

Descent 811

Chapter 811

Leonel couldn't blame Milan too much. Aina had gone from 5'7 to over six feet tall. It was only inevitable that many would think her to be a completely different person.

Time seemed to freeze for a moment as Leonel's mind kicked into overdrive. Numerous thoughts and plans flashed one after another, his thinking speed becoming faster and faster.

Leonel felt sparks flying through his Dreamscape. But, the final connection couldn't be made no matter how hard he tried.

'Augustus Ovilteen, the Head of the Milky Way Guild... The worst case scenario is having to fight a man of that caliber, but there's also a high likelihood that he's involved. Such a high profile deal wouldn't have been made without his approval.'

Leonel looked up and into the high ceiling lights before looking back toward Aina who had been staring at him right from the very beginning.

His lip curled into a slightly bitter smile. It was the kind of look that made Aina's heart skip a beat outside of her control. She knew at that point that Leonel was about to do something that placed him in a ridiculous amount of danger.

It felt as though all her fears were collapsing onto her chest in waves. Leonel hadn't moved, but to her, it was almost like he was fading from existence.

"Don't you dare!" She roared, sirens blaring in her mind.

Leonel's lips moved without a sound.

Sorry.

Aina's mind went blank. She hardly registered what happened next. All she could hear was the whining high pitch of her breathing. All she could see was a blurry world of flashing light and cacophonous explosions.

When she realized that she should probably move, to do something, do anything...

...

Leonel sprung into action. 'Sorry about this, big fella.'

A blinding pair of white gold wings appeared to Leonel's back. Before Milan could react, Leonel appeared behind him, his foot snapping outward with such force that the air crackled and popped.

On reflex, Milan's energy shield ability activated. On first look, his own ability was identical to Wissan's. But it was clear by the fact he was chosen as a seeded genius and Wissan was not despite being from the same organization, that he was the clear cut better of the two.

Unfortunately, it didn't matter.

Lights of gold and fires of black-red exploded around Leonel's leg. It was an objectively beautiful sight, the way the lightness and darkness contrasted and danced about one another. But, as beautiful as it was, the devastation it wrought was on a completely different level. p an da no v el

Leonel's planted leg shattered the arena beneath his feet.

The half to Leonel's back crumbled into large, irregularly shaped stone slabs that kicked up into the air as though a skateboard that had an end pressed down.

google p an da no v el The half to his front splintered into a web of shatter pieces all at once like a pane of glass clattering against the floor.

And that was when Leonel's kick connected.

Milan's body curved into an inverted 'U'. The backs of his hands and the soles of his feet nearly touched as he streaked across the arena like a meteor.

He carved a path of light and fire in the air, a sharp pain stinging his lower back as he drew a line right toward Aina.

... p???

... She realized a figure was shooting toward her. Her mind was a garbled mess. She could feel that Leonel had a reason for doing all of this, that he had a reason for cutting her away like this when they had already both agreed to rise to the top together, but she was too distraught to think of it.

She should have been able to stop Milan in the air without injuring the both of them, and yet she was too late to raise even a hand. The worst hadn't even happened yet, but she had practically collapsed because she knew all too well how it would end.

At that moment, Head Hutchin flashed to Aina's side, placing a hand on her shoulder and stopping Milan mid-flight.

It was exactly then that Leonel pulled it out.

It was a sniper rifle of epic proportions, yet it seemed drawn up from the fantasy of all men. It had a base of black accented by vibrant golds and silvers. Its barrel was over a meter long alone and its body as a whole was nearly two. Just looking it made one feel its heft.

The sniper rifle whirled with power. For a moment, all the air in the arena seemed to swirl toward it leaving streaks of humidity whirling into its nozzle. search p an da no v el

The body of the sniper rifle began to glow. It was imperceptible, but the heat of the arena also rose by a measure as Leonel rose it to his shoulder, his eye training along its length.

At that moment, his smile completely faded. All that was left was cold, a heavy violet air manifesting around his very being. His short hair waved about with violent shifts that made it feel as though he was about to be the center of his own hurricane.

His gaze locked onto the silent masked figures, the barrel of his gun lining up with his sights, his will and his determination.

Since things were going to be like this, he might as well set the world the ablaze.

‘Aina... You are the only one I can trust to keep them all safe... You are my Queen, after all...

‘As for the rest of this burden, I’ll take it on personally.’

The sniper rifle jolted.

TSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

A blazing streak of light shot through the arena. Leonel had acted so quickly and so without logic and sense that many couldn’t grasp what was happening until it already had.

Leonel slid back a meter due to the recoil, but it was clear that he wasn’t injured in the slightest.

Up above, though... In a location where the masked figures had been... The dignified figure of a young woman sat.

Just before, she had been silently observing everything without a word. But, right then, she sat stunned, unable to believe what had happened.

Her neck slowly craned downward, only to find a cauterized, bowl sized wound through her chest.

At that moment, her mask slowly slid off beneath the surprise of everyone present, just in time for them all to see the last light of her life leave her.

Leonel looked up with narrowed eyes.

‘I hope you find peace in death knowing the hell I’m about to experience, Heira.’

Leonel hardly finished the thought before that hell descended.

## Chapter 812

In the beginning, there was nothing but silence.

The crowd, which had believed the battle was starting up with Leonel’s kick was ready to get into the action. Seeing Leonel’s display of strength and power, even to the point of shattering the arena for all that it was worth, how could they not feel their blood boil? This was what they had come for. This was what they wanted to see.

However, how could they know that Leonel’s reason for sending Milan flying like that had little to do with giving them the entertainment they so ravenously sought after. He had two purposes, both of which were fulfilled by a single action.

The first was to give himself space. The vicinity around the sniper rifle when it fired couldn’t be handled by just anyone. And, he also didn’t want Milan getting swept up in what was coming. He needed speed and that unfortunately had to translate to power as well.

The second reason was layered. He needed to ensure that Aina couldn’t interfere in the immediate aftermath. Even though he was certain that she would be able to handle Milan without injuring either of them, he obviously hadn’t wanted to harm the two of them to begin with. What he wanted was for Aina to be distracted and unable to get caught up in these matters.

