

Descent 621

Chapter 621

The streets around Leonel seemed to grow especially silent. The sight of a single young man dragging two half dead youths behind him was quite one to behold indeed, especially when one of them wore the emblem of Valiant Hall. Even Hero Peak didn't dare to mistreat the members of that Hall so blatantly even though they had launched plenty of underhanded schemes of their own.

It didn't take long for many to match Leonel's face to the bounty posters that had been plastered all around Valiant City.

Though the most promising youths of Valiant Heart usually spent most of their time in their Peaks, making use of training rooms, the city was almost always filled by the lesser-than characters of the organization. Beyond this, there were also some high class establishments that the true talents used to blow off some steam.

However, Leonel's goal wasn't one of these high-class establishments, but rather a low class one almost anyone could afford. And, unfortunately for Gersan who wouldn't be caught dead in such a place, his actions had made Leonel think that he was part of all of this, resulting in him being dragged through the city to this very establishment.

Leonel's foot blasted through the doors of the low class bar. One would think that he had to rely on his strength to do so, but he was certain that even if he was still a normal human, he would have been able to accomplish the same feat just as easily.

The doors of the bar hung loosely from their hinges, barely holding on even before Leonel's actions. Now, however, they found themselves flying out, finally free from their rotting wooden frames.

If the inside of the bar had to be described in just a single word, it would be stale.

It had dingy yellow lights, a musty smell, and brimmed with testosterone. It was almost as though a woman had never set foot into this place, and if they had... It definitely hadn't been with pure intentions.

This was apparently the bar that Thetris had been overheard in and was also the place the so-called King of Ores had recruited him from.

“Hey! What do you think you're doing?!”

The immediate response to Leonel's actions was hostility.

Most of the businesses run in Valiant City were owned by youths. As one might expect, the competition over land and their rights was quite stiff. Even for a dilapidated place like this, there was no doubt that there was a genius behind it somewhere.

Attacking a place like this was no different from slapping the face of a senior. So, it was no wonder the reaction, despite the perpetual rowdiness of the place, was still so exaggerated.

The bartender immediately jumped to action. Even in the dim lights, the white belt wrapped around his waist was clear for all to see.

It didn't take Leonel more than a single glance to tell that he was Tier 5 in strength. Not only was he Tier 5, but compared to the Tier 4's Leonel had originally defeated when he first stepped foot in this city, he was exponentially more powerful.

However, even as he jumped over the counter, planting a single palm down as an anchor, Leonel only spoke a single sentence that stopped him in his tracks.

“You're free to keep attacking, but in return I'll burn this whole place to the ground.”

Flickering flames danced across Leonel's skin. He looked no different from a flaming human, prepared to blast the small bar to smithereens. ρ???∪???)???)

The bartender paused, his brow furrowing into a frown.

He scanned Leonel up and down, eventually landing on the two he dragged by their hair. His pupils constricted when he recognized Gersan.

White belt might have been the line of demarcation between freshman and seniors, but there were obviously lines of division between them. Usually, this was decided by time taken.

The bartender had taken three years to promote to white belt. But, all geniuses like Gersan took less than a single year. The fact that Gersan was in such a state made the bartender realize that he should be thanking Leonel, or else he would have ended up in the same state.

He gulped, his body tensing. Even though the owner of this bar wouldn't have to fear Leonel, by the time he got here for revenge, wouldn't he have already suffered the worst? Considering how little that senior cared about this place, why would he care about a small-time bartender?

"Why have you come?" The bartender spoke, trying to maintain his calm.

"Two weeks ago." Leonel said plainly. "There was a senior who came here to recruit him."

Leonel threw Thetris forward without a care for his injuries.

"Who is that senior and where is he."

Leonel seemed to be asking a question, but his demeanor was so bitingly cold and his words so demanding that it almost felt like a statement. The bartender didn't even feel like not answering was an option.

Sending a scared glance toward Thetris, a stream of memories immediately flooded the bartender's mind. But, when he realized the kind of information Leonel wanted, he froze.

A cold sweat began to pour down his forehead, his fingers beginning to tremble.

On one side, there was the youth right in front of him, clearly uncaring about humiliating the senior who owned this bar. He was a madman and clearly nothing like the coward the Leo the Cuck posters painted him out to be.

But, on the other side, there was the King of Ores, a vicious man known as a snake by many. The kind of poisonous existence who had done any and everything to claim the wealth he had now.

Not answering the question would cause this demon incarnate to come down on him. But, while answering it would save his life for now, what would happen when the matters of today returned to the ears of the King of Ores?

“It’s just a simple math equation, don’t you think?”

Like the voice of a reaper, Leonel’s voice drifted into the bartender’s ears.

“If you do answer, you’ll anger just one man. But, if you don’t, I’ll burn down this bar and beat you half dead. That way, you’ll enrage both me and your boss, while eventually telling me what I want to know anyway.

“So, what do you choose?”

Chapter 622

The Ore market was the most lucrative in Valiant Heart. If one thought about it, this wasn’t too surprising. What else would one expect to find in a world of such mountainous regions if not an endless number of Ores? Valiant Heart was especially known for its rich Urbe Ore reserves.

One might imagine, then, for a mere white belt to claim such a large portion of this market, he definitely couldn’t be a normal man.

No one knew exactly what the King of Ores’ secret was, but what they did know was that he was a vicious man not many dare to cross.

All this said, the Ore Market of Valiant City wasn't what one would expect. The youths of Valiant Heart had no need for buying raw Ores. Aside from some Crafter factions within their organization, sales rarely, if ever, ended up in the hands of the students of Valiant Heart.

Rather, the Ore Market was a hotspot for traders coming from outside Valiant Heart.

The youths usually took missions that could range in anything from finding the sources of new Ore Veins to excavating already existing mines. Usually, these youths would be under the wing of factions who laid claim to these Ores for themselves.

These Ore Factions designated youths with unique abilities to find new Ore sources while deploying their stronger members toward guarding the veins they claimed. The lowest ranking members were tasked with minding and bringing these Ores back.

These Ores would then be brought to the market and sold, mostly in bulk, to various trading companies.

Valiant Heart Mountain was content to allow their students to battle it out over these resources, taking a kickback from the taxes. This way, they could both accumulate resources and funds while training the next generation all at once.

Due to these reasons, the Ore Market was simultaneously a place of profit and a battlefield of commerce.

