

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1681: Curiosity

"You..."

Hearing Leonel speak to the White Lion Bow in such a way, an undisguised fury lit in the eyes of the three young men.

Discarding the White Lion Bow? Forcing it to be obedient? What kind of ridiculously arrogant words were these? No, it was even worse than that, it was blasphemy of the highest order and it only seemed to confirm the speculation about the dubious methods by which Leonel gained control over the White Lion Bow.

Unfortunately for them, Leonel was still not listening to them, his mind entirely focused on the Force Art before him.

At that moment, the Force Art surged forward, fusing with Leonel's eyes before he could properly react to what was going on.

A rush of information flooded Leonel's mind, but more importantly, he felt a rush of energy flood into his eyes, winding in a feedback loop between them and his brain again and again. Every time the energy revolved, Leonel felt that his vision became clearer. In just a few seconds, his vision was as strong as when he used the Starry Tailed Fox's eyes despite the fact he hadn't activated it.

Leonel's gaze couldn't help but narrow. Was this a reward of the Bow Pagoda? Wasn't it supposed to give out techniques?

But just as Leonel thought this, the rush of information in his mind consolidated and formed a nameless technique. It worked by forming a Force Art in the irises with the use of Bow Force. This Force Art would thus gather all the Force in the surroundings and funnel it toward your eyes, making it possible to see further.

Leonel raised an eyebrow. All things considered, to most people, this technique was hyper useful. In fact, even to him, it could be considered so. Although his Internal Sight would probably still be more useful, this technique had its own applications.

However, all things considered, he wasn't too overly excited about it, it was just alright.

Still, while his own reaction was benign, the reaction of the three youths was vastly different from just this. In fact, they felt like their worlds were being flipped upside down.

Leonel might be ignorant about what was happening here, but how could they be?

All of the pagodas of the Void Palace had a single line connecting them: the Domain Ring Heirlooms. There was one pagoda in the Archery Faction, one in the Spear Faction and one in the Sword Faction. These were the three pagodas... At least they were the three that remained.

It was said that many years ago, before even the establishment of the Void Palace, the ultimate reward of these Pagodas were, precisely, the Domain Rings. Thanks to these pagodas, the Spear Domain, Sword Domain and Bow Domain Rings were all claimed by the human race.

Unfortunately, also during an event many years ago, the Tarius family lost their Bow Domain ring, severing the inheritance of the pagoda. This meant that while one could climb the pagodas and receive its rewards, its ultimate reward would forever elude you.

This was the harsh reality. Without the Bow Domain Ring, it was simply impossible to gather the full inheritance.

However, even with this being the case, the pieces of the inheritance were still greatly sought after. Only one person could ultimately have the Bow Domain Ring, after all. So for everyone else, cobbling together these pieces of the inheritance was the greatest boon that they could hope for.

The troublesome part was that gaining these pieces was far too difficult, difficult to the point that it was impossible for those that didn't awaken the Bow Domain Lineage Factor. But due to the loss of the Bow Domain Ring, the

number of individuals who awakened this Lineage Factor in each subsequent generation was continuously lessening.

And yet, today, someone who had the Spear Domain Lineage Factor had actually succeeded? How was that possible?!

The worst part was that Leonel didn't even seem to be showing any happiness at all, he looked completely unimpressed. If it wasn't for the fact they couldn't attack him personally, they would have stormed forward to strangle him to death with their own hands.

Before they could say anything further, Leonel's platform surged forward, vanishing into the second floor.

The three grit their teeth, turning their attention toward their own trials. They had to hurry up and catch up. If they didn't, who would stop him?

A helpless light flashed in their irises. Even if they caught up, how would they stop him exactly? This felt like all those years ago when that woman charged into the Archery Faction and took the White Lion Bow away under everyone's eyes.

There were rules they all had to follow. Gatekeeping things like this was impossible. Even if the Morales family and the Suiard family allowed their pagodas to stay here, so what could they say if Leonel gained all the pieces of the inheritance?

If they complained, wouldn't people say that they only left the pagodas here as long as no one actually used them for their intended purpose? By then, what would be the point in leaving these pagodas here at all?

Leonel couldn't be bothered with the thoughts of the three as he was entirely focused on the trials. Although he was uninterested in what was the first reward, he wanted to see if there was anything better waiting for him ahead.

To do this, he realized that he would have to reach the highest standards for each of these tests, but he wasn't very worried about doing this. Compared to all of his other abilities, what he was maybe the most confident in was his throwing ability. If there was a second, it was his archery.

If there was a standard to be reached here, he would definitely reach it. It was that simple to him.

He completed the second trial even faster than he had in the first, watching as the second pillar of light descended before him with a hint of curiosity.

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Chapter 1682: Sixth

The Force Art actually rushed toward Leonel's eyes again. He could feel as the Force ran from his eyes to his brain and back again. The process was the exact same as last time, but the results were different.

The first time, Leonel felt that his vision became far sharper than it had in the past, and this time, this was somewhat what happened as well. But this wasn't all that happened. It felt as though he could suddenly see on a different wavelength.

Not only could he see the visual light spectrum, but he could now also see in the infrared light spectrum. This was a step more useful to Leonel than just sharper vision would be, and there were even applications of it that would be far more useful than just Internal Sight would be.

Still, it wasn't enough to be groundbreaking. However, the step up from the last reward made Leonel perk up. He really wanted to see just how far this would go.

When he passed the third trial, he gained not just infrared vision, but something similar to x-ray vision. From what Leonel understood about light waves, x-ray vision, at least taken in the most literal sense, wouldn't work properly.

X-ray waves were too rare in the world to be used like other waves of light could. This would mean that someone with x-ray vision would have to be both an x-ray wave emitter and receptor. Even if a higher Dimensional individual wouldn't have to worry about the side effect of cancer, acting as both an emitter and receptor would make the ability useless.