This, unfortunately, resulted in him taking advantage of Aina's distraught state. Because the only way to truly ensure that Aina didn't interfere was by making sure someone more powerful than she was stepped in. And, that was where Head Hutchin who currently had a hand on her shoulder came into play.

The silent, tacit deal that was made across space between the two men was clear: Protect my people and I'll give your Valiant Heart Mountain a chance to survive this ordeal.

The crowd was obviously unaware of all of this. They had been excited to an extreme until the point they witnessed Heira's chest being torn through.

She didn't get a chance to reveal her master plan. She didn't get a moment to vent her hatred and fury. She didn't even get a chance to say a last word to Leonel before she suddenly found her life to be forfeit.

In the irony of all ironies, she died just the way her future husband had: In a state of despair, unable to even lift a finger of resistance.

Maybe her only solace in death was that Leonel's current actions made him like a frog in a boiling pot of water. Except for the fact that in this analogy, there wouldn't be a slow upturn of heat. Whatever blazing fires there would be...

Would be happening now!

The masked figures by Heira's side, seemingly guards that should have been protecting her safety, suddenly snapped out of their daze.

For a moment, they couldn't believe that they had allowed a Third Dimensional brat to kill their charge right before them. It didn't make any sense. Their reaction time, their training, their prowess, it should have all been far beyond Leonel's. None of this even mentioned the fact they were in arm's length of Heira while Leonel was easily three or four hundred meters away.

When they realized what happened, they were first stricken with horror, then an all pervading fear sunk into their bones, then right after, their expressions twisted with rage beneath their masks, their Fifth Dimensional auras shattering the space around them.

In a corner within the same seating section, Havoc hung onto the crashing slabs of rock and metal for dear life, fear paling his face. ρ??∪???????

If that gun had been aimed toward him, wouldn't he be dead right now? If Leonel hadn't assumed he was just some servant boy standing quietly in the corner, would he have aimed for him instead?

Havoc's overinflated sense of worth seem to seep even into his thoughts of fear. The truth was that even if Leonel had known his identity and the role he had played in all of this, his sniper rifled would have still been aimed for Heira.

His actions weren't about simple revenge. It was deeper than that.

Three blazing auras tore a path toward Leonel as the screams began to rock the arena. Those watching the events from a distant place didn't quite know how to react to this change either. But, there were a few older gentlemen and noble women that leaned back in their chairs and took a sip of wine.

Someone challenging the Milky Way Guild? How long had it been, exactly?

"Yip! Yip!"

'Save it for now, buddy. We've got some running to do...' Leonel thought bitterly as Little Blackstar hopped to his head.

Every fiber of Leonel's being wanted to take just one more look toward Aina, but he suppressed the feeling. He knew that if he did, he would see something he definitely did not want to see.

All the while, his teammates in black cloaks wanted to rush out, especially Raj who had grown into a towering wall of fat. But, it was Joel who clamped down on both of them hard.

"You idiots! Control yourselves!"

Joel barked out harshly. If Leonel was the captain of the offense, Joel was the captain of the team's defense. His leadership qualities only fell a few steps behind Leonel's own. Even though he couldn't quite understand why Leonel was doing all of this, it was more than obvious that he didn't want them to interfere.

Leonel's hands flipped, causing his sniper rifle to vanish.

His gaze turned a shade of cold that made it seem as though he had detached from the whole of the world. Sadness, regret, rage, fury... They all seemed like foreign objects he couldn't grasp.

This world? It was his Domain.

The instant the guards were about to touch the ground and shoot toward Leonel, the latter's palm flipped over, revealing a heavy spear as a wild violet bronze aura erupted around him.

The guards felt their weight increase what felt like a hundredfold for an instant, causing what should have been their sure steps to falter just enough for Leonel to blaze a trail by them.

Chapter 813

PANDA-NÓVEL

No one expected for Leonel to survive a single exchange. But, by some means only known to himself and the three men who chased after him, he had managed to do exactly that, streaking toward the collapsed seating section Heira's dead body was currently sliding down from, a trail of blood following her descent.

The three Fifth Dimensional guards' heavy step shattered the ground even more resoundingly than anything Leonel could have accomplished. But, the result was them being trapped knee deep for just a moment.

In that instant of time, they had a horrifying thought... Had he done it on purpose...?



Even if Leonel was trying to get rid of Milan as quickly as possible, shattering the arena with his foot before was still overkill, no? Could he really have shattered it for the expressed purpose of facilitating their entrapment?

If the arena wasn't so damaged to begin with, a simple falter of their steps wouldn't have forced them to lag behind for so long, let alone be trapped knee deep.

The intuition of a Fifth Dimensional expert was scary despite the fact none of them had mental abilities. Whether it was true or not, a hint of caution was birthed in their hearts. But, by the time they ripped themselves out from the ground, their heads snapped in the direction of Leonel, he was already three quarters of the way to the collapsed seating arrangements.

The guards immediately reacted, shooting toward Leonel and catching up quickly. But, they were soon horrified to find Leonel picking up Heira's corpse by the neck and throwing it hard into the crowd.

It was as though they were watching their own hearts being thrown across the room.

They obviously had no feelings for Heira. In fact, in the last two years, not many had good opinions toward her at all. She seemed to have sunk into an obsession and all her time was spent in a rage. Taking on the task of guarding her was already thankless, but now even those horrors seemed benign to what was happening now.

To the Milky Way Guild, this wasn't just about losing a family member of the Head. Heira was hardly worth much in the eyes of Augustus, or else Anared would have never had the chance to marry her in the first place.

This was an issue of face and prestige.

They were called the Milky Way Guild. This entire galaxy was meant to be beneath their thumb. Even the Shield Cross Stars branches in their territory had to listen to the whims of a child of theirs who didn't hold real power in this galaxy.

And yet, now one of their own had not only been publicly assassinated, but was even being thrown about like a rag doll.

One of the guards had no choice but to split from the group, leaving booming concentric circles of air as he went toward Heira's arching corpse.

The two remaining redoubled their efforts, seething as they shot for Leonel. It was as though with his every action, they witnessed their chances at surviving this ordeal slipping further and further away.

