

Descent 211

Chapter 211

Leonel's eyes were blinded for a moment. All he felt was that he had landed upon a soft patch of land. It was only after his sight finally came back to him that he realized he was standing atop just one of a series of rolling hills.

There didn't seem to be anything particularly special about this place other than the fact the air felt particularly fresh in an earthy kind of way. The Earth of Leonel's time had already put a lot of resources into developing clean energy and had saved the planet long ago. But, its air still felt somewhat artificial compared to this place.

Leonel found it hard to explain, but he could only say that the air of his Earth felt almost too clean while this place carried just the right amount of impurity, It made people feel at ease.

Not long after Leonel regained his bearings, a silver boat appeared in the skies. And, not long after that, Monet rushed in with Mayfly, Violet Rain, Big Buddha and Mountain.

Upon entry, it was no surprise that 11 pairs of eyes fell upon Leonel. Some were of curiosity, some of disdain, and some of rage. The rage and disdain was mostly seen on the Slayer Legion side while the curiosity came from the Adurna side. Though, the latter seemed to carry a hint of disdain as well.

This only made sense, after all, Leonel was the only one here without a supporting cast. He was all alone and seen as an easy target.

They all knew the rules of this place. The rewards of a Zone were already set in stone in terms of their quantity. In that case, if they killed Leonel, it meant that there would be one more set of rewards for them.

At this point, Leonel was also feeling a bit tired. It had taken quite a bit of effort to obscure the little girl's vision with his Light Elemental Force. He hadn't thought that such a simple action would take so much out of him. He would definitely have to interrogate the dictionary about a better method.

Still, he wasn't feeling anxious. Actually, he smiled toward the little girl.

"You sure caused me a lot of trouble." PANDA-NOVEL.COM

There didn't seem to be any anger in his voice. He sounded like a big brother speaking to his little sister. In fact, he wasn't angry at all. He found it difficult to be angry at such an adorable little girl. She couldn't have been more than 13 or 14 years old.

The little girl who went by Nana seemed scared of Leonel's gaze as she hurriedly hid behind another young woman who was closer to Leonel's age.

The young lady glared at Leonel as though to give him a warning to not bully her little sister, but Leonel only laughed. He had always been an only child, but seeing such a scene, he felt that having such an adorable little sister wouldn't be so bad.

"Young man, you go by Leonel, correct? What say you to becoming a retainer of my Adurna family?" Matteus suddenly spoke.

He had seen Leonel's strength. Plus... From what he overheard from Monet's conversation with him...

Monet, who had just been planning a move on Leonel, suddenly paused, her brows furrowing slightly. They were already outnumbered by one. If Leonel joined them, it would be by two.

She had already been forced to enter due to the appearance of Matteus. If she didn't, their side wouldn't have anyone who could stand up to him. It could be said that this training experience they set aside for the youths was completely ruined now.

Monet sent a glare toward Leonel as though warning him of the consequences of accepting. It was very likely that the Adurna family would just snatch his treasure and not mind him at all.

Leonel laughed lightly. How could he not know of what Matteus was thinking? However, instead of directly refusing, he suddenly thought of something. PANDA NOVEL

“Oh? Are you sure you want to accept me?”

Matteus raised an eyebrow. After a moment, he ‘understood’.

“Don’t worry, there are no irreconcilable differences between you and the Slayer Legion. In fact, Monet’s actions could be considered a senior bullying a junior. You have every right to leave.”

Monet’s expression darkened while those who followed her in seemed somewhat embarrassed. They had been so enraged by Leonel’s comments that it seemed they forgot they were the ones initially in the wrong.

However, Leonel shook his head to these words.

“This isn’t what I meant.” Leonel said with a light smile. “I’m already aware of certain things. Old Hutch has a decent impression of me, if I inform him of what happened, dealing with this really wouldn’t be much of a problem.

“What I mean to say is that I once almost destroyed a Fort of The Empire, are you still certain you want to take me in?”

Matteus’ expression changed. It wasn’t just him, but Monet’s as well as everyone else.

Monet frowned. Was there such a thing? She had to admit that she didn’t investigate Leonel much past knowing he was affiliated with Hutch. That was about all. p??J????

After a while, Matteus recovered.

“Just The Empire? Nothing but a puppet on some strings, yet it dares to call itself an Empire.”

Leonel’s brows raised. This was exactly why he said so much. He wanted to know more about the relationship between The Empire and these hidden families. Matteus’ response was quite... interesting.

“Oh, that’s good.” Leonel pretended to be relieved. “I also killed a few members of the Brazinger family, is that alright too?”

At this point, everyone almost fainted. Was this person a magnet for trouble? If it was anyone else, they might have thought he was lying for some fame, but didn’t they see his boldness with their own two eyes? He even dared to forcefully enter a Zone owned by the Slayer Legion.

Matteus’ lip twitched. But in the end, his expression became solemn.

The relationship between the hidden families weren’t so simple. They couldn’t be considered to be allies, but they couldn’t be considered to be entirely not either. They all shared a similar goal or goals.

By now, Matteus was already thinking of using Leonel in exchange for a favor. If he brought Leonel in, gained that treasure of his, and gained a debt of gratitude from the Brazinger family... Just how many birds was he killing with this single stone?

However, what he could have never expected was for Leonel to start sinking into the ground right before his eyes, leaving him stunned once again.

“I’ll think about your offer.” Leonel said with what seemed like a genuine smile.

“Boy! Hold it right there!” Big Buddha stepped forward to try and stop Leonel. “Don’t you think you’ve broken enough rules?!”

Unfortunately for them, Leonel had caught them completely off guard with his questions. They couldn’t even react before his head disappeared and the earth that had once been mud went back to normal.

Beneath the ground, Leonel held his breath before bringing one of his silver green whistles to his lips.

‘Those families really don’t fear The Empire... And what was that about puppet on a string...? And that flash in his eyes when I mentioned the Brazinger family... It seems that their relationship isn’t simple either...’

Leonel shook his head, it was about time he found out just what this place was...

[*Ping*]

[Sub-Dimensional Zone detected: Merlin’s Prophecy. King Arthur]

Leonel’s expression became weird. King Arthur shouldn’t have been a real person, many believed he was just an embellished legend. Beyond that, though... another Merlin’s Prophecy Zone? Who the hell was this person? He should have been fabricated too...

[Sub-Dimensional Zone grade: SS]

[Clear requirements: Save King Arthur]

[Side Quest: Love Triangle. Repair King Arthur’s relationship with Lancelot]

[Side Quest: Kill Mordred.]

[Hidden Quest: Make King Arthur a part of true history]

[*Ping*]

[Seed is warned to be wary. Mythological Zones have a high likelihood of becoming Unique Zones]

Leonel suddenly felt a headache coming on...

Chapter 212

Leonel took a deep breath. He had thought that having the 99% accuracy of his father's dictionary would make things a breeze. At least then, he wouldn't have to worry about screwing himself over by accidentally failing the mission requirements.

However, he could have never expected that the dictionary would be so vague at this time.

