

Descent 1051

Chapter 1051 One Word

Leonel had expected something good the moment he saw the size of the hidden space within, but he had most definitely not expected anything so good.

It was one thing if this ring carried all the secret techniques of the Radix family. Though this would be interesting and a decent reference for Leonel, especially as he moved toward maybe one day soon starting on his second Divine Armor, it wouldn't be to the point that Leonel would react like this.

Even though Leonel managed to take control of Rotsan's Bronze Force with the help of the Silver Tablet, it had to be understood that this didn't change the fact that Bronze Force was ultimately something Leonel could not use.

The Radix were able to use Bronze Force as an extension of themselves to make their Radix Cubes a part of their very being, almost like gaining another complex limb. However, because Leonel couldn't produce Bronze Force himself since he didn't share their Lineage Factor, he would never be able to replicate this feat. Without the ability to produce Bronze Force, Leonel wouldn't be able to make the metals his own.

Even if Leonel stole from the Radix and formed more Bronze Crystals like these, he would end up making objects that could act as extensions of others rather than him. Say for example he used Libli's Bronze Force, whatever object he changed would ultimately be hers to control.

This was all to say that though Leonel was intrigued by the Radix family's Crafting skill, it wasn't to the point that it would be life changing to him. Ultimately, it was highly unlikely that any Sixth Dimensional family would be able to match up to the knowledge the Morales family could provide, especially when it was remembered that the branch of the Force Crafter's Guild itself viewed the Morales as a rival.

So why was Leonel so excited? It could be summed up in one word: Secrets!

Leonel had never expected that Rotsan was such an important individual. The information he held within his eye went beyond the scope of the Radix family but even touched on secrets of not only the Midas, but even their enemy and potential enemy families.

This meant that not only did this library have the resulting espionage on the Midas family, but it also had in depth information on the Umbra, Rain and especially the Florer family. Even beyond that, there was a dense breakdown of the Milky Way and a half a dozen other galaxies in the general vicinity.

Leonel could have never thought that such a thing would fall into his lap.

What Leonel didn't know was that Rotsan was a contingency plan of the Radix family. This store of information was actually a copy of the main source. In case anything happened to one, there would always be the other. This was why Rotsan set things up to so confidently destroy all of this valuable information.

But in the end, how could the Radix ever prepare for a day where their Radix Shield would run into the wielder of a Metal Spirit whose combat prowess was low enough in relation to him to warrant such a sneaky use of the Natural Treasure?

The irony of it all was that if Leonel was powerful enough to crush Rotsan without such underhanded means, Rotsan's plan would have gone smoothly and this information would have never landed in Leonel's hands.

'It seems my luck isn't too bad...' Leonel grinned.

This information was what he lacked the most, it was also one of the reasons he didn't dare to make large moves in the Milky Way. Well, that and the fact his foundation was sorely lacking. He hadn't even convinced the Oryx to be on his side yet.

But now, things were different. For the first time, Leonel was actually thankful that someone had tried to kill him.

Leonel began to pour over the information instantly, his Internal Sight working at a near unconscious speed. Compared to what he was going to do at his destination, every bit of this information was far more important. Even if it took a month to go over it all, he would still have to do it.

Though, Leonel was confident he didn't need so long. Judging by his pace, he would need three days at most to go over information it took the Radix centuries to gather. And, that was only because the Radix stored their information in a language Leonel wasn't used to.

Leonel blazed through the information one after another. He was immediately intrigued to find that the waters in the Milky Way were much deeper than he thought and the center of the storm was most definitely the Milky Way Guild and its Seated Council.

According to this information, the Radix and the others had been slowly infiltrating the Milky Way Guild for decades already, slowly pushing their pawns into positions of power on the Guild's governmental body.

'Just one wife... A seemingly ordinary lady... Only two 'legitimate' children and one of them is Heira...'

Leonel's gaze narrowed. This Guild Head Ovilteen was definitely a difficult character to read. And Heira was maybe even more intriguing.

How had Heira, the only legitimate daughter of the most powerful man in the Milky Way, end up the fiancée of a man from a Fourth Dimensional world? The answer was obvious: Earth. From the very beginning, that had been the target.

But it seemed that Augustus had nothing to do with Heira's actions, so did that mean that father and daughter were working separately toward the same goal? A way to throw off the scent of those who were gnawing at their family wealth? Or was it that father and daughter had the same goal, but were rather competing against one another?

