

Descent 941

Chapter 941

Leonel took a look around and sighed. If those auras could kill, he probably would have exploded several times over by now.

He didn't believe that Anya's disappearance was a coincidence. But, he also didn't think that she was involved in this. It was likely more accurate to say that whoever was moving in on him now had been waiting for exactly this moment. It seemed that his protective charm was gone now.

'They're not moving?'

Leonel's brows raised slightly. After locking onto him, these hostile auras didn't seem intent on moving in on him just yet. It was as though...

'They don't think I can sense them?'

Leonel suddenly realized something. He described this sweeping feeling as 'auras', but the truth was that they were just strands of Internal Sight. This was clearly different from an 'aura', so why was it that he felt that this was an appropriate description? Beyond that, how could he tell they were hostile?

'King's Might.'

Leonel's gaze narrowed. He understood that this grasp of auras, artistic conception, the emotions and mental states of those around him, that he had were all related to this Lineage Factor. Whether it was his creation of new Mage Arts or a comprehension of a person's mental state all the way up to even being able to influence another's opinion of him, it all stemmed from this.

'I see. So they think I'm unable to sense them.' Leonel almost chuckled to himself.

Though as a Crafter, he definitely had strong Internal Sight, those that were targeting him right now likely believed that his control was far greater than his raw Internal Sight. They believed that even if they couldn't match him in control, the quality of their Internal Sight should be beyond his since they were stronger. As such, they didn't need to worry about being detected.

Another possibility was that these people were completely unaware of his level to begin with. After all, they seemed to be cautious about acting on the Guild's grounds and were likely waiting for him to step out. In that case, they might not be related to the Guild at all. PANDA NOVEL

'Not related to the Guild? Targeting me? Waiting for an opportunity? It's either the Milky Way Guild or Shield Cross Stars. But, the Milky Way Guild wouldn't dare to be so brazen. I would dare to assume that over half of their profit is reliant on Force Crafters and Force Pill Crafters. Offending someone who just became a Tier 3 Bronze Crafter isn't something they would dare to do, at least not so openly.

'So... Shield Cross Stars finally caught up to me, huh? Well, they sure chose a nice time.'

Leonel looked around. It was a shame. If it was the Guild targeting him, he wouldn't have minded sweeping this treasure house clean. But, he had already decided not to burn down bridges unnecessarily.

Leonel concluded his deductions in a split moment, his expression never changing. Those who were currently monitoring him would never guess that in just that second, he had already guessed who they were, knew of exactly where they were, and understood their purpose.

'Well, since it's like this, maybe this could be an opportunity.' PANDA NOVEL

Leonel slicked his hair back, rolling his neck as he stepped toward the exit of the treasure house. His face didn't seem to give anything away. His gait was casual and his expression carefree.

When Leonel stepped out of the Guild House, he was greeted by the fresh scent of this world once again. Long stretches of green grass, perfectly paved roads, little pockets of exotic flowers and fishponds... It was quite a beautiful sight to behold.

Leonel's bare feet glided across this grass, his sweatpants having been rolled up to his calves. By this point, he had even removed his shirt, revealing an exceptionally cut body that pulsed with a bronze life and vitality.

To the current Leonel, wearing clothing into battle was just asking for them to be destroyed. There was only so much the silver chain dangling from his neck could do about it.

He seemed to be meditating as he walked, his body entering an odd state. Leonel allowed his King's Might to be the lens he saw the world through. It gave him the feeling of someone riding an emotional high, completely in tune with the world surrounding him.

It was then that the alarms of the world began to sound.

High above in the skies, three war ships came into view, each about 20 meters from tip to end. They had a sleek black exterior and a platform upon which three men wearing a very familiar uniform stood—long robes split into four at the waist, allowing the metallic leg armor they wore to shimmer beneath the sunlight every time the wind blew. And, most importantly, a star fused with a cross hanging from their lapels.

Leonel smiled lightly, his eyes half closed. 'Those uniforms are still so cool...'

A pillar of light connected the hovering ships to the ground below, projecting a Force Art onto the ground. The moment the Force Art was burned into being, several squadrons of Shield Cross Star officers appeared at the Guild House Gates, taking up formation with those who had already taken position at the helm.

Leonel didn't recognize most of those who took the front position, but there was one man that made everything click for him. It was none other than Engnaril.

At that moment, Engnaril stood a respectful half step behind a man who seemed to be a few years younger than him. By now, Engnaril had already switched into Shield Cross Star's signature uniform.

Seeing such a lineup, Leonel realized that the charges that Scithe person in collusion with Heira had levied against him were not small in the slightest. These people didn't know the origin of Leonel's charges, nor did they understand that he was being framed.

All they knew was that Leonel had colluded with a Variant Invalid, evaded arrest... And, most importantly...

Was a Tier 3 Fugitive, a status that was high enough to warrant him being hunted down by the entire galaxy.

Chapter 942

"Evacuate the surroundings! Tier 4 Fugitive, Leonel Morales, stop all form of resistance!"

The voice came booming, but it made Leonel raise an eyebrow.

'Tier 4? I thought that previous guy said that if I wasn't handed in within two hours, I would become a Tier 3 Fugitive... It seems that never got the chance to take affect.'

Leonel had no idea how lucky he was that this was the case. In fact, it could be said that Scithe was only using this as a threat to force Earth's hand.

The threshold between a Tier 4 and Tier 3 Fugitive was the difference between this matter being handled by an individual galaxy or pulling in the forces of others. What did this mean? It meant that up to Tier 4, one's fugitive status was still relative to the strength of your galaxy. But, the moment you stepped into Tier 3, you would be the target of all Shield Cross Star branches across the Dimensional Verse.

It could be said that the moment Leonel stepped outside of this galaxy, he would be a free man. But, with how difficult it was to travel between galaxies, how could they believe that it would be a simple matter for Leonel to do so? And even then, where would he go?

All this said... Being Tier 4 was also equivalent to being among the most wanted of a Galaxy. And, the amount of vitriol pointed Leonel's way spoke volumes about this.

Leonel's palm shifted slightly, causing a beautifully crafted wooden spear to appear in his hand. It was carved of a deep black grain and it was continuous with its wooden blade. It was clear that the whole thing had been cut out of a single piece.