In practice, this would mean that Leonel would have to emit waves first and then rush to the other side of his enemy to see what came out of the other side. Even though he could theoretically do this if he relied on his Starry Light Domain, it was simply too ridiculous to use in battle, especially since the best application of this vision would be to spot things he didn't know were there in the first place.

How would he run to the other side of something he wasn't aware of the existence of?

This was why Leonel was sure this so-called x-ray vision worked based on different principles. If he was correct, it likely relied on detecting and using higher forms of Light Force.

Regardless of what principles it worked on, it was yet another step up. All three of the abilities worked together well, but what somewhat irked Leonel was that they didn't seem to be willing to fuse into a true whole. He felt that if this happened, there would be a qualitative change.

Unfortunately, what Leonel was hoping for wouldn't happen precisely because of the fact the Bow Domain Ring no longer existed in the Human Domain. Without it, how could these abilities fuse into the true Bow Domain Lineage Factor?

Still, Leonel continued. Although he couldn't fuse these techniques, he could still somewhat force them to work in tandem using his control over his body. Together, they were far more useful to Leonel and it was enough to bring a smile to his face.

When Leonel stepped into the fourth trial, he found that the difficulty increased somewhat and the frame of time he could use his bow construct for was drastically lowered, but he still managed to achieve the highest honors with relative ease.

When he received the reward, Leonel found that the world around him changed. Just looking around, he could see Force flowing through the air.

It felt quite surreal. Usually, Force could only be seen in high concentrations. This was because Neutral Force, the most ubiquitous kind of Force and it was colorless and transparent. It was only when someone with an affinity called forward a particular kind of Force and increased its concentration, or more often, expelled it from their bodies, would Force be visible to the naked eye.

But right now, Leonel was certain that this was what he was seeing.

He didn't see it in color... But it was almost as though he could feel it.

It was difficult to explain. The Neutral Force was still colorless, and yet Leonel still felt like he could "see" it.

Leonel rushed forward to the fifth trial, finally feeling somewhat agitated.

When he passed it, his sense of Neutral Force became fiercer. When he looked down at his arm, he could see the flow of Force flowing through him. It was like his x-ray vision had suddenly progressed to the point where he could observe the flow of Force within the bodies of others.

Leonel's heart skipped a bit. If the first trial's rewards were easily shrugged off by him, this was an absolute game changer. If this ability was paired with his Ability Index, his predictive abilities would reach a completely different level.

So long as he saw an individual circulate a technique once, he would know exactly when they would use it again. In fact, just with a glance, so long as someone used a technique that he was familiar with, he would be able to copy it.

Others who might have gained this ability would have no chance at doing this. The network of Nodal Pathways and Nodes in bodies of everyone was different, it was a complex net that was impossible to tease apart at a glance, and it only became more complex as one rose through the Tiers.

However, with his mind, would this be a problem for Leonel?

Leonel rushed into the sixth trial and finally began feeling some pressure. Targets rotated all around him with no sense of reason or thought, it was the picture of chaos. Even after several minutes, Leonel couldn't find any patterns.

Without a choice, Leonel could only use a brute force method, shooting his arrows so fast that the erratic movements of the targets didn't have a chance to dodge out of his way. For the first time, Leonel didn't manage to hit the targets exactly in their center, but he had adjusted for enough error that it didn't matter.

A slight sweat fell from Leonel's brows as he faced the pillar of light once again. An even more complex Force Art took shape.

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Chapter 1683: Predict

The Force Art surged into Leonel's eyes once again, a familiar loop quickly taking form. By this point, the similarities to the Spear Domain Lineage Factor

were all too obvious. But the difference here was that while the changes to his brain for the spear were related to his body, reflexes and muscles, for the bow, they were entirely reliant on his eyes.

When Leonel looked around this time, however, he couldn't help but be shocked. It suddenly felt as though a two-dimensional world had become three-dimensional. It was such a shocking change that Leonel had to close his eyes, only to open them up again slowly and see an even more exaggerated result.

It was obvious that the world was three-dimensional, this was something that everyone accepted from the time they were young. However, just because the world was three-dimensional didn't mean that the eyes saw it this way.

What was three-dimensional to the eye of an individual was just a feedback loop of lighting and shadows, when in reality, all one could ultimately see was a single flat surface.

It couldn't be helped, vision was simply always limited in this way. A person could only face a single direction at a time and even if you had the full scan of an object in your memories, you couldn't stitch them together to form a new and more substantial representation.

However, these eyes were different. Leonel could tell that it was no longer a trick of his mind convincing him that the world was three-dimensional. For the first time, he truly felt that the world had depth, not just due to shadows and lighting, but in a more substantial reality.

When Leonel looked at his hand, it was as though the photons that bounced around it curved in a way that he could see the front, back and sides of it all at once. His mind would then process this image like a three-dimensional graphic designing software and create a perfect replica that would then become the "image" he saw in his mind.

It wasn't just his hand that was like this either. Whether it was the platform he stood on, the bow in his hand, or the targets in the distance, all of them were like rendered images in Leonel's brain.

It was a fascinating overload of information. It felt like his eyes were taking snapshots at every conceivable angle and then stitching them all together into a single global image. It was like... his eyes had become Internal Sight.

Leonel knew that this was an ability that Internal Sight had long ago, but somehow, this felt so much different.

In reality, if things were taken at face value, Internal Sight was even better. This was because while Internal Sight was called as such, it could translate the other senses to the mind of the user as well. Whether it was smell or touch or hearing, Leonel could use them all through his Internal Sight. However, these eyes only worked with sight and sight alone.

That said, not all sight was created equal. This was proven just by the fact that Leonel's Starry Spirit Domain was so much more powerful than his Internal Sight despite having a smaller range. Some things could just "see" better than others.

And these eyes were definitely beyond his Internal Sight in pure sight alone. However, it was beneath his Starry Spirit Domain in the same respect.

Even so, Leonel wasn't disappointed by this for two reasons.

