

Descent 301

Chapter 301

Leonel groaned, trying his best to stand.

He felt his mind spinning. The thumping pain in his mind had been slowly growing since his Soul Force ran dry. After getting knocked away by Big Buddha, it seemed to have dampened his pain threshold, making it feel as though someone was constantly hammering his head.

Leonel stumbled to his feet. In one arm he held onto the little mink and in the other... there was nothing. His bow was too heavy. How could he continue to carry it as he ran? Plus, with the current state of his mind, there was no guarantee that it would even be useful to him now.

Under normal circumstances, it would be impossible for someone like Big Buddha to catch Leonel off guard. But, these weren't normal circumstances.

He truly couldn't believe that a half dead Big Buddha would rather risk his life and drag up his last bit of strength to push Leonel back toward Lamorak. Was he really that hateful? Was he really so much of an eyesore to this man he once respected?

Leonel coughed violently. Luckily, no blood came out. But, his body felt uncomfortable all over and no place felt more so than his heart. He was caught between shock, despair and rage. The emotions swelled up within his chest to the point it felt his torso might burst at any moment.

At that moment, Big Buddha that had been standing before Leonel fell to one knee, weakly gasping for breath.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Blood leaked from his lips as his massive hands shrank down once more. It seemed that he had used up the last of his strength sending out that final attack.

Big Buddha didn't really understand the situation. His actions weren't so planned as one might think. He only barely managed to lock onto Leonel with his senses and decided to launch a counter attack with everything he had left.

Of course, he could vaguely tell that Leonel was running from something. Being able to obstruct Leonel gave him a faint satisfaction even as his body seemed like it might collapse at any time.

At that moment, Leonel already knew it was too late to keep running from Lamorak. Not only did he need to reach the teleportation pad, but he needed at least a one to two second delay between the time he reached it and Lamorak's appearance. It was such a small time requirement, yet it felt worlds away at this point. Just a single action of Big Buddha's had brought all of that crumbling.

Leonel clenched his jaw, turning his gaze back toward Lamorak's figure. As though realizing the situation, the latter had long since stopped running. He walked with a calm pace, closing the rest of the distance between him and Leonel in what seemed like the blink of an eye. It wasn't long before he was standing just five meters from Leonel.

Whether it was due to caution or another reason, Lamorak didn't move to kill Leonel immediately. He still had no idea how Leonel had dodged the barrage of arrows previously. In fact, even taking a larger step back, Lamorak wasn't exactly sure what happened between Leonel and the two Demon Lords.

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His instincts told him that Leonel was a spent force. However, he still remained hesitant. To be able to push two top four Demon Lords to the brink of death... Lamorak could only admit that this was something he couldn't have done so easily.

Could it be that Leonel was actually more powerful than him?

It was a thought that had wormed its way into Lamorak's heart. It made him approach the situation differently than he would have in the past.

"It seems your actions have given you enemies everywhere."

Leonel didn't respond to these words. The act he had put on in Camelot was one thing, but this was the true Leonel. He had no intention of throwing a temper tantrum for the man before him. No matter how wronged he felt, no matter how unfair it seemed, he had nothing to say.

He stared toward Lamorak as though waiting for his next action. ρ??∫???????

Lamorak's eyes narrowed. It seemed that he too realized that the Leonel of before had been nothing more than an act. The truest form of Leonel, the one where he could cast off his fears and face the trial ahead with his everything... that was the Leonel before him.

A stifling pressure exuded from the young 18 year old boy. Beneath it, Big Buddha felt stifled to the point of being unable to breathe.

Leonel flipped his palm, using his Internal Sight sparingly to communicate with his spatial bracelet and bring out the dictionary.

Lamorak took an involuntarily step backward believing that this might be a trump card. How could he know that it was nothing but a walking encyclopedia?

From what Lamorak knew, only the treasures of Merlin worked within the trials, so how could he think that the small silver disk in Leonel's hand was anything but lethal?

“What's the fastest way for me to replenish my Soul Force?”

Leonel's sudden words stunned Lamorak.

[\*Ping\*]

[ Replying to Seed, [Dimensional Cleanse] ]

Hearing these words, Leonel came to a certain understanding.

His spirit always skyrocketed after cultivating [Dimensional Cleanse], this was especially so after forming his One Star and subsequent Two Star Constitution. Those benefits had become less obvious after awakening his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor's Wisdom Branch. But, that didn't change the fact.

In fact, when Leonel first chose [Dimensional Cleanse], his purpose was to find a technique that could help him capitalize on his ability. Back then, his exact words to Uncle Montez had been...

~"I felt this one could help improve my ability. I had already chosen before I knew its name."~

The moment he laid eyes on [Dimensional Cleanse], it felt as though it was calling out to him. The only unfortunate part was that the technique was incomplete.

Back then, he only had a Tier 9 Black reward to exchange for it. How could he trade for the whole of [Dimensional Cleanse]? Leonel suspected that there were even abilities of his Two Star Constitution that he was unaware of even now...

Now that Leonel thought about it, he shouldn't have been able to trade for Little Tolly with a Tier 9 Black reward either. Yet, Uncle Montez had still given the little guy to him... He had been ignorant back then, but how could he still be so?

What if [Dimensional Cleanse] was the same? A reward he shouldn't have been allowed to lay hands on, yet Uncle Montez bent the rules in his favor...?

Leonel closed his eyes.

He didn't have Soul Force and his ability had entered a state of dormancy. As a result, he could no longer split his mind toward different tasks. He was no different from a normal human with an abnormally strong body.

If he circulated [Dimensional Cleanse] now, he could focus on nothing else. If he was distracted for even a moment, he could suffer backlash and cripple himself.

Leonel clenched his jaw. When his eyes opened once more, he looked toward Lamorak with a piercingly cold gaze.

Violent winds suddenly shot up around him as all the Force within several hundred meters surged toward him in full force.

## Chapter 302

Lamorak's expression changed.

He didn't know what Soul Force was, it was a completely foreign concept to him. He had no idea that what Leonel called Soul Force was the very same Spirit Pressure he had known all his life.

This had been deliberate on Leonel's part. Without understanding what was going on, Lamorak only became more hesitant, allowing Leonel a few extra precious seconds. To the current Leonel, every single one of these moments mattered.

Still, it was just for a few seconds.

Lamorak wasn't a fool. He knew whatever was happening now would inevitably help Leonel even if he didn't know what Soul Force was. If he kept hesitating because of the unknown, the role of predator and prey might flip right before his eyes.

Ultimately, he was a veteran general of countless battles. The one thing he didn't lack was decisiveness.

Without hesitation, a fiery red and dense Force shot up around him like flickering flames.  
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He reached toward his back, pulling a massive, blunt and cylindrical mace from its holster before shooting toward Leonel.