Leonel landed heavily on the shattered seating section, his expression cold and indifferent. He didn't even glance toward Havoc who was trembling in a corner barely two arms' reaches from him.

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The latter clung to a slab of broken rock, trying not to fall below. But, his trembling hands seemed to want to forsake him entirely.

Leonel, though, simply struck out a palm, causing the already partially collapsed rock to shatter completely under a combination of his Earth Elemental Force and his power.

Even in his escape, Leonel took the most efficient route, not wasting even the slightest bit of effort he didn't have to.

Leonel dove into the hole he created and stepped into the hallway. His body rippled, several clones of himself splitting in all directions as the hold behind him sealed completely shut.

Not even a split moment later, the two guards shot through, but what they saw left them frozen.

Hundreds of Leonel's ran in every direction.

With the shape of the pillar, the building plan of this settlement was based out a circular circumference. The arena had been like a nestled egg within this circumference and had a hallway that wrapped all the way around it.

In order to accommodate such a large number of people, though, this hallway was wide, being at least 20 meters thick. And, at the same time, it had numerous exits, entrances, stalls, shops and even teleportation formations.

Leonel took full advantage of it all, his clones rushing toward every location like a swarm of locusts. His skill in [Harmonic Spear] had reached such an impossible point that even sustaining so many to complete so many different actions was as easy as thinking it.

Still, the guards reacted quickly. In their experience, clones were just visual tricks. They'd be able to easily pick out the real one by using their Internal Sight. How could a Third Dimensional brat hide from them?

But, to their horror, no matter how diligently they swept through the grand hallway, they saw nothing more than the same images of refracting light.

In a rage, one of the guards shot a fist toward the Leonel clone, only to find that it passed right through as though he was touching nothing more than air. And, to add insult to injury, the clone continued to run like nothing had happened, still pretending to be one of Leonel.

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The real Leonel had long since stepped through the cracks. search p an da no v el As for why the guards couldn't find him? That was because his Internal Sight was far beyond the two of theirs.

Not only could Internal Sight be used to sense, it could also be used to protect from the Internal Sight of others. Against two guards at the very beginning stages of the Fifth Dimension, did he even have to worry about such a thing?

But, the prerequisite for him continuing to hide like this was in sustaining as many clones as possible. Unfortunately, that would be impossible the further from them he got.

Leonel, though, was already prepared for this possibility. The true games would begin when he stepped onto Planet Vincero.

## Chapter 814

The arena was shell shocked. The Heads of the three organizations weren't quite sure how to react to all of this.

A part of them wanted to act to stop Leonel as well, but the complications of the matter stopped them from acting rashly.

For one, who would think that Leonel could deal with three Fifth Dimensional existences? Second, with the way he interacted with Milan despite the fact they had kept their seeded geniuses as a hidden trump card meant that he was likely also from Earth. Third, this was a matter of the Milky Way Guild's face, if they couldn't deal with the situation themselves, the whispering voices would only become louder.

None of this even mentioned the odd optics of it all.

Somehow, the four organizations got several geniuses from Earth, all of these geniuses seemed to know one another, they just so happened to gather after the four organizations asked for the Milky Way Guild to be a Third Party observer, and the result of it all was the death of a direct line child of the Guild Head?

No matter how you looked at it, it was suspicious to an extreme.

What if they acted and Leonel somehow managed to escape? What if they had sprung to action and Head Hutchin along with the four mysterious elders took the opportunity to sow some chaos which facilitated Leonel's survival?

How could they wash their hands cleans of such optics? With that single move, they would be dragged down along with Valiant Heart Mountain. They would go from enemies, to allies by circumstance in a single move.

To make matters worse, now that Leonel had managed to escape while they didn't act, they were suffering under optics that were just as bad. Now it seemed like their enaction had only helped Leonel as opposed to shining light on their innocence like they had wanted it to.

Worrying about Valiant Heart Mountain now? How could they? They had to go all out to find and trap Leonel or else once the dust settled and cleared, even if the Milky Way Guild didn't punish them directly, they had plenty of ways to make them suffer.

As though all of this wasn't terrible enough, if they had thoughts of harming the people of Earth to prove the fact they had nothing to do with all of this, the avenues of retaliation Leonel had were now as open as a great sea.

With just a few hints, a few innuendos here and there, a couple inexplicable situations, he could easily make it seem like he was in cahoots with the three organizations. If he chose to do so, the stain on them would be inerasable.

He had bound their hands completely. As long as they behaved themselves, they could chase him all they wanted for their revenge. But the moment they stepped over the line, everything they had built would come crumbling down.

As the three Heads were thinking these thoughts, how could Head Hutchin and the others not understand all of this as well?

In a single, seemingly reckless and thoughtless move, Leonel had saved quite literally everybody...

But himself.

...

Leonel dashed through the halls of the settlement. At that moment, the blaring horn of warning bells sounded, vibrating with such a booming cadence that even the walls vibrated. It was the kind of obnoxious sound that made one's ears bleed and one's eyes blur beside themselves.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. ρ??∫??????

This would be where the true challenge began.

There was just one method of entering and leaving this place, but there were multiple methods of doing so. Unfortunately, Leonel was only familiar with just a single method since it was the only one he was shown.

All methods of leaving led to the roof. The surface of Planet Vincero was too dangerous for anyone not of the Sixth Dimension to casually step onto. As such, transportation on the surface was mostly neglected. All the mining the Guild did was high up on mountain peaks. They would then carve paths through these mountains downward and toward thicker and richer deposits.

The singular method Leonel knew of to reach the roof was through the guest holdings. He had already memorized the path.

Up 27 floors, through the wide lobby he had seen the Milky Way Guild sign from, then to the teleportation pad.

If they were smart, they would have already shut down all teleportation platforms. But, this was something that Leonel had already thought of as well. Would he even be a Force Crafter if he was stalled by such a thing?

Leonel shot up a flight of stairs, his heavy steps purposely pressing down just hard enough to send him forward and shatter what was behind him.

He no longer cared about hiding his tracks, he had already dispelled his clones. On top of that, he was certain that there were eyes all over this building, so whether he shattered the steps or not, they would know his location.

