

If they thought pulling the wool over his eyes and taking advantage of him was so easy, they'd be sorely mistaken.

**

As Leonel and Aina entered their second Zone together, Leonel's assumptions were coming true in real-time. The infuriated members of Treanna Faction had already managed to bring Jova and Emonie down, but now matter how hard they tried to get to Eliot, they found themselves being thrown back.

Treanna herself seemed to refuse to make an appearance, but many members of her Faction were trying to save face by taking him down. However, there were several in the group that had darker than usual faces.

"At this rate, we're not going to be able to fulfill Faction Leader's command."

"This is ridiculous, I don't believe that we can't deal with this. Did the Earth Force specialist come over yet? We need to crack the ground and then we can get to him."

"We already tried that but he wasn't strong enough. You know breaking the ground in this place is tough. The only Earth Affinity specialists with any kind of strength in this place before reaching the upper tiers of the Sixth Dimensional are the Morales... The others all stink."

"So then we just have to invite one of them over! We have plenty in the Faction!"

"You know that the moment we became Silver we've been on a race to Gold, Faction Leader isn't willing to be patient anymore, we spent too long as Bronze Ranked building up our foundation, it's time to explode in growth."

"They're all doing missions? Not even one remained?"

"It can't be helped, battle merits are our greatest weak point ever since Faction Leader lost most of the Void Merits she gained from the leaderboards, that's why this is so important."

"Fuck, I'm going to try again!"

A young charged forward, his feet stomping hard just outside of the lines Leonel had drawn before launching himself forward.

His speed wasn't slow in the slightest, and his strength was great. Many who saw this could only nod to themselves. The Galaxy Ranked disciples of Treanna's Green Thread Faction were not weak at all, it was just that Leonel seemed to make them look like that.

Usually by now, the crowd would have long since dispersed, and that it had. Unfortunately for their Silver Grade Faction, Leonel had tied them up right in the middle of the main road leading to a Senate Branch. There was no escaping it.

The young man shot up like a speed bullet, but he immediately realized that he wasn't going to make it.

It was at that moment that a sinister light flashed in his eyes.

A whip appeared in his palm and it cracked with lightning before he flicked his wrist. To an outsider, it looked like he was trying to cut Eliot down by the stake, but he knew his true motive.

Just when the whip was about to reach the stake, a strong spatial fluctuation sent the young man reeling backward. But, how many times had the young man experienced this? He was already prepared.

At that exact moment, he "lost" control of his whip and it just barely changed trajectory, aiming for Eliot's crotch.

The region was nothing but a bloodied mess. By now, the crimson had faded and hardened, becoming lumps of black and dangling flesh no one could make out from the other. It was only the Green Thread Faction members that had noticed that Eliot actually had one testicle left.

When this was relayed to Treanna, she gave a very simple command.

Crush it.

Her goal was clear. She wouldn't give Leonel any room to maneuver and wanted to force him into a dead end. What would happen if Leonel's claims were investigated, only for everyone to learn that he had actually "lied" and Eliot really was castrated?

The strike of the young man was vicious and his acting was perfect. On top of that, everyone already believed that Eliot had been castrated, so who would think of foul play?

There wasn't a single person in the Void Palace that wasn't a genius among geniuses. Even this seemingly random young man had so skillfully timed and controlled his whip like this, already calculating that his strike would be perfect.

[Chapter 1483 The Right Way? \[Bonus \]](#)

Just as the whip was about to connect, a wild distortion formed.

Before the young man could react, the tip of his whip, which had just been moments away from crushing what was left of Eliot's manhood, suddenly appeared before his face.

BANG!

The young man's face distorted, his jaw shattered and his tongue nearly being cut in two.

He skid along the ground, his body shooting off into the distance.

Before he even landed, the humiliation had welled up in his heart. He had actually been slapped by his own weapon, in the history of the Void Palace, this was maybe the first time such a thing had happened.

He crashed into the ground, holding his jaw as his body was shaken by pain. If it wasn't for his relative immunity to lightning, the effects would have been even more drastic than it was here and now. He might have even lost his life.

At that moment, another member of the Faction came rushing over, clutching a spatial ring in their hands. Seeing such a scene, they didn't even hesitate. They shot forward, ignoring the fallen youth and appearing at the edge of Leonel's formation.

The spatial ring they were clutching flashed, revealing the form of a chain that snaked outward for hundreds of meters. Everywhere it passed, everything would be crushed to pieces.

The youth grabbed onto the end of the chain with two hands, beads of sweat falling down their brows as they pulled hard.

The chain whipped and writhed, eventually closing in around Leonel's formation like a winding tornado. Except this tornado was formed of chains and not wind.

The sound of shattering glass and earth resounded, the formation Leonel had drawn into the ground splintering and splitting as cracks spread along its form.

The chain squeezed forward, wrapping around the base of Eliot's stake and crushing it to pieces.

Eliot fell, his body still limp. He had long since forced himself into a state of unconsciousness. The only good thing about Leonel's formation was that it decreased the concentration of Anarchic Force a small measure, making it just a bit more bearable, just enough for him to close his eyes.

But, with a sudden jolt, he was awoken and a familiar pain shot through his body. He cried out as he crashed to the ground.

The youth that had saved him wrestled with the chain whip before remembering that the spatial ring was specially designed for just this moment. After pouring their Force into the ring, the chain whip let out a roar before it was unceremoniously pulled back, saving Eliot from the fate of being crushed.