Firstly, with the advancement in his sight, these eyes could see further than his Starry Spirit Domain could. In addition, the stamina drain that it had was far lesser as well. It took a lot out of Leonel to use the full scale of his Starry Spirit Domain, which was why he often only used a small portion of it. But these eyes seemed to work almost no differently from his own eyes.

The only pain of these eyes was that they didn't stack well with the previous abilities he had gained. If he wanted to use them one at a time, there was no issue. But if he wanted to forcefully use them together, then the stamina consumption would increase.

Leonel was even more certain that these abilities were meant to be fused into one. In fact, he was sure that if they did fuse, the stamina consumption might even be less than it currently was when he used just a single ability.

That aside, the second reason he wasn't disappointed was because he had a feeling that this was just the beginning. The next ability, the seventh, would be a qualitative change. That, he was absolutely certain of.

When Leonel entered the seventh trial, however, he could only frown. He stood in silence for a long time before closing his eyes and taking deep breaths.

This trial was even more complicated than the last.

In the previous trial, the targets were erratic and impossible to predict the movement of. They didn't have the mannerisms of humans so Leonel couldn't use his predictive abilities to guess where they would go, and because they had no mass, there was no inertia or momentum for them to care about.

With these factors compounded, Leonel could only use a brute force method, tiring himself out by putting his 100% into every single release of his bowstring.

One could imagine how difficult the trial had been if Leonel, even with his current strength, was tired out in doing so.

But this trial here, if the last one was difficult, was absolutely impossible.

Not only did it have the exact same structure, but it added a layer of complexity: changing colors.

Leonel's task was to take out the red orbs. If he accidentally hit the green ones, he would lose one of his three lives. If he accidentally hit a blue orb, he would lose immediately.

The difficulty here was that the color of the orbs was not fixed, they could randomly change their colors at any time seemingly without rhyme or reason. It was even more difficult to predict than their flight paths.

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Chapter 1684: Flow

Leonel really didn't know what to do about this.

If he ignored his already drained stamina and tried to brute force it once again, he would have to rely entirely on luck, and not just any normal amount of luck, but an obscene amount.

If there was a fifty-fifty chance, Leonel might be willing to try it even though it would be a bit foolish. But after just a glance, even though he couldn't calculate the exact number, he knew the odds were lower than one in a thousand. In fact, just saying one in a thousand was probably underestimating the difficulty of this trial far too much.

Until this point, the trials hadn't been too complex, but they would slowly add wrinkles step by step to make it more difficult. Up until now, the first few wrinkles had already been putting pressure on him, but his skill as a bowman had allowed him to make it through.

By the time he got to the sixth trial, however, his skill alone already wasn't enough and he wasn't even certain of how many trials there were left.

From Leonel's calculations, he would have to be at least Tier 4 to brute force this trial, and there was also no guarantee that these trials didn't increase in difficulty with his own prowess. In fact, he had a feeling that the only reason he could brute force a complicated trial like the sixth at all was because he was so much more powerful in comparison to his peers of the same level.

But now it was impossible. The only chance, then, was to find a different method.

These trials wouldn't be designed with a chance at victory. This meant that there was a certain skill necessary to reach this point.

In truth, if Leonel wanted just the normal rewards associated with these trials, he wouldn't be so tired right now. But there was only one goal he had in mind at this point: gain the greatest reward available.

Leonel's eyes suddenly snapped open. "That's it."

Leonel exhaled, the simulation his mind had been going through coming to an end.

The best predictor of future success was past success. After several moments of having no breakthroughs in finding a path out of this trial, Leonel instead decided to replay the other trials in his mind with a specific focus on the sixth. What he found made his eyes light up.

When he looked at things in the sixth trial through normal eyes, there really was no pattern of flight. However, when Leonel filtered it through the reward of the sixth trial, everything changed.

In a two-dimensional perspective, there really was nothing to be seen. But from a three-dimensional perspective, everything changed.

The flight paths were very cleverly designed to hide this from Leonel, especially since his Internal Sight was sealed away after the third trial was completed.

When Leonel realized this he replayed the fifth trials and backward in his head, applying the new abilities he gained from them and he realized the truth. It seemed that the easiest method to make it through these trials was to somehow gain an inkling into what the ultimate reward for the trial would be. Only in that way could you find a path out.

But this was easier said than done, even for Leonel. Still, he had one method in his back pocket. He would use all of the rewards he had gotten until now at once.

Leonel's gaze flashed. Deep within their pale violet hues, a glass-like Force took shape, making one feel as though they were looking into a mirror when they faced him.

Leonel layered all of the rewards on top of one another.

Sharpened vision. Infrared vision. X-ray vision. Force vision. Force Flow vision. Three-dimensional vision.

Leonel's gaze watched it all, layering the feedback atop of one another and forcing himself to take in every detail. Others might find themselves overloaded quickly, but this was what Leonel felt he was best at.

His pupils danced back and forth, taking in every target one after another, looking for something, anything.

He observed the targets from all angles, from above, from below, from the sides. Red veins pulsed within the whites of his eyes and his focus was unprecedented and unmatched. He didn't seem to notice the throbbing at all.

Slowly, the movements of the circular orbs of lights and their flickering colors became rainbow colored lines in Leonel's vision. He layered their paths on top of one another, building a maze of networks in his head that became more and more complicated with every passing moment.

And then, it all seemed to slow.

Something in Leonel's mind seemed to snap and he raised his bow.

His movements were quick and sharp, but also fast and steady. Every time he realized another arrow, it was as though he was simply releasing a breath, his chest moving up and down in a steady rhythm.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

...

On the outside, a shocking change was taking place. The pagoda that always seemed to fluctuate between three and twelve floors had been frozen.

The three youths, Mallaël, Cras and Kysen had all been kicked out after the fourth trial, but currently, the pagoda was showing seven. Previously, he had steadily risen from four to its current stage now, leaving the Archery Faction in silence... because they all knew exactly what this meant.