Though he could easily sense and destroy the Force Arts manning the images of himself, a trail of broken images would just as easily point out where he was.

‘Thirteen floors left.’

Leonel’s speed did him wonders. He had already cut the distance he needed to cross by almost half just by not bothering about covering his tracks.

‘... So that’s their plan? Got it.’

Leonel’s gaze turned cold, his speed rising to an even higher gear as he tapped into his Snowy Star Owl lineage factor.

‘Star Path.’

A lane of sparkling Force appeared before Leonel. As though he was gliding across ice, his pace skyrocketed. This second stage of his Speed Sub-Branch was on a completely different level.

He burst through the doors of the guest floor, his momentum so great that he rose into the air, a massive pair of wings spreading from his back.

With a single look below, he saw a swarm of Milky Way Guild elites. There must have been almost a hundred, each of them ready and waiting.

It was clear that they didn’t believe Leonel warranted such a reception, but rather that they no longer wanted any mistakes.

All of this would end here.

Leonel’s aura blazed, his white gold wings of Force spreading out as his halo glowed with a fierce light.

The MILKY WAY GUILD sign that hung to his back shattered into motes of sparkling lights, crumbling down to the ground below.

Chapter 815

Leonel almost immediately fell to the ground nearly as fast as he had soared, but for some reason to those below, it felt as though he had flown. The image was ingrained into their minds, searing the presence of an existence that would be molded into their very psyches.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Leonel's Chain Domain appeared again as his palm flipped over. A cascade of illusory and real chains manifested, crisscrossing the room in a sea of endless blackness.

The instant Leonel touched the floor, he shot forward.

The Fifth Dimension? It was a level far beyond him. Even after pushing his Metal Body from Tier 4 to Tier 9, the change wasn't as drastic as he hoped.

Though his body was indeed stronger than it had been in the past, the chain of his true Dimension was like rock sinking him further and further. This weight only became heavier the more he progressed in his mind and body to the point it was suffocating him.

However, Leonel had already decided that the moment he escaped his planet, his destination would be wherever the map Uncle Montez had given him pointed out. It was high time he stepped out from the Third Dimension.

Leonel didn't swing his spear even a single time.

He weaved in and out of a barrage of attacks, his mind seeing through ten, twenty, thirty steps ahead even in the face of so many Fifth Dimensional experts.

This was a completely different situation than the one he had faced with Alexandre. He didn't need to defeat these people. He didn't have to protect anyone. His only obligation was to reach his target destination and keep himself safe. Nothing more, nothing less.

Even the little mink on his head had long since entered his incorporeal form. Even if they wanted to target Little Blackstar, their attacks would just pass right through.

Leonel's chains whipped out.



Sometimes they would appear at an enemy's feet, slowing their forward progress. Sometimes they would appear beneath or before their swinging arms, delaying their attacks. And sometimes they would even appear in Leonel's path, being footholds for him to flip through and change direction in the air.

One would have thought that they were experiencing some sort of circus act. A room of almost a hundred Fifth Dimensional existences, yet none of them could seem to stop a single brat.

Leonel had long since realized that most abilities were only useful when you only had to worry about yourself. The larger of a group you were in, the less likely you would be to use your own.

This wasn't only because an ability was often a trump card to change the tides of battle, but also because it was too difficult to ensure the avoidance of friendly fire. Unless of course... You didn't care about it at all.

"Get the hell out of my way!"

A roar suddenly came from a man who was fed up. Leonel had already crossed halfway through the lobby area in what felt like an instant. To say that it was an embarrassment was an understatement.

This sort of stain wasn't one any of them were willing to take on.

Leonel felt a violent Force lock onto him.

Black flames rose toward the ceiling, wreaking havoc everywhere it touched.

Many who surrounded the man scattered, their expressions warping as though they were looking at a madman. ρ??∪???

A wide beam of fire shot toward Leonel, carrying a heat that could melt mountains. Even furniture and art pieces tens of meters away erupted into their own blaze, becoming sparkling piles of ash.

Normally, Leonel wouldn't be afraid of fire, and even now, he wasn't. But the issue with this attack wasn't in the flame, but rather the force behind it. Even if he could survive the flame, he would still be tossed back by its forward momentum.

Not only would that harm him, but it would also undo all his progress not to mention make any further advancement almost impossible.

Yet, even if the face of such a devastating attack, Leonel's gaze remained placid, his steps not even slowing.

“Die!”

Leonel vanished into the sea of black.

A scorching mark shot through the lobby region, even blasting a hole into the staircase Leonel had come from before being stone walled by the outer barriers of the pillar.

“Marcus! What the hell are you doing?!”

“Shut the hell up! You think I want a brat slipping away right from under our noses to be on my resume!? Over my dead body!”

“Go pick up his corpse and thank me later, son of a bitch!”

There weren't a small number of people enraged by Marcus' course of action. They weren't even guards, they were just miners who had come here to make a profit but were suddenly tasked with this. This was the main reason they hadn't used their abilities, they weren't even familiar with working with each other like this.

However, they still felt this was better than nothing. At least it was over.

“Did you burn him to ash?” Someone asked in confusion.

“Ha, what the hell did you expect? A Third Dimensional brat, how could he possibly handle my flames?”

The group mostly nodded to this. As long as things were done, that was fine. As for the damage, that would be the Milky Way Guild’s problem, not theirs. They were just contracted workers.

At that moment though, the whirring of a teleportation formation caught them off guard.

One of the miner’s face warped.

“There’s residual spatial qi in the air! He used your fire as cover to teleport!”

Marcus’ expression became quite colorful. He couldn’t understand it. If the brat could teleport, why not just do it before? Why did he need to use his flames? It felt almost like he had been targeted for embarrassment by Leonel.

The group sprinted out of the lobby, shooting for the teleportation formation they were certain should have already been shut down. But, they were only in time to find Leonel vanishing, the blaring sounds of the alarms ringing in their ears.

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In a familiar room of endless glass monitors, an older gentlemen with a beard as long and white as his hair sat with one leg crossed over another. He watched this scene in silence, a cup of tea being held between his palm and the hook of his fingers.

Before him, a kneeling Havoc lay, trembling from head to toe, not speaking a single word.