The members of the Green Thread Faction rushed forward, however those with a more... purposeful light in their eyes were faster, their command Treanna had given them ringing in their ears. Their only thoughts were of finding a chance to do things covertly. This was an even better opportunity than the lightning whip youth had managed to get.

With things like this, there wouldn't even be a question. How could anyone this Eliot's own faction would castrate him?

Unfortunately... It wasn't meant to be.

At that moment, a powerful aura descended from the skies. In a single step, Cornelius had crossed the large distance, appearing above Eliot.

A gentle wind pushed everyone out of the way as he appeared before Eliot's writhing body.

He placed a palm upon the latter's head, causing the latter to fall into another deep sleep before checking his body.

'He really did only castrate a single testicle...'

Cornelius looked around. When his gaze met that of the youth, they looked away with guilty-ridden expressions. As a man who had experienced too much, Cornelius realized that he had really made it just in time. Unfortunately, there was no proof of any wrongdoing so he could only let things slide.

Cornelius shook his head. 'Just like his father, he refuses to explain anything even when people are helping him. This brat really will be my undoing.'

Cornelius didn't really have a choice. He had been tasked by the Void Elders to make sure that Leonel didn't cause too much upheaval, and he understood Velasco's temper quite well.

If Leonel really did something wrong, Velasco likely wouldn't protect him. While part of the reason Cornelius was willing to mete out punishment to Leonel was because of his own sense of justice, another reason was that he knew that no one would blame him, including Velasco himself.

Others might think that Velasco was like a looming threat constantly protecting Leonel's back, but Cornelius knew that Velasco was a man who didn't even lift a finger to bring his own brother out of a pit of despair, let alone his own son. That was just the kind of man he was.

As long as things were done in an upright matter, he wouldn't even frown. However, if he sniffed even the slightest hint of subterfuge...

Well, Rosen, who had lost his arm, was a prime example of the consequences.

"This is good, the child hasn't been castrated, take him to be treated."

With Cornelius having said this, the youths knew that their plans would no longer work. Nodding respectfully, they picked Eliot up and rushed away.

Cornelius sighed. 'Sometimes I wonder if this is the right way to raise the youths. By the time they're old enough to make real decisions, these sorts of grudges won't be able to be erased.'

Cornelius shook his head. Claspng his hands behind his back, he vanished once more. With all the storms brewing around Leonel now, he should take some time to himself now, because he probably wouldn't get any more for a while into the future.

...

Leonel and Aina blazed through the Zones one after another and soon news of their exploits began to spread. Matched with Leonel's battle with Jova and Micarth, this seemed to propel them into a different sort of spotlight entirely.

Soon, the pair only had their hardest mission remaining and a new fire had been lit beneath the Void Palace Galaxy Ranked disciples.

A calculative light flashed in Leonel's eyes as he thought of how he would best take advantage of this situation.

[Chapter 1484 Wade Through A Dream \[Bonus\]](#)

Leonel exhaled a long breath, ruffling his hair. But, it didn't carry its familiar volume and softness. Rather, it was heavy and wet, soaked through with his sweat. Even for him and Aina, taking on so many missions at once was definitely quite a challenge, especially since they had a time period to complete them all.

Of course, they could have done it leisurely, but what would have been the point of that? Not only would they not gain the benefits of training without pushing themselves, but they'd also probably have to deal with more of Treanna's nonsense during their break periods.

The final two missions were the most challenging of the bunch. They had originally been Level 5 and 6 Galaxy Ranked missions respectively before they became Void Missions, and now they were both Three Star. One was related to goblins again while the second was related to Rapax.

Leonel realized that most Galaxy Ranked missions seemed to be related to goblins and this probably wasn't a coincidence. The Dwarven Race probably had the greatest variety in strength and, likewise, had the largest concentration of weaker groups and organizations to take advantage of.

One shouldn't be fooled by the fact that Leonel and the others were sent into a Rapax Nest, if not for the severe weakening of the race, not to mention the interference of the Three Finger Cult, even the Suiard family would have never taken such a risk. And yet, even then, they had to break the rules to do so.

The Dwarven Race was probably the only one with similar average strength to humans. However, they were still above humans in the pecking order purely because they had an Eighth Dimensional world and humans did not.

One might wonder, then, why other races weren't planning to target the Dwarven Race like they would the Human Domain, and the answer to that was they had. In fact, they did so all the time. It was just that the Dwarven Race was exceptionally good at defense.

When it came to guerilla tactics, extending battles and schemes, the Dwarven Race was unmatched. Battling on their home field was like asking for death.

When Leonel and Aina began tackling higher level missions, they would no doubt include other high level races. Just the fact that Spirituals had a 'drawing dead' level in the Void Tower already spoke volumes.

Stepping over a final corpse, Leonel pushed through the vault of Dwarven Race.

A year ago, Leonel and Aina had exited their first Void Mission on the fourth day, but why was that? They had already finished scouting after the first day and should have wrapped up the mission during the second, so why did they take an extra two days to leave?

The reason was simple: because you could take things out of a Unique Zone.

The small shield that covered his privates wasn't the only thing Leonel had gotten out of that Zone. In fact, he had spent the next two days trying to decode some of the Dwarven Race's Force Arts to see what he could glean from them.

Unfortunately, the answer was not much.

