

Descent 531

Chapter 531

Aina felt as though a massive weight had suddenly been taken off her shoulders. Seeing Leonel standing straight and tall, a rain of blood falling around him, a smile couldn't help but bloom beneath her mask. If others could have seen it, it would have been the kind of smile that warmed the heart regardless of her scars.

Other women, when witnessing such carnage, would feel their intestines twist and their stomachs overturn. But, to Aina, it couldn't have been a more beautiful sight at that moment.

Leonel shot forward, the chains of his spears dancing as though the singing chimes of a bell. Their elation shot through the battlefield, their bodies intertwining and blotting out the skies above.

Leonel's speed seemed to touch a new level. His body was completely wrapped in Universal Force, making his actions breathe with an air of confidence that couldn't be denied.

Seeing his clones destroyed, Monkey quickly moved to form new ones, but by this point, Leonel had already appeared before his main body, the indifference in his gaze making the latter shiver.

Concepts of life and death weren't things the Savants quite understood. Their understanding of the world was too shallow and unlike other children, they never learned about these matters. Keeping them naïve was the best way to nerf their abilities.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

However, even with this being the case, a fear of death was an instinct ingrained in our very beings.

The cold look in Leonel's eye. The sparkling tip of his black spear. The looming aura that seemed to want to suffocate him down to his final breath!

Monkey felt as though the thing he should fear most had appeared before him.

At that moment, Candle finally reacted, forming a large mirror that blocked Leonel's path forward. At the same time, veins popped up across Vice's forehead, his entire being focusing on Leonel.

The space around Leonel constricted and warped. A single step that would have once shot him forward ten meters shrunk down to five, then two, then one. PANDA NOVEL

"This is my Domain! Not yours." Leonel spoke indifferently.

Leonel's body suddenly blurred, leaving several afterimages in his wake. He shot through a gap in Candle's mirrors, the Bronze Runes dancing across his body finally coming into full effect.

A heavy Domain of gravity manifested around Leonel, trying to force the weak bodied Savants to their knees.

Vice, Lionel and Monkey reacted quickly, each countering via their own methods. Vice weakened the space around him, Monkey strengthened the muscles in his legs, and Lionel's Dream Force surged, weakening the gravity around him.

However, Candle had no counter. She fell to the ground, nervously biting at her nails with even more fervor. PANDA NOVEL

Seeing the fear in her eyes, Leonel's cold indifference didn't waver.

"Bind."

Candle suddenly found herself wrapped in chains from head to toe, a gaseous blackness wafting around her body.

Candle's scream shook the hearts of all those who heard it. Not because it was fear inducing, but rather because she sounded no different from any other scared teenage girl. The horror she felt was palpable.

A strong repulsion slammed against Leonel's chains, causing the cocoon Candle had been wrapped in to bulge and buckle.

Leonel shot by as though he didn't notice the oddity. But, the slight paling of his expression told a different story entirely.

After grasping the Four Seasons Realm, Leonel felt as though the burden he once experienced when using his Domain had vanished. Whereas in the past a few minutes was an issue, at this current point, even holding on for an hour shouldn't have been a problem.

However, that would only hold true if all things remained equal. With such powerful opponents clashing against him, the stamina consumption he experienced was several levels higher than usual. In fact, if not for comprehending the Four Seasons Realm, his Domain would have already collapsed.

Having come to this point, though, Leonel had no intention of reeling back now. On this battlefield, other than him, there was no other person capable of dealing with these four. He had to deal with them, and he had to deal with them all quickly before he no longer had the stamina left.

The remaining three panicked as Leonel's Domain enveloped them. Hearing Candle's screams and watching her get trapped without hope of escaping made them feel as though they could very well be next.

In the distance, Anared's frown was deepening. By now, the archers of Hargrove City were supporting him to his back, so the pressure he felt from the 250 or so youths before him shouldn't have been much. But, as though they were rabid beasts without thought for their own safety, they continued to hound him, putting him in a difficult spot.

Aina especially seemed to have no interest in letting him retreat. Before, she hadn't been able to use her birthday present due to Vice's interference. But now, she blinked about the battlefield, cutting off Anared's path of escape every time he seemed to gain a bit of daylight.

Anared couldn't wrap his mind around just what kind of treasure could allow such frequent and fluid teleportation. However, when he saw that Leonel was actually suppressing the Savants, his frown turned somewhat ugly. He couldn't wrap his mind around what was going on.

‘Dammit. If only they had more time to grow.’

Anared didn’t believe that Savants were so weak. The only possible explanation was that they didn’t have time to blossom to their full potential. And how could they?

Savants were existences that could grow more powerful just by eating and sleeping. As long as the world they were born in continued to evolve, so would they. But, these Savants had spent their lives in a cell. How could they possibly display their true potential?

Just when Anared thought the situation couldn’t get any worse, his head snapped in a certain direction.

At that very moment, from the opposite side of the battlefield, Noah led a troop of youths forward, their number no less than that the 250 or so that harassed him.

The troop from the North had finally arrived.

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Leonel appeared amidst Vice, Monkey and Lionel. With light steps, his movements became like the breeze. Every motion flowed into the next, every muscle twitch had its own purpose, every start had its end. He embodied the cycle of the Four Seasons to an extreme. And, when this was fused with the winged swordsman’s style, Leonel became untouchable.

Monkey sent out a punch that shattered the sound barrier. Even before it reached Leonel, his arms burst beneath the strain, sprinkling out with drizzling blood.

Seemingly noticing his mistake, Monkey rectified it mid-punch. He doubled his body’s healing factor again and again and solidified the skin and bone in his arm. On the fly, his attack became several levels more lethal.

His eyes, hidden behind his messy, unkempt hair, seemed to light up as though he had learned something new. Initially, all he wanted to do was get rid of the pain he was feeling. After all, he didn’t personally experience the deaths of his clones so he couldn’t instinctually react to what needed to be

fixed. But now that he had no choice but to attack with his main body, the talent of a Savant shone through like never before.

While Monkey's punch threatened to take Leonel's head, Vice also reacted. He focused on Leonel once again, his spatial suppression coming down. But, just as easily, Leonel broke through it once again, using the tip of his spear to parry Monkey's fist.

Leonel's spear snaked around Monkey's arm like a viper, aiming right for the latter's head. It was simply an impossibility for Monkey's combat awareness to surpass Leonel's. One had practically been on a battlefield for the entirety of the past more than year of his life while the other was in the first fight of his lifetime. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

But, just when Leonel's spear would of run through Monkey's head, the latter's neck suddenly doubled in length, bending itself out of the way.