...

At that moment, within one of the many pitched tents of the Ore Market, a palm slammed down on a large wooden table, rattling all the scales and measuring devices on it.

This tent was among the largest the Ore Market had to offer and a line that extended for hundreds of meters could be found outside its flaps.

The tent alone was over five meters tall and had an almost twenty meter diameter. The inside placed a large, thick wooden table at the front. But, to the back, rather than being one large room like most tents, there seemed to be several divided lots. It was hard to tell if these were storage spaces, or if they were offices.

Either way, neither the people within the tent, nor outside of it, were worrying about this at the moment. They were entirely focused on the scuffle that was about to ensue.

“Whoa, whoa. Calm down Kaela, you’ll destroy our precious map if you hit any harder.”

A young man sitting behind the large wooden desk chuckled, gently patting the beast-skin map sprawled out over the table. Then, just as calmly, he picked up the measuring devices that had fallen over.

Kaela, a young woman who stood over the desk fuming, only became more infuriated when she heard these words.

“Why is the price so high?! It’s 50% up from just half a year ago! How are you expecting us to afford it?!”

Kaela was quite the looker, especially when her chest was heaving like that. She wore spectacles that couldn’t hide her vibrant green eyes and had a curvaceous figure. She was definitely the subject of admiration for many male students.

Unfortunately, she spent much of her time locked away in a lab. Even if one wanted to court her, it was near impossible. Even now, she wore what looked like a lab coat over her uniform, partially hiding what was definitely a sight that would be even more enticing.

The young man picked at his ears. ρ??∪???????

“We set the price, you buy. If you don’t want to buy, then don’t.”

Kaela grit her teeth, her rage palpable. If it wasn’t for the special gloves she seemed to be wearing, her nails might have already drawn blood from her palms.

“Does Sarrieth think that just because he promoted to blue belt that he can do whatever he wants now?!”

The young man smiled slyly. Yet, despite the fact he didn't give a verbal response, his entire demeanor seemed to scream: 'Yea? And what are you going to do about it?'

“I'll remember this well, Nigmir. Your King of Ores faction can forget about buying any Crafts from my Polished Glass faction!”

The young man was stunned for a moment before he began to laugh uproariously. He laughed so hard that one would have thought that he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

He wheezed, only managing to calm himself after taking a large gulp of water.

Almost immediately afterward, in striking contrast, his expression became bitingly cold.

“Do you see how many people are outside waiting to trade with us?” Nigmir all but growled these words out. “Your pitiful faction only comes here twice a year so you have no idea that the prices have been like this for over a week already. Yet, do you see any of them running away from it?”

“You think you can use your weak trash of a Crafting faction to pressure us? What is the best weapon you can even provide at your best? Tier 4?”

“If I trade enough Ores, I can lay hands on enough Tier 7 treasures to outfit every Captain of the King of Ores faction. Who the hell do you think you are?!”

Kaela glared back, matching Nigmir's gaze. At that moment, a hair scrunchy that kept her hair in a pony tail seemed to come alive, dancing with flames. But in the end, she chose not to attack.

She turned away, fury lighting her gaze.

“Oh, and... Since you seem to like pressuring people, how about this? You can forget about buying Ores from Ore Market, period. Anyone who trades with you will now be an enemy of King of Ores faction!”

Nigmir’s voice boomed, spreading across the whole Ore Market, drifting to the ears of everyone.

Kaela’s fists gripped tighter, her shoulders trembling slightly. But, she didn’t turn back as she continued to walk away.

It was at that moment that a sudden commotion sounded from the outside of the tent.

“Stop! Can’t you see there’s a line here?! Scram before I help you roll out of here!”

The only response was a muffled groan and a figure flying into the fragile fabric of the large tent, ripping another large hole open aside from its entrance.

The entirety of the Ore Market fell into chaos.

Chapter 623

Leonel had entered the Ore Market with slow, deliberate steps. Everyone who saw him seemed to give him a wide berth whether it be by design or instinct.

Originally, he hadn’t known exactly where to go, his hands now empty of Gersan and Thetris with them having outlived their use. But, Nigmir’s shouts gave him an easy road map to follow. Since they wanted to roll out the red carpet for him, he would happily oblige.

...

Nigmir shot up from his seat, a deep frown on his face when he saw one of their peace keepers come flying through the tent’s wall.

At first, Nigmir thought that this was Kaela's doing. With her fiery temper, he didn't think that she would take this laying down. He had most definitely expected her to at least try to inform the elders of Valiant Heart. But, directly attacking was a foolish choice, it would only give them even more leverage when it came to the inevitable trial.

Nigmir didn't think Kaela was this stupid. And, as expected, when he turned to face her, she was just as surprised by the turn of events as he was.

At that moment, a young man whose body danced with what looked like golden flames slowly made his way forward. His posture was casual, his hands even being in his pants pockets. Yet, no one dared to approach him. The heat he was giving off was simply too much.

"... Black belt?"

Nigmir was stunned. A mere black belt dared to make so much trouble?

Not only was this brat a black belt, but he didn't even have a Peak emblem on his belt either. The only youths who had yet to join a Peak by now were the average to below average talents. They would need more accumulation before they could think of passing the Peak Exams.

This meant that Nigmir watching Leonel stroll into the Ore Market like this was almost like a King Beast watching an ant try to take over its territory. It wasn't just a small bit ridiculous.

Before Nigmir could regain his bearings and realize that he should have been enraged at this moment, this so-called ant suddenly spoke.

"Sarrieth. Where is he?"

Leonel's voice was cold and detached. His words alone seemed to cause the elements to bow down even to the point many felt as though space itself had been constricted.

Nigmir's mind went blank.

Sarrieth?

He, of course, knew the name. But, since when did a mere black belt not respectfully call him King of Ores? Since when was it a brat's turn to call out their leader's name so casually as though it was worth nothing more than dirt?

It was then that Nigmir finally recognized Leonel.

They had taken some liberties with the Leo the Cuck posters, almost making Leonel look like a caricature of his own self while making it recognizable enough to pick him out on the streets. But, at this moment, Nigmir found it almost impossible to match Leonel with those posters.

That said... This had long ago stopped being anything about Leonel's talent.

No person who could defeat a Tier 4 existence while in the Third Dimension was weak. No person who could claim ten tags during the Freshman Exam was weak. No person who could enrage the vice leader of Hero Peak was weak.