He put his everything into this strike, not holding back in the slightest. He put so much power into his attack that the sturdy polearm of the mace bent into an elegant arc, whistling through the air with an opposingly grating sound.

BANG!

Lamorak was stunned.

This time, it wasn't because he missed or that Leonel managed to find a way to evade. Leonel hadn't moved a single inch. His brow didn't twitch, his fingers didn't tremble, his cold eyes didn't waver even as the mace smashed into his body, sending him flying into the sturdy walls of Camelot's castle.

Lamorak couldn't help but watch on with a speechless expression. What just happened? Was Leonel suicidal? PANDA NOVEL

He knew himself just how much strength he had put into that strike. It was more powerful than any attack he had used against Leonel during their first battle.

Back then, Leonel couldn't even take on a casual strike of his. That alone had been enough to fracture Leonel's bones.

In truth, Lamorak had been stunned even back then. After all, a normal person would have been blasted into a cloud of gore after one of his strikes, let alone the fact Leonel hadn't been wearing any armor.

However, that was all. Besides being somewhat stunned, it wasn't enough for him to lose his mind.

This time, Leonel was also not wearing any armor. How could he possibly survive?

Lamorak sighed a breath of relief. It was finally over. PANDA NOVEL

Just when Lamorak wanted to relax completely, he suddenly realized that the violent surge of Internal Strength was still spiraling. In fact, now that he wasn't panicking, he was stunned by just how much

there was. It couldn't be that Leonel was trying to meditate? Wait, no, how could a single person's meditation cause such a thing?!

Lamorak looked toward Leonel who had cracked apart the walls of the castle. A spider web of shattered stone hung around him. But, those cold eyes were still there. His gaze never left Lamorak. They didn't flicker with pain or anguish. They remained completely emotionless as Force continued to seep into his body.

The Force entered his Ethereal Glabella, causing the Two Stars within his Ethereal Glabella to begin to slowly spin once more. It was so slow that it was difficult to tell that they were moving at all. At this pace, it would take several days just to complete a single rotation. Yet, Leonel was still persisting.

“You’|”

Lamorak's gaze flashed with a savage light.

He charged toward the wall, raising his blunt mace and smashing it down.

Leonel didn't raise his hands to block or take any measures to move. In fact, the only reason he was staring down Lamorak wasn't in some act of overly confident display of force while he, himself was in a sorry situation.

Leonel was only human. No matter how much he willed it, it was impossible to ignore a momentary spike in pain as though he was made of iron. His only choice was to pause his circulation of [Dimensional Cleanse] right before Lamorak hit him. Only like this could he ensure he didn't suffer any backlash. However, without Internal Sight, he could only rely on his eyes to monitor Lamorak's movements.

He had no choice but to do this even if Lamorak saw it as a form of defiance.

Unfortunately, that was exactly how Lamorak saw it. Every time he put his everything into a strike, he would find Leonel's gaze looking back at him as though nothing had happened.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

The bones and flesh across Leonel's body shattered, splintered and bled. If it wasn't because he reached the Standard State, allowing his current body to match the Weak State when his Runes were activated, he would have long since been beaten into a meat patty.

Leonel was truly barely holding on. Being forced to pause his technique at the instant Lamorak hit him only made everything worse. An already slow process only became slower.

His two Stars were slowly picking up speed, but with the pain racking his body, it felt to Leonel as though the time would never come.

Lamorak's gaze was completely bloodshot.

He reached forward, picking up Leonel by his throat. His arm bulged, slowly squeezing the life out of Leonel.

Even as his face turned red, Leonel continued to stare at Lamorak. From this close, Lamorak felt as though a winter storm was brewing around him, causing goosebumps to run up his tanned skin.

Leonel couldn't have been in a sorrier state. His limbs were bent into awkward angles, his chest had bloomed into an open cavity of shattered bone and organs as though a crimson rose, and his blood dropped to the floor like a savage rain.

He had never been in such pain in his life. What held him together wasn't a deep sense of pride or responsibility, but simply the will to live. The shame of giving up on his own life still weighed heavily on his soul. Whether consciously or subconsciously, he refused to feel that same shame again.

Yet' | his gaze made Lamorak feel as though he was the one suffering such severe wounds.

Maybe the only good things about Lamorak's crazed gaze was that he didn't have the presence of mind to turn any of his rage toward the little mink Leonel had tossed away to a far off corner.



## Chapter 303

Leonel's legs hung weakly in the air, his face slowly turning red as Lamorak's hand clamped down on his throat.

It felt as though his whole body was washed by pain. It was an endless torrent that rammed through his senses like a tsunami, crashing through his mind in a repetitive, infinite cycle.

In his current state, lasting without oxygen for tens of minutes at a time, though difficult, wouldn't be impossible. However, having one's throat clamped down wasn't just about oxygen, it was also about blood flow.

Leonel felt his head becoming light, the pounding headache he had earned himself after his Soul Force ran dry was only getting worse. Yet, maybe in an odd twist of fate, he could just barely ignore because its level of pain was nothing compared to what was happening to the rest of his body.

Lamorak became irrationally enraged, staring toward Leonel's unwavering gaze.

Whether it was consciously or subconsciously, he felt as though all of his actions were being judged. It was impossible to tell whether he knew he was in the wrong, but all that was important was that he didn't like having to question himself in this way.

A roar escaped his lips as he slammed Leonel into the already cracked walls. The result was Leonel's already slipping consciousness swirling once more.

Leonel found it difficult to tell which way was up and which way was down. The whole world seemed to swim. He only barely managed to hold on to two thoughts.

One was the circulation method of [Dimensional Cleanse], and the second was the start and stop timing of this circulation.

He knew it was the only way for him to survive. He just needed his Soul Force to recover. It seemed so close and yet so far at the same time. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

At some point, the pain began to numb his body. But, was this a good thing? Pain was a sign of life' ; so what was numbness a sign of?

Leonel clenched his jaw, weathering the storm of Lamorak's rage. Just a little more, just a little more.

Lamorak's grip tightened around Leonel's throat even more as though trying to twist his head off. However, he found his actions no different from trying to squeeze a thick metal pole.

When he looked at Leonel's body. Though his flesh was beaten and batted, along with his bones being broken in several places, it all seemed far too shallow for the punishment the Grand Knight had inflicted onto him.

Any other person would have been beaten into a pile of mush by now, but why was Leonel still in one piece? Why was his neck so sturdy? Was he really made out of metal?

The more Lamorak thought, the more panicked he became. He had never run across something like this in his lifetime. To have someone allow him to go all out to kill them, yet to actually be unable to do so even after so much time had passed' ;

The more blows Lamorak landed, the more his panic set in and fused with his rage. He felt as though the longer this went on, the more dangerous his situation became.

"Die! Die! DIE!"