What did it mean to make King Arthur a part of history? Was it acknowledging that King Arthur was fake? In that case, how could King Arthur appear in a Zone?

According to Leonel's understanding, Zones were parts of past where higher Dimensions influenced the lower Dimension. Only by resolving these instances would these timelines smoothly integrate with Earth. Once this integration was completed, Earth would reach the equilibrium necessary to breakthrough and reach the next Dimensional Tier.

But, how did a... 'Mythological Zone' factor into this?

"What's a Mythological Zone?" Leonel asked.

[*Ping*]PANDA-NOVEL.COM

[Replying to Seed, a Mythological Zone is a legend of humans that has propagated enough to be on the verge of becoming truth.]

Leonel's eyes narrowed. He was still confused...

He sunk into his thoughts for a moment. He still had to wait for the two groups above him to leave, so he really did have some time to waste.

Suddenly, his eyes flashed.

When Aina was explaining to him the differences between the Dimensions, she mentioned how grand the gap between Dimensions was. If he remembered correctly, she said that one could say a novel was in the 2D while its writer was in the 3D.

Here, King Arthur was technically a 2D construct. He was just a legend passed down through generations to the point he became a nice tale to tell to children. His stories could be easily manipulated and changed on a whim depending on the mood of the story teller. PANDA NOVEL

But, if one thought about it from another angle, wasn't this act of continuously passing his legend down like a higher Dimensional world acting on a lower Dimensional one? In that case, wouldn't it meet the requirements necessary to cause a Zone to appear?!

The moment Leonel completed this thought, he felt as though an explosion had gone off in his mind. If this was true, then the danger Mythological Zones presented couldn't be underestimated.

Entering a Zone from true history was one thing. Most people there would ultimately be normal individuals Leonel could handle with ease. Maybe only a handful would be like Joan or the Mayan Priest.

But in a world like this... The number of enemies that could threaten his life wouldn't be few.

Leonel sucked in a cold breath.

Such a world had a high chance of becoming a Unique Zone according to the dictionary. Maybe this time, Leonel would be able to find out just what truly happened in the Joan Zone... p??J??????

Who were those people? What had Joan's purpose been? None of her actions had seemed to make any at all... Uncle Montez had also said back then that Joan's Zone had almost become a Unique Zone as well, in fact it was right on the verge...

There were too many questions Leonel had had no choice but to ignore until now...

After a while, Leonel calmed, his eyes becoming deathly still. Then, he released his Internal Sight in full force, his calculative mind rushing into overdrive.

**

“Hear ye, hear ye!”

In the square of a small town, a man with a large bridge nose unfurled a scroll with a length of at least half his height. Judging by his attire, he shouldn't come from such a small place. Even the Baron of this Fief couldn't afford to wear such luxurious clothing.

“His Majesty has decreed that all young, able bodied men between the ages of 16 and 25 will hereby join the noble armies of Camelot!”

The crowd, which had been gathered due to the commotion caused by the herald's entourage, showed a mixture of reactions. But, by an overwhelming margin, excitement ruled. This wasn't the modern era, after all. If such a conscription happened in Leone's time, people would likely be up in arms. But, in this era, it was a matter of honor. And, for young men like this, it was their chance to rise to a higher standing in life and maybe even... become a knight!

Leonel stood amidst the crowd with a pleasantly surprised expression. He had purposely traveled to this small town for two reasons. First, he wanted to enter a town the others wouldn't. With his Internal Sight, he definitely had a massive advantage in orienting himself in this world.

The second reason was because compared to the other villages that had been nearby, this was a relatively flourishing place. The options it would give him were far beyond what the closer villages could.

His initial plan had been to earn himself a spot within this Barony's guards and find a way up from there. He had even gotten himself a set of cheap hemp clothing from a farmer to blend in better. The only unfortunate part was that he had to cover his hair in dirt and mud so that its bronze color would stand out less.

But, he had never expected to run into a conscription. This made things far easier.

After a moment, he understood that this shouldn't be coincidence. Since Mythological Zones were based on stories and not true history, they were far more flexible in their storylines as a result. Its possible that this conscription happened precisely because Leonel was here.

When the herald was finished with his decree, he completely ignored the excited expressions of many of the young men. These commoner folk had no idea how bloody the battlefield was. All they knew of was the glory, and each of them thought their sons, brothers and lovers would all come back heroes. When, the reality was that death was inevitable for a large majority of them.

He turned back and signaled toward a man wearing tight fitting leather armor.

The man was tall, almost as tall as even Leonel. His shoulders seemed far broader though, almost making him look like a box. Due to this, despite his height, he still seemed a bit stocky.

“Gather up to be registered! You'll be given an evaluation based on your abilities! Clear out! Clear out! I only want to see my future men here! If anyone dares to snub His Majesty's Decree, I'll personally lop his head off!”

The man's voice boomed.

Leonel raised an eyebrow as he follow this crowd. As expected... This was just a low ranking officer but his stats already averaged 0..70. This was already better than Leonel when he first awakened...

Chapter 213

It wasn't long before it was Leonel's turn to be evaluated. He stood before the stocky man who he now knew went by the name of Heckle — a name that was maybe all too apropos for his outrageously loud voice.

“Not bad, not bad. Your build is good.”

The man repeatedly nodded. It seemed it was quite rare for him to see people as tall as Leonel, so he was quite satisfied.

“Attack me with everything you have. The longer you last, the better your evaluation will be.”

Leonel’s expression became slightly weird. If he really used everything he had, this man would end up as a cripple. And that would be the best outcome.

‘I can’t use my full power. If I stand out too much, they’ll wonder why it was no one in this town knew me... Just enough to beat him should be fine.’

This town barely had a population of a thousand. If there were any outstanding people, they should have appeared long ago. So, Leonel’s choice was the wisest. Of course, he had every intention of standing out more later on. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel took a step forward and threw out a punch.

Heckle was startled. This punch was even faintly better than something he could throw. He knew that Leonel would be good, but he didn’t expect him to be this good.

However, when he saw the slight clumsiness in Leonel’s actions, he sighed a slight breath of relief. This sort of clumsiness couldn’t be faked. It seemed that despite his stature, this young man wasn’t very experienced in battle.

Leonel really wasn’t faking this. It could be said that all his battle prowess came from copying the spear consciousnesses. He didn’t have much experience boxing, so his form was a little off and uncoordinated. But, this was to his benefit. Like this, he could show off his potential while also not raising suspicion.

Despite the power in his punch, Heckle easily evaded, countering with a strong uppercut. Using his smaller height and Leonel’s inexperience to his benefit, he closed the distance with a step.

Leonel was inwardly shocked. He could easily see through Heckle’s movements, and even dodging was a simple matter for him. But, that was only if he relied on his true stats. If he kept suppressing himself, he might even lose a few teeth. [PANDA NOVEL](http://PANDA-NOVEL)

Just when he felt he might just have to eat the punch, Heckle's fist came to a stop.

"Sorry, sorry. I got a bit too excited, hehe." Heckle took a step back.