Those who still thought this was about Leonel's talent were fools. This was about nothing more than seniors enforcing the hierarchy they had worked hard to climb. p??c(???????)

Nigmir stared at Leonel for a long while.

“Peace Keepers!” Nigmir roared.

At that moment, the sound of shuffling feet surrounded the massive tent.

Everyone knew that the Ore Market was nothing more than a hidden battle ground. Though it had been a long time since anyone deemed to test the King of Ores faction, that didn't mean they weren't prepared at all times.

Amidst the Peace Keepers, a young man with teeth as sharp and jagged as a shark's burst into laughter.

“Nigmir! Your prestige seems to have taken a hit! You can’t control a black belt on your own and even had to call for help?!”

“Don’t blame him too much, Cormus. His senses have gotten dull after doing nothing but counting money all day!”

The Peace Keepers erupted into laughter together. Their two leaders, Cormus, the jagged tooth young man, and Ardryn, a young woman carrying a massive great sword, bantering back and forth.

Kaela frowned at this sudden change of events.

Though Cormus and Ardryn only seemed to be joking, their underlying point still stood. It didn’t make sense for the King of Ores faction to bring out so much fire power to deal with one young man. It was as though they wanted to end this swiftly and strongly, displaying their dominance to the utmost degree.

But the question was... why? Who was this boy? Since when did King of Ores care about a mere black belt so much?

Unfortunately for Kaela who spent 99% of her time in the lab, she was completely unaware of the viral Leo the Cuck phenomena. And, she was equally unaware of how much of an uproar Leonel’s actions today had already caused.

‘This is not good!’ Kaela snapped out of her thoughts, suddenly realizing the severity of the situation.

If King of Ores wanted to make an example of Leonel, even if they didn’t kill him, beating him half to death would at most get them a light punishment, especially since Leonel was seen as the aggressor in this case.

To make matters worse, even though King of Ores was all constructed of youths who had joined at the same time as Sarrieth, no more than five years ago, each an every one had become a white belt within two years and the most elite of them would at most need another half year before becoming blue belts.

If the elite of the sophomore class had to be picked out, it would most definitely be them. And now, they had all turned their weapons toward this one boy.

Yet, when Kaela laid eyes on Leonel, she suddenly felt frozen in time.

He stood there in silence, his hands in his pockets and his expression emotionless. Every so often, his eyes would flicker with a wild shade of violet-red, only to return to their original pale green as though the change had never occurred to begin with.

The wind was oddly still around him, the pumping of his heart even slowing to a crawl.

BANG!

Land in a 10 meter radius around Leonel instantly sunk down by a quarter inch.

Chapter 624

The Earth seemed to respond to Leonel's call. At that moment, Bronze Runes jumped to life all across his toned torso, a halo of light appearing about his head.

But this time, something seemed different.

Black sparkling energy, radiant golden light, glimmering soft blue brilliance and a raging inferno of crimson followed the path of his Runes, fusing with his body as though they had always been there.

In the blink of an eye, over 80% of the Peace Keepers fell face first into the ground, facing a level of gravity they had never experienced before. Even those who managed to remain standing found it difficult to stop their knees from trembling.

Many innocents were caught in the crossfire, namely those who had been waiting to purchase Ores of their own and even Kaela who had been thinking of helping Leonel. But at this moment, the youth didn't seem to care.

Leonel could feel the ground beneath his bare feet. Well, he had always been able to and this only became easier after he began to wear Valiant Heart's uniform.

But at this moment, it almost felt as though the world was in the palm of his hands.

He could feel it. Even without summoning a Force Art, controlling the Earth was as easy as thinking it.

The instant he thought it, numerous earthen chains shot out for the group, shooting toward every Peace Keeper present.

Those that had been on the ground didn't have the time to react. In the blink of an eye, their limbs were wrapped and locked, their faces pressed so hard into the ground that they even found it difficult to breathe.

Cormus, Ardryn and Nigmir reacted quickly, the first and the last jumping high into the air while Ardryn swung down her heavy sword, bashing the ground beneath her apart.

The white tent collapsed, everything that was once inside it falling to the ground in a bloom of dust.

However, that had only been the beginning.

A pillar of earth formed beneath Leonel's feet, rising two meters into the air. As though it was an artillery unit with a mind of its own, a rain of earthen arrows began to fly out from within it, aiming toward Cormus and Nigmir who had both jumped into the air.

Unable to dodge, Cormus growled, bearing his sharp teeth as a tough, leathery grey skin instantly spread across his body. The bones in his knuckles grew out, piercing through his skin and forming gloves of white that shimmered with a glossy finish.

He rained a hail of fists forward, displaying much more power than he should have been able to midflight.

Nigmir's reaction wasn't slow either. An illusory pair of greenish wings appeared to his back, his body becoming wrapped in a typhoon of wind.

With a single flap, a violent, surging tornado tore the earthen arrows apart.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Cormus landed on the ground and instantly shot for Leonel. By that point, Ardryn had done so as well. Her speed was much slower than Cormus', but their teamwork was impeccable. Their timing was so on the nose that they both reached the base of Leonel's pillar in unison, the latter jumping into the air again with a rain of fists and the former swinging her heavy sword with every intention of cutting the pillar in half.

Nigmir stood in the air, a whirl of wind around him. He brought his hands together, his lips beginning to move in a silent chant. The more words he spoke, the greater the winds around him seemed to become.

It grew more and more dense, the illusory green becoming almost solid as time went on.

The wind gradually coalesced, forming a vibrant ivory armor around him.

His hand grabbed out, causing an ivory lance with a length of over four meters to appear in his palm.

The sky whimpered and wavered as he shot downward, his gaze flickering with thoughts of violence.
p??J???????

At that moment, Cormus' fist reached Leonel even as the base of the latter's pillar was cut across by Ardryn.

However, Leonel didn't even react. Cormus found his fist smashing into Leonel's chest, a bloody grin on his face.

BANG!

Cormus' face twisted.

In that split instant, he looked up to meet Leonel's indifferent gaze. The man stood above him, his hands still in his pockets. In fact, it didn't even look to Cormus that Leonel was actually gazing upon him. Rather, it felt like he just happened to be in his line of sight. Nothing more, nothing less.