Those of the Bow Deity Party looked on with ugly expressions. They had already heard the news from the three youths who had exited so they knew exactly who was inside, but they could do nothing about it.

However, when the pagoda switched from seven floors to eight, a tsunami rushed through the Archery Faction.

...

Leonel exhaled a breath, his gaze sharp. Slowly, the changes due to absorbing the Force Art made themselves known. At first, he was still calm, but after a while, even his eyes could only widen.

For a very long while, even with his intelligence, he couldn't quite explain just what he was seeing. And in the end, he felt that only one word was appropriate...

Flow.

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Chapter 1685: Different

Leonel felt like he currently saw the world like a row of dominoes. He could spot a change in one location and watch the chain of results that would end in

a completely random location, one that could be hundreds of meters away from the original location, or even end in the same exact spot it started.

The feeling was novel. It almost felt as though he was reading a book filled with tropes, so much so that each ending was so obvious that he could predict it so long as he read a page or two.

The entire world had suddenly become like the pages of a book, a feeling that ironically took the third-dimensional vision he had just gained and concentrated it back into the two-dimensional. But this time, rather than flattening the image, it just made his sight transcend to a different level entirely, a level that made reading the chains of cause and effect feel no different from reading the lines of a novel.

Everything stacked together into one, layers of images being stitched together into a beautiful tapestry that read no different from a timeline of events. Every time Leonel reached the end of this timeline, his heart would hitch as though what would happen next was lingering on the tip of his tongue, as though he was just a measure away from peering into the secrets of a timeline that was beyond what he had and was experiencing... transcending into a timeline that he had yet to experience.

Leonel stood in silence for a long time. It was obvious to him at this point where this was going. In fact, if this was the core of the Bow Domain Lineage Factor, it was no wonder that his talent with the bow was so high.

When it came to reading events and predicting the most likely outcomes, there were very few in existence that could match him in this regard at the same strength level. There might be some old monsters out there with a Dimensional Tier far beyond his own that had far greater control over such things, but Leonel was quite certain with all things being equal, there were probably very few people that could match him in this regard.

If the evolution path of the Bow Domain Lineage Factor was like this, then a lot of things made more sense. When it was fused with Leonel's Ability Index, it made it feel like he was reading the mind of the universe, watching its pages slowly turn.

Leonel had a feeling that if his sight could encompass the whole of the universe, there would be nothing that he couldn't see through. But this was just a fleeting thought. Even someone of the Ninth Dimension wouldn't be able to do such a thing. The expanse of the universe was far too large. Even

covering just a single solar system all at once was probably impossible, let alone a galaxy, and most definitely not a Sector, Domain or entire universe.

Still, this made Leonel wonder. Just how many people had made it this far? How many of them had the eyes he had right this moment? Or, more importantly, how many had awakened the Bow Domain Lineage Factor from birth?

Leonel's gaze couldn't help but flicker.

This Lineage Factor in the hand of a true talent would be extremely fearsome. It taught him one very important thing... There were still things in the Dimensional Verse that he shouldn't dare to underestimate.

It would be foolish of him to believe that he was the only one to have ever benefited from this pagoda. There were definitely others, and there might be many of them.

He had come here blindly, but there were those who might have already benefited from understanding inklings about it ahead of time. There might even be some techniques that can replicate a portion of the abilities of his partial Bow Domain Lineage Factor.

Thinking to this point, Leonel smiled and relaxed.

He was a victim of something very human just now: anxiousness and greed. He worried about others benefiting from something he would have liked to monopolize, but what good was that selfishness right now?

For Leonel, this feeling was a bit new as well. He could feel himself changing ever since he made that choice to take Aina over the world.

It wasn't just that, but it was a subtle difference that also resulted from the Emperor's Might Tablet. That said, between the two, it was obvious that the former was more important while the latter was merely supplemental. In fact, Leonel had a feeling that had he not made that choice, he wouldn't have been able to command the tablet to come to him...

Whether these changes were good or not, he didn't know. But what he did know was that he would make this choice again no matter what happened from here on.

Almost nothing was worth Aina in his eyes.

'Now that I know your secrets, do you think you can stop my steps?'

A grin spread across Leonel's face. He hadn't let the weight of the world stop him once before, so how could a measly tower others had already climbed stop him?

He stepped into the eighth floor, raising his bow, his eyes flashing with a glass-like light.

From the eighth floor to the twelfth, he didn't pause a single moment, his bowstring constantly vibrating.

The twang of his bowstring and the resonating cry of his bow echoed again and again, stacking atop of one another without pause or rest.

The youths on the outside could only watch as the Bow Pagoda slowly grew from the eighth floor, to the ninth... and then the tenth... and then the eleventh...

The pagoda trembled wildly, a resplendent pulsing light shooting up into the skies.

This was a scene that happened all too rarely, a scene that hadn't been seen in just over a decade, a scene that happened a rare few times every century.

But this time, it was very different... This time, it wasn't a member of the Bow Constellation Alliance, but rather... a member of the Morales family.

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Chapter 1686: Rippling Image

Leonel closed his eyes, basking in the familiar feedback loop from his brain to his eyes and back again.

The Eighth Floor had given him slowed vision. It was almost as though the frames by which he saw the world in were multiplied several times over and filtered through his brain one by one at such a fast pace that it gave the illusion that everything was actually slowing in his eyes.

The Ninth Floor gave him what he could only describe as space eyes. Rather than seeing things move in space, he could see space itself. The world became like multiple planes of space stacked on top of one another and he could follow the ripples within it. It felt like he was watching the cause and effect of the foundation of physics itself.

When observing the spatial planes, even the tiniest of movements couldn't escape him. Let alone watching muscle fibers, he could see the impact of what someone had done and the effect that would have on what they would do. He could see a person's strength simply by the virtue of the impact they had on the world around them and he could even experience the kinds of Force this person could put into action.