'His ability' !' Leonel narrowed his eyes.

Among those here, Monkey had the most versatile ability. He seemed to be capable of doing anything with it. By now, Leonel had come to understand that it was a doubling ability and that it seemed to have almost no limits. In fact, Leonel was certain that Monkey had to have doubled his reaction speed and fast twitch muscles as well, or else dodging his counter would have been impossible.

The worst part was that the more times Monkey was put in a life threatening situation, the more ways he learned to get out of it, and the more powerful he grew. If Leonel had to assign a danger level to these Savants, Monkey wouldn't even be far behind Lionel who could even warp reality to his whim.

'I see' ! In that case, I'll just bombard you with more new information than you can adapt to.' PANDA NOVEL

Leonel pulled back his spear, his chains lashing out against Monkey, Vice and Lionel all at once.

By now, Lionel was a shell of his former self. Leonel was too perfect of a counter to him, all he could seem to do was use his ability to escape. But, any attempts he made to attack fell flat.

Still, his escaping ability alone was giving Leonel a headache. The longer this fight dragged on, the more powerful Monkey became, and, there was no guarantee that Vice wouldn't become cleverer in using his ability as well. On top of that, Candle was still constantly fighting back against his chains, draining his stamina.

If it wasn't for the fact he was so focused on keeping Candle trapped, he would have long since made far more use of his Domain against Monkey and Vice. If it was up to him, he would have already constricted Candle to death, but he realized that doing so would be no better than suicide for him.

Candle's ability was dependent on the strength of her opponent. The more Leonel constricted, the more strength she had to push back, and the greater drain his stamina would experience. To make matters worse, Leonel didn't have to initiate the strength either.  $p \llcorner \llcorner \llcorner \llcorner \llcorner \llcorner$

At the moment, Candle was pressing her mirrors against her cocoon of chains in order to escape. But, in doing so, Leonel's chains applied pressure in order to stop her. This pressure was then reflected back, causing an endless cycle to ensue.

Essentially, the more strength Leonel placed into keeping Candle trapped, the more strength he had to use to resist her entrapment. This left Leonel with no choice but to slowly allow the cocoon Candle was wrapped in to slowly expand. Only by doing this could Leonel slow Candle's escape, but this also put a timer on his battle.

There was only so large he could allow Candle's cocoon to become before it exceeded the range of his Domain. By then, how could he possibly keep her trapped?

Candle seemed to realize this subconsciously, so she formed more and more mirrors, lining them against Leonel's chains and pushing with all her might.

However, Leonel was much more intelligent than Candle was. The moment the cocoon around Candle reached five meters in diameter, Leonel manifested new chains around Candle, allowing the outer structure to collapse.

Candle's mirrors shot in every direction, no longer having anything to press against. But, without her sight, Candle had no ability to gauge just where her mirrors were going as she suddenly found herself trapped once again.

Leonel indifferently gazed down toward Monkey who was brandishing yet another fist at him. He seemed to be completely detached from the events happening around him, as though he was a master puppeteer observing things from on high.

Just when Monkey's fist was about to connect, Leonel's body flickered, a halo of golden light enveloping him as his speed reached impossible levels.

Monkey's fist lost its target, suddenly finding itself flying toward a mirror.

At that same moment, the chains Leonel had sent lashing out at Monkey and Vice aimed for their mirrors as well.

The timing was impeccable and the result was devastating.

Monkey's fist crashed into the mirror at the same instant Leonel's numerous chains did.

Candle's ability was very simple. It had the ability to reflect and multiply the strikes it received. Not only would one have to face the strength of their own attack, but it would also be multiplied in strength by several times.

That was already horrible enough, something Coach Owen could attest to.

But, what if on top of your own attack, you had to deal with the amplification of several others at the same time?

**BANG!**

An entire half of Monkey's body exploded.. As though a bomb had gone off within his body, his chest, arm, leg and even half his head erupted into a rain of blood and gore.

A harsh silence overtook the battlefield. Even though Leonel had managed to hold his ground until now, for anyone with battle experience, it was clear that whatever advantage he had had was slowly fading. As the Savants became more and more accustomed to battle, their strengths continued to evolve and the upper hand Leonel had had was slowing to a crawl.

However, just when others thought that Leonel was about to be forced into a corner, a single move flipped the situation of the battlefield on its head.

Everyone was always guessing at what Leonel's ability might be. Some thought his Light Elemental affinity was the core of his ability, others thought it was his Bronze Runes, some even believed that it was his Spear affinity.

Leonel knew well, though, that none of these things were where his true strengths lay. As he stated before, what Leonel grasped from Lionel wasn't the Four Seasons Realm. Leonel's understanding the Four Seasons Realm could only be considered a by-product of him finally comprehending the path he should step on.

The core of Leonel's prowess was now and would forever be his mind.

Leonel appeared before Monkey once again, a cold indifference coloring his expression. Even now, slumped to the ground, Leonel could see that the doubling Monkey had assigned to his healing factor was still in effect. In fact, Leonel could see Monkey's body reforming before his eyes.

But, would Leonel really foolishly allow such a thing to happen right in front of him?PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel stabbed his spear down, skewering Monkey's head.

The Savant convulsed. Having reached a point that would be impossible for any normal human to return from, one would think that Monkey would be finished. But, Leonel actually felt Monkey's brain trying its best to heal around the shaft of his spear. The reality of it all was baffling.



Leonel shook his head. With a flip of his palm, a snowglobe appeared and enveloped Monkey's body. Since there was no easy way to kill Monkey for now, Leonel had no issue relying on Suspended Animation.

When Leonel stored Monkey away and looked up, he found that Vice's state might have been better than Monkey's, but considering the fact the former didn't have any healing abilities, their situations might as well have been functionally the same.

Vice had flown back like a broken kite, his limbs twisted at awkward angles and his breathing was left shallow. He lost consciousness the moment the pain reached a threshold that was beyond him.

Leonel raised his spear to kill Vice, but he hesitated. PANDA NOVEL

By now, if he didn't understand the backstory of these prisoners, he wouldn't be worthy of his computational mind ability. However, even if he felt sympathy, he couldn't possibly allow them to do as they pleased.

Leonel wasn't certain why The Ascension Empire would choose to keep these Savants alive. If they were willing to kill so many of their fellow man to avoid dealing with billions of Invalids, why would they suddenly be soft-hearted now?

Leonel sighed. His spear descended, piercing Vice through the heart before enveloping him in another snowglobe.