An audible crack sounded. The bones that covered Cormus fists fractured and shattered, causing a roar of pain to leave his lips.

Ardryn, who had just severed Leonel's connection with the earth and sought to take advantage of the moment was caught off guard by Cormus flying back toward her.

She side stepped, gritting her teeth and ignoring her teammate for the moment in hopes of still getting to Leonel.

But, what she didn't expect was for the pillar she had just cut down to suddenly shoot into the air, taking Leonel alone with it.

BANG!

Cormus landed heavily on the ground, his entire arm feeling as though it had been shattered into a million pieces.

Leonel rose his foot, his gaze locking onto Nigmir who was swooping toward him with lance in hand.

Nigmir's expression changed, but it was already too late.

Leonel lightly lowered his foot, a ripple spreading across the pillar beneath him.

What once was a pillar of more than a meter and a half tall was suddenly left with nothing more than a small disk beneath Leonel's feet.

The rest of it?

Plunging down toward the ground, directed toward a horrified Ardryn and Cormus.

BOOM!

The two Peace Keepers were instantly buried, their life and death completely unknown. The collision was so violent that even if there were cries of agony, it wouldn't have been heard over the loud, cacophonous ripple of the earth.

The ground quaked and splintered, cracks spreading like wildfire all through the Ore Market.

Leonel stood in the air upon his thin disk of earth, his hair violently flying about. A dense fog of violet hung around him, his body singing as it brimmed with overwhelming strength.

The synergy between Leonel's Metal Synergy Lineage Factor and Camelot's magic system was completely beyond even his expectations. But now, the King of Ores faction had to accept the brunt of this surprise.

Nigmir came to a grinding halt, his body quaked with rage and the wind around him kicked up a violent storm.

The clouds above him seemed to react, becoming a churning swirl of white hanging in the skies.

Chapter 625

"For a freshman brat, you sure have a lot of guts." Nigmir's voice seemed to be everywhere, being carried by the wind to all corners. If Leonel didn't know better, he would have thought that he had cloned himself. "Since someone has yet to teach you your place, let it be me."

Nigmir's four meter long lance trembled, a tempest of wind kicking up and concentrating around its shaft. In one moment, it looked no different from an enormous lance. In the next, it had become a drill bit, tearing through the skies with a momentum that would send a cold shiver down anyone's spine.

Nigmir's arm flexed.

In that instant, a cone of rotating wind shot through the skies. It was impossibly fast, crossing a distance of a hundred meters in what felt like a blink.

Leonel's gaze narrowed, a deep black Force flickering around him.

His body vanished, reappearing just a meter to the side.

The cone of wind shot by, causing the merchants below to scatter.

It tore through the ground, burrowing through the earth. The Force was so concentrated and controlled that not a single crack appeared outside the hole. However, even with that being the case, the cone shot through at least ten meters of ground, and might have had no intention of stopping had it not been for Nigmir's Force running out.

Leonel's expression looked at his arm. Numerous shallow cuts had torn into his skin, some of which even drew blood.

His gaze shifted back to the hole in the ground, flashing with a hint of something unknown.

It had to be known that Valiant Heart was a Fifth Dimensional world. Even though it was nowhere near the most powerful Fifth Dimensional worlds there was, it still had a very sturdy construction. Any attack that could effect change in its landscape was a powerful one.

Leonel, himself, despite how overwhelming his current strength seemed, was also very limited. At that moment, he could only control the Elements in a ten meter radius around him, and even then, it

required much more effort than it had on any Fourth Dimensional world he had ever been on, especially since he wasn't a natural citizen of this world.

For Nigmir to be able to display such prowess...

Nigmir's arm flexed once again. This time, his attacks became like a blur, raining down an avalanche of spiraling cones.

They whistled through the air, screaming with an ear grating harshness.

Kaela's eyes widened. 'He's gone insane!'

"Run! What are you all still doing here?!" Kaela roared.

The merchants, even if they didn't have guards, were often well versed in the art of self protection. And, those that didn't, had most definitely heavily invested in protection from outside sources.

But, they were ultimately still small-time merchants. The true elite merchants wouldn't be trading with what effectively amounted to college kids. Or, more accurately, they wouldn't be waiting in line to do so. p??J??????

If these fools didn't run, a few really might die. Leonel seemed to have had a sense of propriety in his actions outside of what he had done with his gravity field, but Nigmir didn't seem to care even the slightest bit.

Leonel drifted through the skies. Every time he appeared again, he would only shift a single meter in any direction, but with his calculative abilities, he was able to make use of this single meter as though it was an endless lifeline, shifting through Nigmir's barrage with an almost practiced ease.

However, Nigmir didn't seem to care in the slightest, a savage expression lighting his face.

The wind in the surroundings seemed to only grow more and more volatile. With each spiraling cone of death, the situation only grew worse.

Outside the scope of the battlefield, a violent tempest was being kicked up. If a normal human had been in such a situation, even just walking around would have been impossible.

Tents went flying, dust clouds kicked up, and even keeping one's eyes open became an impossible task.

“Wind Style. Hurricane Paradise.” Nigmir's voice covered the skies.

Kaela's expression changed. ‘This madman is using a Style on a freshman?!’

However, what Kaela felt next made her close her mouth. If using a Style on a freshman was shameless, then what could this be called?

Nigmir peered down from above as though a god. He watched Leonel continue to dodge, his lip curling with disdain.

“Four Seasons Realm. Spring's Storm.”

At that instant, what once were violent, uncontrollable winds became even more so. The entirety of the Ore Market seemed to have become Nigmir's domain.

“Do you think that what you saw before was the extent of a senior's prowess?! We went easy on you before, but it seemed that you didn't take our kindness to heart. So, today I'll show you, the difference between a brat like you and the Elites of the King of Ores faction!”

Nigmir was truly and elite amongst elites. Not only had he mastered a Style, but he had also comprehended a Season of the Four Seasons Realm even to the point of perfectly fusing it with his Style.

This wasn't a simply additive change to his strength. The combination of his Style and his Spring Realm was no weaker than if he had comprehended the entirety of the Four Seasons Realm through second

hand means. If he mastered a second Season Realm that perfectly fused with his Style, he would even be able to match up to someone who had self comprehended one or two Seasons!

The clouds above reacted to Nigmir's call. The scent of spring hung in the air, the almost metallic scent of wet grass assaulting the senses.