Lamorak completely lost his composure. The calm Knight of the Round Table had somehow become a madman. PANDA NOVEL

It felt to him that as long as he could kill Leonel, then it would all be justified. Those judgmental eyes, he didn't want to see them anymore, he didn't want to have to face the consequences of his own choices.

It was quite an ironic turn of events.

When Lamorak first met Leonel, it was the latter who had lost his mind. Leonel had reacted inappropriately to the situation due to something influencing his mind. Maybe had he not reacted that way, things might have traveled down a different path.

And now, it was Lamorak who had lost his cool.

Leonel didn't know how much pressure Lamorak had been under in these past few months. It was his suggestion that turned Camelot against Leonel. Though it didn't seem like it on the surface, this affected the trust between him and King Arthur.

Of course, when one was having internal struggles, they had to show a united front to others. But, internally, the struggles would continue.

Lamorak could tell that the trust between him and King Arthur had broken. The man he had sworn to follow his whole life no longer looked at him the same. Not only had he alienated such a talent, but he had also been the one monitoring Leonel during his escape.

He had to fix it. If he couldn't kill Leonel, he would never be able to.

"AGH!" p??J???????

Lamorak dragged Leonel's face across the stone walls, throwing him with all his might.

Big Buddha watched as Leonel's body fell like a ragdoll beside him. A light, satisfied chuckle left his lips along with a steady drizzle of blood. He couldn't even lift a finger to kill Leonel even though he was right before him.

Judging by Lamorak's struggles, even if he was in peak condition, killing Leonel would be too difficult. That said, that didn't change the delight he felt.

For him, dying for the Slayer Legion cause was only natural. He had prepared himself to die for the Slayer Legion long ago. Taking down a future enemy of their rebel army before his own death made everything worth it. He had something to raise his head and be proud about.

“This is what you deserve!”

Big Buddha wheezed out with the last of his strength. Even though his kneeling position wasn't much different from Leonel who lay on the ground, he still stood above, loftily casting judgment he believed the latter deserved.

At that moment, Lamorak had rushed over, raising his blunt mace above his head. A fiery qi shot around him, rising around his body and piercing toward the ceiling above.

BANG!

Lamorak didn't pause, not even sparing a glance toward Big Buddha who had gotten sent flying beneath the air pressure of his strike. He rose his mace again, swinging down with all his might.

BANG!

“HAHAHAHA!”

Big Buddha slid down the wall he smashed against, his laughter resounding through the halls of the castle. Yes, it was all worth it. All of it was worth it.

BANG!

Leonel's body was like a small boat in a raging storm. The only thing he clung onto was shame. It wasn't a shame he felt now, but rather one from months ago.

Not again, never again.

Even if he died here, it wouldn't be due to lack of trying.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

The surging winds around his black chained spear grew more resounding. They had already shifted violently beneath his choice during the first Elimination Round. But now, it was even more active as though trying to make its presence known.

BANG!

Lamorak's chest heaved. He had been giving it his everything. He had never regretted choosing a blunt weapon in his life. Yet, for maybe the first time he was. If only he had a sword, an ax, a blade of any sort. Would he be in this situation now?

It was quite ironic' ; just moments before, wasn't Umred lamenting his choice of weapon too? Maybe' ; Just maybe' ; it had nothing to do with the weapon at all.

Lamorak roared, his muscles bulging as he raised his blunt mace with two hands, his aura towering.

From below, Leonel looked on, his blood having fused with the cracked ground around him. No matter what happened, he seemed to stare toward Lamorak endlessly.

He didn't say a word. His lips were splintered and cracked, yet he held them sealed.

The slow rotation of his Two Stars had become much faster. As though pulling at chains that had held them down, the rotation only increased with each passing moment.

BANG!

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Leonel didn't regret his actions earlier.

His regret had become a recurring event with him. He would make a mistake, acknowledge it, then move on. Over time, he wouldn't make the same mistake again, but that wouldn't stop him from making more and continuing to regret them.

For all intents and purposes, this was another mistake. Leonel didn't consider the fact his Soul Force could ever run out. This was only natural. He had become so used to using his Soul Force with impunity, he didn't even think reaching his limit was possible.

It seemed impossible to him. After all, he had a mind with the capacity of a Fifth Dimensional entity even if he was lacking in the power. Running out of strength while battling within the Third Dimension would seem ridiculous to anyone.

However, this was the reality before Leonel's

Yet, he didn't regret it. In fact, it was something that filled his heart with anticipation and fervor.

The power his Dreamscape Battle Sense ability gave him was something he could have never imagined. He toyed with the lives of two Demon Lords. Even if it was Lamorak before him, he would have been able to force the Knight of the Round Table into a corner as well. Leonel was certain of this.

It was a power he created himself. It wasn't something he was born with like his Metal Synergy or his Spear Domain Lineage Factor. He had built it with his own two hands. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

There was something about this that filled him with pride. He had earned it. It was his. Whatever consequences might come with it, he would take. And why not? It was his.

Maybe the reason Leonel felt this way was because these emotions were in such sharp contrast to his shame.

These thoughts had been floating withing Leonel's mind for so long already. How many times had he been lucky to survive?

Leonel still remembered the conversation he had had with Roaring Black Lion within the hive cave. He might have had very few interactions with Roaring Black Lion, but that one in particular resonated with Leonel.

The new world older seemed to make the pains of the past worse. The bad of human nature seemed to have been peeled back like a festering wound, open to being damaged more and more with every passing moment.

Leonel realized how lucky he was to be in his position. Whether it be the talent passed down to him by his parents or the odd twists of fate that had allowed him to keep his life until now. His Dreamscape Battle Sense was one of the first things that wasn't just luck. Sure, his ability was gifted to him, but how he used it was built with his own hands.

That budding feeling within his chest seemed to grow. PANDA NOVEL

With every strike Lamorak landed on him, these thoughts only reaffirmed themselves.

This pain that he was suffering now? Was it worth it?

BANG!

Was it still worth it now?

BANG!

How about now? Were you still proud? Did you still hold your head high? Are you not willing to beg for mercy yet?

BANG! PANDA NOVEL

It was a repetitive cycle. The whistling wind, Lamorak's roar, the sound of metal meeting flesh, Big Buddha's cackling laughter' ;

It was all imprinted within Leonel's heart.

Even he didn't understand what this budding feeling was or what it represented. Maybe that was just how human nature was. People thought about inexplicable things at inexplicable moments. They felt ways they couldn't explain and ignored what might have been logical at any given instant.

However, there would come a day where Leonel understood even if it wasn't now.

For now, though' ; He felt a welling sense of pride. Because at least this time, he hadn't given up.

Lamorak raged, his mace swinging down with everything he had. He lost himself in his emotion. He didn't hear the sound of his weapon connecting, he couldn't feel it either as his arms grew numb. He couldn't even hear the sound of Big Buddha's laughter.