The old gentleman's fingers flickered, causing the monitors to shift and images of Leonel to be spliced together one after another. The video feeds paused, skipped forward and backward, and zoomed in and out to his leisure.

However, even after being finetuned to the most final and even the most inconsequential detail, the old gentleman still couldn't see how Leonel had managed to teleport.

There was no device, there was no flash of Force, even the spatial ripple itself was hidden beneath the all encompassing sea of black flames.

There was only one explanation for all of this. Even in that situation, Leonel had timed his trump card so perfectly that even the cameras were unable to pick it up. That meant that he had been willing to be completely covered in those flames for a split moment in exchange for anonymity.

But this wasn't the only shocking part about this. The timing was obviously immaculate. What was more impressive, though, was the fact that someone of Leonel's strength actually managed to survive such a thing.

The old gentleman flipped the images once again, watching as Leonel reappeared upon the teleportation platform. But once again, there was nothing to find there. The only difference between the Leonel of before and the Leonel of then was in the fact his spear was no longer anywhere to be seen. Yet, his spear wasn't left behind, so it was clear that Leonel had hidden it before his maneuver.

Interestingly enough, Leonel's clothing was also in good shape. And, though he wore the uniform of Valiant Heart which left his chest completely exposed without protection, he didn't seem to have been burned at all either.

"Interesting. Interesting..."

As though he had all the patience in the world, the old gentleman cycled back to the very beginning of it all and watched everything frame by frame. He didn't miss out on a single detail, imprinting everything onto his mind.

“To give us so much footage yet not make a single mistake at any time... The only information this absence of information gives us is the fact he most definitely has a sensory ability. No other existence could be so flawless.

“Yet, despite having an ability lacking in combat, he still has such strong offensive strength. Just what family could he come from to have such powerful Lineage Factors...?”

“Or... Is he a Spark?”

If Leonel had been here, even his own face would have been twisted into confusion. A ‘Spark’? It was a term he had never heard before. However, when the words drifted to Havoc, he trembled outside of his own control.

Havoc had been on pins and needles from the very beginning. He hadn’t been called here by this gentleman. Rather, he had taken the initiative to come forward and give all the information he had. Since he hadn’t done anything wrong or illegal, there was no issue with him being upfront, and it might even help him forge a path for his future.

So, the reason he was shaking right now wasn’t because he feared dying, but rather because the presence of this old man was too stifling.

It seemed that a long time had passed while he was scanning imaged of Leonel, but the truth was that he had been moving so fast and analyzing images so quickly that he left blurs in his wake. Just the small amount of Force that leaked from his actions left Havoc in such a state. ρ???(???)

Still, that didn’t stop Havoc from picking out the old gentleman’s words.

A Spark...

It was said that just as easily as the past could influence the future, so too could the future influence the past. When one saw a talent of immense potential, it seemed ‘logical’ to assume that they came from a great background, but that was a conclusion only those ignorant of the ways of the Dimensional Verse would make.

A Spark was a genius without foundation or backing that had such a bright future ahead that they were able to awaken to Lineage Factors beyond even the imaginations of most.

One would think that a Spark was rare, and in fact they were, but this was only a matter of relativity.

In a powerful section of the Dimensional Verse, it was more likely to run into a genius with a strong background than it was to run into a Spark. However, in a weaker segment of the Dimensional Verse like this one, if a genius was displaying talent that should only appear in Sixth and Seventh Dimensional Folds of Reality, the most logical conclusion was that they were a Spark.

“We had already predicted that Earth would birth numerous Sparks in the coming centuries, but to actually birth one so powerful so soon... Fascinating...”

The old gentleman arranged everything he knew about Leonel in his mind.

He had a sensory ability. He had high affinity for Light, Fire and Earth. He likely had a hidden Spatial affinity or, at the very least, a treasure that could instantly teleport him. And, he was more likely than not a Spark.

“The best counter would be... Alright.”

The old gentleman pulled out an odd partially glass device. It looked like a small glass orb imbedded into a rectangular cut out of precious metal. The interesting part was that the glass orb floated in space, not attached to anything.

“Manson.”

The line was silent for a moment before the groggy face of a half-naked woman appeared on the screen. It was difficult to tell if she was just too tired to notice her state of if she simply didn't care.

The old gentleman, though, didn't seem to mind at all as he continued speaking without missing a beat.

“You have a new target. His particulars are... Get the job done. You have until the end of the day.”

“Mmmmm.... I don't wanna...”

“He's a Spark.”

Manson suddenly shot up, her breast jiggled along the bottom of the glass orb, but her face was too up close and personal to see much of it at all.

“Don't you dare give this to any other squad! I'm taking it!”

## Chapter 817

Leonel stood atop the pillar, the whistling of the harsh winds playing in his ear like an eerie flute.

He didn't seem eager to move. One would have thought that he wasn't being chased at all as he simply stood there, taking deep breaths one measure at a time.

The next steps couldn't be taken casually. Maybe hiding on this planet wouldn't be difficult for him, but leaving it would be a different story entirely.

One would think that he would have an easy time. After all, he had sent his coach back to Earth from Terrain, so couldn't he do the same to himself? Even if it took some time to set up such a formation or draw such a talisman, if he could take his time to breathe, he definitely had time to at least do that, right?

Unfortunately, things were not so simple.

These winds and hurricanes might have appeared to be just simple works of nature, but the reality of it was that the moment one stepped into the Fourth Dimension and beyond, all phenomena had a push of Force behind them. The only difference was in how much Force there was.

This was among the reasons why the fundamental laws of physics began to change which each step of evolution a world took. There was a foreign energy introduced that continuously evolved and grew as it became stronger. How, then, could the same laws of the past apply to it?

As a result, Leonel was in a bit of a predicament.

Trying to teleport out of a world that was practically shielded by wild fluctuations of Force would be asking to die. There was a reason why the only teleportations that occurred on this world were within the protected shield of the pillar. Even coming to this rooftop required the Force Art to be etched directly onto the sturdy surface of the roof itself.

The only way Leonel would be able to teleport away from this world was if he could draw a Sixth Dimensional Force Art, something he obviously could do. Or, if he had prepared an anchor on another world similar to the teleportation Force Art on this very rooftop.