The Savants were simply too dangerous. Though Vice was in a sorry state, if he regained consciousness, his ability would be devastating. Unlike Monkey, he didn't need to move for his ability to take effect.

So, Leonel decided to place him on the brink of death. That way, even if by some miracle he managed to escape the snowglobe, he would only be mere seconds away from death.

Leonel looked toward where Candle was trapped. Even now, she was still struggling and likely had no idea that it was her ability that turned the tides of the battlefield against her favor. p??J??????

Raising a hand, Leonel sent a scorching fire toward her cocoon. Though Leonel had a feeling that Candle could deflect energies as well, what would she do if her deflected energy simply made her situation worse?

If she really reflected the heat back while trapped in such a place, she would only be hastening her death.

At that moment, Candle's screams shook the hearts of all those who could hear it again.

“Stop resisting or I'll burn you alive.”

Leonel's voice didn't carry a hint of emotion. It traveled to Candle's ears like a reaper's death cry.

Any battle veteran would have found another method, any method other than listening to Leonel's words. But, as a naïve teenage girl who knew nothing of battle, Candle shook with fear, accepting Leonel's words as gospel the moment she heard them. Just a little heat was enough to scare her out of her wits, the thought of it getting even worse shook her to her soul.

Just like that, three Savants were captured and stored into snowglobes, leaving just one remaining. Leonel finally turned his gaze toward Lionel.

Lionel shivered meeting Leonel's gaze, hints of madness, rage and fear within his eyes. He backed away, the land to his back warping as he tried to escape once again.

By now, the battlefield had completely flipped in favor of Earth. With the addition of Noah's troops, the warriors of Hargrove City were driven onto their backfoot. If it wasn't for the fact they had erected a City, they would have likely been forced to flee a long while ago.

There was simply nothing for Lionel to rely on.

Leonel crossed the distance that separated them. Now that he only had Lionel to worry about, he could focus on disrupting the flow of Dream Force without powerful enemies looming to his back.

The truth was that Leonel's Dream Force affinity was just as high as Lionel's. What separated them was the use of Universal Force as a supplemental help. Unfortunately, Leonel didn't currently have a Domain that was tailored to his ability, so he couldn't fuse his Dream Force with Universal Force like Lionel could. But, he didn't need so much to be a disruptor.

Lionel found that his hold over his surroundings diminished greatly. The panic in his eyes only grew with each passing moment.

Unlike with the others, Leonel had no intention of showing any sort of mercy to Lionel. Though Lionel's backstory was likely no less tragic, he lacked the naivete the others had. He couldn't be allowed to live.

Leonel appeared before Lionel. Before the latter could even react, he found a spear shooting through his head.

"I!" Lionel voice was lost in a gurgle of blood. "' Just wanted to see my mother'!"

The bloody angel to Lionel's back shed a tear as its existence crumbled.

Leonel didn't show any mercy in those final moments.. His Fire Elemental Force exploding along his spear, incinerating Lionel to ash.

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Leonel stood with a clenched jaw. He had no idea if Lionel was truly related to him or not, but his last words resonated with his soul.

At that moment, Leonel couldn't help but hesitate. The deed had already been done, but had he truly made the right choice? Had this been the right way to do things? Had he been true to himself and done what he wanted, or had he just used the same logic The Empire had only to add his own 'unique' twist.

"Coach!"

Leonel didn't sigh a breath of relief what things were over. Instead, he shot backward to Coach Owen.

With Vice's ability having been blocked by Leonel for a long while now, medics had long since gotten to the Governor Duke. But, whether they'd be able to do anything was a different matter entirely.

By now, those guards who weren't of help had been led by Garwin to assault Hargrove City. Among those that remained, they were all the top of the line healers Dark Cloud Prison had to offer.

"Get away from me, I need to speak to Leonel." PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Coach Owen pushed the medics away, his tactics just as gruff as usual. But, with how pale his face had become, it was clear he was on his last legs, even his mustache seemed to have lost most of its earlier volume.

Leonel made his way over, a deep frown on his features.

"Shut up old man, stop talking." Leonel's frown deepened.

He kneeled down, a strong golden light enveloping him as he cast [Grand Heal] as best he could.

"Kid, stop." Coach Owen spoke between coughs.

"Didn't I tell you to stop talking already?" Leonel was exasperated. Was this old man trying to get himself killed? What was he thinking? PANDA NOVEL

Coach Owen chuckled. "Just look at yourself, kid. You're at the end of your rope but you're talking about me."

Leonel looked up to find the medics giving him worried looks as though it was him with a bloody hole through his stomach and not his Coach. But, before he could wonder why, a wave of fatigue grabbed hold of him and refused to let go.

What Leonel hadn't realized was that his face had long since been drained of all color. A cold sweat covered every inch of his body and his breathing was short and quick. Yet, he just cast one of the strongest spells he could. He really was asking after death.

Leonel grabbed onto his forehead and shook his head furiously.

He should have realized. With his ability, everything on the battlefield should have been within his grasp but because he was so worried about Coach Owen, he hadn't even realized when his perspective on the battlefield had become so shallow. In fact, he hadn't even realized when Noah made it here to support Aina and the others. He simply didn't have the stamina to spare for anything other than his own battle.

Leonel looked over his shoulder to find Aina fighting. Her strength seemed to have soared, everything from her power to speed was on an entirely new level. Anared could only continuously retreat beneath her assault. ρ??∫??????

Seeing this, he sighed a slight breath of relief. But, when he relaxed slightly, he felt his vision swim again.

"Focus up, brat. If I'm going to croak, I need to tell you this first..."

Leonel wrinkled his nose and shook his head, trying to regain his bearing.

"Stop, you're not going to die." Leonel said sternly.

"Are you going to let an old man say his final words? Or are you going to keep crying like a little bitch?"

"I'm not..."

Leonel opened his mouth to speak, but a sudden salty taste touched his tongue. He wiped his face with a forearm, only to find a moisture that shouldn't have been there. But, even as he looked into the darkened skies, there were no clouds of rain to be found.

“You’re a grown man now, brat. I even heard that little girlfriend of yours earlier, she’s kicking more ass than you. Is this the face you want to show her?”

Leonel’s face couldn’t be considered any different than usual. In fact, it was even somewhat cold at this moment. Yet, there was no denying the redness of his eyes and the stream of tears flooding his cheeks. It was almost as though he was simply too tired to stop his normal reactions anymore, his body having reached the end of its rope.

Sitting at the very edge of exhaustion, his body no longer had the same failsafes it once did.

Seeing Leonel remain silent, Coach Owen chuckled.