The Tenth Floor flattened everything, concentrating it all into a single plane. If the Sixth Floor allowed him to see in three-dimensions, the Tenth simplified it all, concentrating it into not two-dimensions, but just a single dimension.

This simplification allowed Leonel to process greatly complex images in a single glance. If he was mortal, optical illusions and tricks of the mind would have become useless against him. However, with his current strength, this meant that he could see through real illusions with a single glance. Nothing designed to trick his eyes could possibly work.

But this wasn't all. When the Spatial Eyes of the Ninth Floor and the Single Line Eyes of the Tenth were combined, Leonel could shrink space with his eyes.

What did this mean? It essentially meant that rather than being limited to seeing in a linear fashion, with the starting point being his eyes and the end point being a certain location in the distance, he could shrink space with his vision and choose a starting point that was much further ahead.

For example, the current limit of Leonel's vision was about 100 kilometers of crystal clear image. This was thanks to the First Floor's rewards and it was already excellent. But if he wanted to see something 101 kilometers away, it would be far too blurry to make out.

However, if he shrunk space with his vision, he could make the starting point 100 kilometers away from himself and see up to 200 kilometers away!

Of course, the weakness of this ability was that everything from 0 to 100 kilometers would become a blur as a tradeoff. But this ability could be greatly useful depending on the circumstances.

The Eleventh Floor, though, made these rewards seem minimal and fleeting...

Time Eyes.

The reward of the fourth floor allowed Leonel to see things not only in the three-dimensions clearly, but also gain insight into the fourth-dimension.

According to Earth's theory of relativity, there were four dimensions that dictated all things, three dimensions of space and one dimension of time. The faster one moved in relation to light through the three dimensions of space, the slower you would move through the fourth dimension of time in the eyes of others.

The Eleventh Floor's time eyes culminated all of the previous floor's eyes into one, allowing Leonel to use his vision to play with the laws of relativity and make the sights he was seeing relatively slower to himself.

What did this mean? Simply put, when his time eyes were activated, the movement of others would become far slower, increasing his ability to see through their methods, actions and react to them far faster.

Eventually, this all led to the Twelfth Floor...

Among all of the given abilities aside from the first floor's, this was probably the simplest. Simply put, it allowed Leonel to emit Force from his vision.

By this point, after everything the other floors had given, one might feel that this reward was far too lackluster to represent the pinnacle of this Lineage Factor. However, Leonel did not believe this at all. In fact, he felt that this reward was truly worthy of being the final reward.

If he was correct about how he could apply this, let alone his archery, all of his abilities would take a qualitative leap forward given time. The only unfortunate part was that he couldn't fuse these abilities into one and had to waste a lot of effort and stamina stacking them all at once to make them as effective as they could be.

The process finally came to a stop and Leonel exhaled, slowly opening his eyes.

'That should be it...' Leonel thought to himself, ready to leave.

However, before he could do so, he froze.

Before him, a rippling image began to form. As the image sharpened, so did his own pupils. When Leonel understood what he was seeing, his heart skipped a beat.

In the rippling image, a young man sat in silent meditation. He looked like a statue carved out of the finest gems, so beautiful that he didn't seem like a living being. Every part of him was perfect. Not a single strand of hair was out of place, there wasn't a single blemish to be found on his skin, not a single wrinkle to be found in his clothing.

Seemingly sensing that he was being observed, the young man slowly opened his eyes, looking forward toward what seemed like empty space until he locked eyes with Leonel.

Leonel didn't need to think to know what had happened. This young man's vision had crossed countless light years, using the tenth floor's space shrinking ability to land directly on him.

Despite this, Leonel calmly looked through the ripples, knowing that he couldn't accomplish what the young man had. However, this time, he wasn't focused on the young man's looks. Instead, he was looking at the ring on his finger.

Even without ever having seen this ring before, he could still recognize it at a glance.

The Bow Domain Ring was with a genius of the Spirituals.

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Chapter 1687: Sunken Eyes

Leonel met the Spiritual's gaze silently for a long while.

The distance was simply too far away, he couldn't tell anything about the latter's strength or power, but his intuition told him everything he needed to know. This young Spiritual was powerful, probably far more powerful than anything the current Leonel could properly fathom.

Leonel sent another gaze toward the ring on the Spiritual's finger before waving a hand, allowing the image to vanish. At the same time, he felt the gaze of the Spiritual also vanish.

Before this, Leonel wasn't very obsessed with the Bow Domain Ring. The greatest use the Spear Domain Ring had to him was providing weapons and teaching him the way of the spear. But currently, he felt that his own bow was already good enough and would be for a long while. As for teaching him the way of the bow, he was too confident in his own abilities to care much about it. After all, he could form Seventh Dimensional Bow Force whenever he wanted.

But this experience piqued his curiosity. He was very much interested in getting his hands on that ring now. Unfortunately, it seemed that it would take quite some time and effort to reach that point. There wasn't much he could do about it.

For now, though, he was content. The pieces of the Bow Domain Lineage Factor were very useful to him, it almost made him consider the Spear Domain Lineage Factor to be quite useless. Truthfully though, the Bow Domain Lineage Factor just matched better with him.

The Spear Domain Lineage Factor did help Leonel a bit. It gave him a stronger and more robust body. It also allowed his Spear Force to be a measure stronger than if he didn't have it. After all, there was a reason his Spear Force was gold instead of the normal colorless to white Spear Force others had.

However, compared to the synergy he had with the Bow Domain Lineage Factor, it was akin to night and day.

In the hands of someone else, the Bow Domain Lineage Factor would be quite lackluster. Ultimately, it just helped you see further, see more, and witness fast events at a slower rate. If you lacked the ability to process these things and react fast enough, what use was it? In fact, to most people, the Bow Domain Lineage Factor was just a somewhat weaker and more limited form of Internal Sight.

Only when it was in the hands of someone like Leonel or an extremely talented archer would it display its true strength.