Though Leonel hadn't said anything, his actions were clear as day for all to see. The laziness in his eyes seemed to vanish, his gait still steady as he walked toward the gates.

Engnaril frowned. He had felt that something was off about this matter from the very beginning. The fact that Leonel was able to enter such a world without an alert going off in the first place was ridiculous. Then there was the fact it took hours to get back to him that this Leonel was actually a Tier 4 Fugitive?! If the system was always so terribly slow, then how would they protect the people?!

It all smelt of someone trying to cover up and protect Leonel. But now that the truth was out, he couldn't just stand idly by, right? PANDA NOVEL

The wind pressure of the hovering ships pressed down, flattening the stretches of grass and causing the ponds of water to ripple wildly.

Leonel's own hair danced about, its short strands giving him a sort of carefree air.

"I'm quite disappointed in Shield Cross Stars." Leonel suddenly spoke.

Despite not having the same amplifiers his enemy did, he still managed to cut through it all. His King's Might didn't seem capable of being suppressed, even by volume.

"To accuse an innocent man without evidence, trial or proper proceedings... Is this the so-called protector of the universe you all claim to be?" PANDA NOVEL

Leonel decided that he might as well try to talk. But, he couldn't take an approach that was too soft either.

The holes in this charge against him were too numerous. He colluded with a Variant Invalid to... attack his own planet? The very planet he was technically in line to potentially inherit? Then, when he was going to be punished for his actions, his grandfather, the ruler of said planet, still chose to step out to save him?

From top to bottom, it made little sense. Just a little investigation would tell anyone this. So, Leonel knew that he couldn't take a casual stance with this. Anyone with half a brain would understand that there was something wrong. However, just in case, he still chose to say something.

Unsurprisingly... he didn't receive an answer.

The younger man Engnaril stood respectfully behind raised up a hand before pointing two fingers forward.

“Captain Snyder...” Engnaril spoke softly. However, a side glance from the younger man was all he needed to stop his words in their tracks. Sometimes, the truth wasn't what mattered.

Engnaril's gaze narrowed. If they were going to offend Leonel, they might as well offend him all the way. There were no chances for half measures.

In that moment, a squadron usually led by Engnaril shot forward. They were usually tasked with guard duties on this world. In fact, amongst them, there were two very familiar faces in Rio and Xander. It was no surprise that these two had the most sinister expressions of the lot. While the others were simply doing their duty, it clearly meant more to them.

They no longer wore their flashy, golden, diamond encrusted armor. The change made their auras sharper and far less of a joke. It seemed that they did have some skill beyond being lackies to noble men and women far above their station. But...

Did it matter?

Leonel sighed lightly, his body stretching. He felt a bit stiff after just healing from so many injuries, but with as much emphasis as he placed on his flexibility and training it, it wasn't long before he felt light and limber.

The group of five had already cut the distance between themselves and him.

'Should I kill them?'

Leonel sighed again, shaking his head. 'Forget it. I'll just decide depending on the situation.'

"DIE!"

Leonel suddenly found two spears piercing toward him at once. He looked down at them, meeting the hostile gazes of both Rio and Xander. Before their blades could even pierce through his exposed abdomen, the situation changed.

In an eruption of ash, their weapons crumbled to nothing. They continued forward in a piercing motion, but without their spears, they stabbed at empty air, making it seem like more of a comedy routine than the instigation of battle.

A light glow coated Leonel's black wooden spear. Before the two could react, their arms flew into the air in a rain of blood, their cries of agony filling the skies.

Chapter 943

Rio and Xander slid along the grass, gripping at their armless shoulders with the only hand they had left. Pain was etched across their faces, a mixture of surprise and horror hiding within.

Leonel might have needed a few exchanges to defeat a usual Tier 4 existence since he wasn't using his sniper rifle. But, who asked Rio and Xander to use the exact weapon that was completely useless against him?

Leonel swept a gaze over the three remaining members before checking the surroundings once again. It seemed that the Guild House was quiet, almost too quiet. A part of that was because they hadn't allowed many people in to accommodate Anya to begin with. But, another part was likely that Shield Cross Stars had already warned them all to stay out of the way.

'I should get out of here as quickly as possible. I don't have the luxury of using this for training. Who knows if they have more reinforcements coming or not?'

Leonel didn't want to fall into a trap of overestimating himself. As confident as he felt right now, it was exactly at such a point that he was the most vulnerable.

His gaze turned cold, a dull fog of violet hanging around him as though to curtail the world.

Leonel's steps shifted, a road of Star Force appearing in his path as he appeared amidst the three remaining warriors.

'[Harmonic Spear].'

Leonel's sweeping spear left several afterimages in the air, making it difficult to tell just which trajectory was real and what was fake. The three warriors were immediately overwhelmed, blocking what they thought was real only to end up pushing their weapons through fake images.

Before they could react, they found their bodies being torn into, Leonel's Spear Force slicing their flesh like a hot knife through butter.

As expected of a tactical unit, they were so focused on being a part of a team that none of them got the chance to use their abilities before it was too late. Without a chance, they could only watch as their blood sprinkled upon the greenery, dyeing it crimson. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel's head suddenly tilted to the side, a whistling projectile streaking just by his head.

In the distance, an archer's pupils constricted. He had been certain that Leonel wouldn't react in time. He had even shot the moment Leonel was most confident in his victory. And yet, Leonel seemed to swerve out of the way in a motion that was almost too natural.

Leonel swept his spear toward his right hand, his left palm flipping over to reveal a sniper rifle. Before anyone could react, he fired.

BANG!

A look of horror froze on the archer's visage. Despite standing on a building over a kilometer away, there was no room for dodging. In the split second he hesitated, shocked that Leonel had actually dodged, he had already sealed his own fate. p???(?????)

A line of gold tore through the skies, shooting through several disks of Reflective Gold before landing on its target. Though the range was too far for anyone to get a feel of just how bloody the end result was, a sinking feeling still sunk into the pits of their stomachs.

Leonel put his sniper rifle away in a motion just as smooth as the one he had used to bring it out. He had figured that there were likely snipers casting a net around him, but they clearly had their own methods of concealing themselves even from Leonel's Internal Sight. In that case, he could only wait for them to expose themselves. The moment they did, they could consider their lives forfeit.