“Finally, took you long enough. You brats these days can never just sit and listen. All of you scram.”

The medics looked at one another and had no choice but to distance themselves.

Coach Owen laid on a concrete, looking up at the sky and the two moons that hung above.

“I hate to drop this in your lap, but I think a dying man has the right to be a bit willful. I’ve held this in for a long time and honestly its eaten me up inside.”

Coach Owen’s voice was as low as a whisper. Leonel could feel his life draining away.

‘Hurry up old man. Say what you need to say already so I can stuff you into a snow globe.’

When Leonel cleared his mind, he realized he had options. Though he wasn’t guaranteed to find a method to save his Coach, he hadn’t lost all hope. He just needed to improve [Grand Heal].

Thinking to this point, he inwardly berated himself for getting emotional. It really must be that his body was at the end of its rope.

Leonel was already inwardly celebrating and his mood took a turn for the better. He even thought of making fun of the old man's mustache again. But, what he heard next left him frozen in time.

"... 'Leonel' isn't related to you, though he probably believes that he is. That said, you're more related than not... you both have the same eye color, same skin tone, same hair color, and were both born in the same month... And, when you were three years old, you both took your Gene Assessments at the same time in the same Province...

"... That day, you were both found to be a risk to society and slotted to become Dark Prisoners."

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Leonel sat completely frozen, not understanding what it was that he was listening to. He was supposed to be a Dark Prisoner? He was the same as Lionel and the others? What the hell was going on?

"I know that it might be surprising to you, but this is the truth. Back then, you were still a part of the Royal Family. Though it seems like the Fawkes Royal Family is untouchable as the only family that doesn't have to rely on democracy, in order to keep this level of mystique, they have no choice but to be perfect.

"The idea of a Prince suddenly becoming a Dark Prisoner wouldn't have been a big deal initially, but with the coming turmoil, the Fawkes Family couldn't afford to have any chinks in their armor.

"In the end, as a commoner, #D1109 had his identity erased and became your replacement."

Leonel frowned, there were too many things about this that didn't make any sense. If he was already so high profile, how could he be successfully replaced? In addition, what was the point in replacing him if the main issue was the blemishing of the Fawkes Family? Wouldn't the blemish occur regardless?

However, listening to his Coach's ramblings, he finally pieced it all together.

The Gene Assessment is technically confidential, this is especially so for high profile individuals. After all, one had to remember that Aina's Five Star Profession was hidden from most so that she wouldn't be harassed at school. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

However, the Royal Family was different. In order to breed a sense of superiority, the details of a Royal Family members Gene Assessment was always publicized after the fact. But, that didn't change the initial procedure.

Effectively, the test process itself was secret while the results could be publicized at any time depending on what that might entail.

After their Gene Assessments, both Lionel and Leonel were found to be Dark Prisoners and slated to be imprisoned. Considering the status of Dark Prisoners, even compared to Aina's Five Star Health Professional title, they were even more secretive than normal. After all, wasn't the existence of Dark Prisoners a major secret to the public?

Taking advantage of this, Lionel's family was 'erased'. By now, Leonel had no doubt that The Empire had taken advantage of the fall of the Paradise Islands to completely wipe them from existence.

However, 'erasing' Leonel was much more difficult. The Gene Assessment facilities he had gone to that day were top of the line and filled with influential families. Getting rid of his existence would have been impossible.

So, that was where Lionel came into play. As children, they looked similar enough to pass for one another and thus a new Leonel Morales was born while Leonel himself was sent off to Royal Blue Province to live in peace with his father, his results effectively cutting off whatever chance he had had of living in the spotlight as a Prince. PANDA NOVEL

Understanding all of this now, Leonel couldn't help but feel sick to his stomach.

He was a Dark Prisoner? He was the same as those madmen and women?

Leonel's jaw clenched, his body subconsciously leaning back from the body of his Coach. He felt a coldness he could hardly control welling up inside.



Thinking back to Lionel's last words 'I just wanted to see my mother' Lionel felt as though a knife was being plunged in and out of his chest.

Lionel didn't have a name, he didn't have a family, and his only purpose was to find the woman that Lionel's own family effectively erased from existence.

Lionel should have been able to accept it. After all, Lionel was going to be a Dark Prisoner regardless of his existence. In all likelihood, his family would have had to be dealt with regardless. This shouldn't be a burden that Lionel had to bear.

But, was it really like this? Wasn't Lionel also supposed to be a Dark Prisoner? Why wasn't his family erased? Why was it that he was the one who could sit here and pass judgement on a man he was technically no different from? What right did he have?

Was he really worth more than another person because his background was greater? Did he deserve more chances because he was more talented? Was this really the kind of world he lived in?

A dark fog hung over Lionel.

"Yip! Yip!"

The little mink tried to wake him up from the top of his head, yet Lionel couldn't seem to hear the little guy. In fact, even Coach Owen's 'last words' practically fell on deaf ears.

Lionel seemed to run into this time and time again. It was a kind of survivor's guilt that followed him since the very start of the Metamorphosis.

Lionel couldn't help but think back to a conversation he had with Roaring Black Lion all those months ago.

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“It’s funny to watch them, don’t you think?”

Leonel chuckled slightly. “What do you mean by that?”

“They’re separated into two groups. One group is too cowardly to go and wouldn’t dare risk themselves. The other is also too cowardly even though they’re pushing for us to go. They have no intention of putting themselves in the line of danger at all. They’re only so adamant because they think we’ll take on the brunt of the troubles for them.

“Which one do you think is worse?”

Roaring Black Lion did find this clown show to be quite funny. All of those powerful enough to actually make a difference weren’t even speaking. Those like Leonel, him, Thunderous Clap and even King of Seas’ group, were all in their own little corners of the cave. It was like they were allowing the weak to make the decision for them.

The truth was that since they were the most powerful, they suffered the most to get them here. How could they have the energy to mind this argument? Most of them already made their own decision.

“Which is the worst?” Leonel thoughtfully smiled for a moment. “Probably the seven of us who aren’t speaking at all.”

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Leonel felt like that right at this moment. He felt like he was one of those useless seven once again, not speaking, not doing, just basking in his own talent and allowing the commoners to squabble about as they pleased, knowing that whatever decision they came to wouldn’t matter to him in the slightest because he could just do what he wanted regardless since he had the larger fist...

And it left him feeling sick.

## Chapter 536

“Leonel!”

Coach Owen seemed to use the final bit of his strength to breakthrough to Leonel. In return for his efforts, he spit up several more mouthfuls of blood, whatever bloody bandages that had wrapped around his wound had been completely soaked through once again.