All he saw was Leonel's gaze. That empty, calculating gaze as his body was slowly being beaten into the ground.

At that moment, a massive crater had appeared within the castle. As Lamorak pounded down, he sunk further into the crater along with Leonel, not caring for what might happen to the foundation of Camelot.

By this point, many of the warriors he had been commanding had long since caught up. They watched this scene with astonished gazes, not knowing what they should be doing.

But, Lamorak didn't notice them either. All he saw was that gaze, those two pale green eyes. They seemed to be the only part of Leonel's body left untainted by blood' ;

Then' ; he swore' ; he swore he saw those two eyes smile.



“[Grand’! Heal]’!”

Leonel’s voice cut through the whistling wind.

At that moment, the situation changed. A blinding surge of light encased Leonel, repelling Lamorak back several feet.

[Grand Heal].

Lamorak didn’t believe what he had just heard. In the whole of Camelot, there were only two people who could use this spell, each more respected than the last. One was Pope Margrave and the second was the man he respected the most in this entire world’ | King Arthur.

It was a Three Star Magus Art on a completely different level than [Minor Heal]. In fact, it was so difficult to cast that it was even set apart from other Three Star Magus Arts.

The reason this Art was so difficult to cast was because not only was it a healing spell, but it was simultaneously a defense spell. Upon activation, the spell would give off a massive push forcefield, forcing any enemies in the vicinity back. Even Lamorak was blasted back tens of meters before he could even react. By the time he realized what was happening and charged forward again, his visage coated with a savage expression, it was already too late.

Leonel slowly stood from the crater, his clothing in complete tatters. His movements were slow, yet they held an undisguised strength behind them.

His sturdy, bronzed skin shone through the tears in his robes, giving him a wild, untamed appearance.

In the past several months, Leonel’s hair had grown uncontrollably. Plus, due to the fact it was as sturdy as thin filaments of metal now, it was simply too much of a hassle to cut. By now, it was already approaching the small of his back, completing his unrestrained look.

With a flip of his palm, his bow appeared. Even without an arrow nocked, Big Buddha's laughter came to a grinding halt and those warriors who were in the surroundings involuntarily took a step back.

"I hope you had fun." Leonel said indifferently.. "It's my turn now."

## Chapter 305

Leonel didn't wait for Lamorak's response. He had already taken a step forward and nocked his first arrow.

Bronze Runes lit all across his body, a halo of violet-bronze hanging above his head. At the same time, a crown etched itself across his forehead, making him look no different from a holy king.

This experience taught Leonel something very important. His Soul Force stamina wasn't just about the amount of Soul Force reserves he had, but also about how quickly he was able to replenish it.

The slow spinning of his Two Stars wasn't meaningless. At all times, they were siphoning Force from the surroundings and converting it into Soul Force for his use. The reason he had ended up in such a sorry state before was because he had used up his Soul Force faster than his constitution could replenish it.

Once his Soul Force dried up, the power balance of his Ethereal Glabella broke, causing his Stars to lose their impetus to spin. As a consequence, he needed far more Soul Force to allow them to begin to spin once more.

However, the instant they began to move once again, Leonel didn't have to wait for the rest of his Soul Force to recover. He could entirely rely on his Stars to replenish his Spirit Pressure faster than he was using it.

Leonel activated 'Hot Streak' without a second thought, firing out five shots before Lamorak could even understand the change to the situation.

Five mages found a bloody hole to their forehead before they registered any pain. Their dazes became dull, falling down in a heap of their own flesh.

Lamorak was stunned by the sudden change before his eyes turned a furious shade of red.

“BOY!” PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel’s expression turned cold.

“I have long since been tired of you.”

These were the second time Leonel spoke these words. But, compared to the first time, he meant them even more.

He watched Lamorak pick himself up and charge toward him with a cold expression. As though he didn’t realize the danger he was in, he continued firing. It felt as though every step forward Lamorak took, another one of his people would fall. No matter how much he raged and shouted, Leonel didn’t seem to hear any of it.

“You’! You monster’ !”

Lamorak steps had almost reached Leonel, but his spirit was tired. He hadn’t held back at all while trying to kill Leonel just now. It could be said that he was already a spent force, yet Leonel was actually alive.

It seemed like it was all a joke. He, a Knight of the Round Table, wasn’t able to kill someone who couldn’t even move to defend themselves.

Leonel almost laughed at Lamorak’s words.

“Monster? When did I ever target any humans? How many demons have I kill in comparison to humans? Now you want to surround me, pray on me, kill me, and then call me a monster when I retaliate? PANDA NOVEL

“There was a point in time where I saw you as a rival to surmount. You have no idea how many thoughts I’ve spared toward you in just the last month. But, you’ve disappointed me.

“I realize now that being powerful doesn’t make one worthy of respect.”

Leonel smiled. It was a smile of relief, the kind one could only smile after a great burden had been taken from their hearts.

His loss to Lamorak had been weighing on his mind for a long time. But, he finally felt that weight lifted from him today.

Leonel met Lamorak’s gaze. He could see that the latter’s gaze was still reddened to the point of irrationality. Even if he heard Leonel’s words, it was unlikely that he had recognized his faults. But, Leonel no longer cared.

He fired a last arrow, slaughtering the last of the humans before turning his attention back toward Lamorak. However, Leonel was stunned to realize that this Grand Knight wasn’t even moving toward him anymore.

He looked toward Leonel like a wounded beast. Then, did something that left Leonel not knowing how to feel.

Lamorak stared toward Leonel with bloodshot eyes. His Force surged, building up toward his head.

In the next instant, his head exploded. It was a level of gruesome that couldn’t even be explained.

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Blood and brain matter fell from his headless shoulders. And, not long later, his body slumped to the ground, keeling over.

Leonel stared forward for a long while, not knowing what to say or do.

In the end, he could only shake his head and sigh.

Was it something about this world that made people act like this? He really wished he could do something about it!

When Leonel regained his bearings, his gaze turned cold as it swept toward the one person he had left alive “ Big Buddha.

By now, the large man had long since stopped laughing. His gaze looked dull, he only slightly trembled when he noticed that Leonel was looking toward him.

“Was it worth it?” Leonel asked.

He didn't know why he asked. He didn't expect to get anything out of it, yet he did so anyway.

“Ha!” Big Buddha chuckled. “You're alive, how could it be?”

Leonel shook his head before piercing Big Buddha's throat with an arrow. He looked up toward the ceiling of the castle and sighed.

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At that moment, within the Merlin Trial grounds, everyone was waiting silently.

Those who hadn't gone had made a strategic choice. After all, not going was essentially like gaining a free 24 hours of rest. Such a break was incredibly rare during the trials. Obviously, the recovery rewards simply weren't enough, especially for those who chose to use the energy more toward cultivation rather than toward healing themselves.