He realized at that moment that he accidentally made Leonel's test more difficult than the others. He couldn't help it. Though Leonel was inexperienced, his raw strength was even better than his own with vast room for improvement.

"I'll give you a four star evaluation. Like this, you'll have a chance to become a squire for a good knight. Go on, stand off to the side."

It was clear Heckle was in a good mood finding a talent like Leonel.

Leonel expressed his thanks with a smile, pretending to be a bit shaken before recovering. ρ??C???

According to Heckle, a one star evaluation was only enough to join infantry. Three star was the threshold to be able to be nurtured as a leader of men. Four star and five stars were able to gain special nurturing, most of them became the squires of knights. Five star evaluations could gain a spot next to some of the best knights in Camelot. Though those knights were still short of the legendary 12 knights of the round table, they were only a step below.

Leonel was satisfied with this evaluation. Other than a handful of three star evaluations of those from the Baron's house, there were no others even close to him.

The young men from the Barony frowned hearing Heckle's words. This commoner gained a four star evaluation but they only received three stars?

However, did they dare to say anything in opposition? Heckle had beaten them all with absolute ease. It was likely that he was the strongest person in their town currently. What could they even do to him? In the end, they could only send glares toward Leonel, showing disdain toward his dirty appearance.

Toward such a thing, Leonel could only sigh. He knew that it would only get worse from here on out. Even though this Zone was based on a legend, he knew that the world of knights was filled with nobles.

If even three star talents dared to send such looks toward him, it could be imagined what four star and five star talent nobles would say and do...

‘Whatever, let’s just finish this Zone off as quickly as possible...’

**

A few tens of miles from Leonel’s location, the others were undergoing similar experiences. However, it seemed that their entry may not have been as seamless as they once thought.

...

The location was a castle that seemed to have been pulled directly out of a fairytale.

It was a land of complete blackness to the point even the grass that coated the land reflected like obsidian beneath the moonlight.

Amidst this darkness, there was a mountain with peaks so sharp it might have been possible to mistake them for large spears piercing toward the skies. Blended in with this mountain range was a castle of black that carried the same jagged sharpness.

Within this castle, seated on a throne that carried just as much darkness, there was a woman. Her skin was so pale that one could almost see right through it. Her hair was so black that it was difficult to tell where it stopped and her throne began.

Her dress was the same, but the cups that held up her breasts seemed to be carved out from white bone...

“I sense 12 stars of fate...” She suddenly mumbled, her cherry lips parting and closing in an alluring manner.

The woman awoke, her irises radiating a deep blackness. However, there was a hint of confusion in her eye.

According to the prophecy, there would be 12 stars of fate that could decide the path this world would take. She had always thought that those 12 were the knights of the round table...

So why was it that she suddenly sensed auras of fate that had nothing to do with them?

‘Interesting, interesting...’

At that moment, the sound of footsteps entered the woman’s ears as she lazily lied on her throne.

“Lord Modred! There’s someone who wants to see you... This servant tried to stop them but...!”

Leonel would probably be rendered speechless once again at this point. Wasn’t Modred a man? It can’t be that this Zone was taking anime a bit too seriously as well, right?

Chapter 214 - 57

“Haha! Boy, you sure are an eager one. How many times do you want to lose?”

Heckle laughed uproariously as Leonel suffered another punch to the jaw. The latter felt his world spin as he was forced to take several steps back. It was only after he shook his head multiple times that he finally recovered.

It had already been a week since Leonel had come to this world. According to the dictionary, this Zone had an even greater time dilation than the Joan Zone at 1:50. This meant that about a year needed to pass here for a week to pass in the outside world. Apparently, Mythological Zones tended to have the largest time dilations compared to other Zones of a similar rank.

At the moment, the moon hung high in the skies and they had set up camp for the night. A large fire sent billowing smoke upward at the center of an arrangement of tent.

Leonel was sparring with Heckle once again. In fact, this wasn't just the second time. Leonel had already lost count.

After losing the first time, he had been fascinated by the man's skill. He felt he was learning quite a lot though he continued to lose.

The journey to their destination was a bit of a trial as well. The wilderness wasn't safe by any means. Setting aside bandits and rogues, just the wild beasts were truly troublesome to deal with. Much like this people of this Zone, the beasts were also more powerful than they should be. So, this wasn't easy by any stretch of the imagination.

So, it wasn't surprising that the other recruits were dead tired. Leonel was the only one who would use such valuable rest time to torture himself some more.

How could they know that this so-called trial was nothing more than a joke to Leonel?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

"Again."

Leonel wiped the blood from his lips. Of course, if he didn't want to be hurt, he only had to activate his Metal Synergy Runes. But, what would be the point of that?

He brandished his fists once more. This time, it was clear that his stance was much more refined. His right fist hung by his chin, allowing his left to take the lead. He narrowed the target Heckle had to attack by extending his left foot and rolling his shoulder.

In a flash, he took a step forward, sending two jabs in quick succession.

Heckle smiled, entering a similar stance as though mirroring Leonel perfectly. It was rare to find someone so interested in his boxing style. Usually, these brats only wanted to pick up a sword or spear as quickly as possible.

Of course, he had no idea that Leonel was less interested in the style itself and more so just wanted to win. He found trying to defeat Heckle while keeping a cap on his stats was nearly impossible.

It was likely that he could grasp the technique much faster if he used his Dream World and Dream Clone ability. But, he was spending all his time at night calculating for the formation of his Ninth and Tenth Node, he wouldn't spend it on this.

However... He was still making progress. PANDA NOVEL

Heckle used his footwork to dip just outside the range of Leonel's jabs. He followed up quickly, wanting to take advantage of Leonel overextending himself to wrap around his side.

But, Leonel had learned quite a lot in the past few days. Instead of retreating, he stepped forward as Heckle tried to sweep to his left side. With a single pivot of his hips, he and Heckle faced each other once more.

"Hoho." Heckle grinned. "It seems your footwork got a bit better. That's right, always stay square to your opponent."

Leonel and Heckle's match became a spar of movement. Around the fire, the jeers of the other soldiers could be heard.

"Captain, the kid's gonna beat you this time!"

"HAHA! I'm never gonna let you live this one down!"

Heckle grinned hearing his men, not minding as all. He felt quite gratified seeing Leonel's progress.

Of course, while there those who were happy, there would always be those who were gloomy. The youths of the town Barony had gotten tired of hearing praise for Leonel over these few days. But, they still had to admit they were no match for him. His performance during their daily marches was more than enough to prove this without a shred of doubt. PANDA NOVEL

“Oof...”

Leonel suffered a fist to his chest and fell to the ground, feeling that the air had been knocked out of him once again. He couldn't help but sigh, it seemed he had lost again.

“Alright, alright. That's enough for tonight pretty boy brat. If go any longer, you really might win one. My old bones can't take this.”

Leonel was quite helpless toward this nickname. He had managed to use an ink sack from the octopus beast's body to dye his hair a deep black. Plus, with his new leather armor, he looked every bit the part of a promising squire.