While you could take things out of this kind of Unique Zone, things could also easily become distorted. Information was among the worst things to pull out of a Zone like this as it could easily lead you astray.

However, Leonel was a hyper-analytical person. Finding faults and flaws was what he was best at, these distortions didn't bother him at all.

Still, he hadn't been able to get much out of the first Zone. If anything, the only benefit was that he got to spend more time teasing Aina, but there was nothing else aside from a small tidbit here and there. There was definitely nothing that could help him draw anything near as powerful as the formation that had kept him and Aina trapped.

Leonel, though, didn't choose to give up.

Every time they finished a Dwarven Race mission, he would take a look around to see if there was anything he could find, slowly cobbling together bits and pieces of a new language.

He was sure that others had tried to do this before, he had even seen research papers in the Void Library about it. But, there was nothing conclusive or holistic enough. Much like the Spirituals could protect their intellectual secrets, so too could the goblins. In fact, they were even better at it.

While Spirituals were powerful purely because they were talented as a race overall, the goblins were different. They couldn't afford for their secrets to come out as it would have a huge impact on their whole race and even lead to their extinction.

Everything they left behind was designed to destroy itself, and anything that was left was designed to mislead.

Knowing this, it was unsurprising that even after going through over a dozen goblin Void Missions, Leonel still didn't find much of anything.

'Nothing again, huh... They're quite good at this...'

Leonel smiled, looking into the vault to find nothing but nonsense. What was left behind might as well have been a picture of the goblins mooning him, they were quite a funny and snarky race of people. Leonel couldn't help but laugh.

"If you really want to study this stuff, you'll probably have to go to their territory," Aina walked to his side, scanning the vault.

"Maybe if it was someone else, but your hubby is a special case."

Aina rolled her eyes and ignored Leonel, just waiting for him to show off like he usually did.

"I realized something in the Void Tower while we were climbing. Don't you feel that it was a lot like a Zone?"

Aina blinked before her brows furrowed.

"It's too different. Our bodies don't go in, but..." Aina's irises flashed. "... It did feel a lot like a Zone now that you say it."

Leonel nodded. The feeling was vague because he hadn't been awake, but his Dream Force affinity was simply too high not to pick up on the similarities.

"It's just a theory for now, but I wonder if Zones are projections of Dream Force. Just think about Mythological Zones for a second. How is it that Fairy Tales can become real? And why is it only that the most popular Fairy Tales manifest despite the fact that there are so many variations of them?"

"What if it's a collective projection of a collective Dream Force of everyone who's ever read or told the story? After reaching a certain concentration, the Zone is formed. After all, isn't Dream Force just consciousness?"

Aina's eyes glowed with a fiercer and fiercer light. Something about Leonel's words made her heart skip several beats, as though they were stumbling onto something they had no business touching at their current level.

Aina had no idea just how true this was, and the kind of heft Leonel's statement carried with it.

"So what does this have to do with this Zone?"

"Well, history is not too different from fairy tales, are they? The only difference is that there were a large number of individuals who witnessed the event as it was, so it's more difficult to distort. Projections onto the past from the future won't be able to change what the reality was, so as such, there are very few changes.

"But, what about a Unique Zone like this? It's kept open for decades, centuries even, its resources continually plucked. As time passes, the original solid Dream Force becomes influenced by our future projections of what the truth was. As a result, they distort and all sorts of oddities can appear.

"Then, the facts become so skewed and ridiculous that it feels like we're in a dream, almost.

"But... what if you have a high enough Dream Force affinity to wade through this dream?"

[Chapter 1485 An Idea](#)

If the Dominion Disciples who had taken an interest in Leonel's stint at the Void Library could hear his words now, they would have been astonished. They were already aware why the Void Library and Void Tower placed so much emphasis on Dream Force, but they had already been in the Void Palace for decades, many over a century...

How long had it taken them to piece information even close to this together, let alone finally be told by others and let into the fold?

And yet, Leonel had been here for barely over a year, most of which was spent locked in a room ruminating over poetry, and yet he had already begun to draw such conclusions? In fact, it was correct to say that Leonel had figured this out almost the exact moment he woke up from his small coma.

"You... Want to use Dream Force to peer into the Dwarven Race's secrets?"

Aina frowned, she wasn't a big fan of this. She already knew by now that Leonel had gotten stuck in a dream before. Though she didn't understand everything, she had her own deductions.

Back then, Leonel had been stuck in a battle with the Spiritual, and he was trying to use the opportunity to strengthen his soul. But, the reality was that Leonel's soul hadn't even gone into the Void Tower, so how could this happen?

Aina believed that Leonel was more aware than most others would be that he was in a virtual world. While others might be consciously aware that they were in the Void Tower with their minds and not their bodies, they still wouldn't feel any different.

Leonel, however, should have been keenly aware of this difference, almost like a lucid dreamer. No, even deeper than a lucid dream, more like that odd state of wakefulness and sleep where you could still slip back into a dream whenever you wanted.

Aina believed that because Leonel was so aware, he had ended up playing with fire. Fiddling around the connection had caused a catalyzation of Dream Force which even Leonel couldn't handle.

Such a catalyzation would have led to an overload of sorts. On one hand, it would easily explain how Leonel had managed to make it to Seventh Dimensional floors. After all, with the Dream Force being

distorted, anything could happen. This would also explain why the Void Tower was perfectly fine and no one else was implicated.