Leonel’s gaze, which had lost its focus, locked onto his Coach again. But, his gaze carried an added vacancy that hadn’t been there before.

Coach Owen sighed, coughing beside himself.

“Brat, though I told you these things out of my own selfish desire to vent, these are still important things for you to understand. This is the world you live in. You’re one of the lucky ones who can benefit greatly from it. What you choose to do with this chance is up to you and no one else.”

Leonel didn’t seem to react much to Coach Owen’s words. He only nodded lightly, his mind not processing things as well as they used to. It was hard to tell whether this was because of his fatigue or if it was because of the information he had just received.[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Coach Owen shook his head. He knew that his words would have this effect, but he wanted to say them anyway. Though he said it was out of his own selfishness, it was deeper than this.

Leonel needed to understand these things. It wasn’t just so that he could comprehend his own privilege so that he could decide what to do with it. But, most importantly, if there ever came a day where his talent, his background, or his luck wasn’t enough, He would be ready as well.

How he chose to navigate these matters would be up to Leonel.

Coach Owen would always say that Leonel was the most talented child he had ever come across. Even the Savants who were supposedly blessed by the Universe fell to him one after another. Though it could

be said that these Savants were immature, something told Coach Owen that even if they had been training since their youth, Leonel would have still found a way to win.

However, this child who seemed to have the world at his finger tips' ! Had not an ounce of ambition. This was maybe the most frustrating thing for a mentor to see in one of their youths. PANDA NOVEL

Unfortunately, when you came across talents like this, simply telling them that they should be better, that they shouldn't waste their gifts, that they should make the most of the talent they were given, just didn't work. If these talents didn't decide to strive for greatness on their own, there was nothing anyone else could do.

The saddest part about all of this was that even if this talent ran into a roadblock, do to their level of genius, they might not even need to try their best to cross it. This led to a perpetual cycle where these geniuses trudged through with a minimum level of effort, until they eventually reached a point where their raw genius simply wasn't enough to cross a new mountain that appeared before them.

When geniuses without ambition reached this point, they would experience their first taste of failure in their lives.

At that point, the vast majority of them would keel over, allowing the times and despair to roll over them. Their genius would be forever lost in time, a talent that could have bloomed would collapse, never to rise again.

Leonel's talent was so outrageous that he would likely travel further than even most of those geniuses. But, there would come a day when he ran into that mountain, a mountain he couldn't climb with just his raw talent. ρ??∪??????

When that day came, Leonel would collapse just like all the geniuses that came before him.

Coach Owen didn't want to see such a thing.

Leonel was better than most. He wasn't lazy, in fact he was one of the hardest workers Coach Owen had ever seen. But, he didn't have a single, one-minded goal to apply himself to. He had no purpose, no drive.

He needed something for himself. Something that could fuel him regardless of outside sources. It couldn't come from his family, it couldn't come from a woman either.

Unfortunately, Coach Owen couldn't find this drive for Leonel. He could only point him in a certain direction.

This'! Was the last thing he could do for the boy.

Coach Owen never had his own family. His wife died decades ago and he never had any sons. To him, Leonel was as close to a grandson as he would ever get. He would do whatever he could to help him spread his wings.

Feeling his life waning down to the final embers, Coach Owen swallowed his next mouthful of blood, gathering up the last of his strength.

“ ‘! A final thing, kid. About James’!” Coach Owen sighed, his voice getting fainter. ““! You two have always been like brothers, I watched you grow up. But brat, you've always been too good at severing your emotions’!”

Somewhere deep down, Coach Owen knew that this was likely one of the largest reasons Leonel was designated as a Dark Prisoner. But, he could only push this thought away and pray that Leonel would never fall prey to such things.

“ ‘! You always have such room for forgiveness for those who are practically strangers to you, but your rope is short for those who you look to as family. In some ways, this makes sense’! But, I still want you to open up your heart a bit.

“I'm not saying to forgive James’! Just give him a chance. Take it as a dying old man's final wish.”

Leonel gazed toward Coach Owen, his irises flickering.

“Alright Coach, I’ll give him a chance. I promise.” Leonel spoke softly.

Coach Owen’s mustache bristled, his lips curling into a bloody smile as he closed his eyes.

Leonel took a deep breath, bringing out a snowglobe as he felt his Coach’s consciousness fading. With a thought, his Coach being none the wiser, Leonel took his body in.

Leonel sat in silence, alone. Even though the sounds of battle drifted to his ears from time to time, he practically blocked them out as though he couldn’t hear a thing. One would think that he was in his own world rather than sitting in the middle of a battlefield.

But, the truth was that he really didn’t have the strength to move a finger even if he wanted to.. All that was left were his thoughts to distract him from his aching muscles.

## Chapter 537

Leonel looked off into blank space. His coach’s final words about James didn’t really register until just now.

Could he forgive James? Well, he really didn’t know. He didn’t even know why it was James had done the things he had, so it was even harder to forgive something like this. As a brother, James should have spoken to him directly.

The same words Leonel had said to Aina back then, he could have said to James. The moment someone he was close to stopped trusting him, even going to the point of not even trying to explain things to him first, he had no qualms about them letting them live life without him.

If James couldn’t trust him enough to speak, was such a person really his brother?

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“Young Heir Keafir, this is a losing battle. We can’t continue to stay here. We’ve accomplished our goal already.”

City Lord Hargrove sent a message to Anared.pANDA-nOVEL.COM

Controlling the Savants was never a possibility. The moment they got hold of the A and Dark Prisoners, their task was complete. There was no need to continue fighting here.

The only reason Anared had stepped out was to ensure the death of Leonel and potentially grab hold of a piece of Earth’s World Spirit. But, since that was no longer possible with the level of support and reinforcements Earth was getting, it was in their best interest to just cut their losses and leave.

In truth, this operation was a resounding success. Leonel’s appearance was never part of the plan, so it could be said that they had already accomplished everything they set out to do.

Anared, who was still below the city walls, evading the pursuit of several of the youths, didn’t react to these words immediately.

He sent a glance in the distance toward Leonel’s sitting figure. He seemed to be quite listless and out of place. But, if Anared wanted to make it there, he would have to cross through thousands. And, of those thousands, there were 500 who had talent beyond anything one could find on Terrain.

‘There’s no need to display my full strength now. Retreat is fine too.’ pANDA nOVEL

Anared knew that Hargrove was correct. Their goal was never the Savants nor Leonel. From the beginning, their goal had been the escaped prisoners and now they had thousands of them. There was no need to consider anything else for now.