Nigmir rose his arms into the skies as though basking in his own glory. The tempest of wind seemed to only grow more and more powerful, the strands of green, illusory air becoming like whips lashing through the skies.

Nigmir opened his eyes once more, his body brimming with strength.

Then, he exploded forth, booming concentric circles of air lighting his pathway and accelerating him forward. Playtime was over.

Chapter 626

Leonel watched as Nigmir shot forward.

To everyone else, it looked as though it was effectively teleportation. Nigmir had almost instantly reached speeds of several hundred kilometers an hour. At such a speed, the mere hundred meters or so separating them might as well have been teleportation.

But, in Leonel's mind, this might as well have been a snail's crawl. This wasn't because Leonel was faster. In fact, Nigmir, in raw speed, was likely faster than him unless he used his Four Seasons Realm to fuel his Speed Branch Lineage Factor. Rather, it was because Leonel's mind simply processed things too quickly.

This combination of Style and the Four Seasons Realm fascinated Leonel. If Nigmir was right about anything, it was that he had indeed underestimated the so-called seniors of Valiant Heart. He definitely had to reevaluate how easily he would be able to defeat them.

If this combination was possible, it wouldn't be surprising if other combinations were likewise in existence. Leonel was too ignorant of the ways of the Dimensional Verse, who knew how many unique things he had missed on?

In fact, now that he thought about it, that weird chant Nigmir had used to solidify his Wind Force into armor and weapon... Leonel had never seen something like that before either.

Of course, it could just be Nigmir's ability, but it was fascinating nonetheless.

'I guess there is value in learning things from this place... Well, if they let me stay here after this, that is.'

Nigmir still had half the distance to travel when Leonel flipped his palm, causing a long, flexible spear to appear.

The spear itself seemed hollow, several deep etchings across its surface showcasing its empty insides. However, it was a truly beautiful sight to behold.

The spear was almost four meters long. Its blade was long, thin and sharp. Just a small flick of Leonel's wrist caused the spear to bed and sway, waving about like a rigid whip.

Nigmir crossed the 50 meter distance between them, blazed through the 40 and erupted past the 30. His speed only seemed to grow, the wind pressure from his movements alone blew against Leonel's body, seemingly ready to send him tumbling back and press him into the ground.

However, it was only after Nigmir reached the five meter distance between them, just a meter or two from thrusting his lance through Leonel's heart, that the latter finally reacted.

"Wind Domain."

Leonel's body flickered.

Nigmir's gaze sharpened. All this time, Leonel had been using a space teleportation art. Though Nigmir had been surprised about this at first, after a while, he calmed realizing that Leonel could only move a single meter in any direction.

This made sense. After all, this was a Fifth Dimensional world. Space was far sturdier here. Nigmir concluded that Leonel likely had a treasure on him of some sort that had lost most of its effectiveness after entering a higher-level world. This was a common matter.

With this conclusion, he realized that there was no way Leonel was faster than he was, so he confidently shot forward, ready to end this battle in a single sweep.

But at that moment, Leonel displayed speed no slower than his own... No, it was even faster!

ρ??∫??????

Before Nigmir could react, he found a spear at his throat. For the first time, he didn't have the weapon length advantage in battle, making his eyes widen.

Still, he reacted quickly, his body shifting slightly. Just this slight movement required all the speed he could muster. It likely would have been impossible for anyone else, but he was able to time it perfectly.

'The spear should graze off my pauldrons. I can use this opportunity to attack.'

Nigmir was confident in the defense of his armor. Leonel had been right, this was indeed his ability and it synergized perfectly with his Lineage Factor. As for which was which and how they were related... That was something Nigmir would never tell.

However, what Nigmir didn't expect was for the blade of Leonel's spear to shear through his armor entirely, nicking his shoulder and shattering a part of his wind armor.

"What?!"

Nigmir reeled, countering with his lance as he had planned. However, somehow, despite having attacked already, Leonel was faster once again.

Leonel spear jetted out like a venomous viper. His two arms controlled its polearm with a deft accuracy and mind-numbing speed.

Nigmir began to panic and soon found himself continuously blocking. He didn't even realize that Leonel was no longer rising in the air with the help of a piece of earth.

Leonel's speed only grew faster and faster. Every exchange seemed to cause another piece of Nigmir's armor to chip and another slice of his Lance to be taken.

Leonel's indifferent gaze was grating on the soul. Nigmir couldn't understand what was happening, his mind simply couldn't wrap itself around the current events.

He wanted to retreat, but Leonel's pursuit was endless. Shallow cuts began appearing all over his body. It wasn't long before there was nothing left of his armor, yet Leonel's speed seemed to only be growing.

Nigmir's lance began to feel heavy as though it wanted to fly out of his hand and return to the skies.

It was only then that Nigmir realized what was happening. The wind... His hurricane paradise... It was no longer under his control.

Nigmir's gaze landed on Leonel's spear. But now, it was swirling with the very same green Force Nigmir had been relying on from the very beginning.

Leonel's wrists flicked, causing the spiraling tip of the lance to finally be cut off.

He turned his blade toward Nigmir, tearing a deep cut through the latter's chest.

His gaze flashed, the tip of his spear beginning to spiral just as Nigmir's had. This time, he wasn't sweeping across. He had every intention of skewering Nigmir through just as he had planned to do to him.

At that moment, the commotion of such a large scale battle could no longer be ignored.

“STOP!”

Chapter 627

Leonel's spear didn't pause, shooting through Nigmir's chest without the slightest halt in momentum.

Nigmir looked down, stunned, unable to grasp what had just happened. Even though he could feel that Leonel had deftly avoided all of his most vital points, the pain that shot through him was not fake.

Wasn't this exactly what he had planned on doing to Leonel? How had he ended up on the other side of things? What was going on exactly?

Nigmir lost his strength, feeling as though standing in the air was impossible. But, even as he wanted to fall to the ground, he found himself stuck on the other end of Leonel's spear. His body bowed and swayed, following the movement of the flexible spear, but he never seemed to dip down far enough to slip off.

Leonel's gaze shifted downward, only to find a squadron of Valiant Hall members led by none other than Sael making their way forward.

Looking at the carnage, Sael felt as though her head was going to explode. But, seeing the state Nigmir was in and even worse how Leonel seemed completely unaffected, she couldn't help but feel that this world was truly too unreal.