Still, Leonel slotted this matter in the back of his mind. He wanted to see if there was anything he had missed with his Spear Domain Lineage Factor.

If Leonel was correct, while the Bow Domain Lineage Factor relied on the eyes to display its strength, the true strength of Spear Domain Lineage Factor was found in two words...

Controlled Range.

It was only upon understanding these two words so long ago that Leonel's Spear Force was able to break through its shackles, and it was also because of these two words that his Absolute Spear Domain formed as a layer of protection for him in battle.

The key to the bow was in its effective range, but the key to the spear was in dominating a sphere of influence on a battlefield.

'Interesting... Maybe if I enter the Spear Pagoda it'll be more obvious. The Bow Domain Lineage Factor is so clear to me now precisely because I understand the bits and pieces that form its foundation, but I was immediately given the Spear Domain Lineage Factor... I'll consider it.'

Leonel stepped outside of the Bow Pagoda, feeling the brightness of the artificial sun on his skin. Standing there, the glassy look hidden deep within his irises sparkled like a white crystal, radiating a rainbow of colors.

With a thought, Leonel's vision adjusted and his focus returned, finding an enormous crowd of individuals standing before him. Among them, there was a familiar trio in Mallael, Craes and Kysen.

Those around them had respectful expressions. Clearly, they were among the few who were just beneath those right under the Cataclysm Generation. This was apparently enough for them to garner a ton of respect although they could hardly make it to the fourth floor.

Of course, this wasn't necessarily true. Because of Leonel, the target of the Bow Pagoda changed and the difficulty increased to coincide with the minimum requirements for distribution of the Lineage Factor. As such, they suffered defeat far earlier than they usually did.

Unfortunately, that truth did nothing to help them feel better.

Leonel directly ignored them and scanned the crowd until he found Aina who was seemingly enjoying the show. He could only shake his head, he definitely had to teach this beauty a lesson later. Where was her sense of protection for her future husband?

Leonel's took a step and flickered and vanished, catching the crowd off guard. They had originally wanted to see how he dared to walk out of here, but when they caught sight of him again, he had already flashed by them all, appearing by Aina's side.

"Come on, there's nothing fun here anymore."

Aina smiled and shook her head. How was leaving here going to be so easy?

At that moment, a looming aura appeared to Leonel's back. He was a very skinny man, but he was still over a head taller than even Leonel.

Across his chest there was a bow that was maybe the longest Leonel had ever seen, standing at least three and a half meters from tip to tip across its curve.

The young man was pale but there was a deep darkness around his eye sockets, almost to the point it looked as though he had drawn around his eyes with a dark black marker.

These sunken eyes of his, though, were incredibly sharp, sharp to the point that most shuddered just looking into them.

This young man was one they all knew quite well, Erlan Tarius, the younger brother of Nazag.

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Chapter 1688: Return It

Leonel turned around and looked up to find Erlan looking down at him. The height difference was striking despite the fact the latter looked as though he just might be blown over by a strong gust of wind any time now.

"Need something?" Leonel asked with a smile.

"The White Lion Bow, return it."

Erlan's voice was quite soft, and despite the words he spoke, he even sounded quite shy. He sounded decades younger than he really was, almost like a prepubescent boy. But by a different token, his voice wasn't particularly high pitched either. It was just a very odd feeling to give off for someone who was so tall.

Leonel's smile, though, didn't fade when he heard this.

"Even if I placed the bow right here, would you even be able to pick it up? Don't you think it would be embarrassing if I planted the bow right in the middle of your Archery Faction and see how long it stayed in place?"

Hearing Leonel's words, fury danced in the eyes of the spectators. Leonel was smiling, but whether it was his words or the intentions behind them, both were incredibly vicious.

If Leonel left the White Lion Bow here as he was asked and none were able to gain its acknowledgment, how embarrassing would that be for their Faction as a whole? They had already been lagging behind the Spear and Sword Factions for centuries and were only just starting to slowly catch up thanks to the existence of Nazag and the other Tarius family geniuses. But if this happened now, how hard of a blow would it be?

"This isn't something you need to worry about," Erlan responded. "Return the bow."

Leonel continued to smile as he opened his mouth.

"Piss off."

The spectators shuddered. It was hard to believe that someone could say such a thing with a smile on their face, he didn't even seem to be particularly angry and he also didn't seem to take Erlan very seriously at all despite the latter's Tier 8 strength.

At that moment, Erlan's expression darkened, though it was difficult to tell considering how black the bags under his eyes already were.

"Are you sure that's your answer?"

"Are you sure that it was smart to get this close to a spearman when your main weapon is that bow?" Leonel replied with the very same smile.

Erlan's pupils constricted but Leonel's fingers had already pierced outward. He could do nothing as watched those fingers touch chest, a violent pressure swirling around them.

BANG!

A hole was ripped through Erlan's chest, through his ribs, ravaging his lungs and shattering his shoulder blade on the way out. The residual pressure was so strong that he shot backward even faster than he had come, sheering past the crowd and landing against the Bow Pagoda in the distance with a blood curdling crack.

The Bow Pagoda didn't so much as tremble, leaving Erlan's body to take the full brunt of the blow.

"20 years ago, one of you threatened me with declaring war on the Morales family if they found out that I claimed the White Lion Bow through inscrutable methods. But 20 years later, after you were unable to prove this, you just settled for asking for it back just because? Aren't you embarrassed?"

"I don't actually know much about the White Lion Bow or its history. What I do know is that it's a present from someone I care quite a bit about and that's reason enough for me to not return it to you.

"What I can say, though, is that even if I didn't have this reason, I still wouldn't return it."

Leonel flipped over his palm to reveal a gorgeous bow dancing with white-gold lights that bathed the surroundings in both a holy and oppressive aura.

"You want a bow this beautiful to rot for all eternity in a glass case? How ridiculous."

Aina watched Leonel's back and couldn't help but smile.