Anared’s speed suddenly accelerated, dodging out of the way of another one of Aina’s ax strikes. Timing his escape the moment Aina used another minor teleportation, he bolted backward, his display far beyond anything he had shown to this point.

As for why Anared would be holding back, maybe only he knew the answer to this. No, maybe his fiancée was also aware.

In the blink of an eye, Anared had made it to the base of the city. With a single leap, he made it to the top of its walls, a rain of arrows covering his ascent.

“Start.” Anared said indifferently.

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Leonel’s head snapped toward Hargrove City, his gaze narrowing. A strong fluctuation of Force suddenly wrapped around it. It didn’t take long for Leonel to understand that they wanted to relocate Hargrove City once again.

‘That’s possible?’

Leonel’s gaze flickered. He knew more about Force Arts than probably anyone on Earth currently. A Force Art drawn with normal materials wouldn’t be able to withstand the teleportation of such a large piece of land twice. He couldn’t even imagine the amount of wealth that went into building the foundation of these cities to make such a thing possible.

‘Didn’t I say you wouldn’t!’

Leonel moved to stand, having every intention of finding a way to stop the city from leaving this place. He had already said that he wouldn’t be allowing Anared to leave, and he had no doubt in his mind that he would be able to follow through on that promise in that moment.

But, the instant he stood, Leonel’s vision suddenly swam. Before he realized what was happening to him, his body fell forward completely outside of his control.

The light in his eyes dimmed, his consciousness fading.



In the distance, Aina, who had turned her attention back to Leonel, worried about how he might be taking his Coach's situation, suddenly cried out in shock. Abandoning thoughts of going after Anared, she shot forward like a streaking shadow.

In the darkness of night, Aina's strength was on a whole other level. This wasn't because of her ability, but rather because of the Abyss Panther blood that she had ingested. Only this sort of environment allowed her to display the true strength of her bloodline.

Truthfully, this shouldn't be the case. Unfortunately, Aina's Internal Sight was weak, so despite her high Dark Elemental affinity granted by her blood, she had trouble making use of it. Only at night could she overcome these struggles.

Of course, there was also the problem of not having any techniques. She had yet to learn any Dark Elemental Techniques and the innate techniques of the Abyss Panther could only be used once she entered the Fifth Dimension. So, at this point, she could only accept her shortcomings.

Luckily, this speed was enough to make it to Leonel swiftly. Unluckily, though, she wouldn't make it before he crashed into the ground.

Thankfully, the little mink was by Leonel's side. With a wave of its little claws, a cloud of darkness stopped Leonel's fall and gently cradled him.

By the time Aina made it to Leonel's side, he had entered such a deep sleep that he was even snoring.

Aina shook her head, sending a complicated glance toward the disappearing Hargrove City. She was certain that wherever that City appeared next, there would be a whole host of problems to deal with. And, she was even more certain that Leonel would be pissed with himself when he awoke to find that he had failed to stop their retreat.

Aina sighed and smiled a smile that was one part bitter and another part prideful. If not for Leonel, how would so many of them have survived? But, because he worked himself so hard, he was now in such a state.

"Let's bring him back, Little Blackstar."

“Yip! Yip!”

The little mink dove into Aina’s chest.. The pair walked toward the rest, Leonel hovering behind them on a cloud of darkness, his mind drifting to places unknown.

Chapter 538

Leonel’s eyes snapped open. His first instinct was to jump up, but the creaking of his bones and his splitting headache made him think twice.

“Hm?”

The sound of a breathing rhythm Leonel was certain was his caught his attention. He turned to the side, only to find Aina curled up like a kitten, her mask still on. Leonel couldn’t blame her though, it was probably far more comfortable for her to sleep with it on rather than off.

Leonel’s bed was quite large, enough for even four people to sleep on without bothering each other. So, though Aina was curled up to his side, she was still about half a meter from him.

Leonel couldn’t help but smile. The little mink and Aina cuddled up together was definitely an adorable sight to behold.

Leonel’s stirring seemed to alert Aina. Her eyes opened only to see Leonel’s smirk.

A deep blush colored Aina’s face. She couldn’t help but be thankful that she had this mask now.

“Are you alright?” She asked.

“Good as n—” Leonel hardly finished his sentence before he grunted. His whole body felt like it was cramping, he never thought such a thing could be so painful.

Aina frowned. "You pushed yourself too far." PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel smiled bitterly. He didn't think he had in the moment. He was just doing whatever was necessary to win. But, he hadn't thought that the impact on his body would be so severe.

Ultimately, using the Four Seasons Realm to display combat prowess beyond his means was like pushing his body past its breaking point. The more he did so, the greater the backlash would be.

Though the Four Seasons Realm allowed a person to challenge those in Dimensions beyond them, there, of course, had to be a price to pay.

Luckily, Leonel's body and mind were already within the Fourth Dimension or else the backlash would have been even worse.

Touching upon the true Four Seasons Realm was beyond anything Leonel could have expected it to be. It was only right that there was a small price to pay.

However, Leonel wasn't very worried about it. He believed that very soon, he wouldn't have to deal with such backlash at all, not because his body would be invulnerable, but rather because he'd become much better at healing himself.

Leonel suddenly grabbed his chest, sucking in a sharp breath. A cold sweat matted his forehead.

"Ah!?"

Aina shot up, waking the little mink. PANDA NOVEL

"Leonel? Leonel!?"

Aina crawled over to Leonel's side, her hands pressing against his chest as she tried to see what was wrong. With her knowledge of the human body, it really wouldn't be much of a problem to do so. After

all, she was a Five Star Professional. In fact, if it wasn't for the fact her Internal Sight was lacking, she wouldn't need to touch Leonel at all.

But, what happened next left Aina completely stunned.

Leonel, who had supposedly just been in pain, suddenly shot an arm around her waist, sending her crashing toward him.

Leonel winced before laughing evilly, his master plan having worked to perfection.

Seemingly realizing she had been tricked, Aina pouted and tried to push herself up.

"Ah! Ah!" Leonel didn't need to fake it this time.

"Okay! Alright! You win!"

Aina gently lowered herself, inwardly shaking her head. She had given Leonel space so that she wouldn't harm him, only for him to pull such a stunt. ρ???(???)

"Yip! Yip!"

Feeling left out again, the little mink dashed away, likely going to find Little Tolly to bother again.

"You see the things I have to do to get you to say my name?" Leonel joked.

Aina didn't know how to respond. After a moment of silence though, she said something that left Leonel speechless.

"Everyone calls you Leonel or Leo... I don't want to be like everyone else."