On top of that, he had to be very careful about using even short distance teleportation in this world. In fact, if he could help it, he would rather not risk it at all.

Leonel had gone out of his way to hide the use of his Divine Armor from prying eyes using that wall of black flames. He hoped he wasn't pushed to the point he had render those efforts useless.

'Then, it seems like the only way to really leave this planet is to build a ship.'

Leonel's cold eyes dimmed, a light chuckle leaving his lips.

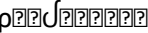
He pulled out a talisman and poured his Force into it. He wanted to tell Aina that he was fine. At the very least, he was still close enough that the winds shouldn't interfere too much. He had poured a lot of effort into these talismans just in case.

But soon, Leonel frowned.

'Hm? Are the pillar walls blocking it?'



He really didn't plan on leaving Aina for a long while. At most, he would just take a week or two and then sneak back to Valiant Heart while no one was looking. By then, they could just travel together again. There was nothing stopping him from doing this.

But, if the pillar walls were more sturdy than he thought them to be, he would have to wait until Aina left this world to another place. 

'Annoying.'

Leonel shook his head. It made sense this pillar would have such high resistance against Force. After all, it was built to withstand these harsh winds all year. But, that didn't stop him from being ticked off.

It always seemed that everything in this Dimensional Verse was designed to piss him off. He just could never have a moment of peace. And, the small times he did, were all the moments he spent with Aina.

'Forget it. I need to scout out what kind of mines this place has and see what I have to work with. I'm sure there's an elite team that'll be coming after me soon... Let's go.'

Leonel shot forward, vanishing in the wind.

...

At that moment, unbeknownst to Leonel, a talisman lay on Aina's palm.

It could only be said that Leonel's judgment was clouded. He trusted in his own Crafting. He knew at the back of his mind that his level of Force Arts was far beyond what this Pillar could match up to. He knew that his message should have gotten through. He knew that in Aina's current state, she would probably be watching the talisman like a hawk and see it immediately... He knew all of this.

However, he subconsciously ignored it for one very important reason... Because if he accepted the logic of it all, he would also have to accept that Aina had consciously chosen to ignore his call.

Aina had been sitting in a corner of the arena all to her own, her expressions hidden beneath her mask. But, the redness of her gaze couldn't be.

She held the talisman in both palms, watching it like a hawk as Leonel expected her to. When it lit up, she nearly cried out in joy, her tears rushing forth in a new, fresh torrent.

However, just as she reached to respond, her heart froze over.

This fear... How many times would she have to experience it? Time and time again, for as long as she had known Leonel, he was constantly placing himself at risk, doing things she could never agree with for the sake of things she couldn't ever accept.

How many times would her heart drop? How many times would she have to be gripped by panic and anxiety of losing him forever? How much could she take?

Would this be the last time he did this? If he could promise her this was the last time, she would answer right now. She would throw herself into his arms and never let go...

But she knew it wasn't the last time.

Even now, she could see the determination in his eyes... That unwavering will that couldn't be swayed by even her...

The talisman fell from Aina's palms.

She began to cry. It wasn't out of panic or anxiety, but rather because she felt that something inside of her had broken forever. Even as she regretted it and tried to reach out to pull it back, it escaped further and further away. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't undo it.

Her sobs rang louder and louder, her shoulders feeling as though they had returned to their formerly petite frame.

## Chapter 818

Aina tried to rein in her cries, but she couldn't seem to do so. At a moment like this, Leonel would have already swooped in and placed a silencing array everywhere and even hidden her from the crowd. But, he wasn't by her side at the moment.

Having had such a thought, she only seemed to cry harder.

Milan, who had taken up the duty of 'guarding' Aina as he felt he should as one of Leonel's teammates, suddenly became flustered beyond compare. How was he supposed to deal with this? What the hell was going on?

"Ah..." Milan grabbed onto his back. "... Dammit, Cap... Couldn't you have been more light handed?"

The blaring alarms of the pillar made it difficult for even Milan to hear himself, and yet Aina's sobs felt so clear to him. He didn't know if it was because he was close by or if it was something else, but it was almost as though her emotions were being painted onto the air.

The truth was that Aina had completely lost control of her mental coercion. Let alone Milan, even if one couldn't hear her, it felt as though her sobs were being projected right into their minds. And, instead of growing quieter, they only seemed to grow in strength.

Just when Milan truly had no idea what to do anymore, Yuri seemed to appear out of nowhere, sinking to her knees before Aina.

Aina, sensing that someone was before her, tried to look up. But, all she saw was the blurry silhouette of someone she felt she would recognize if not for her tears.

"Young Mistress...?"

"Y-Yuri?"

Aina hardly finished her words before she plunged into Yuri's chest. Her tears fell like a waterfall, casting a melancholy halo over the surroundings.

Yuri was stunned. She had never seen Aina like this before. In fact, she could never remember having seen Aina cry at all. The Young Mistress she knew was like a towering fortress, unaffected by mundane things around her.

Even back in the days of Royal Blue Academy, most everything was just a façade. Aina pretended to be the shy, quiet and reserved type in order to not draw attention to herself, but her true personality was nothing like that.

Yuri's arm lightly wrapped around Aina's back. She could feel the pulsating trembling and hear the cadence of the ugly cries through her palm. Everything from Aina's wheezing exhales to her sniveling attempts at breathing was felt by her.

She could almost feel Aina collapsing from the inside out. Her grip around her only grew tighter, her emotions less and less in her control.

"... I can't... I can't do it, Yuri... He's... He's going to ... to hate me..."

The last words were like a time piece falling to the ground.

The clattering of shattered glass... The destruction of perfectly crafted gears... The ruin of a delicate mechanism sculpted with care and affection...

Yuri's expression flickered. This was about Leonel? But why did it sound like Leonel hadn't done anything wrong? But if he hadn't done wrong, then why was her Mistress crying?

"... He's... He's... He's going to hate me..."

Yuri rubbed Aina's back, trying to console her. She had come with good news, ready to tell Aina that she had contacted her father again for the first time in such a long while. But, she hadn't expected that things would turn out this way.

Yuri didn't know what to do. ρ??∪???????