The only shame was that his hair seemed to reject the ink. So, he had to reapply it everyday. Luckily, with how massive the octopus had been, he wouldn't run out even after a decade passed.

Leonel smiled lightly. “Thanks for the help Captain Heckle.”

‘Hmph, just a useless skill...’ The Barony youths looked on gloomily.

...

The next week passed by swiftly. On that day, around noon, they finally saw massive castle walls in the distance. In fact, with his sight, Leonel could see five sets of walls, each getting progressively taller until they all pointed toward a majestic castle that seemed carved of jade.

Leonel had never read about such a grand city. From what he could see, it was at least 50 kilometers from end to end, and that was just what was within the walls. As for the cultured lands around it, it was several times that.

Heckle didn't lead them to the gates. It seemed that they still didn't have the right to do such a thing. Instead, they were taken to a place connected by dusty roads. These roads all led to an open space where numerous Captains just like Heckle had their youths standing around them.

Everyone's attention seemed focus on a large tent up ahead.

Leonel's ear twitched as he heard the clanking of metal. At that moment, the flap of the tent was slowly raised, causing the open space to fall into complete silence.

It was a knight. The excitement in the hearts of the youths ratcheted up several levels. It was as though they were all meeting their idol.

The knight swept an indifferent glance over them all.

"Those who've been selected to join the Mage Academy, stand to this side. Those one, two and three star talents, go over there. Four and five star talents, gather before me now."

Numerous haughty and prideful youths puffed their chests out as they moved to stand before the knight, their eyes sparkling.

"Go on." Heckle gave Leonel a slap to the back. "Do us proud."

Leonel smiled lightly and moved forward as well. Numerous gazes swept over him, including those of the four and five star youths. However, when they noticed his standard issue leather armor, a hint of contempt could be seen in their eyes.

Leonel could only ignore such things. However, when the knight spoke once again, the youths no longer had the time to send disdainful glances toward him.

"There are 57 of you? What bullshit. Do you captains think that four and five star talents are really so cheap?!"

The knight roared. He didn't like the idea of going out to find talents like this in the first place. What talents couldn't they find right here in Camelot?

To make it worse, relying on mere captains to make this judgment was even more ridiculous.

A sharp Force flooded out from the body of the knight, causing many of the youths before him to grow weak at the knees. Though Leonel didn't know it, many of them had bribed their captains with wealth in order to gain such evaluations, how could they not be horrified? So, in certain respects, the knight was correct to react in this way.

His force jetted out, drawing a massive circle of 100 meters in diameter. The cold sweat on the youths grew. In that moment, they felt as though if even a hair of that Force hit them, they would die without knowing what happened.

“Since you think this is all a joke, you all can battle to the death. None of you are allowed to leave this circle until only four remain. Should any of you try to flee from this circle or are kicked out of it before this happens, you'll die beneath my blade!”

A bloody, murderous intent soared into the skies.

It was only now these youths who were just feeling proud of themselves realized that becoming a knight wouldn't be so simple.. As for those who bribed their way to this position, they were even more shaken. What clowns were they? Paying to die?

Chapter 215

“I forgot to mention something else. The first 20 who die will have the captain's who recommended them follow them in death!”

Even Leonel was stunned by this sudden turn of events. He could see the disdain the knight held for all of them, but to order that 53 of them should be killed... wasn't that a bit too much? Even beyond that, he was even dragging the captains into this?!

At that moment, the training grounds turned completely silent. Not to mention the youths locked within the circle, even the captains that had selected them couldn't stop themselves from shaking. What were mere captains worth in the face of a true Knight?

Those captains who knew they had bended the rules in exchange for benefits all paled considerably. Even those who had followed the rules were trembling. So what if they followed the rules? In a battle royale, who was to say that someone deserving wouldn't die? In that case, wouldn't they be screwed?

Maybe the only one who didn't have a great reaction was Leonel. He didn't notice when it was, but he had been in so many life and death situations to now that he was no longer affected by just this much.

"What are you all standing around for?" The knight growled. "If someone doesn't die within the next minute, all 57 of you can die."

The words were like a spark that lit a raging fire. Leonel had only managed to raise an eyebrow at the words before he found several attacks coming toward him, one of which was actually coated in Force!PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel frowned. 'He didn't give us any weapons? No, some of them do have weapons, it's just that he couldn't be bothered to care whether or not everything was fair...'

The more Leonel thought about it, the more he disliked this knight. Testing them was fine, by why was it that this test was so despicable? The worst part was that those who were more likely to have bribed their captains were the most likely to have the best equipment on them.

However, the fact one could attack Leonel with Force definitely meant that he was worthy of his title of four or five star genius.

Heckle paled when he saw so many attack Leonel right from the start. It was as though they all had a tacit agreement to get rid of the 'lesser thans' first.

Heckle had followed the rules. He never once took a bribe. But, if Leonel were to die so early on, it wouldn't matter. He would have to follow him in death.

Leonel sighed. He could faintly see Heckle's face drain of all color from his vantage point as a dagger and two fists came his way. PANDA NOVEL

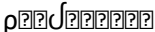
He shifted backward, sinking into his boxing stance. He could sense every change within this hundred meter range. In fact, he could already see that within the next second or two, at least three talents would fall, all of them dressed just as simply as him.

A flicker of rage sparked in Leonel's heart. What a cruel world... In that case, they shouldn't blame him for not showing any mercy.

Leonel's left fist flattened out, whipping out in a downward slapping motion that cleanly hit the dagger wielding hand. His actions were so fast that the young man before him hardly had time to react before he found his wrist swelling with pain.

The dagger clanged to the ground as the young man called out in pain, but Leonel had already moved on from him, facing the two remaining punches.

He rolled his shoulder, causing the fist to skim off his defenses. The strike alone should have carried nearly 1.00 in strength, but Leonel's Runes flickered beneath his armor out of the sight of everyone else.

Let alone causing damage to him, Leonel's attacker was lucky to only catch a piece of Leonel. Before the young man could even react to the bursting pain his fist felt, Leonel had already taken a step forward, his hips winding and his back foot pivoting against the ground hard as he sent a punch toward the final fist. 

Heckle's face drained of all color. He could see the benefit of his training with Leonel right before him, but he could also see the Force coated on the final young man's fist. He knew how strong Leonel was... but his background was too lacking. He simply didn't know about these things. If he met this fist head on... he was finished.

BANG!

However, completely out of Heckle's expectations, Leonel's sent the young man flying. A mournful, muffled cry sounded through the training grounds. But, it was completely drowned out by the sounds of battle.

Leonel frowned. 'Killing with my fists is too difficult. Had that been my spear...'

Leonel sighed. He couldn't take out his spears now. If he did, he would expose his spatial bracelet. Who knew what kind of consequences that would have?

But...

Leonel's steps didn't pause as he pressed his two fingers together and turned, jabbing a bloody hole into the throat of the young man who threw the normal fist.

With another step, he entered the range of the young man with the dagger. The latter held onto his wrist, crying out in pain. But, Leonel didn't seem to care as he threw a punch toward his head.