On the other hand, it could also explain Leonel's injuries. With the line of reality and dream blurred, Leonel likely accidentally caused these injuries to him.

Aina knew that she didn't have the whole story, because none of this could explain the massive changes to Leonel's Mage Core, or his sudden evolution into a Starry Tailed Fox, but she believed that this would describe at least 70-80% of what happened. As for the remaining 20%, maybe they would never know.

It was precisely because of this, though, that Aina was worried. If Leonel started playing around with Dream Force again, what would happen this time?

Before, it had been the Void Tower controlling the flow of Dream Force and Leonel was overwhelmed. How could he match up to Dream Force controlled by an entire Zone, then?! One was only capable of projecting a fake world, while the other was as real as it could get. You could even take things out of here!

Of course, this was only the case if Leonel's deductions were correct. If Zones had nothing to do with Dream Force at all, then there would be nothing to worry about. Leonel would just fail again and they could be on their merry ways. But if he was correct...

"Yeah, don't you think it could work? Just imagine it. If my Dream Force affinity is high enough, then I could dig up any secret I want from a Zone!

"There's already a precedent for this as well, no? Remember the Silver Empire? And how do Empires like them have to distort their Zones so that their enemies can't use them to dig up information about their secrets?

"Theoretically, if I can hone a technique capable of seeing through Dream Force distortions, then even such powerful families and Empires couldn't hide anything from me so long as I can enter one of their Zones.

"It's beyond that too. At a certain point, I'd never need to worry about failing a Zone again. Even if I can't take control of the Dream Force outside of my body, just being able to see through it would make a lot of Zones easy to clear."

"Leonel, stop," Aina said seriously.

"Hm?" Leonel blinked, realizing that Aina was upset. "What's wrong?"

"You just got lost in your Dream just a year ago, and that was just to the Void Tower. It's way too dangerous for you to be playing around with this stuff. What if, this time, you don't wake up?"

Aina's voice was quite stern, but it still carried its usual enchanting air. It was just that, this time, this air was tinged with the hint of a sob as though she was trying not to choke up.

Leonel sighed before frowning a bit. It was hard to explain, but he felt very confident in doing this. He had already used the previous Zones they had entered as a measuring stick in order to check a few of his hypotheses.

This was why explaining things was such a headache, now, he had worried her for no reason. Wouldn't it have been easier for him to just take on all the burden and show her the good results?

Leonel scratched his head, the familiar sheen of sweat moistening his palms.

Leonel was correct. It wasn't the Void Tower at all that had pulled him into such a state, it was something different. He and maybe the Void Elders were the only ones who knew this. But, it was difficult to explain in words, and it was another thing entirely if Aina would believe him.

The exasperated side of Leonel just wanted to do it anyway, but he shook his head. If he kept doing this, then the rift between them would never fully close.

Then, his eyes lit up with an idea.

Without allowing Aina to protest, he took hold of her small hand.

[Chapter 1486 Rewind](#)

It was only a matter of a thought. Leonel had originally designed this ability so that Aina would be able to use his Ability Index as a proxy to increase the range of her own Ability Index outside of her body. But, who said that powerful abilities couldn't be used to flirt?

The moment Leonel held Aina's hand, he connected his Starry Spirit Domain with hers, the feeling making her gasp out in shock.

Back when Aina had connected with Yuri, the feeling was overwhelming and she instantly felt that her mind was tired. But, with Leonel taking on all the computing ability, it felt like she had gained Leonel's thinking speed, and she was quite speechless about what to say.

Was this how fast Leonel talked all the time? No wonder he couldn't stand to explain things to people, by the time you understood his thought, he would have had a thousand more.

"See? I'm confident."

Aina blinked, feeling that Leonel really wasn't lying to her. But, she still felt a bit stubborn about it. If it wasn't the Void Tower, then what could have possibly caused it?

"Just keep holding my hand," she said defiantly. "If you fall into a dream, we're falling into a dream together. That way, I can at least kick your ass until we starve to death or accidentally jump off the nearest building."

Leonel laughed and obliged. It was fine by him, as far as he was concerned, he had gained big here. What was there to hate about holding a maiden's hand?

Soon, though, Leonel had already turned his attention back to the vault, three illusory tails blooming to his back as he forced his Starry Spirit Domain to expand. With a range of five meters, he could only touch upon a fraction of the space around him, but he already had areas that he wanted to focus on.

Leonel closed his eyes. He didn't need his eyes to see everything around him as clear as day. In fact, everything within his Starry Spirit Domain was even clearer than when he used his eyes alone, nothing could compare.

Every small little detail was reflected back to him, every nook and cranny being scanned and stored into his Dream World.

He focused more and more. What he had now was too surface level, too shallow. He needed to get deeper, into the very essence of the location itself, reaching beyond just the images, and into what constructed them.

Everything was formed of Force at some level, especially at the highest Dimensions. Only the Third Dimension could get away with the simplicity of physics and chemistry to explain everything. Upon touching the Quasi Fourth Dimension, everything changed.

Leonel could feel the variant Earth Forces that made up the ground and walls, he could sense the Wind Force circulating through the air, the Wood Force sustain the vitality of... the chairs?

There were all sorts of oddities like this every, and he picked up on them all. However, Leonel realized instantly that if he was in the outside world, such a thing would have been impossible for him. He might have been able to sense the variant Earth Forces, but Wind and Wood Force? He didn't have the affinity necessary!

That was when it clicked for Leonel, his lips curling into a smile.