Unfortunately for Sael's mental health and Nigmir, for that matter, the latter was simply asking to be directly countered.

Nigmir relied on a combination of his Style and Four Seasons Realm comprehension to form a pseudo Domain for himself. Leonel had to admit that he was quite innovative and had definitely shown a level of ingenuity Leonel had yet to.

Leonel still felt that his ability had a lot of room to grow, but ever since it reached the Quasi Silver Grade, he hadn't come up with any new ground breaking abilities. He still felt that he hadn't unlocked the full potential of his ability, something he couldn't really say for Nigmir who had very clearly squeezed out a lot of potential in his.

This aside, Nigmir's goal was always to raise the concentration of Wind Force and make the area as volatile as possible. The more torrential wind there was, the faster and stronger his attacks would be.

Unfortunately for Nigmir, though, Leonel's flexible spear was the perfect counter. So perfect, in fact, that Leonel almost instantly ended the battle.

At the end of the day, the Wind Domain spear was created to gather momentum through Wind Force and continuously increase the speed of attack of the user. Yet, Leonel was able to skip all of those steps and ignore the fact he had a poor affinity all because Nigmir set the perfect stage for him.

This was all to say that... The moment Nigmir began to take Leonel seriously, he was destined to lose. And, maybe more depressingly, if he hadn't begun to take Leonel seriously... He would have lost anyway.

Leonel shifted his gaze away from Sael, ignoring her completely.

In his eyes, Valiant Hall was nothing more than a joke. He had no idea the true reason Gersan had been there in the first place, so he only assumed that Valiant Hall was just about as corrupt as every other organization he had been a part of. At this moment, the weight of Sael's words might as well have been non-existent to him.

Even if Gersan wasn't a part of this, the fact that Valiant Hall did nothing while one of their students had their name dragged through the mud for weeks on end, and even worse that they simply allowed the relentless bullying of the freshman for just as long by Thetris' antics, was enough for Leonel to turn his nose up at them with disdain.

This sort of world where organizations thought that the best way to train their youths was to pit them against each other in a dog eat dog environment...

It made Leonel sick to his stomach.

Sael froze when she saw Leonel's look of disdain. She would have thought that Leonel was just acting like a typical young master from a lofty family again had it not been for the very clear underlying disappointment in his gaze. p??J??????

Disappointment? Why was that emotion there?

“Where is Sarrieth?” Leonel asked coldly, flexing his wrist.

The action caused Nigmir, who had been just about to fall unconscious, to wince. Pain shot through his body, his muscles seizing and his breathing growing short and hurried. One could hardly imagine the amount of strain it took to carry one's own body weight with nothing more than an already near fatal wound.

Nigmir coughed violently, blood drizzling from his lips.

A hint of undisguised fear was now in his eye. He felt like if he really chose to not say anything his life would be forfeit.

“H... He's not here! He's not here!”

“Where is he?” Leonel asked just as coldly.

“I-I don't know!”

Nigmir coughed again. But, instead of feeling pity, Leonel turned his wrist.

Nigmir's face turned pale. Even though the thin blade had already run all the way through him, the polearm of this spear had numerous etchings drawn across its surface. Even if it was a smooth pole turning inside of him, he would have felt untold pain, let alone a pole with edges that could catch on his fragile inner organs.

“... I really don't know! I really don't!”

By the end, Nigmir was practically pleading, but Leonel didn't stop slowly turning his wrist again and again.

“AGH! I REALLY DON'T KNOW! IT'S POLICY NOT TO TELL US WHICH MINE HE'S VISITING!”

It was only after Leonel heard this that he finally let Nigmir slip off of his spear, not even watching as he hurtled toward the ground.

Sael snapped awake the moment she heard Nigmir screaming.

“Dammit! Catch him!” She bellowed, ordering those around her to help Nigmir.

In the meanwhile, Leonel had begun slowly descending toward the ground. As for his aim? It was none other than the rubble of what remained of King of Ores faction's white tent. He didn't seem to notice how many eyes were on him at all as his eyes scanned the wreckage.

Chapter 628

Leonel used what remained of his Wind Domain's momentum to blow the white tarp away, leaving behind what looked like a garage yard of scrap metal and splintered wood.

Nigmir was finally caught by one of the Valiant Hall members and now many were looking toward Sael to figure out what to do. But, the young woman suddenly felt stifled.

She had come here after receiving reports on what happened to Gersan, but the investigation led to a matter she had no idea how to deal with especially since Leonel was involved. To make matters worse, while her own prestige and that of Valiant Hall was on the line, Leonel had completely turned his back to them as though they were worth nothing in his eyes.

Sael grit her teeth. “Help the others!”

The Valiant Hall squad members looked at her in confusion. Were they really not apprehending this brat? What was going on here?

“Can’t you see how many of them are buried beneath a pile of rubble?! Are you going to take responsibility when they all die?!”

Sael held onto her final lifeline. It was only then that those around remembered that Cormus and Ardryn had been buried beneath a pillar of Earth, their life and death completely unknown. They had almost forgot how terrible this matter could become.

Leonel found what he was looking for and pulled up a beast skin map. He had seen through the flap opening earlier... Obviously, this had happened before he sent one of the Peace Keepers flying. But with Leonel’s memory, that split moment was all he needed.

He spread the map out with his hands, scanning through it. As expected, there were no small number of mines marked on this. The territories of the King of Ores faction, along with their competitors, were all marked out.

Of course, Leonel knew that the most valuable mines were most definitely not marked on this map. Sarrieth’s caution was made obvious by the fact he didn’t let anyone know which mine he was travelling to. However, even still, there were more than 20 mines marked here alone.

Leonel memorized the map with a single look then incinerated it. As for whether the King of Ores faction needed it or not? Who cared?

After he was done with that, Leonel flicked a finger.

At that moment, a large swath of Ores shot up.

With a single look, Leonel could tell that all of this wouldn’t fit in his spatial ring which had shrunken in size considerably since coming to this world. And, it definitely wouldn’t be convenient for him to carry it around like this.

Unfortunately, Leonel had left the Segmented cube with Aina. And, since she hadn't reacted to all of this, in all likelihood, she had her head down, training, just like Leonel had for the past half month. In fact, if it wasn't because his Mage Arts had shattered during his breakthrough and he had happened to hear Thetris' voice, Leonel likely wouldn't even be here.