Right then, a violent spark of lightning tore a path through Leonel's Dreamscape.

'Heira Ovilteen.'

'Age: 4x'

'Ability Index: Soul Manipulation.'

Leonel's gaze sharpened, his aura fluctuating wildly.

"She's alive."

Chapter 1052 Themselves

Leonel sat in silence for a long while before he relaxed slowly.

'Well played.'

A small smile crept up on Leonel's lips. Truthfully, he wasn't sure exactly how valuable this piece of information was just yet, but he knew that it at least held a small bit of weight to it. At the very least, it was better than going around without realizing that there was likely a guillotine hanging over his neck.

'There's a... 78% chance that the woman directing Elthor and the others is her. It seems unlikely that there'd be anyone else with the resources and the forethought...'

As Leonel continued to read about the powers of the Milky Way and cross referenced them with the information Elthor had told him about this mysterious woman, the percentage ticked upward until it sat nearly at 100% by the end of the Radix family's reading material.

Leonel stopped reading for a moment and he almost laughed. There was a saying on Earth said the world was small, but could you really say the same thing about an entire galaxy?

The Oryx had become one of Heira's most important trump cards but those hired guns were actually Leonel's own men. Even if right now it wasn't certain that they'd follow him, Leonel only needed to make a single sacrifice to ensure that this 50/50 chance would become a 100% chance of ruining Heira's plot. It was simple as resurrecting Elthor's father.

Although Leonel couldn't guarantee that the Oryx King would follow him, what he could guarantee was that he'd be able to take over the Oryx from Heira's hand. In addition, Leonel had already seen that man's character and his willingness to sacrifice, there was no way he would refuse to do Leonel, the man who gave both him and his son another chance at life, a favor.

Leonel delicately formed Dreamscape after Dreamscape, building a complex web of interconnected information by the time the third day came to an end. When he was finished, he was certain that he knew more about the situation in the surrounding nine or so galaxies than any individual in the Radix family did.

'I see, so things are like this.'

Leonel finally felt that he had gained a small grasp of the Dimensional Verse.

The section of the Universe he was in right now was dominated by humans. The Radix didn't know much about the strongest families, but they knew enough to understand that the most powerful existences here were of the Seventh Dimension, which made sense since information about the Eighth was practically folk tale, if it existed at all.

The 'section' was known as Domain and was known by races outside of it as the Human Domain or Humanity's Domain. Though there were other races sprinkled about this Domain, like the Oryx or the Demons of Avalon, for example, over 99% of the population was human.

This made Leonel wonder what other Domains might exist, but the Radix family's scope was far too small to have this information as it seemed that Domains usually kept to themselves.

A Domain was broken into Sectors, Sectors were broken into Galaxies, and Galaxies were broken into Quadrants which further fell into Solar Systems and ultimately planets. Folds of Reality were outside these common groupings because they tended to vary wildly in size. As for a Sector, it could encompass anywhere from 10 to 20 Galaxies, sometimes more depending on several factors.

This Sector, denoted by a string of numbers and letters by the Radix, was ruled by three powerful existences. Though, 'ruled' wasn't an appropriate term. It was more accurate to say that these three could move unopposed, but they didn't usually have a reason to pick on weaker powers.

Surprisingly... One of these three powerful existences was exactly the Luxnix family. As powerful as Leonel's Morales family background was, in this Sector of the universe, it would ironically be more beneficial to him to identify as a Luxnix than a Morales. The Dimensional Verse was simply too large to expect weaker powers to immediately recognize the hallmark of extraordinary Lineage Factors. It wasn't even certain if many would understand the Snowy Star Owl when they saw it.

'I'm finally not too ignorant about how these things work anymore... only took... almost five years.'

Leonel laughed to himself and shook his head.

Still, what was maybe the most fascinating about all of this wasn't the Dimensional Verse's structure, it wasn't the information on the Umbra or the Rain, and it wasn't even the fact that Heira was most likely still alive.

No, the most fascinating was the history between the Florer family and Radix family, not to mention the reason the Radix and Midas family seemed to be such a solid alliance.

According to their history, this all began over a Zone. Not just any normal Zone, but a Variant Zone. In fact, that alone wasn't enough to paint the picture. Because the truly shocking realization was that it was a Variant Zone not for one of the three families... But rather a Variant Zone apparently related to the Silver Empire!