The reason he could sense these Forces here was that it wasn't these Forces at all. Rather, it was Dream Force masquerading itself!

It was no wonder Leonel could sense it all so clearly. This wasn't the true embodiment of these Forces at all, rather it was just how most people would view them.

'No, it isn't that simple. If it weren't a true embodiment, then everyone who entered a Zone, so long as they had at least one decent affinity, they would feel that something was off. Unless...'

Since Dream Force was a representation of consciousness, could it be that everyone who entered a Zone was just fooled? Even if they had a high affinity, they would be tricked into thinking this Dream Force was the true form of their favorite Force.

'If things are like that, then...'

Leonel's mind sunk deeper. He had spent time looking for Dream Force, but his approach had been wrong from the very beginning. Everything he was Dream Force!

In that case, what he should be doing wasn't looking for Dream Force. Instead, he should be already be parsing apart what he was seeing. He would just treat everything like it was Dream Force.

The first thing Leonel tried to do was manipulate the Dream Force around him, but as he had already expected, it was impossible. His Ability Index wasn't designed to work like that and he seemed to be shackled from doing so.

He could project his Dream Force out and into his Starry Spirit Domain, but he couldn't take control of the Dream Force that was already here.

However, Leonel wasn't worried about this. If he could actually do such a thing, he could probably cause the entire Zone to collapse. That was something that he wasn't sure if he would be able to control properly. But, this was within what he could do.

Instead of taking control of the Dream Force, he used his affinity with it to peer into its secrets.

Leonel was able to perfectly reconstruct every scene within a five meter radius of him. After reconstructing it, he was able to insert a 100% clone into his Dream Simulation. And then...

He could rewind the clock.

The higher the Dimension, the more difficult it was for Leonel to use his Dream Simulation ability. Usually, he had millions of constraints he had to deal with and the things he could simulate were pretty much within his body and his body alone.

This made sense. If Leonel wanted to simulate something, he needed a perfect understanding of something. The less comprehension he had, the worse the simulation.

But now that everything around him was constructed of Dream Force... How could he possibly have a limited understanding of it?

A wild grin spread across Leonel's face as a Force Art that had long since been destroyed began to reform in his mind.

[Chapter 1487 Dream Rewind](#)

The closer Leonel got to the finished product, the paler he seemed to become. But, even then, his gaze glowed brighter and brighter.

It was working, it was truly working. Leonel's breathing was heavy, but his vision suddenly started to go black.

...

"—Leonel! LEONEL!"

Leonel shot up, a spurt of blood coming from his nose and dripping down his lips. He quickly wiped it away, his head behind swallowed up by a mind splitting headache.

It took Leonel several moments for his eyes to focus, but when they finally did, he expression twisted into a frown.

He had failed.

"Are you okay?"

Aina looked Leonel up and down, only sighing in relief when he seemed to be intact. But then, she too, began to frown.

"I told you it was dangerous!"

Leonel shook his head. "I was never in danger of falling into a Dream, the problem is something else. I just tried to reconstruct a Force Art that was beyond me. If it wasn't Seventh Dimensional, then it was

definitely near the peak of the Sixth Dimension. It's beyond me to reconstruct something like that, not until I step into Sixth Dimension."

In truth, Leonel had been close. But, in this case, close wasn't close enough. With the way this ability of his worked, or rather, Dream Rewind, if he reached a barrier he couldn't cross, then nothing he could do now would allow him to cross it.

He had been too ambitious and picked inappropriately. It was already difficult to keep Starry Spirit Domain fully active. To layer Dream Rewind on top of that was like asking for pain. He could only admit that he had done this to himself.

Eventually, Leonel chuckled. "Don't be like that, you know it wasn't that dangerous. It's just a bloody nose and a light headache, it'll be gone in half an hour or so. Instead, we should focus on finding things that we can take advantage of. I bit off more than I can chew, but there definitely are things here that we can benefit from.

"Think about it. The Dwarven Race, despite being physically weaker than maybe even humans, have been able to defend themselves for so long. They definitely have a lot of things that we can learn from."

After reading all those Fourth Dimensional books of the Void Library, Leonel's foundational knowledge didn't lack to most anyone. Not only was he now aware of more intricate details, he was also now aware that the term 'goblin race' was derogatory, so he took heed to not use it.

If there was anything his stint in the Rapax Nest had taught him, it was that even if other races thought differently from humans and had their own cultures, they were still living beings with the same amount of sentience as humans.

There was, of course, the question of beasts. But Leonel didn't feel that he was ready to go vegan just yet.

Aina shook her head. This man was pale faced and looked like he had a foot in the grave, but he was still talking about such nonsense. If she had a mirror right now, she'd definitely stick it in his face and tell him to take a nice long look.

"Don't give me that face, let me lie here for a little longer."

Leonel rested his head on Aina's lap again, dozing off. Toward this, she could only helplessly remain silent.

...

An hour later, Leonel awoke, feeling energized.

"Again!"

This time, since Aina understood the process, he didn't have to take her hand. Part of the reason he failed was that he had to process her thoughts as well. And, because she had access to his ability, she had been thinking no slower than him.

However, despite this, Leonel didn't try the same Force Art again, he knew it was beyond him. Aina or not, he would have still failed.

Instead, he targeted something simpler. Using his Dream Simulation, he separated out powerful Force Arts from the weaker ones. If he was correct, there was a chance that he could go back and try the complicated one later.