Leonel rose his now free palm, spreading out his fingers and arching them toward the ground. In that moment, the metallic leg sleeves of the five warriors groaning splintered into their numerous pieces, rising up into the air and circling around him.

Leonel had realized that this piece of their uniform was actually extremely valuable. Not only did they use Fifth Dimensional Urbe Ore as a foundation, but each was constructed of an extra unique Fifth Dimensional Ore that he guessed must match the affinity of the officer that wore them.

It was clear that the wealth of Shield Cross Stars was beyond Leonel's imagining to be capable of doing this. So, he had no qualms about taking advantage.

Engnaril stood a half step behind Captain Snyder with a solemn expression on his face. Was this the combat prowess someone at Tier 1 should have? Or was this the fearsomeness of Crafters?

As though to answer his question, Little Tolly appeared like a river of silver, floating around Leonel as though it had become some sort of enigmatic shawl. In the blink of an eye, all the metals were swallowed up by the Metal Spirit, causing its size to expand.

“All Units, forward!” Captain Snyder roared.

The Guild House grounds were suddenly flooded. Leonel counted that there were almost a hundred of these ground units. And, unlike the group he had met in the Milky Way Guild, they were trained to work together and most definitely wouldn't get in each other's way.

However, Leonel didn't seem to have eyes for them. Instead, his Internal Sight was still locked onto those three floating ships whose pressure had still not let up. Namely, his senses were locked onto the three men, one for each, that stood at the helm. Their hands were clasped down to their backs, their expressions not giving anything away as they observed the battlefield.

Leonel's lip suddenly curled, his heart rate increasing as he continued to observe these three men.

His smile became a grin, his gaze tinged with a bit of red as his aura blazed, the temperature in the surroundings skyrocketing to the point despite there being no flame, the grass in the surroundings still turned to ash.

Leonel's blood pumped, his pale violet eyes gaining a brighter hue with every passing moment.

A pillar of flames suddenly erupted as Leonel shot forward. He appeared before the first of the warriors in less than a single breath, his spear piercing forward.

‘[Meteoric Impact].’

An eruption of fire turned whatever blood and gore there would have been to ash. In that moment, a headless corpse fell to the ground, much of its shoulders and collarbone burnt to black.

Leonel's fingers flickered, causing another pair of metallic leg sleeves to shoot to Little Tolly.

His feet glided past several attacks, his left hand continuously tapping in the air. The speed of his fingers was so fast that concentrated blasts of air would arc downward every time he struck, it was as though he was playing the piano on the back of the wind, his veins pulsing with an undying power.

'[Meteoric Impact].'

Whenever Leonel got even a semblance of breathing room, the rhythmic tapping of his fingers would come to a halt and his spear would pierce out like a spiraling fire dragon, shaking the air and imploding the head of yet another warrior.

Every time one died, another set of metallic leg sleeves would be added to Little Tolly and the rhythmic tapping would grow faster and somehow more controlled and deliberate. The snapping of Leonel's fingers became so fast that the sound barrier began to shatter with every tap. The speed was even beyond what Leonel could casually reach within such a strong world.

Leonel sidestepped, allowing a pike to pass between his ribcage and elbow. He swung his arm down, pinching the polearm onto his body and twisting.

A resounding snap caught the warrior off guard. Before he could realize that Leonel had targeted a weak point in his weapon's craft to shatter it, an elbow glowing with Bronze Runes was already traveling toward his face.

The sickening sound of shattering bone resounded through the already rowdy battlefield.

'[Meteoric Impact].'

Leonel's visage had entered a state of cold excitement. He was hardly thinking about his next action before he took it. He subconsciously felt that he didn't need to calculate things in a battle of this level.

And the result was his entering a state of free flowing where his Spear Domain Lineage Factor took charge.

A blinding golden spear appeared on his forehead long before anyone realized what was happening. Then, without even considering the consequences, Leonel applied a spear technique to his elbow.

BANG! PANDA NOVEL

The head of the warrior imploded.

This time, the explosion was much less controlled as compared to what it usually was with Leonel's spear, resulting in a tail of wild blackish red flame to jet outward for several meters, catching a wave of warriors off guard.

They hurried their Force to block, but the heat was excruciating, some of them even feeling their skin being boiled in real time.

Unfortunately for them, Leonel instinctually took advantage of this as though a predator stalking prey.

He appeared in their midst, his [Harmonic Spear] activating. He stood amidst the flames, allowing them to trickle across his exposed torso. Yet, it seemed to hardly affect him in the slightest.

The confusion of fire, screams and countless spears covering the surroundings left the warriors at a loss for how to react. In the blink of an eye, half a dozen fell to Leonel's spear, never to rise again.

ρ??∫??????

Leonel released a roar that shook the skies, his hair and gaze slowly gaining a crimson hue to them. His flames only seemed to become more powerful with each passing moment.

Now, every time his finger tapped at the air, a ring of fire would spread out from it, turning the lush greenery of the Guild House into a land of black ash.

In that moment, Little Tolly finally rose high into the skies, pile after pile of Urbe Ore falling to the ground. With just a single look, it was possible to see hundreds of kilograms of Fifth Dimensional Urbe Ore, an amount that was practically a fortune to anyone who wasn't a Crafter. However, it was still continuing to pile.

In just a few minutes, Little Tolly had separated out the metallic leg sleeves to their fundamental components, effectively undoing all of the Crafter's work.

Just like that, several ores shaped into perfect javelins appeared. They looked like large needles, each three meters long and each being thicker toward their center and tapering out to their ends.

"[Infernal Cyclone]."

Leonel's spear began to spin in his hands. Every revolution it completed formed another wheel of fire that jetted out with his spear as the center.

Some of these wheels of fire were vertical, some horizontal, some diagonal. They ravaged Leonel's surroundings so thoroughly that trenches dozens of meters deep were torn up.

"Scatter!" One of the warriors roared.

Leonel didn't pursue even as his [Infernal Cyclone] ravaged the warriors around him. Instead, his spear vanished, his right hand stretching out to his side.

As though it had a mind of its own, one of the six javelins Little Tolly had just completed fell into his palm, its aura completely changing as though Leonel was its one and only master.