If Aina had been there to see Leonel connect such dots, she would have been shocked as well. The Silver Empire? Wasn't that the fallen Empire whose Zone Aina had entered just a few months ago? In fact, it was because of that Zone in specific that Aina caught the eye of Rychard's subordinate.

Of course, Leonel had no idea about this, he only found the root cause of this turmoil to be fascinating. This could be considered to be a top secret of the Radix family. There was no doubt if more powerful existences knew that the Variant Zone of the Silver Empire fell into the hands of three comparatively fodder families rather than the former ruler of this and multiple other Sectors... It was impossible to tell how they would react.

However, maybe the greatest irony of it all was that this was the fault of no one else but the Silver Empire themselves.

Chapter 1053 Little Use

The Silver Empire was indeed to blame for this. Because they manipulated their Zones so that others couldn't learn their secrets, their Variant Zone appeared in an obscure part of their Empire rather than an easily accessible location. As a result, a Zone that might have turned their fortune around fell into the hands of three small families who were still fighting over it to this day.

According to the history, the ultimate treasure of the Variant Zone wasn't claimed by any one of the families. Instead, it ended up split, with the Radix and Midas claiming one half while the Florer family gained the other.

Due to the treasure being split, neither group could gain the full and true benefits and the result was what they saw today. Neither family was able to rise up to the level of the Silver Empire, but they weren't necessarily weak either. In terms of the power scaling of this Sector, they could be considered to be in the dead center, maybe a tick above.

The three families were definitely a restraining force on one another. If not for this, they would likely only be second to the Luxnix family and its two counterparts. But, it was because they knew this that their greed for the entire inheritance was so fierce, resulting in all three parties suffering.

As for why the Midas and Radix families came together? It was because they shared a half. Only by being together could they resist the Florer family. That also likely meant that the most powerful existences Leonel might have to face in this coming war were the Florer.

Leonel's expression went cold as he recalled the practices of the Florer family. These were most definitely individuals that had committed too many sins to be left alone.

Leonel took a deep breath and calmed himself. 'I've wasted enough time, I have to hurry or else all of this information will be meaningless.'

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"Over there. The process for entering the Eight Eye Branch will take about a day and you will need to—"

Leonel placed down his badge, causing the words of the individual before him to get caught in their throat. The older gentleman didn't know what to say for a long time, his gaze slowly arching up to meet Leonel's own.

Realizing his folly, the old man shook his head.

"Ah, esteemed Crafter. Forgive me for my rudeness. Please be on your way."

A cold sweat covered the old man's forehead. He knew that Crafters tended to have terrible tempers, and one as young as this was even more likely to fall into such a category. Even though it wasn't an exact science to tell someone's age after the Fourth Dimension, the fact Leonel could still look so young and yet be a Bronze Crafter was impressive enough. Even the most talented Force Crafters this old man had ever seen were at least deep into their middle ages.

However, Leonel just smiled, catching the old man off guard. He didn't even recover until Leonel had long since stepped into the teleportation platform and vanished.

'This... Did he just smile at me...?'

That only meant one of two things, either he met a rare, nice person, or he'd come home tonight to find his family nailed to stakes and decapitated. The old man suddenly felt the urge to run.

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"Where is he? Who's here?!"

Another old man with messy white hair rushed into a room as though his ass was on fire. No... His ass really was on fire. Somehow, no one had stopped him on his way here to point out that the back of his robes were quickly burning.

"Iselan! You're on fire!"

The middle-aged woman who had a cold sweat on her forehead identical to the receptionist from earlier flew into a panic. It was only then that the old man realized that he was indeed on fire. In fact, another few inches and his undies would be out for the world to admire.

Iselan waved a hand and the fire shot into his palm.

"What are you shouting about? Where's the Sixth Dimensional Ore!?"

The middle-aged woman was speechless. Wasn't it you who shouted first? And weren't you still shouting now?

Leonel chuckled at this scene but didn't seem to mind. He had thought of using the Sixth Dimensional Ore in his creations, but he felt that using it like this was actually far better.

The Eight Eye Branch was the largest and most powerful of the Force Crafting Guild Branches in the Milky Way, information Leonel had thankfully learned from the Radix. Their reserves of riches made the Golden Path Branch look like beggars and their influence was far greater. They were almost like a mini-main branch of this Galaxy and actually had Tier 8 and 9 Bronze Crafters.

Of course, Leonel knew that this was actually a recent change.