Ultimately, the reason it was so difficult to complete the high level Force Art was that he had no experience with Dwarven Race Force Arts. He started from zero, trying to build the very top of a skyscraper.

However, if he started with weaker Force Arts first, there should be some portions he would be able to fill in without relying on Dream Rewind, thus taking the brunt of the pressure off of the ability itself and making the process easier.

"Here, found something."

Leonel found the scraps of what was once a tome. The elaborate cover was still intact, but when you opened it, there was nothing more than a pile of ashes. Clearly, the pages had combusted and destroyed themselves.

'The Dwarven Race is truly ruthless with their stuff. So much destruction, and not a single one is identical. But, that much is fine... This is the perfect target. I'll start with just the first page or two. As it builds up, it'll naturally become easier to complete the latter portions.'

Leonel took a breath, focusing his mind.

Then, he began once more. This time, he was determined to succeed.

Dream Rewind.

Leonel had four more days left in this Zone. Even if he had to take a few hours' break between each use of Dream Rewind, he would still be able to gain a lot.

The truth was that Leonel wasn't doing this to gain strength. He hadn't even touched a single percent of the knowledge the Void Palace had to offer him just yet, he hadn't even learned about the God Path! It didn't make much sense, then, for him to be so obsessed with the knowledge wells of other races when he hadn't even fully understood humankind.

However, the Dwarven Race had fascinated him. And, if there was anything Leonel was good at, it was obsessing over things that fascinated him.

What he didn't know was that this fascination on his part would earn him a clue toward stepping beyond poetry and grasping the faint truths of music, a secret that the Dwarven Race had done too well in hiding.

[Chapter 1488 Hum](#)

After several minutes, the first page successfully formed, then the second, and finally the third. With each formation, Leonel's face grew paler, but he still managed to hold on.

When the 17th page was formed, Leonel's vision finally swam again, turning to blackness.

Leonel fell into another deep sleep, waiting up a couple of hours later to a familiar soft lap. Aina glared down at him, but he only grinned.

That was only 17 pages out of about half a thousand. However, the more pages he cleared, the faster he should be able to go through them. The time they had remaining should be just enough.

Leonel hurriedly stood up again, taking Aina's hand and bringing her to the side of the tome. With a movement, he flipped open the cover, opening up to the first page.

In truth, he didn't have to do this. Because he had already reconstructed it, the pages were seared into his mind. He wanted Aina to stop pouting, so he brought her over to show just how worth it the pain was. So long as they got something out of it, wasn't it worth it?

"Look at this, this seems to be a floor plan for the castle. They probably had to keep records so certain officials could know where all the traps were and how best to take advantage of them.

"It's a double edged sword in that way. They have a lot of tricks up their sleeves, but if their own aren't prepared to deal with and handle all of them, then it's all meaningless. If they end up harming themselves, then it would be counter productive."

The first five or so pages were all floorplans marked with various labels. Each of these labels denoted a different trap and a trap category. But, this wasn't the best part of the tome at all.

When Leonel flipped to the sixth page, his eyes lit up, and he squeezed Aina's hand. He looked like a kid on Christmas day, finally receiving the present he had been asking for months.

As expected, the floorplan wasn't enough. Not only did this tome note where the traps were, but they also noted what type of trap it was and how to maintain it. In addition, there were even logs for the frequency of maintenance needed and the last time such maintenance occurred!

"This is the first type of trap, it's under the false wall label and is like that trap we ran into a year ago. It was really cleverly set up and could catch a person off guard. So this is the Force Art behind it..."

Leonel's eyes glowed.

Force Arts were a mysterious thing. Just being able to see through one and understand its function, didn't mean you could understand how it was built and what foundation it relied upon.

One might wonder how Leonel was able to see through the truths of a formation he couldn't personally construct, but those that thought this way had a misunderstanding about Force Arts.

You could consider Force Arts like code and their function to be the program or software that was being executed. There were hundreds of programming languages, many of which could perform the exact same task and result in the same product.

For a Force Art language he didn't recognize, Leonel was able to "surf" the constructed website or delve into the "programmed" game, but he couldn't see the source code or even begin to decipher it. At best, he would be able to tell what sort of general steps he might have to take with his own coding language to reproduce the same effects.

However, much like with coding languages, Force Art languages weren't all created equal. Just because a language could do something, didn't mean it should. Some were far more of a hassle to use for certain tasks than others would, and this was yet another example.

The Luxnix Force Art language was very good at giving life to Force Arts. In fact, this wasn't just for the Snowy Star Owl. Leonel had learned long ago that this Force Art language originated from the Bronze Tablet, and it had many more secrets he had yet to uncover.

Likewise, the Dwarven Race Force Art language was exceptionally good at the formation of traps, deception, and defending.

Leonel could, somewhat, understand the underlying secrets of the Luxnix Force Art language. However, the Dwarven Force Art language was entirely foreign to him. So, when he finally laid eyes on it, he couldn't help but lose himself in a trance.

Seeing Leonel like this, despite her earlier dissatisfaction, Aina couldn't help but smile. She especially liked when Leonel became like this. Despite her having "wasted" a year in that training room with him, she didn't feel like it was a waste at all. Watching Leonel's work was a guilty pleasure of hers.

"This..."

As Leonel flipped through the pages, his heart beat wildly, and his shock only increased.