Leonel's stance shifted, his right foot rotating to the back and his left anchoring his front. Deep, semi circular lines followed the path of his soles, his back flexing and his chest expanding as he cocked the javelin back.

However, what shocked those around him the most wasn't the fact he had completed several Bronze Grade Crafts while in the middle of battle, nor were they surprised that he had used their own equipment to do so, nor was it even that he dared to use such untested Crafts with his life on the line...

No, none of that was surprising. What shook them to the core was that his gaze had suddenly locked onto the ships floating in the air.

The fiendish grin on Leonel's face only seemed to grow wilder, his muscles bulging to the point every individual fiber could be seen.

He, Leonel Morales, was a decent sniper. He guessed that he was also alright at using the bow. But, if there was a form of marksmanship he was the absolute best at...

It was most definitely throwing.

BANG!

Leonel's body shot out like a loaded spring. The sound of the javelin leaving his hand was no different from an iron ball leaving a canon, even the earth beneath his feet shattered, sinking downward what was at least half a meter.

The javelin drew a line through the skies, whistling wind and concentric circles of shattered air spiraling in its wake.

Without anyone being able to react, it tore into the hull of the left-most flying vessel before the world fell into silence.

A moment later, chaos ensued.

Chapter 945

The javelin tore through the hull of the leftmost ship as though a hot knife through butter. There wasn't an ounce of resistance and the hole it created wasn't even visible to the naked eye. It felt like nothing would happen for just a few moments and many almost sighed breaths of relief.

As scary as Leonel was when he wielded a spear, whenever he became a marksman, it felt as though they were all standing in the presence of a demon overlord. It felt that no matter which of them he chose to lock onto... they would die without recourse.

Unfortunately, they never got a chance to breathe that sigh of relief.

'That javelin wasn't bad. I think it combined a few Lightning and Water Elemental Ores? This will probably be the slowest acting one. Three... Two...'

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The nonchalant man who stood at the helm of the ship almost lost his balance, his hands unable to remain clasped at his back. The chain explosions his ship was undergoing only became worse with every passing moment.

In that moment, another javelin had already appeared in Leonel's hand, causing the atmosphere to shift once again.

The pupils of the two remaining nonchalant men constricted, their hands already leaving their backs as their auras surged. However, what they hadn't expected was for Leonel's second throw to still target the leftmost ship, something that most definitely caught the man at the helm off guard. But, what happened next made them regret not stopping the javelin at all costs.

The ship suddenly swayed, its explosion sending it careening into the middle ship. It was as though the explosions were perfectly crafted by Leonel to result in this. There was nothing they could do to stop the chain result.

The moment the left and middle ship collided, a spiraling implosion resounded, only for Leonel to throw out a third and fourth javelin that resulted in the both of them colliding with the rightmost.

The explosions were so loud and endless that even the long since evacuated residents could hear the commotion from hundreds of kilometers away. The skies sparked as though a network of fireworks had been let free. The clouds were singed black and ash rained down along with meteors of fiery metallic parts. PANDA NOVEL

Leonel stood amidst the destruction, his expression unmoved. From start to finish, a second archer hadn't dared to target him, probably for fear of ending up like their other comrade. For some reason, even when Leonel was the most distracted, it felt like his vice grip was still holding onto their necks.

As for Leonel himself, he felt like lava was rushing through his veins. He knew that the battle was over now. He could just hop into the Segmented Cube and use its new functions to leave this place now that there was nothing that could immediately pursue him. But, he still longed for battle.

In that moment before, he had almost aimed the javelins at the men standing on the helms despite knowing just how stupid that would have been.

Leonel shook his head. Using Dream Sense, his raging battle intent was dulled as it split between over a million minds. In an instant, he regained all his rationality, the slight red tinge of his violet hair and pupils vanishing.

Little Tolly descended, wrapping itself around Leonel's wrist. As for the remaining two javelins, Leonel stored them away before summoning the Segmented Cube. p??∫??????

Leonel swept a gaze toward Engnaril and Captain Snyder, causing both to tense up.

“BOY!”

A roar sounded from the wreckage. Leonel had never expected his javelins to kill those three men, and clearly they weren't feeling just a small bit pissed. Too bad he didn't have the intention of sticking around.

Maybe had they attacked with the original group, things might have become troublesome. But, since they had chosen to attack as though they were lofty and above everything else, they only had themselves to blame for the result.

The Segmented Cube shifted, its numerous jigsaw-like puzzle pieces expanding and contracting until it reformed itself into a black ship made of the same pieces. This ship pulsed with blue lights, looking as though it might collapse at any moment. The crevices between the puzzle pieces were clearly visible. Though it gave it a beautiful, exotic sort of look, it was also difficult to tell whether the vessel would actually hold up.

Leonel, though, felt that if he couldn't trust this ship, then there was no ship in the world worthy of his trust.

“HALT!”

Leonel cocked an eyebrow. Was he actually supposed to listen to that... or?

Leonel shook his head, stepping into the ship. Soon, his vision was filled with a complex series of control. Puzzle pieces hovered in the air in odd patterns before surging toward Leonel, covering his fingers.

In that moment, Leonel's nerves were fused with the ship. The only thing they didn't share was pain. It felt as though he had gained a whole new body. Just the sensory overload alone was enough to overwhelm a normal individual.

Leonel shook his head. Even for him, it was hard to handle. After all, this ship was at a Sixth Dimensional standard. But, it was also ironically a perfect way to train his mind as well. Just riding this ship to come to the Guild's world had helped his mind improve by a few hundred split minds.

The ship shot into the skies with such speed it felt like it simply teleported into the stratosphere.

It was then that a massive, dome-like Force Art activated. However, it might as well have been a thin sheet of paper.

It broke into tiny shards of glass, sprinkling down over the world as it trembled. They had hardly registered what happened when Leonel had already vanished into the distance, travelling at speeds that were hard to fathom.

A silence fell over the Guild World. It felt as though they had just witnessed history.

The name Leonel Morales was practically burned into their minds. And soon, it would set a wildfire ablaze across the galaxy.

Chapter 946

On a corner of the Guild World, Anya sighed and shook her head.