'[Call of the Wind]!'

BANG!

The young man's head exploded into a cloud of blood.

Let alone the crowd, this shocked even Leonel. He had only applied [Call of the Wind] to his fists because he found that his fingers were too vulnerable to continue using like a spear. Since he didn't want to expose his Runes so easily to toughen them up, this was the better option.

But, never had he expected the result to be so exaggerated.

At that moment, a hushed silence fell over the battlefield.

Blasting a person's head apart with a single punch... What kind of concept was that?!

The young man who had awakened Force and attacked Leonel earlier trembled fiercely. He didn't even seem to register his broken arm as he tried to scramble backward. The further he got from Leonel, the better.

“HAHA! You did it Leonel! You awakened Inner Strength!”

Leonel smiled bitterly when he heard Heckle’s words. At this moment, that wasn’t necessarily a good thing.

Several pairs of eyes landed on Leonel. They all knew what to do. Several youths had already stood out amongst the crowd, killing targets not long after Leonel had.. If they didn’t band together against these youths, they would die.

Chapter 216

Heckle seemed to realize that he had spoken out of turn, but it was too late to regret it. He had been on the brink of life and death just a moment ago, yet Leonel suddenly pulled a reverse that saved his life. How could he not be excited?

A moment later, Heckle’s expression had tensed once more.

Leonel frowned and entered his stance, not forgetting to pick up the dagger on the ground first.

Another three slowly moved toward Leonel, their eyes flickering with hints of caution. This caution was not only for Leonel who was before them, but also toward one another. It wasn’t as though they had suddenly begun to trust each other just because they tacitly understood they needed to work together.

Seemingly understanding this, Leonel no longer hesitated as he dashed forward. He completely ignored the young man with a broken arm, deeming him less of a threat. With the strengthening on his Internal Sight, Leonel knew that this young man had only formed a single Force Node and it was in the very arm Leonel had already broken. He was practically a cripple.

When Leonel entered a five meter radius of the three before him, he shot out the dagger in his hand. It whistled through the air, piercing one of them through the throat.

In what felt like a flash, he appeared before the remaining two, his eyes flickering with a cold, calculative light. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

His speed was simply too fast.

His palm appeared on one of their chests. As though being met by an unstoppable force, the young man was sent flying through the air, crashing into a few that were taking the opportunity to surround Leonel.

Leonel's fist jabbed forward. Under the influence of [Call of the Wind], it felt as though hurricane force winds were ripping the young man apart, leaving his face distorted even before Leonel's strike landed.

Another rain of blood shot into the skies as another corpse fell beneath Leonel's fist. However, Leonel himself was still frowning.

It looked impressive that their heads were exploding like this. But, the truth was that this simply displayed Leonel's lack of control.

[Call of the Wind] was initially a long range attacking technique meant to be applied to arrows, darts and similar weapons. Leonel had modified it to be used with a spear, but the essence of the technique remained the same. Both allowed him to focus his Force into a point. PANDA NOVEL


However, his fists seemed completely incapable of doing this. It made Leonel realize that maybe his mastery over this technique wasn't as great as he initially thought. If he could apply better control, he felt [Call of the Wind] could be maybe even 10 times more powerful than it was now.

As Leonel thought, his body flickered amidst the four and five star talents. His steps held the shadow of Heckle's skill within them, mixed in with a hint of the primitive spearwoman.

There seemed to be a mysterious rhythm to his steps as though he wasted not a single movement. It was as though he could plan several movements ahead, deftly escaping encirclements — advancing on a whim, retreating with a thought...

Leonel came to realize in that moment that there was more to fighting than just launching the strongest attack. All this time, he had been using his ability to think of ways land his blows. He always felt that as long as he landed a good hit, with his strength, the battle would be all but over.

But, what would happen when his opponent was several times more powerful than him? Or, more appropriate to the current situation, what if he was simply outnumbered and moving to take down one person would cause him to be vulnerable to another?

He suddenly understood now... 

His body felt lighter, his steps grew softer, and even a mysterious aura began to emanate from his body.

‘This is it... this is what I felt when I was watching the primitive woman battle...’

Leonel could have long since taken another spear from the Spear Domain ring, but he hadn’t all this time because he felt he still hadn’t fully understood.

When he watched the primitive woman battle, he remembered being in awe. She had faced so many enemies, yet, not only did she defeat them, but even when they wanted to escape, all of their paths of retreat were cut off.

The more Leonel thought about that scene, the more incredulous he found it. How could one person stop several from running away? If it was just a matter of her speed being several times greater, that would be fine. But, Leonel knew that though she was faster than those men, it hadn’t been exaggerated to that point.

That only left one explanation... there was something mysterious about her movement... Not only was she faster than them, but it also felt like they couldn’t take even a step forward without her permission.... Complete control...

All this time, Leonel had been so focused on his flexibility and imitating her lightness and quickness. But, this was all superficial. The truth behind the mystery of her footwork was her mind and the way she manipulated her opponents...

Leonel sank into a trance. The entire battlefield reflected in his mind as though he could see it all from above.

His hair fluttered in the wind as he walked through the youths that attacked him, yet, they couldn't even touch the hem of his clothes.

The knight's eyes narrowed. He had been observing the entire battlefield and there really were four youths who had caught his attention before, which was why he set the requirement to just four. But, he had never expected a fifth to appear.

And not only that but...

At that moment, the knight's narrowed gaze widened as a wave of shock overwhelmed him.

'General Star!'

"Stop! Stop! STOP!"

The sudden roars of the knight caught them all off guard. How was it so easy for a group of people who had just been hell bent on killing one another to suddenly come to a grinding halt like this? However, who really dared to ignore the words of a knight?

"You, you, you, you and you. The rest of you can scam back to the one to three star talents."

Everyone was stunned. Weren't they supposed to be fighting to the death? What was happening?

As for the young men who were called forward, they too were stunned. Including Leonel. He didn't think that the knight would suddenly grow soft hearted, so what was happening exactly?

Leonel and the other four youths looked at one another. Not a single one of them wasn't covered in blood, but it was obvious at a glance that none of it was their own.

One of them was wearing standard issue leather armor like Leonel, but the other three had patches of metal armor here and there, making them look like real warriors. It was clear their standard was better in comparison to Leonel.

“You five and those hoping to become Mage Apprentices follow me.”

The knight turned and walked toward the first gates of Camelot, not explaining anything to anyone. But, no one dared to question him... least of all the bribed captains who just got a new lease on life.. It was safe to say they wouldn't dare take such payment again in the future.

Chapter 217

Though Leonel was baffled by the sudden turn of events, he soon decided to cautiously proceed. He felt that this might be another instance of this Mythological Zone finding him opportunities. He had no idea that things weren't this simple at all.

That said, the current Leonel was fascinated by the Mage Academy the knight mentioned. The knight had originally split off the youths that would be attending this academy to one side, but before Leonel could observe them, he suddenly found himself in a battle royale to the death. So, for obvious reasons, he hadn't had the time or mind to pay to them at all.