Leonel had seen the Force Arts of the Spirituals Race. Well, he had seen bits and pieces of it. Still, he was absolutely certain that there was no Force Art that could surpass it, at least at the time. Their Force Art system was simply too perfect, too without flaw. Despite Leonel being certain that it had only been optimized for strengthening the soul, it could accomplish so much more. He could fathom what the language the Spirituals used for Crafting would look like, and he had even been eager to see it.

But, when Leonel laid eyes on the intricacies of the Dwarven Race's Force Arts, he froze in place.

At first, he was just excited. But, as more time passed, the light in his eyes faded, and his mind became more and more focused. Eventually, a dense Auspicious Air began to waft from his body, building up like a cloud of dark gold.

Leonel's finger rose up, and he drew a line across the air, a thin wire of Force following his movements.

When he stopped, a hum resonated through the silent vault.

[Chapter 1489 All At Once](#)

Leonel had learned a lot from his time in the Void Library. Among the Fourth Dimensional information he had learned about, he had read a lot about the culture of the Dwarven Race.

He had learned about their love of darkness and the underground, he had learned about their mating rituals and practices, their love of nature, and he had also learned about their love of music. It was said that the Dwarven Race built their homes into mountains not just for darkness and safety, but also because it gave them the greatest control over the architecture.

The Dwarven Race didn't build their homes... they sculpted them.

By taking this approach, they were able to form a sort of resonance with the earth. The sounds traveled perfectly, better than even the greatest concert halls of Earth.

Although Leonel had never heard it, he learned that the Dwarven Race were known for their beautiful voices and that they were even able to use their wings to tune to their pitch and warp their sound.

Oddly enough, they didn't have to make or design any instruments of their own, insisting on using nature and their bodies as their two only mediums.

Leonel hadn't thought much about this when he read it, he had only been focused on consuming as much information as he could so that he could find the information he needed to save the Segmented Cube from a lifetime of being a paperweight. But, when he had begun reading through the tome this time around, his Dreamscape sparked.

Usually, when Leonel's Dreamscape leaped into action, it would connect him to some big discovery. But, this time, it just kept reminding him about these seemingly useless facts again and again. And that... was when Leonel finally noticed.

"Aina, hum this for me."

Aina blinked. She wasn't a very artistic person either, in that way, she and Leonel were a perfect match. In fact, she was actually even less artistic than Leonel since at least this boyfriend of hers was quite good at talking, she wasn't even able to do that.

Aina was quite aware that in their clashes of wit, Leonel often let her win. If not for this, she would probably never come out on top in a war of words with this man. This was only further confirmed after she learned how fast Leonel's mind worked.

By the time she finished a single retort, Leonel would have probably thought of a hundred more.

Seeing Aina hesitating, the coldness and focus in Leonel's gaze receded as he looked over and smiled.

"What, nervous?"

Seeing that Leonel was still in the mood to tease her, Aina rolled her eyes.

"I've never sung before, I don't even know if I could do it. My..."

Aina bit her lip.

She didn't have memories of it, but her father told her that her mother was quite fond of singing. This wasn't something that she had thought about in a very long time, a long lost memory that had only just dusted itself off. It left her heart feeling somewhat heavy.

However, when she felt the warmth of Leonel's hands, she felt more assured.

She leaned to the side, resting her cheek on his shoulder for a moment as they stood.

"I, for one, think it would be a shame if that beautiful voice of yours never sang."

Aina smiled. "Oh please, you've never asked me for this before. Clearly, you just want to use me for your little experiment."

Her heart already felt much lighter like this, she no longer minded as much.

Leonel meant his words, though. Ever since her curse had been lifted, the beauty and charm of Aina's voice had really come through.

Back then, when she hadn't been able to control her innate coercion, she make people hold onto her every word. But, in recent times, that coercion had been reined in, and she never saw Aina use it again. Now that the topic had come up, he somewhat wondered about it.

"Okay, I just need to match the tone, right? I'll try."

Though Aina said this, she didn't think it would be too hard. Both she and Leonel had great control over their bodies, something like outputting an even tone and note shouldn't be difficult.

"Let your coercion free too," Leonel suddenly said.

Aina blinked when she heard this, her soft lips already partially parted. After a brief hesitation, she chose to do as Leonel asked, the caution in her gaze replaced by the reassurance of the man by her side.

Leonel drew another line through the air, and a hum echoed.

But not long later, he felt as though his bones had gone soft, the delicate drifting sound of Aina's voice matching the pitch perfectly. Even long after the hum had vanished, Aina's voice continued to carry over.

Leonel hadn't said how long she needed to go for, but as a Fifth Dimensional existence, Aina could go quite some time with a sustained breath. It was only after nearly half a minute sounded that Leonel snapped out of it, his heart still trembling.

At that moment, he could decide... Was his girlfriend a human, a vampire, or a Siren?

Leonel quickly shook his head and focused.

With the projection of his Dream World, he gained many abilities. He had always had a near perfect memory, even to the point he could arrange it all into Dreamscapes. However, now with the projection of his Dream World into the outside world, he could take the things in his mind and present them to others.

This meant that if Leonel wanted, he could also release his memories for all to see, like a perfect replay of things he had experienced.

Leonel took the memory of Aina's singing and stored it before drawing another line and having her sing it at well.

Time ticked by, and the pair went through hundreds of lines, Aina's voice not faltering once. If the popstars of Earth's Third Dimension knew they could have such an ability, they just might kill for it.