Usually, Leonel would care to speak so many words. The root of it was that he had always disdained to explain himself, and talking too much to enemies was just an extension of that. Even when someone infuriated him, he would just prefer to pummel them into the ground.

Now, though, he seemed to be quite talkative and she found it funny, mostly because when he spoke, he was really too good at pissing people off. How difficult was it to win an argument against someone who thought hundreds of times faster than you?

At that moment, though, a suffocating aura flashed over from the distance. In fact, there wasn't just one, there were two of them, each with presences that far surpassed the Sixth Dimension.

Leonel's gaze narrowed as he looked up, quickly finding two characters landing atop a building adjacent to the public square.

This wasn't too surprising. If Leonel's uncle and aunt oversaw the Spear Faction, then how could the Archery Faction not also have its own Seventh Dimensional powerhouses? The real question, though, was what were they doing here? Did they want to interfere as well?

"Fighting in the Archery Faction is prohibited. All violators will be expelled and suspended from entry for 10 years. Please leave."

Leonel raised an eyebrow, watching the two for a moment before smiling and nodding. Without another word, he took Aina's hand and turned to leave. He had already gotten everything he needed out of the Archery Faction anyway. Although it was a bit unfortunate that he didn't get to learn any specific techniques, any techniques here could also be found in the Void Library with some added effort.

The Bow Deity Faction could only grit their teeth as they watched Leonel leave. They wanted to wipe the smirk off his face with every fiber of their being, but taking Erlan as an example, it didn't seem that this would be a possibility for them.

Their fury bubbled up inside them, causing the atmosphere to be greatly stifling, but in the end, no one did a single thing. It felt that the only hope was to wait for the decision of their leader, Nazag.

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Chapter 1689: Hair

The two Seventh Dimensional overseers stood with their hands clasped behind their backs as Leonel left, but hidden flicker danced within their eyes

as they did so. It was clear that they weren't happy with this result either, but there was little to nothing that they could do about it. Attacking with their strength was another taboo of the Void Palace, they simply couldn't do it.

The both of them were also members of the Bow Constellation Alliance. One of them went by Abelion and the other went by Sankas. Although neither of them was a member of the Tarius family, they still held quite a bit of strength in their own right.

Years ago, they could only watch the White Lion Bow be taken away by that woman. And now, her son had come by, seemingly to rub it in their faces. Suspending him for 10 years was about all that they could do, but Leonel didn't seem to care about it at all.

"Should we have really let him go like that?" Abelion asked.

"And what were our other choices, exactly?"

"This is already the second time you've given me that answer and it's just as frustrating as the first time."

"It is what it is. When someone climbs to the 12th floor, they're allowed to try their chances at claiming the White Lion Bow. Before, his mother had done it for him, and we could have used that as a pretext to take it away from him... if not for the fact that he seemed to be capable of using the bow just fine.

"Some thought that it was because his father used some nefarious means, but we have no way of proving that, or at the very least, there's no obvious method of doing so. And now that he's legitimately climbed to the 12th floor on his own, there's even less that we can do about it."

The two fell into silence, their teeth silently clenched as their expressions remained unmoved.

"The White Lion Bow is the last beacon we have of the Alliance's former glory. Allowing it to fall into the hands of an outsider like this is a disgrace."

These were the last words the two said on the topic, there was simply nothing else to be said.

The White Lion Bow's history wasn't as complex as some thought. In fact, it was so simple that it could be summarized in a single line...

It was the only bow the Alliance had from the Bow Domain Ring and the only one among them that they managed to keep.

This bow was the last weapon used by the last human owner of the Bow Domain Ring, but since then, it has been unusable by those who came next, unwilling to acknowledge anyone. It represented a historic slight, a stain on their lineage, and a slap to their faces. At the same time, it was a reminder that they still had a mission to avenge this disgrace.

And yet, now, this symbol of their pride was taken away by not just anyone, but a member of the Morales family. To say that this was a humiliation was an understatement.

...

"You're getting addicted to causing trouble," Aina teased.

Leonel laughed. This time, it really wasn't his fault. All he did was climb the tower, then some panda-eyed bastard asked him to return something his mother gave to him as a present. What was he supposed to do exactly? Give it back obediently?

He knew that there was probably some special significance to this bow in his hand, but that wasn't enough for him to change his mind about it. Plus, the so-called "nefarious" means they kept accusing him of using was all nonsense.

They all assumed that his father had done something considering his skill in Crafting, forcing the bow to submit to him. If this happened, it would be an even worse humiliation than an outsider claiming the bow and it wasn't something that they could accept, even to the point of being willing to declare war.

However, there was no evidence of such a thing happening. In fact, Leonel himself knew that his father had never even seen him use the bow before. And by now, if the bow had been tampered with, although Leonel could say that he had caught up to his father in Crafting, he could at least say with confidence that he would know if a bow he was using had been tampered with.

"I'm not going around looking for trouble, but I think I've stopped caring even if it comes for me."

"Then what now?"

"Of course we should go see auntie. I was accused of using facilities for free, wouldn't it be an injustice if I didn't take more advantage of this good deal?"

Aina shook her head and rolled her eyes. This man was really becoming a villain.

Leonel laughed and scooped up Aina's small waist, vanishing in a flicker. With his speed, it was barely a few minutes before he made it to the Spear Faction's territory.

The Spear Faction had been in a poor situation when Leonel was last here, but from what he could see now, they had already recovered and then some. But this made sense. While the Spear Faction had lost the Stalwart Polearm Party after it was demoted to a Faction, it still had his six cousins.

Plus, this information of Leonel's was quite outdated. The Stalwart Polearm Party had already been recovered under the hands of First Nova. The Spear Faction was already flourishing with a great air.

Just as Leonel was about to step into the faction, though, a booming crashing sound came from right before him.

BANG!

A familiar woman that looked as though she had just stepped out of a vat of oil landed heavily before Leonel. She was none other than Ness, Montez's wife and Leonel's aunt.

Leonel smiled and went to greet her, but in return, he gained finger pinch to the earlobe.