After questioning the dictionary, Leonel had learned a lot of things about Mythological Zones. But, maybe the most important thing was that anything that could happen here was capable of happening in the real world.

Due to this, Mythological Zones were highly sought after in high level worlds. In fact, world wars — the likes of which could make Earth's own world wars look like child's play — were almost guaranteed every time one appeared.

This may sound odd. There shouldn't be anything different about this Zone in comparison to others. One also needed to remember that the so-called 'rewards' of the Zones weren't prepared by the Zone itself, but rather higher level worlds investing in the progress of Earth. It could be said that Zones didn't have any rewards for clearing them at all aside from helping bring one's world closer to the next evolution tier.

Things only began to change when Gold Zones were taken into account. One could only begin taking treasures out of Zones at this level. In any lower level Zones, they would disappear.

That said... Mythological Zones were a special case. PANDA-N0VEL.COM

It was still impossible to take treasures out of Mythological Zones unless they were Gold in grade. Since this was still considered a Black Grade Zone, Leonel was obviously out of luck in this regard. However, the crux of the value of a Mythological Zone was exactly in those earlier words... Everything that happened in a Mythological Zone could happen in the real world.

On the surface, this seems like a useless detail. But, really think about it for a moment... What if a Mythological Zone had a completely new power system? What if they had a completely unique way of utilizing Force or drawing Force Arts? Wouldn't that mean that whoever explored a Mythological Zone would gain access to this completely new system?

The value of such a thing was unimaginable!

For this reason, Mythological Zones were seen as treasures of the universe. Though it was impossible that they would always provide a completely new magic system, there was always the chance of such a thing. And, even when this chance ended in failure, it was always possible to find unique views that could progress already established branches of power.

What Leonel lacked the most now wasn't strength, but knowledge in how to apply it. He only had one technique — [Call of the Wind]. Aside from this, he was completely relying on his own instinct and the battle sense of his spear consciousnesses.

He had initially been planning on using some of his rewards from this Zone to solve this weakness before he left to Terrain. But, if he could get the techniques he needed from this Mythological Zone instead... the benefits might be unimaginable. PANDA N0VEL

Of course, even with this set aside, Leonel was fascinated by the Mage Academy. If everything that happened here was really possible in the real world... what would happen if he joined the Mage Academy instead?

If he had the chance, he would. But, unfortunately, for whatever reason, Heckle hadn't tested his aptitude to become a mage.

'Forget it, it's most important that I focus on completing the missions. Learning this Mythological Zone's unique power systems comes secondary...'

Leonel couldn't forget that he was on a timer. Every Zone had a hidden timer hanging over the heads of those who entered it. He had found this out the hard way in the Joan of Arc Zone.

According to the dictionary, the timer for this world was set to around 10 years. That was the equivalent of 10 weeks to the outside world. He had to figure things out by then.

That sounded like a lot of time, but Leonel knew that it wasn't. In that time, he needed to gain enough power and prestige in Camelot to actually affect change. In an already established Kingdom like this one, let alone 10 years, even 30 might not be enough. ␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣␣

But... displaying his talents just might be a great help to that. So, if he had the chance, he would display them more. Now that he was here, there was no need to keep holding back. He'd begin to slowly show what he had.

Leonel was lost in his thoughts when a sudden voice awakened him.

"Elys, I've brought your brats. Hurry up and scam out here."

Leonel looked up to find that they had already long since enter Camelot. Not only had they entered, but they had gone as deep as the third city section.

Camelot had five walls and five gates. The most outer wall open to a section known as the outer city, the second gate led to the upper outer city, and the third, where they were now, was known as the inner city.

Beyond that, the fourth gate led to the noble city and the fifth led to the true core of Camelot.

Of course, these were just colloquial names. Officially, all of these cities were collectively known as Camelot. If one could live here, they were already the cream of the crop. But, where people could have divisions amongst each other, they would...

Currently, Leonel and the group of youths had been led to the inner city and were now before the doors of a small shop. Compared to the large buildings all around, it seemed out of place. Through the windows, it was possible to see bookshelves that covered the whole shop. It was to the point that books that couldn't find a place were strewn about wildly.

At that moment, a woman wearing dark blue mage robes and a pointed hat that seemed to big for her head pushed her way out and faced the youths and the knight.

“Them?”

The woman frowned. Or rather, Leonel thought she did. It was a bit hard to see her face through her drooping hat.

“These are the brats the captains picked. If you want to blame someone, blame them. If it wasn't because I lost that bet, do you think I would have picked them up for you?”

Elys waved her hand that looked surprisingly fair. At this point, Leonel was expecting an old hag. If it wasn't for the barely noticeable curves and her voice, he wouldn't have been able to tell she was a woman at all.

“Alright, I've done my part. Now, you five. Follow me.”

Leonel saw a barely perceptible flicker of excitement in the knight's eyes when he said these words. Causing him to be confused.

It seemed Elys noticed this as well and looked up curiously. She was likely quite familiar with this knight and wanted to know what could excite him. But, Leonel would have never expected her eyes to land on him.

Well... He thought it landed on him. Her body seemed to be pointed in his direction. It was simply too difficult to catch a glimpse of her face.

Suddenly, her body trembled violently as though she could fall over at any moment.

“Jarin! Are you trying to steal talents from me?! Do you believe I won’t blast you into ash right now?!”

The knight who had been ready to take them away looked toward Elys with an incredulous expression.

When he saw where Elys was looking, he protected Leonel to his back.

“Don’t you dare, old witch. This is my future general!”

Chapter 218

“...”

Leonel didn’t know what to say.

This was the inner city. Everyone here thought themselves to be refined people of the upper middle class. Seeing a knight and a mage get into a screaming contest in the middle of a busy cobble stone street was definitely not the norm for them.

However, whereas they would scold and lambaste a commoner doing such a thing, none of them dared to offend a knight, and least of all a knight that didn’t mind offending a mage.

Mages were rarer and thus more valued. Any knight who didn’t mind arguing with a mage was definitely one with relatively high standing even amongst knights. As a result, instead of seeing these two as uncultured, those nearby were rather curious to find out just what could cause two individuals of such standing to act in this way without care for their image.

“What bullshit General Star? This young man is a born mage! Are you trying to waste his life away?”

“Nonsense. Do you know how rare General Stars are? Our Kingdom only has 31, and 13 of them are the Lords of the Round Table and His Majesty! I’ll fight it out with you right here, old witch!”

“Bah, who’s an old witch? This lady here is still very young! Say one more word of nonsense and I won’t hold back any longer!” PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Elys looked up toward the knight, Jarin, her hands on her hips. Like this, Leonel could finally catch a glimpse of her face and he had to say that she truly was a young lady. A gorgeous young lady, at that.

But, judging by the way Jarin kept calling her an old witch... he had a feeling there was more to this story.

At this point, the youths who had walked here with Leonel couldn’t help but cast weird and somewhat envious looks toward him. By now, it was obvious to them all that these two were fighting over him. Even the crowd who had been standing around couldn’t help but cast a few more looks toward Leonel.