Not too long ago, the strongest Crafters in the Milky Way were just Tier 3 or 4 at best. But, a slight shift began to occur as the Main Force Crafting Branch began to send over stronger experts bit by bit. Obviously, this was all for the sake of taking part in Earth's Fold of Reality.

The waters of the Milky Way were far deeper than Leonel had ever known. It really put into perspective how naïve he was thinking that he could take it over in a few years.

This aside, this made the Eight Eye Branch perfect for Leonel to target. So long as they made such a transaction with him, they would be biased toward Leonel to an extreme. Not only would this give Leonel a large amount of funds, but it would make perfect use of the backdoor the Golden Path Branch had paved for him.

With Leonel befriending the Eight Eye Branch with his Ores and Crafts, it would make it almost impossible for Shield Cross Stars to continue to target him freely and would give him some added freedom.

Leonel smiled and respectfully greeted Iselan.

"Elder Iselan, I was indeed lucky enough to stumble upon a small ore of Sixth Dimensional metals. They're of little use to me now so I wanted to sell them to your Branch."

Chapter 1054 Spells...

"Yes, yes, yes. Excellent. Bring it out, I need to see it now. I mean, I'd like to see it."

Iselan was truly too excited. He reacted almost like a child on Christmas day.

It wasn't that he had never seen a Sixth Dimensional metal before. It was rather that he had never seen one that he would have the liberty of using and experimenting with. However, when he saw the metal Leonel brought out, he almost directly fainted from happiness.

"Is this... Is this... Refined? No, it's not just refined, it's perfectly refined..."

Iselan's hands trembled.

He had expected to be given a Sixth Dimensional Ore rife with impurities. Usually, the higher the Dimension, the more difficult it was to deal with such things. Iselan was already prepared to lose at least half the Ore's value due to his inadequate skill. However, this Ore was actually perfectly refined...

The Refinement of Ores worked just like it did for Forces, not in practice but at least in theory. That was to say that Ores became more powerful the purer their refined result was. In addition, the purer the resulting metal, the more powerful the subsequent Craft would be as well.

Most only had a single Refinement Technique they poured their heart and soul into for all their lives. However, Leonel had dozens at his finger tips and he usually decided which to use depending on the metal he was working with. It could be said that this first step of Crafting was among the absolute most important.

That said, it had to be remembered that this Ore was already partially refined by Rotsan, though not perfectly. Leonel had only re-refined it after breaking it down into its individual parts and separating them out.

Ultimately, Rotsan had had 10 kilograms of Sixth Dimensional metals in his body, of which there was just one kind. This metal was an Foundation Type Ore like Urbe Ore, except rather than solidifying foundation like Urbe Ore did, it instead increased explosive and penetrative power. It was exactly this Ore that allowed Rotsan to take his Bronze Crafts and make them no less lethal than many Silver Crafts.

While it might sound odd that Rotsan only had a single type of this Ore, it made perfect sense. After all, Rotsan was ultimately in the Fifth Dimension. Even if his knowledge extended into the limits of Silver Crafting, there was a limit to what his Bronze Force would accomplish since it was in the Fifth Dimension.

Rotsan focusing on a single, optimal Ore that could guarantee him a huge boost in strength was definitely the smartest decision. And, it was a decision that also benefited Leonel greatly.

This Ore was known as Shearing Ore. It was incredibly stable, stable enough for Rotsan to trust it within his own body, and it also only needed small quantities to qualitatively change the strength of even lower Dimensional Ores.

For a Bronze Crafter like Iselan who didn't yet have the skill to form Silver Crafts, this Ore felt like the most valuable thing he had ever seen in his life. It represented not just research potential, but also a windfall of funds to help him reach the next level.

The problem with Silver Crafts is that those from lower Dimensions have problems using them properly. They often take too much skill or energy which is why people usually stick to their own Dimensions in many cases.

However, with this Shearing Ore, Iselan could make Fifth Dimensional constructions with the power of Sixth Dimensional ones. If he found the right buyer, likely a rich family wanting to pamper a weaker youth, the amount of money he could make would be enough to support him until he entered the legendary ranks of Silver Crafter!

Iselan was so excited that he wanted to kiss Leonel on the face.

"Your price! Name it! Name it!"

Leonel laughed beside himself. The childish eagerness of Iselan grew on him almost immediately. He had half expected for him to have to show off some of his own strength to ensure that he wasn't scammed or strong armed, but he had never expected the Head Crafter of this Guild to be so straight forward.

"I'm willing to exchange this five kilogram piece of Shearing Ore for ten billion contribution points. What do you say?"