Aina felt very lucky she didn't have to meet Leonel's gaze at this moment. She buried her head into his chest as though trying to find a hole to hide in.

Leonel suddenly began to laugh. Aina could feel the rumbling of his chest against her ear, causing her face to redden like a ripe tomato.

Aina tried to run away again, but Leonel's pained act cause her to have no choice but to stay in place again.

Leonel's laughter waned, leaving a smile on his face. His hand ran through Aina's hair, the smell of apple tickling his nose.

"You'll never be like everyone else to me."

Leonel grinned. For a moment, he felt the pain in his body wasn't so bad after all.

The two laid in silence. In fact, Leonel almost lost himself in another round of dreams. If it wasn't for the fact that his mind felt refreshed and he was quite enjoying the feeling of Aina's waist in his arm he might have drifted off again.

Aina's stiffness gradually disappeared after hearing Leonel's words, her hand laying on his chest along with her head. She couldn't help but feel a silent, swelling sweetness.

"Do you think that Earth will be alright?"

After asking the question, even Aina felt a hint of surprise. She hardly had any attachments to Earth. To her, whether it survived or not hardly mattered. All she cared about was her revenge.

But, she found that after she accepted more of her feelings for Leonel, she began to care more. She didn't know how Leonel felt about the Fawkes Family. But since they were related to him, as long as Leonel wanted it, she would try her best to help.

Leonel remained silent for a long while before he spoke.

“As long as I’m here, no one will touch Earth.”

Leonel didn’t know what this ambition his Coach wanted him to grasp was, nor did he care for the Fawkes much if at all. In fact, it could be said that he leaned more toward hating the Fawkes family than anything else. Their actions continuously left him disgusted to his core.

All Leonel knew was that this was how he felt now. Call it a sense of duty, a foolish pandering, or a gripping guilt... but regardless, this was his resolve.

This world was a cruel place. Since he had strength, he would make it just a small bit less so if he could.

“Okay.” Aina smiled lightly. “I’ll be there too, then.”

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As the couple lay in their own world, a silent rumbling of space shook a small corner of Earth. One after another, troops of soldiers surged out, finding themselves in the middle of a vast ocean.

It seemed the Powers of Terrain had arrived. But, not so unfortunately, their teleportation hadn’t been as accurate as their City counterparts.

That said... while their location was highly inconvenient.... Not a single soul of Earth seemed to be aware of their arrival.

Chapter 539

Leonel woke from another long sleep, his body still aching. In truth, he wanted to go back to bed again, but he didn’t have the luxury.

This time, he didn't find Aina by his side. But, with a single sweep of his Internal Sight, he was able to spot her in the gardens of the Abode Setting, diligently swinging her sword.

Beads of sweat fell from her brow, following the slope of her cheeks and nose. For whatever reason, she had chosen to take off her mask at this moment. But, knowing her, Leonel didn't need to think very hard to come up with a few reasons.

Whether it be to help her training or to be a constant reminder, either one was a safe bet.

Leonel sighed but didn't say anything or interrupt her.

Wincing, he pushed himself up, finally turning his attention to the world outside. Since he had lost consciousness, he had no idea where he was. Honestly, he had just trusted Aina to put the Segmented Cube in a safe place and hadn't checked until now.

'So we're still here.'[PANDA-NOVEL.COM](http://PANDA-NOVEL.COM)

Leonel nodded to himself. Staying near Dark Cloud Prison made sense.

In the final moments, in order to stop the escape of more prisoners, Escobar had ordered the sealing of the prison. So, currently, where there had once been a hexagonal prison, there was nothing but the flat ground that had swallowed it.

However, this wasn't a long term solution. The Prison needed to be repaired and the prisoners that remained needed to be properly quartered and dealt with.

Beyond this, there was also the matter of the already escaped prisoners. Though they all wore wrist watches, without technology, it was difficult to make use of this.

On top of this, Leonel had a feeling that the main goal of Terrain had been the prisoners. As for what they wanted them for, it was hard to tell if it was as simple as wanting Fifth Generation existences of Earth or if there was a deeper matter.

There was the possibility that they simply wanted to make use of Earth's talents. Terrain lacked the most in this aspect. Though they had a great amount of strength, that was bred over decades of training. On the opposing side, though, Earth was able to produce combatants that could face them simply off the strength of their talent and abilities. PANDA NOVEL

To make matters worse for Terrain, this only mentioned the youths. There were still a number of old monsters like Old Hutch who not only had talent, but had been training for years as well.

Of course, Old Hutch was a member of the Slayer Legion, not The Empire. But, if The Empire didn't have such existences, wouldn't the Slayer Legion have long since won their rebellion? Leonel had the feeling that The Empire wasn't so simple either.

That said... None of this stopped him from feeling that he should be wary.

'Hm...?'

Leonel suddenly vanished from within the Segmented Cube.

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Noah and Jessica walked toward the Segmented Cube. From their outward appearances, one would never guess that just a few days ago, Jessica was crying out to save Noah's life. Let alone talking about such a matter, they both pretended as though such a thing had never occurred in the first place.

Before they could figure out if they should knock or just wait, Leonel appeared before them.

In truth, the current Leonel didn't look the best. His face was still a sickly pale color, a long shot from its usual healthy tan. On top of this, he wasn't the best put together at this moment. Not to mention the fact he wasn't wearing a shirt, he wore pajama bottoms that seemed as though they might slide off his hips at any moment.

If it wasn't for the fact he looked so sick, one would have thought he was preparing to model men's underwear rather than coming to greet the Prince and Junior Grand Prime Minister of an Empire.



However, Leonel couldn't be bothered to care.

'As expected, sweatpants are still the most comfortable. This whole wearing robes stuff is not for me.'

As an athlete, Leonel spent the vast majority of his time in sweats. When he could get away with it, he would forego wearing Royal Blue Academy's uniform all together.

'Maybe I should just start wearing Valiant Heart Mountain's garbs now. Their pants looked especially comfy, lots of breathing room for the family jewels... Hm, speaking of which, I wonder how many kids Aina wants... I should ask her... On second thought, this isn't exactly the best environment to be birthing kids in...'

Leonel seemed to have completely forgotten that he, himself, was also still a kid.

If Noah and Jessica knew what Leonel was thinking about at this moment, it would be hard to guess how they'd react. They came with such serious expressions, yet Leonel was thinking about something so ridiculous.

Finally coming out of his thoughts, Leonel scanned Jessica and Noah. He still didn't know how he felt about this cousin of his. But, he had to admit that he was quite fond of Noah's disposition.