"36 500 000 Void Points! 365 Void Merits! Where's my payment?!"

Leonel blinked, feeling a pain spike through his ear and body. Where was the hello? How've you been? How about an "oh, you managed to survive, that's great! I was worried about you!". Where was the justice?

"About that—Uncle Montez!" Leonel's eyes lit up. "Help me!"

Ness' head snapped in the direction Leonel had looked in.

"Where—!"

Leonel slipped away, activating his Starry Light Domain, grabbing Aina, and vanishing in the blink of an eye.

Ness was caught off guard before she grinned wildly.

"You think you've grown a pair of balls, huh? Is your sack hairy enough to run from your aunt now?!"

Leonel nearly snapped out of his light state when he heard this, coughing hard. Why were her words so vulgar?"

"You think I can't catch you?!"

Ness, though, was caught off guard again, suddenly realizing that Leonel wasn't running away from the Spear Faction, but was rather running into it. Before she could react, he had appeared by the Spear Pagoda and dove inside, leaving Aina outside.

By the time Ness pivoted and caught up, she only found Aina standing with a sheepish smile, coughing lightly. Inwardly, though, Aina was cursing Leonel. This was definitely payback for her laughing at his misfortune before.

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Chapter 1690: First Floor?

Leonel laughed to himself from within the pagoda, a bright smile on his face. He wasn't too worried about Aina, since Ness was his aunt, the likelihood that she would truly do something to her was very low, not to mention the binding rules of the Void Palace even if she wasn't. As for his reputation, he simply couldn't be bothered to care. Since he was a rich silkpants, he would be a rich silkpants.

There would eventually come a day where no one could be bothered to care about what happened here because his achievements would be far beyond their imagination.

After he finished chuckling, Leonel looked around with a curious eye.

This time, he had entered the pagoda alone, skipping over a few people who had been about to enter. Though he felt a bit bad about that, it couldn't be helped. If he didn't rush in, then he would be caught. Plus, if the Bow Pagoda was anything to go by, they could enter along with him even if he went in first.

The surroundings, however, were different from the Bow Pagoda. Rather than standing on a platform in the depths of space, Leonel stood on a large plain that looked like an endless dirt path. The land was dry and smooth, filled with a greyish brown color.

What was interesting, though, was that up above, there was once again an endless depth of space. It made it feel like the expanse of existence was peering down upon him, waiting to watch his performance.

Leonel blinked, looking around for a moment until he suddenly felt the ground began to rumble.

With a thought, Leonel's Chain Spear appeared in his hand. However, rather than rattling like it usually did, it was surprisingly calm, eerily so, in fact. But even so, the rumbling of the ground only increased as he gripped his spear.

Leonel looked down at his spear, finding it to be decidedly lifeless. It was completely unlike what he had experienced from its presence before. Even back when he had yet to learn about the Life Grade, he still felt more personality from his spear than he did now.

'Is this on purpose? It sucked all the spirituality out of my spear.'

Ignoring the rumbling ground for a moment, Leonel flipped his palm and went through a series of spears, only to find that the feeling was exactly the same.

Soon, he realized that the problem extended further than just his spears as well, even his Spear Force seemed more tame and languid as though it was struggling against falling into a deep sleep. This astonished Leonel all the more.

Leonel's eyes suddenly sharpened. He had wanted to experiment more, but at that moment, over the dusty horizon, the source of the rumbling ground was quickly coming into view.

Horse hooves slammed against the ground, chariots rocked and swayed, their wheels spinning so fast that it seemed as though they might fall off at any

time, and a valiant general stood atop a moving tower in the center of it all at the very peak.

Despite a distance of easily three kilometers separating them even now, Leonel felt as though the general was looking right into his soul. Let alone three kilometers, it felt more like they were standing nose to nose, their eyes mere inches apart.

A dust cloud rose into the air, a stifling, blood thirsty aura blanketing the skies to the point the depths of space and stars above almost turned a crimson red.

Leonel stood in silence, his narrowed eyes relaxing and his expression becoming a dull cold. He could feel that everything was sealed away. The only strength remaining in his body was his Spear Force, but even that seemed to be quite weak. And now, he was facing an army made up entirely of Tier 1 existences.

Was this really just the first floor trial? Or was it that things worked differently here? How was he supposed to defeat ten thousand experts without his full range of abilities? Especially since they were a well trained army?

Leonel's heart thumped in his chest, pushing against his ribcage and sending surges of blood through his limbs. Even before the army entered a kilometer range of him, his skin was flushed with a warm color, his gaze flickering with a deep battle intent.

Whatever this trial was, it was designed to bring out the full potential of his Spear Domain Lineage Factor. In that case, he might as well go all out and see what he could learn relying solely on it. As for whether this was just the first floor or not, it seemed that only time would tell him that.

With a step Leonel began to walk forward slowly, his hair fluttering in the wind and his posture straight and unbothered. It didn't seem as though he sensed the danger coming toward him at all as he kept his head high.

A light smile spread across his lips as the ground continued to rumble.

500 meters... 400 meters... 300 meters... 200 meters... 100 meters... 50 meters...

Leonel took a breath, the scent of blood and carnage filling the air. For a moment, he had a fleeting thought... could he die in these trials? This felt like his real body, after all.

However, thinking to this point, he just grinned. For him to die, wouldn't they have to take him down first?

His blood rushed straight to his head and a crimson glow lit his eyes. Seemingly taken by the bloodthirstiness of the battlefield, his heart threatened to beat right out of his chest.

And then, he took a strong step forward.

BANG!

A cyclone of Spear Force erupted around Leonel, crashing into the first line of the vanguard and shredding them into pieces.

His palm opened and he reclaimed his chain spear, thrusting it forward with an undeniable momentum and skewering the chest of a stampeding horse before pulling upward and splitting its neck and head in two.

He closed his eyes, basking in the slaughter.

'Show me what you can do...'