At that moment, her expression suddenly changed. Her aura flared and a strength many didn't think she had was about to lash out.

Just when she was about to reveal something she probably shouldn't, she calmed, realizing that the energy had no malicious intent.

It collided with Aina, knocking her out completely. At that moment the blaring sounds of the alarms seemed to grow a pitch louder, but the reality was that they were finally perceiving it as they should.

Yuri looked toward Head Hutchin in the distance, her gaze expressionless. But, neither of them said or exchanged anything more than a glance.

...

“Will this be a problem?”

One of the mysterious elders spoke. The four of them along with Head Hutchin had all sent a glance toward Aina. Usually, they wouldn't care about the relationships between their students. They didn't have a practice of arranged marriages, so they cared little for it all. However, Aina and Leonel were obviously a special case.

There was clearly something wrong here.

They were aware that Leonel was from the Morales family. The power he wielded or could potentially wield in the future was enough to crush them several times over. They were already in such a predicament to begin with, they didn't need another enemy.

Originally, their main goal was to use Aina to keep Leonel on their side. As time progressed, though, they realized that Aina was a shining talent all to her own and was highly likely to be a Spark.

Once they learned this, their goals slightly shifted and they began to value them equally, not because Aina would definitely rise to Leonel's level, but because she was their best option. Sometimes, having a genius that was too great was more a detriment than a good to an organization as weak as their own.

Of course... They didn't quite understand the boundaries of Aina's talent. Even now, she was keeping her curse within herself to push and train to her absolute limits. She didn't care about showing off to people, her main goal was revenge for her mother.

The issue was, though, that if there was something that splintered Aina and Leonel, this could become something extremely troublesome, especially if there was animosity that remained.

From their understanding of young master's, a category they seemed to place Leonel in, they might chase after a girl to win her heart. But, the moment they failed...

If Leonel turned his rage onto Valiant Heart Mountain, what would they do?

Head Hutchin remained silent for a long while before he spoke.

“... Wherever it was that the young Leonel Morales entered these last two years, he was able to mature to a point that left his past self far behind. Little Aina, however, has not taken a single step forward.

“Their maturities are misaligned. Their values are misaligned. This was bound to happen.

“All we can do is brace for the worst and hope for the best.”

Leonel leapt from pillar to pillar, his speed melding his body with the wind. He seemed completely unaffected by it all, his senses spread out over a large region.

He spotted every single one of the Force Arts monitoring him, but dealing with them would be troublesome. He had the thought of going to the control room of the Milky Way Guild's settlement to deal with all of them at once, but he knew that that idea would never bear fruit, so he didn't waste any time on it.

Not only would he have not known where the control room was, he also had a feeling that there would be someone powerful monitoring the situation there very soon. By the time he found it, such a person would have been enough to paint him into a corner.

He wished that he could have mapped out the entire building into his mind, but there were too much defensive structures and blockades getting in his way. So he simply had to deal with the fact his actions were being watched.

'I'll have to look into creating a new ability around that. It will probably require a unique method of utilizing Dream Force. Being able to map out an entire building with a single touch might come in handy in the future...'

Leonel made it to the first location very quickly. The last pillar waved about before a cave entrance carved into the tall face of a mountain. It was practically impossible to reach this place unless one took the path the sway pillars provided.

'[Light Refraction].'

Leonel's silhouette vanished.

In these years, his skills in casting Mage Arts had reached a completely different level. The only reason he hadn't cast the upgraded [Light Refraction] until now was because it wouldn't have mattered. Anyone with a sharp eye would be able to pick out the subtle shifts in motion the pillars he stepped on would have, thus resulting in him being exposed anyway.

But now that he was entering the mountain range, the situation was different and it would be easier for him to hide.

Leonel wasn't naïve enough to believe that he would be so lucky as to stumble into an empty mine. A working establishment like this one, especially on a planet they settle upon for its resources, definitely wouldn't allow there to be a time where their mines weren't being worked on.

'If there was ever going to be a world I was stranded on and needed to get out of, I would definitely choose this one. This Disaster World most definitely as a high number of Wind Elemental Ores, without a doubt. In addition, it should have a high number of very durable Ores as well.'

Leonel flipped over his palm, entering the mine as he brought the dictionary out.

Though he could use his Internal Sight to scan for Ores, why would he waste his stamina like this? He had to conserve as much energy at all time as he could. Plus, the dictionary was excellent at these things.

The walls of the mine clearly showed the frequency of its use. Rather than being in a perpetual darkness, it was lined with what Leonel could only describe as exotic torches. They seemed to hold flickering flames, but when one looked closely, it turned out to be a collection of miniature Force Arts dancing about like fireflies.

It was quite a unique invention Leonel had never seen before. But, it still only took him a glance to formulate its blueprint in his mind.

'Interesting.'

Leonel turned away from the exotic torches and continued to walk down the well made tunnels. He was careful not to displace any small rocks at his feet nor leave any footprints. Toward that end, he had brought out his heavy spear, using its Domain to decrease his own weight to an extreme.

"Scan the surroundings. What Ores can I find in this mountain range?"



[ \*Ping\* ]

Leonel listened carefully, blocking out the sounds from reaching others. However, the list was far longer than he expected, causing him to cut the dictionary off.

“What Ores are easily accessible?” ρ??∫??????

[ \*Ping\* ]

This list was far more manageable, though still quite long.

‘If I want to make a getaway ship, functionality shouldn’t be the only requirement. In fact, it should only be the bare minimum requirement.’

Teleporting in space was almost impossible. One would first need to make it to another planet before they could think to do this.

The reason for this is because space did not have Force. Force was birthed from planets, moons and stars, and would occasionally be present in other celestial bodies as well.

If one wanted to teleport in the absence of Spatial Force, the only way would be if you practiced a Force Technique that allowed you to store Spatial Force, if you had a natural ability related to Spatial Force, or if you had an incredibly rare store of Spatial Force Crystals.

In addition, even if you had those things, due to the absence of other Forces in space, detecting and tracking Spatial Force fluctuations also became far easier. This meant that one’s whereabouts could be located in an instant and followed.