Leonel could use a few of the snowglobes he had kept in store for himself just in case he would have need of them. But... He decided on doing something different after a moment of thought.

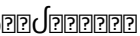
Leonel's gaze shifted and it happened to land on Kaela.

"You want these?"

Kaela was startled. "I..."

Leonel's hand spread out. A portion of the Ores went to Kaela while the rest spread out to the merchants who had gotten caught up in the battle.

In an instant, a small fortune's worth of Ores was given out for free.

Leonel kept a large portion for himself, putting it all into his ring without a care. Then, he turned to leave. His destination? 

Well, wasn't it obvious? He was going to destroy every one of the mines on that map. One by one.

"Leonel! Wait!"

Sael grit her teeth, she finally couldn't continue to watch what was happening.

For one, even though it seemed like this business was entirely owned by King of Ores faction, this couldn't be further from the truth. Over 80% of this world was owned by Valiant Heart Mountain. This was obviously the same for the mines.

Every ore was the property of Valiant Heart. King of Ores faction was only selling them on behalf of the organization and taking a cut. They would then need to pay taxes to Valiant Heart depending on their sales and this amounted to upwards of 70%.

Beyond this, there was a reason that none of the Ores Leonel had picked out were of the Fifth Dimension. In fact, there wasn't a single Tier 7 or and above either. All of these were exclusively sent to Valiant Heart's Founding Peak.

In fact, students weren't even given jurisdiction over ore minds that could produce such high level Ores to begin with. And, in the rare cases they stumbled upon such treasures, they were obligated to report to the organization in exchange for some compensation.

This was all to say that while it looked like Leonel was stealing from Sarrieth, he was, in fact, stealing from Valiant Heart Mountain. Everyone else seemed to be aware of this with the exception of him, which was why the reaction of the merchants hadn't been too excited.

However, that didn't stop a few of them from taking advantage of the chaos to embezzle a few for themselves.

"You..." Sael's words were caught in her throat, especially since Leonel didn't even stop to listen to her. "... Those ores... They're the property of Valiant Heart Mountain, not the King of Ores faction!"

Leonel continued to walk as though he hadn't heard a single thing.

"Dammit! You aren't allowed to leave Valiant City unless you've joined a Peak!"

Sael might have been grasping at straws, but she wasn't lying. After seeing the map, it was too obvious what Leonel planned to do. She really couldn't allow this. Those mines represented 30% of Valiant Heart Mountain's ore resources. At least when it came to Tier 6 ores and below.

“Then I quit.” Leonel said plainly, continuing to walk away.

Sael clenched her jaw so hard that she almost drew blood.

“Think of your girlfriend! Are you really going to leave her alone!”

Leonel suddenly came to a grinding halt.

A heavy air descended, the slow beating of a heart sounding in everyone’s ears. It would be a long while before they realized this heart was their own.

Leonel cocked his head backward, his irises beginning to flicker with red-violet once again.

“Are you threatening me?”

Chapter 629

Sael froze.

That wasn’t what she had meant at all. All she was trying to say was that if Leonel left now, it wasn’t exactly easy for those not of Valiant Heart Mountain to see Peak students. Unless Aina left on her own accord to go and see him, it would likely be a long time before they could see one another.

But, after several weeks of observation, it was clear that they often got lost in their own worlds. In fact, part of the reason Sael hadn’t intervened with the Leo the Cuck posters was firstly because she was busy with her own matters and hadn’t even been aware of it until recently, and secondly because so much time had passed since the initial action versus when she found out that she thought Leonel simply didn’t care about any of it.

Sael couldn’t figure out where everything went wrong. She thought that she had been as accommodating as she possibly could be. Was it her fault that the higher-ups had chosen to keep his identity under wraps? Was it her fault that Apehstus felt his authority had been subverted? Was it her

fault that Leonel offended Hero Peak so severely that even those of the Peak that hadn't been involved previously, like Sarrieth, had chosen to get involved?

None of these matters were her fault. She was trying to make do with a situation that only seemed to become more volatile with every passing day.

Seeing the expression on Sael's face, Leonel finally frowned.

He knew Sael's strength. He had experienced it personally. If she wasn't already in the Fifth Dimension, then she was very close. One only needed to look at the violet belt around her waist to understand this.

Leonel had seen it too many times. When people of this level of strength acted, it usually had very little to do with logic.

Just take Apestus for a moment. Was it really about Leonel's lack of talent? Of course not. It was never about that. Once again, anyone who thought such a thing was nothing more than an absentminded fool.

What had exactly happened that day?

If one thought about it, Apestus hadn't even insulted Leonel. Rather, he insulted the four youths who failed to climb up the mountain pass and ignored Leonel. Leonel hadn't even been on his radar.

One might think this was a version of underestimation, but this was a level of arrogance that shot past narcissism. Who was Leonel that he deserved to grab everyone's attention just by standing there?

As far as Apestus was concerned, Leonel was just a person who hadn't taken the mountain pass challenge. It wasn't until he stated that Aina would be the only student they took in, and she then proceeded to challenge him on this fact, that he became enraged.

Once again. From beginning to end, it had little to do with Leonel's talent. If it was about that, the moment he defeated those three floor sweepers, he would have been admitted.

This was about nothing more than authority.

But, it was exactly all of this that made Leonel's aura suddenly deflate seeing Sael's reaction. He felt like he was missing something, as though there was a massive piece to this puzzle that hovered right in front of him, yet he had no ability to grasp.

Sael didn't look angry, she didn't look like she was holding back her rage in the slightest either. With Leonel's senses, he would have most definitely been able to pick up on it.

No... She just looked... Defeated.

Why would someone so powerful feel defeated? If she was going to threaten him, why would she reel it back now? She should feel that she was powerful enough to squash him beneath a single finger. And, honestly, Leonel wasn't convinced that she'd be wrong in thinking that. ρ??∪???????

If he wanted to fight Sael or someone of her level, he would definitely have to go all out. Not only would he have to use his Divine Armor, but his Quasi Silver spear couldn't remain dormant either.

The only reason he challenged her so boldly was because he refused to let anyone talk ill of Aina or threaten her. He didn't care even if she was a monster of the Sixth Dimension, she couldn't just say whatever she wanted to say before him.

But...

At that moment, Leonel was just as confused as Sael had been previously when she read disappointment on his face. Neither of them could understand the other.