General Star? They were all aware of how prestigious such a title was. And, even if they weren’t, Jarin’s words were more than enough to explain it to them.

“Old witch, are you really trying to fight me for a General Star? This matter will definitely be brought to His Majesty’s attention within the week! Is this really the battle you want to fight?!”

“You understand nothing! Those bullshit captains know even less! They dare to give such a talent over to you block heads?! This young man could become a Three Star Magus given enough guidance and you’re talking to me about a damned General Star?!”

Jarin’s expression flickered wildly. PANDA NOVEL

There were indeed 31 General Stars. However, a Three Star Magus...? There were only 7 of them in the entire Kingdom. Their statuses were so high that only His Majesty himself could order those old fogies around.

If things were like this, it was obvious which had the higher standing. But, Jarin was still unwilling to give up.

General Stars weren't just born like talented mages were. General Stars usually awoke later in life after one had experienced many things. One as young as Leonel... If he ignored King Arthur, this would be a first in their history!

However, Jarin was feeling incomparably aggrieved. How had the captains missed out on something like this?

Wait... How had even he missed it?

Seeing the confusion on Jarin's face, Elys sneered.

"You fool. How could you muscle heads be worthy of seeing through his talent? His Spirit Pressure has already reached the standard of a Three Star Magus! He just hasn't learned how to control it yet!"
p??J??????

Jarin grew ashen. Was such a thing really possible?!

"Dammit! Old witch! I'll definitely fight it out with you today!"

Jarin unsheathed a broadsword to his side, not even pausing for a second as he slashed out toward Elys.

"Damned muscle brained bastards! You think I wasn't ready for you?!"

An illusory aura surrounded Elys. Though Leonel was unaffected, the youths around him trembled, some of them even directly fainting.

Elys swept a glance over them and harrumphed. "Trash."

A wand appeared with a flick of Elys' palm. She drew a line in the air, sending a strike out toward Jarin's sword without a care in the world.

The result should have been obvious. A dainty woman holding something that looked like a tree branch. A big, hulking man swinging down a two-handed blade with all his strength. Which one came out on top was obvious... right?

BANG!

The reality was completely out of expectations. Both Elys and Jarin took one step back before they both moved once more.

Jarin charged forward to gain a head of steam while Elys retreated with light footsteps, her wand waving in the air with an elegant cadence as she mumbled beneath her breath.

Leonel's eyes shone. He was certain that what she was doing was invisible to most people, and even maybe invisible to Jarin, but he could see two Force Arts quickly forming to her back. At the same time, she sent out simple Force bullets to obstruct Jarin's path. All the while, she seemed calm and collected as though everything was in the palm of her fair hands.

Jarin caught Leonel's attention as well. His Force control was exceptional. Leonel could see that his whole blade was coated with Force, yet it was so tightly controlled that it was hardly perceptible even with Leonel's senses.

That wasn't all either. Jarin seemed capable of incorporating his Force into his every step, his every movement. There was nothing wasted and his actions carried a fluidity to them that could enrapture those with enough foresight. Though his actions seemed far less elegant than Elys' own, in Leonel's eyes, they both had the same amount of skill.

Their battle seemed fierce, their strength surpassing even what Leonel could do by a small margin. Yet, not only was there no destruction of property, even the people around seemed completely unaffected.

This was the true reason Leonel found them to be stronger than himself. This level of control... he most definitely didn't have it.

“Old witch!”

“Muscle brained rogue!”

‘Should I stop them... Or...?’

Leonel was at a bit of a loss.

Just when he was going to try and mediate, he suddenly felt two overwhelming auras converging onto this place.. They were powerful to the point Leonel's blood ran cold. From the instincts he gained from the primitive man, he could tell that he would have to put his life on the line to fight these two...

Chapter 219

From the east, a towering figure leapt over several buildings, landing heavily on the ground. Cracks spread along the cobbled roads, but the figure didn't seem to notice as he bent his knees and launched himself into the air once again, bounding across hundreds of meters with every leap.

From the west, a willowy figure fluttered through the air like a leaf. They swayed in the skies, making it seem like they just might fall from grace at any moment. Yet, they managed to keep a steady pace, heading toward their destination with a purpose in the deep oceans of their eyes.

BANG!

The first figure landed heavily before the group of youths, causing the ground to quake. From their vantage point, he seemed so tall that he blotted out even the sun, casting a shadow over them all.

He wore silver armor accented with outlines and embroidery of red. It made him look like a raging flame even when he stood completely still.

He stood at almost seven feet tall. His jaw seemed sharp enough to cut grass and his eyes held a cold, murderous will within them that made those who got too close tremble uncontrollably.

The second figure fluttered to the ground slowly. It felt like even if there were fields of grass beneath his feet, they wouldn't even bend beneath his weight. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

He wore deep maroon robes. His long hair rested against the small of his back, not a bit shorter than his long beard. Not only did they share the same obscene length, but they also shared the same snow white color to the point it was almost difficult to look at the man directly.

"Sir Lamorak!"

"Magus Aliard!"

Jalin and Elys came to grinding halt. It was obvious at a glance that they had called these two here, hoping to catch each other off guard. But, obviously, since they had both appeared, it seemed that neither had gained the upper hand once again. As such, even while they were greeting their superiors, they still sent sidelong glares toward one another.

Aliard smiled amiably, stroking his long beard. Compared to Lamorak, he was definitely several levels more approachable.

However, those of the crowd nearly had a heart attack when they heard such titles. PANDA NOVEL

Magus Aliard? He was a Three Star Magus and one of the 7 most powerful mages of Camelot!

Sir Lamorak?... He was one of King Arthur's 12 knights!

Leonel didn't know who Magus Aliard was. But, he had read enough fairy tales to know who Sir Lamorak was. At this point, even he felt that this situation was getting a bit out of control. He hadn't expected things to go this way at all.

He had spent so long planning his next moves before he made a decision, but at every turn it felt as though this Zone was the one pulling him by the nose.

When these two got closer to him, he realized that his previous assessment had been too conservative. If he were to fight one of these two alone, even if he put his life on the line, his chance of living would be less than 10%! If it was both of them together, he could likely only wait for death!

Leonel took a deep breath. He affirmed to himself once more that he needed to revise his power estimation system. ρ??(???????)

But, at the same time, he was confused. Elys had said that his Spirit Pressure was already at the standard of a Three Star Magus. He didn't know exactly what a Three Star Magus was, but he assumed that Spirit Pressure was this world's name for what he called spirit and his father called Soul Force.

If he really was at this standard already... why was it that he felt this Magus was an insurmountable mountain? He didn't have an aura anywhere near this imposing.

“Master, you mustn't let them take this boy! It'll be a big loss to the mage world!”

Elys seized the initiative and spoke first. She knew how domineering Sir Lamorak was. If he just directly snatched Leonel, there wouldn't be time for her to shed tears.

“Sir Lamorak! This boy is a General Star, we can't let him off!”

Before Aliard could respond, Jarin spoke up as well, unwilling to give up either.