Like this, many kept to themselves. Some tried to pry into the Segmented Cube Leonel left behind, but it was too difficult to cross the void to reach it. Plus, even if they did, they thought that since Leonel dared to leave it here, it was likely something they couldn't pry into all that easily to begin with.

Soon, the time limit approach and many began to go on alert again. Those who had lived through the Random Event should be coming back any time now.

‘That boy, he’s probably dead, right?’

Most were thinking along these lines. Though the choice to go wasn’t made public, it was pretty obvious by those who were here.

Two top four Demon Lords had gone along with seven other lower ranked Demon Lords. On top of that, there was Lamorak who had clearly disappeared as well and he had even taken what seemed like a small troop of humans. That boy was finished.

King Arthur looked up from his meditation with indifferent eyes. He wasn’t thinking about whether or not Leonel survived, this was a foregone conclusion in his mind. He was thinking about how he would get his hands on the Segmented Cube afterward.

Unlike others, this wasn’t a matter of greed for him. It was rather about the little girl.

King Arthur knew Pope Margrave well and he had information channels monitoring The Church. This little girl seemed to be very important to the Pope, he just didn’t know why. Since he couldn’t understand, it was better that he controlled this card in his hand.

As he was lost in thought, a small flash of light swept through.

<Random Event Complete>

<Winner: Defending Team>

<Trial Grade: Perfect>

At that moment, dozens of pairs of eyes landed on a young man who appeared with an indifferent expression, his clothes ripped and covered with blood. He held his bow in his hand and swept an unperturbed gaze over those stunned gazes.

Leonel had returned.

Chapter 306 - 100 000 Skill Points

<Skill Points Rewarded: 100 000>

<Slaughter Points Rewarded: 370>

<Special Reward: 10 Special Store Tickets; 100 Star Points>

Hearing the rewards Leonel was given, everyone who had been looking toward him in shock suddenly went green with envy.

They had all been here when the Merlin Trial moderator had said that Leonel could stand to receive ten times the rewards should he succeed in passing this Random Event. However, seeing it displayed before them now made them feel as though their innards were being twisted with countless little blades.

So what if the reward had a multiplier to it? In order to benefit, Leonel would have had to survive, and none of them believed that he would do so. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Yet, not only had he survived, but he had only returned with barely over half a dozen people. Of the over 40 that went, so little actually returned!

King Arthur abruptly stood, his gaze turning red as he looked toward Leonel.

No matter how he swept his gaze, no matter how many times he double and triple checked' ; Lamorak was gone! His brother in arms for so many years, one of the 12 men he trusted his whole life to' ; gone!

He didn't fall during war, nor beneath a siege of demons or the hands of Modred' ; but he fell to the hands of a boy that didn't even have to be their enemy!

King Arthur's chest heaved, but it had a slowly, rhythmic beat to it. He looked like a beast suppressing his strength, using all of his will to temper down his rage as he stared daggers toward Leonel. pANDA NOVEL

At that moment, an unconcealed kingly might exuded from his body. It was the kind that left those who were too weak stifled. Any lesser man or woman would fall to their knees. However, everyone here was an elite of the elite. Even if they felt pressured, they could forcibly withstand it.

That said' ; they couldn't say the same if they were the target of this pressure like Leonel was. Yet, the boy stood there and met Arthur's gaze with his own, remaining expressionless. He didn't say any words of taunting nor bravado, yet his presence alone seemed to be enough of a slap to the face.

To Leonel, this was what King Arthur deserved.

A pillar of blinding golden light descended upon Leonel from above. He couldn't bother to care for King Arthur's emotions anymore and could only focus on accepting this reward.

Much like all his other rewards, this recovery reward had a ten times multiplier as well. This singular reward was as good as receiving ten Perfect Evaluation rewards, so Leonel would take full advantage. p??U??????

He circulated Merlin's meditation technique. With each rotation, he felt his Force and Soul Force become more compact and sturdy.

In the past, even when he sent his Internal Sight into his body to monitor his Nodes, he would only see faint wisps of Force. It couldn't be helped. His Force Nodes were measured in lengths of singular cells. The fact he could sense Force at all was a testament to how talented his sensory abilities were.



But now, Leonel could sense a heavy flow within his body. Though it wasn't as exaggerated as turning to liquid, what it did become was a thick fog.

Leonel realized that this thickening not only increased the amount of Force he had, but also made it easier to control. He no longer had to rely on a faint sense of where his Force was and what it was doing. It was now as bright as day to him.

In addition to helping him meditate, this reward was a great help toward healing his lingering injuries. Though [Grand Heal] was excellent, it hadn't been able to completely solve all of Leonel's troubles.

In fact, if Leonel thought about it, it actually did much more for him than he thought it would. He could only chalk it up to his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor.

This aside, this reward helped him not have to worry about hidden injuries. And, as an added surprise, Leonel realized that the injury of his body followed by the thorough healing of it actually helped the Urbe Essence within his body to fuse with him even better. He felt that he was already faintly reaching the peak of the Standard Stage and might even have another breakthrough soon.

Just the Standard Stage alone was enough for Leonel to resist Lamorak's barrage for several minutes and that was without activating his Runes. He couldn't even imagine what would happen if he broke through again. Would it even be possible for anyone within the Third Dimension to hurt him at all?

'Just a little more, just a little more'!

Leonel had no idea that others were looking toward him with a bit of fear in their eyes.

While he was completely focused on accepting his reward and compressing his Force so that he would have enough assurance to form his Tenth Node, others were looking at him like some sort of monster.

They could all tell that Leonel was in the process of compressing his Internal Strength, but that was exactly what made them shudder. To receive the reward was one thing, but to be able to accept it was an entirely different matter. Was this boy's body made of metal?!

However, Leonel didn't know about their worries, nor would he care even if he did know.

Normally, it took decades of meditation to reach Lamorak's level not only because meditation was slow, but because it took time for the body to acclimate to thicker Force. However, Leonel didn't need this acclimation time. After all, he was a scion of the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor.

A violent surge of wind kicked up around Leonel as he took a deep breath and opened his eyes. For a moment, his irises seemed to shine with a bright light before dimming back down to their usual pale green.

Then, without sparing those watching him a glance, he used one of his Special Store Tickets and disappeared. Since he could hide his purchases from them, why not? It might give him a small edge for a while. After all, there was no other archer even close to his level at the moment.

When Leonel entered the Special Store, he was faced with an immediate dilemma.

He had 100 000 skill points right now, 470 000 if he converted all of his slaughter points and 570 000 if he converted all of his star points as well.

The question was whether he should buy the goddess necklace he was eyeing before or not.