It was hard to tell exactly what sort of place she was in. All the walls were white and had a slight glow to them. However, there were no windows or even a door. The only thing in this room outside of Anya herself was a statue of a woman with a beauty that felt almost computer generated. She was too perfect, without a single flaw and without a weakness. Whether it was the symmetry of her face down to the ratio of her hips to waist, to her bust and bottom, even the individual strands of her hair... It was all immaculate.

This statue radiated an aura that Leonel would find familiar, having sensed it once before in his life. However, even to someone who had never sensed it before, they would feel the need to bow and prostrate themselves before this woman.

All this said, as difficult as it was to tell exactly where Anya was, deciding what it was she was sighing about was even more difficult.

At that moment, Anya's bracelet rang once again. She bowed toward the statue and took a step toward the blank walls, vanishing as though she had walked through an invisible doorway.

"You're trying to encroach on my territory?"

The voice came from nowhere and everywhere at once.

This time, Anya was in a simply decorated room without an ounce of anything special to it. It seemed like any other luxurious hotel room, except for the fact this wasn't a hotel at all.

“There is no such thing as encroachment when it comes to the word of the Goddess.” Anya replied lightly.

“How sanctimonious of you. It might not be an encroachment to you, but if I see any of your disciples, I’ll kill first and ask questions later.”

“Is there a need to be like this?” Anya asked with a sigh.

“I’m getting tired of that loftier than thou tone. It would do you good to remember exactly what it is your Goddess represents. No amount of pure light and white clothing can wash your stains away. I’ve already given you my warning. Don’t test me.”

Anya shook her head. “Earth has already entered the Fifth Dimension. Their Fold of Reality has already expanded past just their Solar System and has consumed a dozen others. At this rate, they’ll truly be on pace to swallow the whole galaxy by the time they are prepared to enter the Seventh Dimension. This piece of the pie isn’t something any one person can swallow, and to try to do so is a foolish dream.

PANDA NOVEL

“Your attempts to monopolize these gains for yourself will end horribly for you. There is a harmony that must be achieved.”

All Anya received in return was a sneer she could practically hear through the phone.

“You make stealing the territory of another sound so noble. People like you disgust me the most.”

The person didn’t wait for Anya’s response and simply ended the call. They had already given their warning, they didn’t have the patience to say anything more. The longer they spoke with this Anya, the more they wanted to watch her head implode like a hammered watermelon.

Anya shook her head once again and sighed.

** ρ??∫??????

Leonel took deep breaths, beads of sweat falling down his brow.

Much of this was from the difficulty of controlling the ship, but another large part was rooted in the fact he had entered that battle with just 30% of his stamina remaining. He had avoided using Mage Arts as a result for fear that he would be sucked dry before he could actually do anything.

‘But, this isn’t bad too. We made a nice little profit.’ Leonel grinned.

Leonel thought of the Urbe Ore he had gained. He had only taken the metallic leg sleeves of about 60 or so warriors of Shield Cross Stars, yet he had gotten over a thousand kilograms of Fifth Dimensional Urbe Ore out of it. It seemed that crime really did pay.

Leonel had half a mind to target the Shield Cross Stars offices so that he could build up the wealth he was lacking. But, in the end, he decided against this.

The current Leonel couldn’t see the true depths of Shield Cross Stars. Without fully understanding his opponent, it would be foolish to provoke them too much. At the same time, Anya’s warning still lingered in his mind, making him realize that cornering this galaxy wouldn’t be nearly as easy as he thought it would be.

In that case, he had to change his plans. He still needed resources and information, but how he would use them would have to change.

‘I should also return to Earth since that’s where the boys are... It’s about time we regroup and make some moves.’

Leonel weighed his options and decided to put his other thoughts aside. He would return to Earth first, gather everyone up, then move forward.

The chess pieces on the board were moving too fast. Leonel wasn’t even at the point where he could see the whole board to begin with, but he was already being overwhelmed by a small corner of it.

‘No, I can’t return to Earth empty handed. Also, the Milky Way Guild has yet to properly suffer for their actions...’

At that moment, a talisman lit up within Leonel’s spatial ring. At first he was stunned before his mouth spread into a wild grin.

‘Your timing couldn’t be any better, Elthor.’

Leonel’s mind raced as it quickly memorized the information Elthor was sending to him. A list of Disaster Planets, branches, and stores the Milky Way Guild owned were all systematically organized by Leonel. In the blink of an eye, Leonel had a grasp of much of the Milky Way Guild’s situation.

Leonel wasn’t naïve enough to believe that this represented all the assets the Guild had, but it was more than enough. In fact, he was surprised that Elthor had managed to gather so much.

‘That woman he’s working with... Isn’t simple... She knows too much, who is she exactly?’

Leonel frowned for a moment before throwing it to the back of his mind. It didn’t matter who this woman was. She might have all this information, but he would be the one to act on it.

As they say... Crime pays.

Chapter 947

In a particular room within the Guild House, several elders could be found shaking their heads. Among them, there were the elders who had just given Leonel his certification and Isoltihne. But, at the moment, Isoltihne was like a momma bear who had just witnessed her cub’s tail being stepped on.

“Is this really what we’re doing?! You can just blatantly target one of our own now?!”

“Isol, that’s Shield Cross—”

"I don't care who it was?!" Isoltihne snapped. "So anyone can just accuse our Crafters as they please and then target them as long as their fist is large enough? Did you all forget that the Guild has numerous branches just like Shield Cross Stars does?! Why do we have to fear them?!"

The lips of the elders twitched.

"Come on Isol, you know we don't have the fire power to go against them. Plus, we have a symbiotic relationship."

"Oh, so you remember that too?! How could they finish their fancy little uniforms without us?! If we put our foot down and refused to Craft any more for them, what do you think would happen?! On top of that, when has a Crafter ever feared someone with power?! We could have destroyed that whole fleet with a press of a button, but you bumbling buffoons didn't even let me go help Little Leonel!"

"Did you not see?! They brought three Enforcers with them! THREE! Had you gone out, how long do you think you would have lasted?!"

"If you're a coward, just say so." Isoltihne sneered.

The elders looked toward one another at a loss for words. She was acting like Leonel was her grandson when they had known each other for all of one day. They couldn't even reason with her. And, to make matters worse...