Leonel had chosen to keep five kilograms for him and chose to give Iselan the other portion. However, he felt that this was more than enough to meet his needs.

"DEAL!"

"Iselan!"

The middle-aged woman who had initially met with Leonel, Aluniya, was shocked. Ten billion merit points wasn't enough to empty their treasure store, but it was damn near close to that.

"What are you screaming about, woman? Is ten billion merit points not worth five kilograms of a Sixth Dimensional perfectly purified metal?! This isn't an Ore!"

Iselan was usually fairly easy going, but having his expertise questioned wasn't something he was willing to tolerate. He was just a step from the Quasi Silver rankings, but that didn't mean he had gone blind by greed!

In, there was a reason he didn't even try to strong arm Leonel, and that was because he wasn't a fool. Such a young Bronze Crafter even holding such a perfectly purified metal... Wouldn't he be asking for death if he actually dared to slight such a young man? Even if he was beaten to death he wouldn't believe that there wasn't an absolute expert backing Leonel.

Plus, beyond that, the price was fair.

Usually, no matter the proposed exchange rate, no one would ever trade in a Sixth Dimensional metal for any number of Fifth Dimensional ones. But, Leonel's ask for merit points, knowing full well there weren't Sixth Dimensional Force Metal or Herbs here, was essentially doing exactly that.

If anything, he was the one taking advantage of Leonel right now. It felt like a godsend was brought straight to his door.

"But..."

Aluniya wasn't trying to question the dollar amount, the problem was that this transaction would stall the work of the Guild branch as a whole. And, if that happened, it might offend some of their more powerful backers... After all, those individuals in the shadows were why they had come to this backwater galaxy to begin with. This might spell trouble...

Chapter 1055 something Different

Iselan waved a hand. "Stop, you're overthinking things. How this branch functions is irrelevant to them for now. In fact, it will probably be irrelevant for several decades."

Iselan didn't say anything more since Leonel was right there. The only reason he had ever said so much was because he was getting annoyed and wanted to take this Shearing Ore away as quickly as possible so that he could start his research.

Of course, though Leonel knew more about such words than Iselan thought, he didn't show any particular reaction, simply handing the metal over to Iselan who all but squealed with joy. As for poor Aluniya, she was still worried but no longer dared to do anything.

Though Iselan had explained things away so simply, Aluniya knew that things weren't so easy. It would only take one curmudgeon to ruin everything and in the worst case, Iselan might even lose his position as Branch Head.

But, at this point, Leonel didn't particularly care about it all. He was only smiling as he saw the points jump within his Crafter's Badge. With a wave to Aluniya, he vanished, accelerating toward the store room with frightening speed.

By the time Aluniya realized something was wrong, she suddenly found herself all alone and speechless. Soon, she became a bit jealous of the both of them.

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The Eight Eye Branch's treasure store was far beyond what Leonel had seen in the Golden Path Branch. The storehouse alone was at least a kilometer long and about 200 meters wide. Though there was a large glass dome above that must have gone at least 50 meters upward, the shelves themselves weren't necessarily so tall.

Each row of shelves only had three racks. The lowest rack was at eye level and the spacers between the racks were at least two to three meters.

The organization of it all was immaculate and the storage was even better. The latter was the best Leonel had seen aside from his own snowglobes which could be considered near perfect. These storage devices weren't able to freeze Force Herbs and Ores in their optimal states, but they were all perfectly temperature controlled to provide the best environment for each.

'Ah... Being rich is nice...'

Just a single five kilogram piece of Ore had netted him all of this. If Leonel wanted, he really could mostly clear out this entire storeroom.

Not only did he had ten billion points, but things here were cheaper than they had been in the Golden Path Branch so his points went further. It was like Heaven for a Crafter.

Soon, Leonel calmed himself. What he needed was a systematic method of crushing his enemies. He couldn't get lost in the fascination of all of these Ores and forget the task at hand.

The first thing Leonel did was blanket the storehouse in his Internal Sight. In just a few breaths, he had a replica of the entire place in his mind and could even map out the ideal pathways for reaching anywhere in the most efficient way possible.

'Alright, good...

'The Umbra family. Great darkness affinity, the root of which is beast blood not much unlike the Luxnix family and the Snowy Star Owl. The root of their strength is the Shadow Tailed Fox and their strongest abilities are their concealment and unlike other assassin-like families, they have great power output through the use of their tails. Aside from this, they have an immunity to poison and very strong mental defenses.