And, as fate would have it, Leonel had picked up on Sael's previous confusion as well. It was just that he was in the middle of a battle and didn't have the time to spare her so he had ignored it.

Leonel's frowned furrowed tighter and tighter.

‘A misunderstanding? But a misunderstanding where? And why?’

Arcs of lightning flashed throughout Leonel’s mind and his memories continued to spin.

Maybe someone else would have continued to allow this misunderstanding to go unchecked. In fact, maybe the only reason Leonel had realized this disconnect earlier was because he had let his emotions cloud his judgment. If he hadn’t allowed his anger to get the best of him, Sael’s actions after he put those three Hero Peak experts up in the tree would have been enough to tip him off.

‘... The root of this... My talent assessment?’

Leonel’s gaze flashed.

That was right. Sael began treating him oddly the moment his talent was assessed. But, he was so happy about seeing Aina again for the first time in months – more than a year if he counted what he experienced in Camelot – that he didn’t have the mind to care about anything else.

However, of this changed the fact his memory was impeccable. He could practically rewind all of Sael’s mannerisms from that day in his mind.

All of this might have taken a while to explain, but in the real world, only a blink of an eye had passed since Leonel’s rage fueled sentence was spoken.

And in that moment, the other Valiant Hall members who had been holding back for the sake of Sael’s orders couldn’t do so any longer.

Once they got over the shock of Leonel’s aura, they felt nothing but fury.

Chapter 630

“I can’t take it anymore, Sael! This brat needs to be taught a lesson!”

Not a small number of those who had followed Sael to this place took a step forward. First, their junior had been beaten half dead to the point his eyes rolled to the back of his head. Second, even after they appeared, Leonel dared to strike a near fatal blow on a senior of his. And third, he was now blatantly threatening their captain.

“Wait...!” Sael tried to step forward to stop things again, making another effort.

“That’s enough, Captain! I know you have your reasons for acting like this, but I don’t give a damn what special background this brat has! We’ll take the heat for you!”

Growling several members of Sael’s squad stepped forward, glaring at Leonel as though they were a pack of wounded animals. They wanted nothing more than to tear him limb from limb.

Leonel had been absentminded, still trying to put the pieces together when he heard those words.

‘Background...? What do...’ Leonel’s eyes flashed with a bright arc of lightning. It almost seemed to manifest itself into a spiraling whip, beating against his mind for taking so long to come to the proper conclusion.

‘Is this about Earth...? No, if Terrain could just attack us because they felt like it without any sort of intervention, that should be impossible. If anything, since Sael had alluded to troubles Valiant Heart had been having, they would be salivating at the prospect of Earth entering the Fifth Dimension so they could send an attack force of their own.

‘If this was about Earth, they would just kill me off. There would be no need to allow a talent from there to live.

‘That means this either has something to do with my maternal grandmother’s Snowy Owl Lineage Factor and the family it came from... Or... dad’s Metal Synergy Lineage Factor...’

Leonel didn’t know which one it was. Technically, both could have been exposed during his talent assessment. Now that he thought about it, Sael didn’t read his results aloud back then either.

It wasn't that Leonel didn't know how powerful his background was. He did. Well... Sort of.

He was well aware that the Morales family was of the Seventh Dimension. And, he was also aware that the Snowy Owl family, or, rather, the Luxnix family, according to the dictionary, was of the Sixth Dimension.

The issue was... He didn't really know what this meant and what weight it carried. He was like a baby carrying around a shot gun, having no idea where the trigger was or what kind of backlash pulling it would have.

What Leonel was lacking was... context.

The universe was such a massive place. He didn't know what influence, if any, a family on that level could have.

This might sound silly, but think about it for a moment.

With how large the universe was, how many countless light years away would the Morales or Luxnix families be situated? From so far away, how much influence could they possibly have on every corner of the universe?

In Leonel's view, there was a high likelihood that the people here wouldn't even know of the existence of these families almost like how the common people might not even know the name of their governor.

As powerful as Leonel's grandfather was on Earth, it still took outfitting every single person with a monitoring wrist watch to maintain perfect control. Now imagine if instead of just having to control a single world, he had to man an entire galaxy? Or several galaxies? A galaxy cluster?

These were sizes and measurements Leonel couldn't even wrap his mind around.

Even if Leonel ignored all of this, he wasn't even sure how to prove that he was from these families. It wasn't like he hid his last name ever, but practically no one cared that he was named Morales.

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And if the more powerful Morales name was useless, there was obviously no point in changing his naming to Luxnix because he was sure that the result would be just as underwhelming.

Beyond this, there was an even more important point. The most important, in Leonel's estimation...

He didn't even know if these families cared enough about him.

Even if these families did have great influence. Even if everyone knew he was a part of them. Where was the guarantee that this would mean anything? He had no idea if these families would even accept him at all.

From what he knew of Aina's backstory, her mother was executed while she and her father were expelled from the Brazinger family. And why did all of that happen...? All because her mother wasn't of a particular Bloodline.

Leonel had no reason to believe that these higher level families weren't even stricter. Why else would his father raise him on the much weaker Earth? Why else would his mother vanish like that despite the loving eyes she used to look at him?

This was the only explanation Leonel could come up with considering the limited information he had.

So... Why would he trust this 'background' of his at all?

"STOP!"

Sael blocked the path between her squad and Leonel.

"If you all defy my orders one more time, I'll really get angry!" Sael growled.

Though her heart felt warm, these little fools were in over their heads. This was a Seventh Dimensional family they were talking about. What did they mean by 'take responsibility'? Did they think the Morales family would only take them?

With their strength, they only needed to send one Sixth Dimensional monster to annihilate their entire world. No, that was just foolhardiness on Sael's part. Just look at Leonel's strength. Maybe it would only take one of their Fourth Dimensional geniuses to uproot their organization entirely.

Everyone thought that Leonel was a reject from his family, but Sael knew quite well how rare it was to awaken both of the Morales family's Lineage Factors. Not only was Leonel not a castaway, he was probably the topic of hot discussion over there.

He, under no circumstances, could be allowed to shed all pretenses with them!

“...”

Leonel snapped out of this thoughts, his gaze locking onto Sael's back view.

Sael turned to face Leonel, her face flickering with all sorts of emotions.

“Can we talk?” She finally managed to eek out, almost pleading.