"We agree with Isoltihne. It's one thing if Leonel wasn't already one of us, but not only is he, he also has our branch's emblem. Because you all forced us to wait for the Guild Head's approval, for all we know, his heart might have grown cold toward us." PANDA NOVEL

This Guild Branch was just one of many not only in the Dimensional Verse, but of the Milky Way as well. There were dozens of branches across just this Galaxy alone. They didn't particularly care about branches of other galaxies, but they were in constant competition with branches that called this place home alongside them.

The addition of Leonel would have been a great help to them even setting Isoltihne's clear overprotection aside. When things were framed in that way, they were losing out not just face, but also tangible benefits, all because they took a step back to Shield Cross Stars.

The elders that hadn't participated in Leonel's certification suddenly had ugly expressions. They had all seen how Leonel took just a few minutes to complete six Bronze Grade Crafts. Granted, those materials had already been processed, but if they used that as an excuse they would really lose all face.

"What's all this commotion about? What the hell happened to my gardens?"

An old man who seemed to have a foot in the grave but the mouth of a belligerent teenager strolled in. Despite his frail frame, his presence seemed to command the room. If Leonel had been there, it would have only taken him a moment to realize that this old man was a Quasi Sixth Dimensional existence.

ρ??∫??????

"Guild Head!"

The elders respectfully greeted before Isoltihne, as spitefully as she could, recounted the events.

As he listened, the expression of the Guild Head only became darker and darker.

"Shield Cross Stars has a lot of nerve."

The near growl of the old man made those who realized the complexity of the situation nearly faint. They all knew that the old man treated Isoltihne like his own daughter and had for years, he was too easily influenced by her emotions. If she felt wronged, then he would seek out vengeance for this wrong.

The issue was that there were still dozens of other branches! They couldn't speak for all of them! In fact, there were most definitely many among those branches that would purposely stand in opposition to them just so they would lose out on a talent like Leonel.

The more this blew up, the more disadvantageous it would become to them, especially if they took too hard of a stance. Doing such a thing would give their enemies license to counter.

“Don’t worry Little Isol, our Golden Path Branch isn’t made up of pushovers!”

“Ah...”

At that moment, an older man who sat in a corner to himself, not having participated until just now suddenly cleared his throat. Seeing him finally about to do something, the others sighed in relief. Isoltihne and Jacreack, the Guild Head, were like two, highly combustible, bundles of TNT. This older man, though without their status, had always been the voice of reason.

“Elder Lumin, please advise!” An elder said quickly before anyone could interrupt.

Lumin coughed lightly.

“We should toe the line. Going directly against Shield Cross Stars is inadvisable, that this doesn’t mean that the only other option is to be in lockstep with them.

“Hold a ceremony to induct Leonel as one of our own. His name should appear amongst our Crafters and as a member of our Golden Path Branch.

“However, we also don’t need to explain our actions to Shield Cross Stars. We are simply following the rules of our Guild. We allow people in based on skill, not their criminal record. This way, Leonel will know where we stand and Shield Cross Stars also won’t go too far. If they try to upgrade him to a Tier 3 Fugitive now, this matter might blow up in their faces.

“At the same time, this will give Leonel free access to enter any of our Guild Branches without issue. If he’s as smart as I believe he is, he will know what kind of opportunity that is and he will take advantage. If he plays this well, then the other branches will have no choice but to stand on our side whether they want to or not.”

Once he finished saying these words, Elder Lumin returned to his nap leaving the other elders gazing toward one another.

Chapter 948

Leonel sat within his large pool of Cleansing Waters allowing the Segmented Cube to drift in the depths of space.

After reaching the Sixth Dimension, the size of the Segmented Cube inside versus outside had shifted once again. It used to be ten meters in diameter whenever someone was inside during the first phase, then it went to five meters during the second phase, and now, having entered the fourth phase, it was the size of a palm even when Leonel was within it. This size made many things very convenient.

The current Leonel was just taking a small rest, allowing his stamina to recover before he continued on with his journey. But, it was then that something surprising happened.

Leonel's palm flipped over to reveal a particular badge. This was none other than the certification badge Leonel had been given by the guild. It was a nice and heavy metal construction and weighed about two or three kilograms despite its small size.

Earlier, Leonel had been disappointed because it lacked the spirituality a true certification badge should have. Leonel had seen a true, complete badge before when he had a Crafting battle with Jac Beinala, so he could tell the difference. He had been fully aware that his badge was nothing more than a hunk of metal... until now.

Leonel's brows arched in pleasant surprise before he suddenly understood something.

Leonel grinned. 'So that's how it is.'

Leonel wasn't a fool, he immediately understood some things. It seemed that he hadn't been abandoned by the Guild. It seemed that he had underestimated just how far a positive attitude could bring him. He hadn't thought that just a few casual words and actions would help the Guild to take his side in this matter.

He was aware that his father didn't like the Force Crafting Guild very much, but this was just a branch to begin with. Was there a need to make enemies out of them when, in all likelihood, they were no part of whatever had enraged his dad?

'This is a good opportunity, indeed.'

Leonel's gaze flashed. It took him no more than a split moment to understand Elder Lumin's intentions.
PANDA NOVEL

'This makes a lot of things easier.'

Leonel shot up, a surge of water following him as he landed outside of the pool. Little Tolly wrapped around his wrist on instinct, seemingly sensing that excitement was afoot.

Leonel grinned. "It's about time you enter the Fifth Dimension too, little guy."

*Bloop

Leonel did a quick check to ensure that Little Blackstar was progressing well before shooting out. The Segmented Cube morphed into its vessel form and Leonel tore a path through space. p??∫??????

**

Disaster Worlds were the foundation for sayings like opportunity came with danger. Though they came with the highest death rates, they were also the worlds that often had the most resources.

Of course, a part of this was because there weren't humans around to constantly dig up their treasures. After all, the environment wasn't exactly conducive to such a thing. But, another part was the volatile concentration of Force leading to the birth of particular Ores, and in some rare cases, even some Force Herbs, that would be difficult to find elsewhere.

Most of the Disaster Worlds the Milky Way Guild controlled were just One Star. This rating meant that one would need to be at the Quasi Fifth Dimension to survive. Planet Vincero had a Two Star Disaster Rating, meaning a Quasi Sixth Dimensional existence would be needed to travel freely about it.