## Chapter 307

<Trading Goddess Necklace (Legendary Equipment) – 72 000 skill points>

Though Leonel could be considered to be a rich man now, he knew that he had to be cautious with how he used his skill points. Another Random Event wasn't going to come any time soon, especially since Leonel felt as though something was artificially accelerating these trials along. Whether it was how quickly the first Elimination Round came or the fact a Random Event was triggered at all, both were signs that these Merlin Trials just might not last as long as they had in the past.

All of these treasures seemed blinding to the eye, but Leonel knew well that they were practically useless to him. After he left this Zone, they would all disappear. So, wasting time on them was exactly that; a waste.

The only value this necklace had to him was in his Dream Sculpt ability. But, if he used all of these skill points, Leonel knew he would be able to unlock at least two of the four seasons. That kind of boost to his strength couldn't be looked down upon at all.

This seemed like a smarter choice, but Leonel hesitated again.

'370 slaughter points is so many; it would be quite literally impossible for me to gather this much again.'

Leonel wasn't wrong. There were only about 200 warriors that entered the trials this time around. By all logic, gathering this many again would be impossible unless another multiplier event was given. But, even if that did happen, there was no guarantee that Leonel would be the one to benefit this time. He had gotten lucky this time, but that didn't mean there would be a next time.

Plus, there was also the fact that Leonel couldn't run from the fact he almost died. Had he not reached the Standard Stage in thanks to Merlin's Recovery Rewards or had Lamorak not been a blunt weapon wielder, who knew how things might have turned out?[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

It seemed smarter to just wait. What if the exchange rate for slaughter points increased again to 10 000 to 1? If that happened, Leonel could clear his whole skill tree with ease.

Leonel took a deep breath.

This choice was definitely a difficult one.

Leonel looked down at the napping little mink in his arms. The little guy had gained a recovery reward through him, so his situation was much better than it had been in the past.

After a while, Leonel made a decision.

He converted 170 of his slaughter points into skill points. Then'

<Silver Skill 'Secondary Explosion' Chosen> PANDA NOVEL

'

<Gold Skill 'Frightful Barrage' Chosen>

<Gold Skill 'Knuckle Shot' Chosen>

<Gold Skill 'Illusion Shot' Chosen>

'

<Legend Skill 'Winter' Chosen>

A menacing cold suddenly swept around Leonel and through his bones. He felt as though his whole world had been cast into an endless white filled with nothing but a chilling bite. √

Leonel's gaze went blank for a moment.

'Artistic Conception''

These words were whispered into his mind.

The universe was filled with all sorts of beautiful mysteries. The birth of a child, the budding of a flower, the rise of the sun' If one had to describe why each one of these was beautiful, it might be difficult to do.

This sort of clear but difficult to grasp, comprehend and describe beauty' ¦ This was Artistic Conception.

When one listened to a musical score. The feelings that welled up in the heart, the emotions that prayed on our deepest desires, the lurking memories that surged up from our subconscious' ¦ This was Artistic Conception.

This was where the strength of the Universe Cycles lay. Everyone could see the beauty in the seasons, but how many could capture them? How many could relay the beauty they saw to others? How many could make the Four Seasons their own?

A thin layer of frost began to form around Leonel, coating his hair and his brows while even turning his lips a vague shade of blue.

It was only after a long while that he awoke. But the look within his eyes seemed to have grown several levels deeper, as though there was unknown and unfathomable depths hidden within their pupils.

'So this is the Four Seasons Realm' ¦'

Leonel was shocked. It wasn't by the power, but because of just how much the Four Seasons Realm reminded him of his Dreamscape Battle Sense.

It was a hard to describe feeling and even more difficult for Leonel to fully grasp. But, he felt like there was a thin, translucent line connecting the two that he couldn't quite put his finger on.

In fact' ¦ He vaguely felt that his Dreamscape Battle Sense was even a level more powerful.

If others heard Leonel's thoughts, they would think he was a madman. But, this was simply how he felt' ¦

Of course, Leonel still knew that his Dreamscape Battle Sense was lacking in many respects. For example, the efficiency was too low, almost like a written code that used up too much of a computer's memory. An elegant piece of code and a complex one could both execute the same task, but the former would always be faster and less strenuous.

Leonel felt like he was in the same situation now. His Dreamscape Battle Sense was an excellent technique, but the organization of his skills was lacking. Due to this, it took too much of his Soul Force to pick out the perfect technique to respond with and as such, it drained him too quickly.

In addition to this, this was just 'Reliant Artistic Conception'. Leonel was relying on the comprehensions of someone else right now, so how could this possibly represent the true strength of the Four Seasons Realm?

Plus' ¦ Leonel didn't necessarily feel like he had to choose one or the other' ¦

If his Dreamscape Battle Sense and his Universe Cycle comprehension could be fused into one' ¦ just what kind of monster would he become?

Leonel took a deep breath and left the Special Store.

## Chapter 308

When Leonel appeared, everyone felt the change within him. They could all sense the biting wind and the chilling aura. It was as though his will was being manifested in tangible form.

Those who knew what this meant looked on in shock. It was precisely because they knew exactly what they were seeing that they felt as though their understanding of the world had been turned upside down.

Comprehending the Four Seasons Realm was one matter, but manifesting this understanding so clearly for all to see was a completely different matter. It was easier to accomplish this when it was one's own comprehension. But, when relying on the comprehension of another, this feat became several times more difficult.

The fact Leonel could do this was too confusing. Even King Arthur didn't know what exactly it meant.

However' ¦ it could be said that if those of the Morales Clan were present, their shock would be no less.

Unfortunately, no one had the time to think about their next move.

<Milestone Reached: Legendary Skill has been acquired>

<Trial 4 has been postponed, Elimination Round commencing>PANDA-NOVEL.COM

<Elimination Goal: 20>

The small grey platforms began to rumble.

<Second Elimination Round "" Begin!>

This time, Leonel was ready. As he fell toward the massive gray platform beneath him, his gaze was like lightning, seeing through the intentions of all those around him.

Still, he couldn't help but smile bitterly. Only a fool wouldn't be able to tell exactly who it was had just awakened the Legendary Skill.

SHUUUUUUUUUUU!

Leonel's pupils constricted. PANDA NOVEL

Three arrows came at him from three different directions. It was as though everyone had come to a tacit understanding that he was the greatest threat. But, this time, there was no Little Nana by his side and the little mink was currently sleeping within the Segmented Cube.

However, Leonel didn't panic.

During the Random Event, Leonel had cast [Grand Heal]. But, by all rights, he shouldn't have been able to. After all, within the Merlin Trials, the only skills one was allowed to use were the ones they unlocked

with skill points. And, since Leonel had chosen a bow as his main weapon, he obviously couldn't cast spells like those who had chosen wands.

Yet, he had done so anyway.

The real question was 'how?'