Though they had a disagreement over Aina, Leonel could still understand where Noah had been coming from even though he had no intention of forgiving him for the matter.

But, from an objective standpoint, Leonel had killed his fair share of people by now. Could he say with any assurance that they didn't have family? Friends? Lovers who would have reacted just like he had in protecting Aina?

Knowing this, if he held it against Noah for too long, he would be a hypocrite. As long as Noah didn't target Aina again, he didn't mind building a relationship with this cousin of his.

"Good morning." Leonel said with a light smile.

His words seemed to alleviate all the tension in the air. Though his face was quite pale, his genuine smile seemed capable of warming even Jessica's cold exterior.

Jessica couldn't help but look at Noah's side profile.

'If you smiled like that, there wouldn't even be a question who Earth's next Emperor would be.' Jessica inwardly shook her head.

Noah was a great talent in almost all aspects. But, he was lacking in the social aspect that was necessary to become Earth's next ruler. And, unfortunately, his father was the same.

"Good morning." Noah said with a light nod. "We've come for two reasons today. The first is for the rewards. But, the second is more important."

Noah took a deep breath.. "I would like to ask you to follow us back to the Capital."

## Chapter 540

Leonel paused when he heard these words.

Going to the Capital? Just hearing these words seemed to unlock some hidden PTSD he had.

Every organization he had joined to this point had found a way to backstab him. Though the matters with Camelot managed to work themselves out and he even got a few good friends out of it, that didn't change the fact that there was a point where practically everyone in that world wanted his head on a pike despite the truth that, from the very beginning, his only intention was to save all of them.

He couldn't help but feel that if he went to the Capital now, he'd find himself in another less than favorable situation. And, the reality was that this was the very last thing he wanted to deal with at this moment.

Leonel couldn't even think about it in terms of seeing his family. He didn't even really see the Fawkes family in such a light to begin with. As a result, he treated this no differently from an invite to any other organization.

"Reward? What reward?" Leonel evaded the topic.

"Those who accumulate a certain number of merits in a single battle are privy to an Imperial Pendant. Your performance happens to warrant a Ruby Imperial Pendant, which allows you to ask one request of Imperial Grandfather."

"Hm? Is that so?" PANDA-NOVEL.COM

Leonel was aware of Imperial Pendants. They were ranked as: Black, Platinum, Ruby and finally Amethyst. Even the lowest was a great honor that one had to scratch and claw for. But, considering Leonel's role in subduing threats that could, without exaggeration, destroy Earth as they knew it, it wasn't too surprising for him to earn a Ruby Imperial Pendant.

As far as Leonel was aware, those who had earned Black Imperial Pendants in the past were able to request to have a residence built for themselves in the Capital.

Compared to the other Provinces of Earth, the Capital was on an entirely different level.

Originally, Leonel had thought that he had never been to the Capital before. But, after learning he was a Prince, he dug into his own memories once again using his Dream Force and managed to recognize the fact he had.

Just living in the Capital increased one's life expectancy by as much as 20 years. This wasn't just because it was safer, but rather because the environment itself was capable of continuously rejuvenating the human body.

This was all to say that just the Black Imperial Pendant was worth an extra 20 years of life. This should be enough to demonstrate the worth of such an achievement.

“In that case, I want to request the rights to White City.” PANDA NOVEL

Noah’s brows shot up. He looked toward Jessica, only to see that she was just as surprised.

“This’ |” Noah cleared his throat. “‘| White City was already requested by Tyrron and the Dove family.”

Leonel raised an eyebrow. “Did he also earn an Imperial Pendant?”

Noah shook his head.

“Is White City considered the territory of the Dove Grand Prime Minister family now?”

“‘| Not exactly.”

“Good. Then I want the city.” Leonel replied succinctly. ρ??∫??????

Noah looked toward Leonel, trying to see what his angle was exactly. White City was practically a thankless task to the uninformed. It was filled with citizens who wanted nothing more than to watch Earth fall. Even with 500 elite talents, he was certain that Tyrron wasn’t having a good time at the moment.

But, for the Dove family, such an action made sense. Though White City was a headache, it also provided an opportunity. It kept all the culture of an entire other world intact. In addition, it was located on Camelot, another place that was practically an untapped treasure-trove.

Beyond this, White City also represented wealth.

At this moment, Earth had yet to truly step onto the Dimensional Verse stage. But, soon, it would have to. Once that day came, the usual currencies of Earth would become useless and they would have to adapt to using the money of the universe.

Though Terrain was weak in the grand scheme of things, this was still the wealth of an entire City. On top of this, due to how powerful City Lord White was, White City was prosperous even compared to other Cities. Who knew how much money was lying in its vaults?

As though this wasn't enough of a pull, the Cities of Terrain all had teleportation hubs. Earth had yet to set up such things and didn't have laws to deal with their advent just yet either. But, there was no doubt that there would come a day where Earth had to open itself up to the outside world.

Though it was dangerous to take this step, it also represented an opportunity. The Ascension Empire of Earth grew so powerful because it was able to fuse the cultures of hundreds to thousands of Earth's civilizations from Ancient America to Ancient Europe and Ancient Asia. So, how much more powerful would Earth be if it began to assimilate the cultures of other worlds as well?

The main issue, though, was that Earth didn't have any Force Crafters. This would mean that they would have to rely on others coming to make these teleportation channels for them.

Of course, Earth didn't have to worry about no one coming. After all, with Earth's talent, who didn't want a piece of the pie?

But therein lied the problem. If Earth didn't control these teleportation channels themselves, they were inviting a whole host of problems.

However'. What if they stole these already crafted teleportation channels from Terrain?

It was likely that Terrain, too, had to rely on merchants from another world to form their channels. But, could those merchants really come to Earth to reclaim what was theirs?

They could try'. But whether that would work out for them was still up in the air.

This was all to say that White City was a headache that could very well become one of Earth's most important resources. It could only be said that Leonel had a large appetite'.

Noah sighed. "Alright. The City is yours."

Noah inwardly shook his head.

‘The Dove family won’t be happy about this. They’re already trying to take two cities for themselves, one of which is currently attacking The Capital’; I wonder how Leonel will deal with this’!’

Though Noah thought that Leonel had done this for the wealth, he couldn’t have been further from the truth. Leonel’s plans were far more maddening than this.

A smirk curled Leonel’s lip. He didn’t have time to waste on a war with Terrain, his top priority at the moment was healing Aina and he couldn’t do that here. For that, he had to head to Valiant Heart Mountain.

In that case..... he would just have to end this war prematurely himself.