“Oh?”

The two men looked toward Leonel for the first time.

At that moment, Leonel felt as though two mountains were weighing down on him. He could only feel aggrieved at this point. Was this really only an SS-grade Zone? Then what the hell would he have to go through in an SSS-grade Zone?

He had realized after fighting the beast kings that the divisions within the final three levels of a Dimension had massive leaps between them. If not for this, he wouldn't have thought he was battling an SS-grade threat when it was really just an Elite S-grade threat. But... this still felt a bit too exaggerated.

Aliard's calm, caring eyes gave way to shock after a moment. As for Lamorak, sensing a General Star wasn't as straightforward as sensing Spirit Pressure. But, he was still stunned by the strength hidden within Leonel's body.

Though others couldn't tell, as an experienced knight of the round table, Lamorak could tell that the strength within Leonel's body wasn't very far from his own. In fact, he could feel a slight scent of threat coming from Leonel at the same time.

When had their Kingdom gained such a talent?

It was then the atmosphere completely changed. Jarin and Elys had both thought that their respective masters would immediately begin contending over Leonel as well. What they could have never expected was for the temperature to suddenly drop by several degrees.

Leonel's hair stood on end as he explosively retreated. He didn't even feel the slightest hint of safety even after he had placed ten meters worth of distance between him and the two men.

Neither Lamorak or Aliard moved a single inch, but Leonel felt as though a guillotine was hanging over his neck, ready to fall at any moment.

“Who are you? Who sent you to my Camelot?”

Lamorak's words caused a coldness to well up in Leonel's heart.

Chapter 220

Leonel felt a heaviness on his chest. He suddenly found that it was several times more difficult to breathe as though all the oxygen in the air had been sucked away by some unknown force.

“Speak, boy.” Lamorak’s words grated against Leonel’s ears, beating them like a drum. It felt like his head might explode if he listened too closely. “Or else, I’ll slaughter you where you stand.”

Lamorak and Aliard were immediately on guard. A normal talent was always something to celebrate. But, if a talent was too monstrous, rather than being a joyous occasion, it would cross over and become something completely different.

A body rivaling that of a knight of the round table? A Spirit Pressure rivaling that of a Three Star Magus?

Rather than truly believing that Leonel was such a genius, it made more sense to believe that he was a hidden evil with bad intentions. It was simply impossible for someone so young to have such ability. There had to be another explanation.

Leonel’s frown deepened. ‘What the hell is wrong with me?’

Leonel hadn’t felt this way since the Mayan Tomb. This uncontrollable, insatiable fear that seemed to want to swallow him whole. He found it difficult even to calm his mind the slightest bit. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

After a moment, Leonel eyes focused on Aliard, his expression becoming even more serious. He didn’t know exactly what was happening, but he had a strong feeling that it was the fault of this seemingly amiable man.

There was a slight glow in his eyes. It was nearly imperceptible, to the point even Leonel began to question himself. In that time, the fear he felt multiplied several times over, unwilling to relinquish the hold it had on his heart.

Leonel turned his gaze back toward Lamorak, the goosebumps spreading rapidly across his skin without pause. He shook his head furiously, trying to calm his mind. But, he found it impossible to do so.

The frustration in his heart grew several levels greater and he began to feel an irrational anger. He didn't even really know where it came from.

For some reason, he kept having flashbacks of Jarin forcing them to fight to the death. Then, the scene of Elys calling the others trash simply because they couldn't withstand her Spirit Pressure ran through his mind.

All of the bad impressions he had of Camelot suddenly exploded forth hundreds of times over. PANDA NOVEL

"Are you going to speak or not, boy?!"

Lamorak's voice clapped like thunder in his mind, pushing Leonel over the edge.

"Piss off!"

Leonel suddenly roared, his voice piercing the veil and rampaging across Camelot. At that moment, Leonel's suppressed Force spread out in a tidal wave, causing billowing white steam to fill his surroundings.

His hair shot into the skies, the ink he had used to coat it vaporizing to reveal a blinding bronze sheen that shimmered no differently from polished metal.

Runes uncontrollably appeared all across Leonel's skin. This was his true state. Without suppressing his Lineage Factor, these beautiful bronze runes radiating a royal violet color would uncontrollably cover his body. PANDA NOVEL

Beneath his weight, the cobbled roads cracked as he turned a pair of red eyes toward Lamorak. It was this annoying man who kept roaring at him, giving him such a splitting headache. It had truly infuriated him to the max.

An oppressive aura erupted from Leonel's body, bearing down on Camelot like an Emperor descending from the skies.

The Runes finally stopped spreading across Leonel's body. At that moment, he looked no different from a Roman God. His billowing hair, the bronze halo above his head, the crown drawn across his forehead... Even his eyes radiated a sharp light.

Aliard's expression changed. It wasn't just him, all those who had been around found it difficult to comprehend what was happening. At that moment, it felt as though a third heavy weight of Camelot had appeared, someone with no less strength than a Three Star Magus or a Knight of the Round Table.

“Boy! Do you think Camelot is a place you can act as you please?!”

Before anyone could stop him, Lamorak had shot forward, a massive mace with a cylindrical head appearing in his hands. No, it wasn't a mace, it had no sharp points, it was a completely blunt weapon, carrying an impossibly heavy weight behind it.

This only served to infuriate Leonel more. As though he had lost his mind, he took a step forward and sent out a punch.

Those watching paled. A fist against a heavy weapon like that? Even if they weren't fighters, the ending to such a thing should have been obvious.

BANG!

And, as expected, Leonel was sent flying. His body shot out like a broken kite, crashing through the buildings of the inner city without regard.

At this point, Jarin and Elys could finally grasp what was happening and their faces slightly paled. If they had really allowed such a spy into Camelot, the consequences would have been disastrous. Ironically, they could only look toward one another with gratitude. If it wasn't for the other battling with them for Leonel, they wouldn't have been forced to call their master's here and this matter wouldn't have been exposed so soon.

As for giving Leonel a chance, they believed they had seen all they needed to see.

Though they didn't know what those Runes on Leonel's body were, they knew that such a thing had never appeared in Camelot before and as such had a high likelihood of originating from an outside place. In this land, there were only two factions. Camelot and Modred's Demon Army. If Leonel wasn't from the former, he was obviously from the latter.

Plus, on top of that, they had all seen how Leonel's hair color was hidden from them. What reason would he have to hide such a thing if not to cover up something?

Luckily, this was over. They could only hope that their masters didn't blame them too much. After all, wasn't this still a merit? If not for them, who knew how far this spy would have risen up?

Who knew that at that very moment, the very Leonel that should have already been dead with walk out from within a pile of wreckage, blood leaking from his lips...?

At that point, let alone the crowd, Lamorak was especially stunned. At the same time, he grew several levels more serious. This threat... had to be eliminated.

A mighty roar left the knight's lips, his Force billowing around him. But, unlike Leonel's which manifested like an uncontrolled geyser, his was compressed to the point of even carrying a faint red color.

"Die!"