Then, the final line was drawn, and Leonel finally let Aina have a rest.

In one swift motion, Leonel drew all of the lines once more, but this time, there wasn't a single hum.

Until...

He released his memories of Aina's singing all at once.

[Chapter 1490 Copy](#)

The symphony of Aina's voices layered atop of one another, the resonance shaking one deep down to the very soul.

The first thing Leonel realized was that he hadn't been able to capture Aina's coercion perfectly and that some tweaks would be necessary. The memories were clearly only infused with his memory of the sound, but not what happened to the rest of his body.

But, even with just that alone, the result was astonishing.

The simple Force Art Leonel had drawn in the air, too small to make an impact, and much too lacking in energy to change this even if it was much larger, suddenly began to shine brightly.

The Force Art was nothing more than a palm size at first, but it explosively increased in diameter. Doubling in size, and then doubling again in quick succession. Before it could grow any further or become any brighter, Leonel was forced to cut off the replay of Aina's voice, his heart doing flips.

Just now, without nothing more than a few hums, a Force he had spent no more than a drop of energy on became so powerful...

Even if there was nothing else to gain here, this sort of discovery was too insane. If Leonel had the ability to reproduce this with every Force Art he ever crafted, would he even ever need to worry about running out of stamina again? He would practically be able to battle forever so long as he didn't fall asleep on the battlefield or die of hunger first.

This was crazy!

Leonel's mind practically short circuited. He couldn't understand how it worked. How could voice alone cause such a change? And this was with him messing up Aina's coercion, what if he was able to layer it together?

"Aina..."

"Hm?"

"If we created an attack together that worked on this concept, we could probably kill a Quasi Seventh Dimensional expert without much difficulty."

Aina fell into silence, not responding. She felt that this was quite fantastical, too, and she didn't quite understand what was going on.

How could sounds produce such an effect?

Leonel was baffled into silence until he slowly began to understand.

It was all about resonance.

Why was Leonel able to teleport out of that Rapax Nest? It definitely wasn't based on his own strength, he was forced to use the Life Force of the green waters around them to have the impact he wanted. If he relied on his own Force, they would have never gotten out of there.

The Dwarven Race seemed to use a similar concept, but it was on a completely different level.

Leonel was only able to draw in so much Life Force because there was already such a large concentration of it on the ground. On top of that, it was created from the corpses of Seventh Dimensional Rapax, so they were even more powerful.

However, the Force Art language of the Dwarven Race acted very differently.

Each line drawn had its own intricate resonance. Alone, they were nothing special. However, when they were brought together as one, they formed a special resonance with the surroundings that seemed to perfectly match the runes of the Force Art itself.

When this perfect balance was struck, the Force Art became able to pull in more power from the surroundings, no longer needing to rely on its Crafter.

Usually, this effect wasn't too exaggerated. However, if you added in Aina's voice, the resonance seemed to be shocked with stimulants, suddenly forcing it to explosively increase in both size and strength!

"... It's no wonder this Force Art system is so good for traps and defense. The best trap is one that perfectly blends into the environment, and the best defense is one that's not only persistent but also self-healing and self-reliant.

"With this sort of resonance, the traps are able to more seamlessly blend into the environment. If it's tuned and designed for a specific location, a lot like the Dream Force around here, it can even mimic other Forces and remain inconspicuous. I have a feeling the reason I didn't notice the Force Art trap in the throne room at that time is about more than just the fact they were drawn on Seventh Dimensional materials. Even if it was drawn on Sixth or even Fifth Dimensional materials, I would have had a hard time finding it.

"It's just that the Dwarven Race is very clever. They lured us into a false sense of security, making it seem that their traps could be detected with a bit of extra focus before they sprung the real trap on us.

"We're very lucky. I have a feeling that these Zones do the Dwarven Race a huge disservice. Because of the Dream Force distortions, their traps are easier to detect because the resonance isn't as perfectly tuned..."

Leonel mumbled his thoughts out loud, but he soon found that speaking was far too slow, and he fell into silence again.

At that moment, Leonel had a maddening realization.

If he were to compare the Spiritual to the Dwarven Race, the former of which was both endlessly beautiful and elegant, not to mention seen as the pinnacle of Soul and Force Arts in the Dimensional Verse....

He actually believed that the Dwarven Race surpassed the Spirituals by no small measure.

Leonel realized that he had stumbled into a treasure. However, as much as he thought this, he also realized just how difficult it would be to replicate the feat of the Dwarven Race.

They lived and breathed nature, they were all too familiar with using the environment and their bodies as instruments. Their innate comprehension of such things surpassed Leonel by leaps and bounds.

Simply put, if Leonel had to create his own Dwarven Force Art... There was no way he could Right now, the only thing he could do was a copy.

For someone like Leonel, the idea of this left him feeling uncomfortable. The idea of something he didn't quite understand was itching at him. But, he knew that this was the path he had always wanted.

Using Force Arts as the vessel of artistry... Leonel had thought that he would always start with calligraphy first, but he never thought that he would run into the answer for music long before that.

If he wanted to find that ever elusive fourth step, he needed to be able to first replicate the feat of his uncle and grandfather with his Force Arts, only then could he take the next step.

Leonel grit his teeth, putting his pride down.

Since he didn't understand for now, fine. He would copy. He would copy as much as he could find until the inspiration hit him like a bolt of lightning.