The answer to that was simple: his Lineage Factors.

Just like these Trials couldn't stifle his ability, it couldn't hold back his Lineage Factors either. In that life or death situation, Leonel realized that when he used his Lineage Factor as a medium, casting spells he hadn't been able to before was as easy as breathing.

Leonel's lip curled, beautiful Bronze Runes spreading across his body.

"[Grand Bell Construct]!"

Force surged around Leonel as a massive illusory bell formed around him in the blink of an eye.

[Grand Bell Construct] was one of the few Three Star Earth Magus Arts that didn't rely on the earth beneath one's feet to form. It coalesced pure Earth Force into a transparent bell that surrounded the caster. Even though it wasn't the most powerful defensive Art, its utility made it perfect for the battlefield.

PENG! PENG! PENG!

Three arrows rebounded off of Leonel's [Grand Bell Construct].

The instant his feet landed on the ground, Leonel drew his bow in a forceful arc.



In quick succession he unleash the Gold Skill 'Knuckle Shot' in one direction and the Gold Skill 'Illusion Shot' in another. With a swing of his hips, his gaze locked onto the last archer. Even from so far away, he could see the fear in the latter's eyes.

He wasn't a demon. He was a normal human man wearing the shining armor of a knight. Knights who chose to be bowman were rare, but they were also incredibly powerful within their class. They could be considered rare elites an army couldn't do without, aces of archery.

Even as Leonel released the last arrow, he could only sigh. He didn't want to kill humans, but why did they insist on targeting him?

Everyone was stunned by Leonel's sudden counterattack. They were all elites, how could they not recognize the spell Leonel had just used.

In this sort of situation, [Grand Bell Construct] was too perfect. Not only did it provide good defense, but it also allowed Leonel's attacks to pass through from the inside completely unhindered. Though it gave up some defensive strength in order to allow this, its utility in the midst of battle was completely unmatched.

However, whatever success Leonel had didn't last for long.

At that moment, a towering aura shot through the skies. Even Leonel couldn't help but turn his head toward a certain direction. Despite the fact he could just as easily lock onto this person with his Internal Sight, it felt that it was improper of him to do so.

It was no surprise to Leonel that this towering aura was coming from King Arthur.

Clad in white armor fitted with roaring white tigers, his blond hair billowed beneath his surging aura. The sword in his right hand seemed to shimmer like the brightest gold.

Every step he took caused the platform to quake.

With reddened eyes, he slowly walked toward Leonel. No matter who he came across chose to take a step out of his way. Not a single person seemed to want to get in his way at this very moment.

The humans of Camelot looked toward Leonel with reddened eyes. Their rage could be imagined.

How long had the Knights of the Round Table held up the hope of their nation? How much had they taken on their shoulders?

All of them were brothers in arms. Yet, for Lamorak to fall not at the hand of a Demon, but a fellow human' it ate at their hearts and organs, making them shed hot tears.

In Camelot, the tears of men were rare. Maybe this was the same no matter which society it was.

With rarity came a certain heaviness. It was a weight that suffocated the atmosphere, bearing down on it until even the air one breathed felt like scorching lava.

As a King, Arthur couldn't shed the tears he wanted to. He put the whole of his rage into his sword, causing a Sword Force that could cut mountains to sing through the skies.

He wanted Leonel dead.. He wouldn't rest until he was.

## Chapter 309

Leonel calmly watched as Arthur built momentum, dispelling [Grand Bell Construct].

Since he wanted to fight, Leonel would fight. He felt no sadness nor any remorse. Lamorak deserved to die.

Leonel took a step forward, his aura billowing upward, clashing with Arthur's. A surging violet aura stood above his head, fusing with his halo. In that moment, even King Arthur's felt stifled.

In a corner of the platform, Modred watch on with twinkling eyes. Despite the fact her father was so enraged, she didn't seem to feel any sort of particular way about it. She watched on like any other normal spectator.

In truth, she was the most curious about Leonel. It seemed that her favorite lover in recent months actually seemed to have quite some history with this boy. But, she still couldn't understand how they were related.

Though Monet tried to hide it, it was pretty obvious to Modred. This was especially so after that Big Buddha character didn't come back from the Random Event.

Modred smiled. The contrast of her cherry lips to her pale features was especially striking.

"It seems you all have forgotten about me."

Her voice was especially sweet, but it was barbed with the thorns of a rose.pANDA-N0VEL.COM

She raised her wand, her slender fingers wrapping around it.

"Darling Monet, protect me."

Monet nodded, brandishing her fire coated whip.

King Arthur's expression changed. "You dare?!"

Modred smiled as though she hadn't heard a thing, a violent dark energy surging around her.

She needed slaughter points. Why would she wait around for a stupid battle of manly pride to finish? Since King Arthur wasn't paying attention to her anymore, this was the perfect chance for her to act.

Modred tapped forward with her wand.

At that instant, the sphere of blackness around her shot outward like the spikes of a porcupine. PANDA NOVEL

Agonizing screams sounded as several warriors were torn apart. In the blink of an eye, half a dozen had fallen and over a dozen more were varying degrees of injured.

King Arthur's face flushed red with rage, veins bulging out from his handsome face. Without a choice, he charged back toward Modred. If he didn't hold her back, there was no one else who could. Even the five remaining Knights of the Round Table he had come with could only be toyed around with by her. Only Lamorak and Lancelot could last a few rounds with her but he had frozen Lancelot out and Lamorak was dead.

Unfortunately for King Arthur, there was still Monet. And since Monet had acted, Violet Rain who had maintained a low profile all this time could only act as well.

Monet's whip seemed to cover the skies. Even from over 20 meters away, she kept King Arthur at bay under the support of Violet Rain.

'She's this powerful'?

Leonel's expression changed. He suddenly realized that Monet was no weaker than Lamorak.

Most of Lamorak's strength came from his compressed Force. Obviously, Monet hadn't compressed her own Force as much as Lamorak had. But, her ability more than made up for it.