Obviously, Leonel had access to none of these things. So, his only option was to make it from Planet Vincero to the next closest planet where he could then teleport. Hoping, of course, that this planet wasn’t another Disaster World.

This meant that Leonel needed a ship strong enough to survive and break out of Planet Vincero's atmosphere. And, he would also need a ship fast and nimble enough to escape any pursuit he might suffer as a result.

Was he a madman for thinking he could do this when he had never done it before?

Yes.

Did he care?

No.

Leonel grinned to himself. This would be fun.

'Sit tight, Aina. I'll be back soon.'

\*\*

At that moment, a woman holding a bottle of liquor stumbled out of a teleportation formation, her eyes blurred and her tongue licked her lips and teeth like she had an addiction to doing so.

She wore a tight one piece that extended from her ankles all the way up to her shoulders and down her wrists. But, it had a deep V-line down the middle that almost exposed her belly button.

Her chest wasn't very busty, so she could get away with such clothing without too much worry. But, they were still just busty enough to outline two round mounds few could take their eyes off of.

She took a swig of her liquor and stumbled forward, only to be caught by the arm by someone who teleported in after her.

Soon, a formation of four was formed, but the lady seemed too enamored with her liquor to speak to any of them.

“Shouldn’t we get to business, Manson? What did the old man task us with?”

Chapter 820

“Shut up.”

Manson steadied herself. Despite the fact she was bare foot, one would have thought with the way she was stumbling around that she was wearing the highest of heels. One could only imagine how hard the liquor she was drinking had to be to put a Fifth Dimensional expert like herself in such a state.

The three men who followed to Manson’s back looked at each other and shook their heads. Clearly, Manson had been called up during her leisure time, but when was it ever not her leisure time?

Their special team was basically on call at all hours of the day and were a trump card unit of the Milky Way Guild.

Adrian. A short man that hardly came up to Manson’s shoulders. As though his genes didn’t give him enough of a terrible set of cards, he was also balding at his crown and couldn’t seem to afford a wig that didn’t flap with his every moment.

His codename was Shadow Rat.

Ru. An average looking man with two pistols strapped to his waist. One would have thought that he had come right out of an 80’s era cowboys’ movie. Everything from his boots to his hat fit the bill, even his twin guns had a retro feel to them as they sat in their holsters.

His codename was Double Shot.

Son. He was the tallest of them all, even towering above Manson who was second. He had deep bags under his eyes that made it look like he hadn't shut them for some sleep in his entire lifetime. The discoloration was so jarring that it even appeared that he had suffered two blows to the face.

His codename was Panda.

And then there was Manson, the stumbling drunk. One wouldn't be surprised if her codename was something like Drunken Fist. But, in a feat of unoriginality, Manson chose the codename Drunken Feet for herself, not that she ever cared to use it. Everyone seemed to know her real name despite the fact the code was supposed to have been there to protect her.

At that moment, though, the bottle of alcohol in her hand suddenly fell to the floor. The glass shattered and the brownish gold liquid flew in all directions, creating a puddle of booze and shards.

However, as though she wasn't worried for her safety, Manson suddenly dropped to the floor, her palms slamming into the shattered glass.

She glided forward on all fours, her bare feet eventually skidding through the mess.

The three men didn't seem too surprised by what was happening. The fact Manson was practically sniffing around like a dog right now didn't perturb them in the slightest. Instead, they leaned back and enjoyed the view of her ass sticking in the air, taking in the good of the moment and not thinking too much.

"You think it's gotten bigger?" Shadow Rat asked, pulling his wig down out of habit.

"They say alcohol makes you fat. Manson's always getting fat in all the right places." Double Shot replied in affirmative.

"Except her chest," Shadow Rat pointed out.

"You sure have a lot to say for a baldy." p??J??????

“A man’s value is beyond his looks!” Shadow Rat snapped.

“Sure, sure. I’ll believe you when you finally get laid without having to pay for it.”

The mutual appreciation soon became bickering. Though Panda stood between them, feeling their loud voices jar his eardrums and even their spittle bounce across his cheeks, he didn’t move a single inch nor say a single word. He was just too tired to and couldn’t be bothered.

While they were arguing, he was just enjoying the nice view, his mind thinking thoughts no one would ever know of.

‘... Almost there... Almost there... Almost there...’

Manson suddenly came to an abrupt halt. Her nose, which had been in the air, angled downward with a sudden speed.

She stood on all fours near a burning trench left by the battle between Leonel and the miners. In fact, if one replayed the video and overlaid it with Manson’s current location, it was the exact spot Leonel had used his Divine Armor to teleport and vanish.

Panda, however, wasn’t focused on this at all. His mind seemed to be taking several mental pictures and storing them into his memory bank.

In that abrupt movement, a subtle flash of pink had been revealed. Clearly these two arguing bastards were missing the real show.

‘... Nice, nice. A pair of soft nipples, that’s rare indeed. Usually they’re hard by the time she enters her battle state. This is definitely one for the memory bank...’

One would never think that the biggest pervert of them all was the man who hadn’t said a single word from start to finish.

Manson leapt to her feet. Her palms, which should have been cut and bruised by the shards of glass seemed completely fine. And, her movements, which should have been sluggish and uncoordinated had suddenly become a little too smooth.

Her wardrobe malfunction seemed to fix itself. But, even if it hadn't, she would have probably been uncaring.

“Let's go.” She spoke, stepping back onto the teleportation formation.

The three men followed after her, Double Shot and Shadow Rat still barking at one another while Panda's lazy eyes remained trained on her swaying bottom.

\*\*

Back within the arena, an unexpected confrontation was taking place.

No one had moved or attempted to leave since these things happened for fear that it would be seen as a sign of guilt or involvement in these matters. As a result, many stayed in a state of limbo, though many in the crowd were beginning to get restless.

For obvious reasons, things were no longer being broadcast. The Milky Way Guild had no intention of showing off just how difficult it was for them to catch Leonel. And, even the blaring alarms had finally come to a stop, leaving everyone in a state of unknowing.

However, at that moment, while everyone was trying to remain blameless, a clash was occurring, the culprits of which were unexpected.

On one side stood Leonel's teammates. On the other stood Yuri and Aina.