Unfortunately for the Milky Way Guild, Leonel had no interest in One Star Disaster Worlds. Of course, this wasn't because they couldn't have great resources, it was rather because he was aiming high to begin with.

He wasn't a fool. He didn't believe that the Milky Way Guild didn't have a method of protecting their assets. Whether he could get away with sneaking onto their planets was unknown. But, if he was going to get caught, wouldn't it be best to catch them off guard with a world that was more important to them?

It took a few days, but Leonel finally made it to the solar system of his target world. Even from so far away, he could feel the volatile surges. And, even though he had come prepared, even now, if it wasn't for the difference in size, he would have a hard time telling which was the planet and which was its sun.

Planet Solara. It was ranked in the top three among Two Star Disaster Worlds in the Milky Way. And, it was a title that Leonel felt it had earned without even stepping foot onto it.

Rather than having blue oceans, Planet Solara had depths of magma and lava covering its surface. Rather than stretches of green and brown land, it had relatively cooled pieces of floating obsidian that took the place of earth.

Every once in a while, long arcs of explosive molten rock surged into the world's atmosphere looking no different from solar flares. The planet was so bright that it was almost as difficult to look at as compared to any star.

One would think, then, that the greatest danger of Planet Solara was in its heat, but this wasn't the case at all.

Due to its special constitution, Planet Solara had a particularly large molten core, making its magnetic field both extraordinarily powerful and volatile.

The good news was that Planet Solara was uniquely equipped to block radiation from its own star despite being so close to it. The bad news, though, was that Planet Solara was also uniquely equipped to produce its own radiation, making staying on this Disaster World for extended periods of time a death wish even for Quasi Sixth Dimensional existences.

However, despite knowing all of this, Leonel saw this planet like a shimmering gem.

He had learned to use his King's Might to create powerful Mage Arts and he had long since thought of using this same comprehension to perfect his Four Seasons Realm.

If he traveled to the core of this world, what Natural Force Arts would he find? And how powerful would his Universal Force become if he used them as the framework to amplify his Four Seasons Realm?

This wasn't just a bid for resources. Leonel was going to flip the whole Dimensional Verse on its head.

Chapter 949

Planet Luxnix entered an odd state. Regardless of their status, the capture of a main bloodline member of an opposing family would always be a serious matter. And yet, the Luxnix family had done so without hesitation and without warning. It was clear that of all the things the Luxnix family was, pushovers was not among them.

Ossan's true state wasn't as fierce as the Luxnix's family's state, though. He couldn't be said to be comfortable, but at the very least, his life wasn't on the line. He sat on the floor of a relatively clean cell, his hands and feet bound by chains. There was a single metallic toilet to the side and the empty tray in front of him had likely previously held food.

Still, though he hadn't been roughed up, for a nobleman this sort of treatment might as well have been the worst of torture—this was only especially so for Ossan.

He couldn't see any pretty women. He couldn't eat the food he loved. He couldn't even have alcohol.

It was inhumane.

At that moment, there was a shuffle and large, clanking doors and grinding gears sounded. After a dull boom, the sound of footsteps echoed in a leisurely cadence. It was as though the person wanted Ossan to stay in suspense for as long as possible.

“It’s you!”

When Ossan finally laid eyes on this person, his heart couldn’t help but tremble. In a lot of ways, he felt that seeing this person hit him harder than even being in the presence of a Feather Star warrior. The fact that this person was here let Ossan know that there was no way this matter would end simply.

The young man stood there with an indifferent expression on his face, his visage seemingly having been hand crafted by a god. He had exceptionally fair skin without a single flaw, his jawline was gentle, but strong, and he seemed to radiate a dim golden light just with his presence alone.

Gold hair flowed down the young man’s shoulders down to the small of his back, equally golden eyes matching it in luster and brilliance. His body was wrapped in pristine, blemishless, white robes, a single golden belt of delicately sculpted feathers wrapping around his waist.

As ignorant as Ossan was about a lot of things, there were certain matters that even he wouldn’t be in the dark about. PANDA NOVEL

One was the Feather Star warrior. He would immediately recognize one of them so long as they were wearing their uniforms without fail, even if he was in a state of lethargy like he had been previously.

Another was the Heir of the Luxnix family, the sole Heir, a man without match or competition, Myghell Luxnix. And it was this exact young man who happened to be standing before his cell right this moment.

Unlike the Viola family which was still deciding on its own Heir, Myghell had already claimed his position long ago. In this respect, he was without match or equal. Despite being several decades younger than Rychard and Ossan’s brother, Myghell was already at the Quasi Sixth Dimensional level. He might very well be capable of breaking through at any moment.

The difference was like night and day.

Myghell observed Ossan in silence for a long while. The pressure of his gaze fell on Ossan in waves, he couldn't help but tremble, his teeth chattering and his limbs turning cold. He found that just breathing alone was difficult beneath this man's presence. ρ??ϕ???

Without a word, Myghell turned and left. Ossan almost wanted to scream in frustration. Shouldn't he have atleast said something?! Done something?!

However, despite feeling so frustrated, Ossan didn't dare to scream out, fearing that Myghell would come out.

Myghell, though, didn't spare Ossan a thought. He locked the gears behind him, turning toward the guards at the entrance. Each of them looked toward Myghell with reverence as though he was a God amongst men.

“There is a chance that something will happen within the next coming days. Stay alert.” Myghell said evenly, the cadence of his voice almost able to lull someone to sleep.

At that moment, an entourage was making their way to Luxnix territory swiftly. It was no surprise that this group was led by Gradeyr.

Gradeyr would have been a handsome young man in his own right, with short cut black hair and starry violet eyes. However, he had the stern look of a man already in his middle ages. It dulled his looks quite considerably and left a permanent wrinkle on his forehead as though he was perpetually frowning.

He was truly frowning right then, though. He understood there was a very real possibility he would never see his younger brother again.

**

Back within Viola family territory, in a particular section of an estate and within a familiar setting, a group of three women could be found.

“You just came back, are you really going out again so soon?”