Depending on the strength of one's ability, it might not even matter whether one reached the Four Seasons Realm or not. It would still be possible to display grand power beyond one's imagining.

~~~~~

In addition, it was clear that, much like Hacker Hutch, Monet had been training in the whip since long before the Metamorphosis descended.

King Arthur was completely enraged. His kingly aura fluctuated wildly, his sword swinging with a mighty momentum as he tried to cross Monet's barrier.

Unfortunately, it was simply too difficult. He had to separate a portion of his Force to fuse with his armor and block Violet Rain's poison.

He was certain that if he was given enough time, he could easily reach Modred. The issue was that he didn't have the time.

When Modred acted, the whole of the grey platform descended into chaos. King Arthur had only cut the distance by half when a familiar voice sounded once again.

<Second Elimination Round Completed>

<Slaughter Points to be Distributed>

<Modred – 13 points>

<Leonel – 3 points>

'1

The 100 star points above Leonel's head flickered and disappeared under the unwilling gazes of all those around him. It was obvious that this was probably a large part of the reason he was targeted at all. But, the archers who had chosen to take action had clearly been too eager. What would they have done had they really managed to kill him?

King Arthur's steps paused, a bubbling rage threatening to erupt from deep within him.

He stared toward Modred then looked toward the corpses of his fellow man that littered the ground.

Over 200 people had entered together. But, now there were just 72. Just 72 left. Of them, only 40 were humans.

<Trial 4 Commencing>

Unfortunately, no matter how enraged King Arthur was, things were destined to continue. The same callous voice sounded as though the deaths that had been caused by it were completely meaningless.

Leonel shook his head. It was for the best that things ended this way. His mission would fail if King Arthur died and having to fight such a powerful man while holding back would be like asking for death.

Just as Leonel was about to check to see if the exchange rate for slaughter points had changed, his vision swam.

At first he panicked. But, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to keep himself awake.

Soon, his panic became languidness and his vision went completely black. The only assurance he gained just before he lost consciousness was that others seemed to be falling asleep along with him' ;

' ;

Moments later, Leonel appeared floating within a cocoon. There wasn't a shred of clothing on him and he was curled up in a fetal position.

What was truly shocking, though, about his current situation was the fact he wasn't alone. There was one other cocoon right next to him. But, this one held a gorgeous woman who was equally as naked.

In fact, even that wasn't the truly shocking part.. What would stun those watching from a third party's perspective was the fact that this woman was the demonic Empress, Modred.

Leonel felt his vision blur. When it cleared again, he was shocked to find that he was a bird in the skies. The suddenness caught him off guard, causing him to almost plummet from the clouds entirely.

After he regained his bearings and figured out how his wings seemed to work, Leonel soon realized that his eyes seemed capable of peering through everything. Whether it was seeing to the ground as though it was right before him or even seeing through the walls of tall buildings, he could do it all. In fact, he realized that if he focused, he could even filter out noise and focus on individual conversations.

'This must be the fourth trial? But what am I supposed to do?'

All of the trials up to this point had been related to battle. Leonel had been entirely prepared for another long drawn out battle, he never expected to be thrust into a place like this.

Still, Leonel realized that he had to remain calm.

To this point, the only trial the voice of the Merlin Trials actually explained was the Random Event. Outside of this, everything else was figured out by the contestants themselves. As much as this was a trial of brawn, it was also one that tested one's observational abilities.

Thinking to this point, Leonel began to focus on the task at hand. [PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

The first thing he realized after a long while was that the city he was restricted to flying above was definitely Camelot. Normally, it wouldn't take him so long to realize something like this. The reason it did this time around was because of two factors: for one, he wasn't used to seeing Camelot from such a vantage point. And secondly, this Camelot wasn't exactly like the one he had come to know.

From Leonel's observations, he believed that this Camelot was displaced through time. It was either a version of the Kingdom from the past or from the future. Judging by the overall smaller scope, Leonel concluded that this was more likely a Camelot of the past, probably a few decades younger than the Camelot he had come to know.

'Why would this trial send me to Camelot's past?'

Leonel's heart was a bit perturbed.

He still remembered the trial he had to complete. His main trial was to save King Arthur. His two side quests were to kill Modred and resolve the love triangle. And, finally, the hidden quest was to make Camelot a part of true history.

At this point, with how difficult everything had become, Leonel had resigned himself to not perfectly clearing this Zone. As long as he saved King Arthur, he would be able to leave here alive. PANDA NOVEL

However, recently, Leonel realized a problem with that line of thinking.

This was an SS-grade Zone. This meant that the reward for clearing the main quest was a Tier 8 Black treasure. However, he needed a Tier 9 Black treasure in order to exchange for a ticket to another world.

This realization frustrated Leonel. In order to get a reward a tier above the difficulty of the Zone, he needed to complete the harder of the two side quests. But, with his current relationship with King Arthur, how the hell was he supposed to help fix his marriage? Was that a joke?

This ultimately left Leonel with only one choice: even if he failed both side quests, he needed to find a way to complete the hidden quest. Only then would he be able to exchange for what he needed.

Of course, since this Zone had a 12 person entry limit, it was still possible for Leonel to exchange five Tier 8 rewards for one Tier 9 reward. However, Leonel didn't want to put his hope into this. There were still Monet, Violet Rain and Little Nana who remained alive. This meant that the rewards would be split between the four of them.

In that case, even if they managed to clear the main quest, Leonel would only have three Tier 8 rewards which wouldn't be enough. PANDA NOVEL

Of course, he thought of killing Monet and Violet Rain, but he chose against doing so. Though he had no love lost between himself and Monet, Violet Rain had never acted against him. Even if he considered the matters of the tournament, those were just minor inconveniences. She never harmed his life.



He would never cross his own bottom line just for the sake of a reward. And, even if he killed Monet alone, that would only give him four rewards to exchange. He would still fall short so there was no need to risk himself to kill such a powerful woman.

There was another matter that Leonel had been reluctant to think about. If he didn't get the ticket to Terrain, he would be in mortal danger after he left this Zone. How could the Slayer Legion possibly let him off so easily?

So why was Leonel thinking about all of this now? Other than the fact it was related to his life and death? It was precisely because the oddity of this trial was the first chance he saw that just might be related to his hidden quest. If he was lucky, it might even let him understand how to fix King Arthur's marriage without the need to befriend the man.

Leonel realized that this trial was his chance.

His gaze sharpened as he focused his everything on finding the clues he needed.

'Hm?'

Leonel's hawk eyes lit up.

When observing such a large area, it was difficult to tell what was important to pay attention to. Leonel had listened in on way too many useless conversations about the weather or stumbled into some not so wholesome displays of affection.

However, he realized that there would always be clues that pointed him toward particular main events.

For example, he stumbled onto many conversations about the exploits of Lancelot. It turned out that he recently killed the Demon Emperor. Leonel wasn't sure who this Demon Emperor was, but in all likelihood, he was the leader of the Demons before Modred.

Another hot topic he stumbled into was information about the recent closure of the Merlin Trials. It appeared that Lancelot, Queen Guinevere and King Arthur were the ones who gained the most.

From this, Leonel understood that this was at least four to five decades ago. The last opening of the Merlin Trials was 50 or so years ago, so for it to still be such a hot topic, Leonel was sure that it ended quite recently.

Still, there was one event that was spoken the most about. It overshadowed all others.

The Queen was giving birth.

However, there was a problem with this information that made Leonel raise an eyebrow. Lionus was in his 20's, not much older than Leonel himself. If not for this, he'd be much more powerful and would have been allowed by his father to participate.

So who was the Queen giving birth to over four decades ago?