Savahn worriedly probed Aina. She had just disappeared for three days but had now been back for barely a short time before she decided to set off again. Though Aina hadn't come back injured from her last venture, knowing her, this would only make her go harder this time.

It wasn't just a feeling, either. After what happened almost a year ago now, Aina had become a person of very few words. Yet, this time, she had actually told them that she might be away for a long while this time. This made all sorts of red flags go off for Savahn.

Yuri's expressionlessly observed Aina, seemingly not certain of what to say for herself.

Instead of replying to Savahn directly, Aina shook her head.

“I'll be back.”

With that, she vanished into the shadows, her control over her Abyss Panther Bloodline becoming no different from breathing to her.

In her mind, she went over her orders again and again, her gaze narrowing as a tinge of red took hold of her. She knew it was practically suicidal, but she still chose to do it without hesitation.

Her destination? The Luxnix family dungeons.

Her goal? Get caught trying to save Ossan and somehow manage to escape.

Chapter 950

Leonel timed his entry onto Planet Solara using one of its lava flares. He trusted the Segmented Cube to withstand such pressure, though the pressure on himself was a completely different matter. He found himself gritting his teeth, withstanding the jarring impact.

The Segmented Cube had never been great with defense, though it had great self-repair. Luckily, it seemed to have gotten better in this regard after entering its fourth phase, but it was all reliant on energy as opposed to its own physical ability.

Leonel had a bit of a buffer for now in his use of the Segmented Cube thanks to the excess energy it had accumulated within the trial zone. This was what allowed him to use it, at least for now, without much worry. But, if he kept running into danger zones like this, he'd run out sooner rather than later.

Luckily, this Disaster World was likely another good opportunity to absorb more Force.

Leonel quickly landed on a planet, a large distance away from any hubs. He also instantly used his Light Elemental Force to vanish from plain sight, certain that there were maybe even more monitoring stations on this planet in comparison to Planet Vincero.

Leonel had no way of knowing for certain whether he had been caught already, but it didn't particularly matter to him. Compared to his stint on Planet Vincero, he was even more confident this time around, especially since this planet was dense in the Elemental Force he was most confident in using.

Putting the Segmented Cube away, Leonel took a step out onto the stretch of obsidian land. He realized that compared to the endless peaks and valleys Planet Vincero had, Planet Solara was fairly flat. Most of the terrain depressions and peaks were caused by tides of lava and magma. Surprisingly, though, there weren't any volcanos, at least not from what Leonel could spot at a single glance.

'My sneakers...'

Leonel shook his head, stripping down to the bare minimum. Eventually, he realized that he had no choice but to be naked. That might have been bad news, but the good news was that this environment that would likely have made most at his level feel like they were on the brink of death felt like a spring breeze to him.

Leonel took a deep breath, swallowing up the hot air in the surroundings. He couldn't help but feel that compared to his Scarlet Star Force, the heat of this place was sorely lacking. Even though his bare skin was exposed and even though the soles of his feet were touching the scorching lands, he felt unmoved.

'This is good.' Leonel nodded to himself. 'But, I still need to be careful. Heat isn't the only danger of this planet...' PANDA NOVEL

If Leonel was suddenly hit was a storm of charged particles, it likely wouldn't be more than a few days before he died. Luckily, he had a contingency plan for this.

*Bloop

Little Tolly was also unmoved by the heat, but this only made sense. The little guy was used to high concentrations of volatile heat while partnering with Leonel to complete Crafts. In fact, Little Tolly wasn't only good at withstanding this heat, but was even better an insulating it, something that seemed counter intuitive for a Metal Spirit.

With a thought, Little Tolly coated Leonel's body from top to bottom turning the latter into somewhat of a metal man. Leonel shielded even his eyes, not taking any chances. He was confident enough in his Internal Sight to continue on in this way. In fact, in a lot of ways, his Internal Sight was more trustworthy in comparison to his eyes.

Leonel felt a cooling sensation all over his body. He realized then that even without his Fire Elemental affinity, just his partnership with Little Tolly alone would make it quite easy to step onto this planet.

ρ???(???????)

Of course, Leonel didn't need Little Tolly for this. Rather, he was confident that Little Tolly could help him block against the radiation and volatile magnetic fields. As for the rest, that could be left up to him.

With a leap, Leonel dove right into the lava, vanishing from sight as he swam into the depths of the world.

If one could see him now, he would really look like a fish in water. With his Earth and Fire Elemental Affinities working as one, how could this world stop him from reaching its depths?

...

It was truly hard to tell if Leonel had outstanding luck or if it truly was so terrible.

The truth was that it was impossible for Leonel to have reached the surface of the planet undetected. He was simply too unfamiliar with the detection system such large organizations had in place while on the other hand, these organizations treated these resources like their life's blood. How could they possibly leave it without proper security?

That said, at this moment, Planet Solara was focused on receiving extraordinarily important guests, guests so important that even the hunt for Leonel had been placed on a slight hiatus... Guests so important that even Guild Head Ovilteen had personally made an appearance to greet them.

Everyone was becoming more and more keenly aware of the convergence toward the Milky Way. Silent plots that had been brewing for centuries, sometimes even longer, were slowly starting to bear their fruits and instances like Anya were just the tip of the iceberg.

The next coming decades would decide who it was would rise to the top, and who would find themselves wiped out by the annals of history.

Amongst these individuals beginning to slowly make themselves known were a small group of young men and women, all of which had fiery red hair and charcoal black eyes. Upon seeing them, even Leonel might have had the immediate instinct to draw a line of connection toward the Brazinger family. However, they were lacking in the crimson eyes needed and also had auras that were far different...

At their helm, a young man with shark-like teeth and breath like sulfur stood at almost two and a half meters tall. The air around him warped simply due to the heat his pores almost seemed to constantly release.

He took a deep breath, causing spiraling winds of Fire Elemental Force to jet toward him, his jagged teeth glistening beneath the blinding red-gold lights.

BANG!

An eruption of fire circled around his feet, shattering the sturdy grounds of the Guild House.

“This world is not bad, indeed, Augustus!” Despite being far younger, the young man didn’t care and directly called the Guild Head by his name. “If the rest is as promised, my family won’t mind providing you the Crafters and backing you need. But, it seems as though a little rat is taking part in my resources.”