'The Rain family. Great water affinity, known for their Rain Lineage Factor allowing them to gather small storm clouds above their heads and use the precipitation like needles. Their offensive output is lacking, but their area control abilities are frighteningly powerful, especially near high concentrations of Water Force.

'The Florer family...'

Leonel's Dreamscapes sparked and flashed, his mind spinning as he connected the Ores around him to Crafts he could make.

Despite the information that Leonel had, what was difficult to nail down was exactly how those families would react to him killing Rotsan. This meant that whatever Crafts Leonel formed to counter them had to be mobile and had to work in a variety of environments.

'... Got it.'

Leonel flashed and vanished.

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Hours later, Aluniya stood within the storehouse with a blank expression on her face. It was she who was responsible for organizing this storehouse so seeing the state of it now, she felt as though a little piece of her had floated away.

Of course, Leonel hadn't left a mess, but the room itself felt so empty now. Rows upon rows of open storage systems lay before her, leaving the aged Crafter at a loss for words.

Aluniya released a deep sigh and walked away.

She moved back toward the Guild House, making her way to Iselan's quarters and walking in without saying a word. The old man was hunched over his Crafter's Workbench, the back of his robes still mostly burnt.

"Do you know who that kid was?" Aluniya said.

"Hm? Why are you interrupting me?" Iselan replied, visibly annoyed.

"He was Leonel Morales."

"What does this mean to... Wait, what did you say?"

"Leonel Morales."

Iselan coughed awkwardly. "Tier 4 Fugitive, Leonel Morales?"

"Yes."

Iselan scratched his messy hair. "Well... I guess tell Shield Cross Stars that I change my mind. We can't help them."

Aluniya was speechless. Couldn't this be considered bribing? Where was his integrity?

...

Right this moment, Leonel who had left as quickly as possible just to avoid the possibility of being found out too early, was standing before the Silver Tablet.

Of course, Leonel expected Iselan's reaction. After all, by the time he left, it was already too late for the Eight Eye Branch to do anything. They were effectively stuck with him now, everything going just as planned.

That said, Leonel wasn't thinking about that right now. Instead, he had steeled himself and made a decision. He had been saving up his energy to resurrect someone else, but the circumstances called for something different.

Leonel stretched his hand forward. It was time to resurrect the Oryx King.

Chapter 1056 Oryx King

The first thing that hit Leonel was the stench. It billowed into his nose and made his mind go blank. It was the kind of smell that could make a person pass out completely. But, luckily, Leonel was ready for this and didn't back down.

The Oryx King's shadow slowly rose until he eventually towered over Leonel. When his gaze opened, an undisguised majesty swept forth, crashing against Leonel in waves. It was as though they were two polarized magnets set to the same path, repelling one another violently.

If Leonel had been ready for the first wave to hit him, he had most definitely not been prepared for this second. However, even while being caught unprepared, Leonel's feet remained rooted to the ground. He felt something subconscious within him that made him feel like a step back now would mean a permanent step back for life.

The Oryx King seemed to feel the same thing as he too didn't take a step back. Compared to his son, his reaction was much less confused, maybe due to the fact that he immediately entered a state of fight or flight because of Leonel's appearance.

'A human...? No, this boy...'

Right then, the Oryx King seemed to remember everything up until the very moment of his death.

The pours of the Oryx King closed, causing the pervading stench to recede and disperse in the air. He was used to dealing with humans so he was aware that his own smell was a bit much for them to handle. If he disliked the human, he wouldn't bother to show this empathy. But, clearly, he had a good impression of Leonel.

His head tilted down, his gaze landing on the Silver Tablet. A touch of a complicated emotion colored his irises at that moment, a sigh leaving him.

"So it really was this thing."

Leonel's gaze narrowed. He suddenly remembered that during his time in the Valiant Zone, Elthor had come to him to convince him to stop attacking the Human Kingdom or else they Oryx would be forced to pincer him from the back.

Back then, Leonel had realized that the Oryx Kingdom obviously feared the Humans for some hidden reason, and it wasn't until after he learned of the Silver Tablet's existence that he understood exactly why.

"You knew about the existence of this thing? What else do you know about it?" Leonel asked.

The Oryx King's gaze turned dim for a moment as though he was trying to recall exactly how he knew about the Silver Tablet. But, he realized that there were suddenly holes in his memories, almost as if he hadn't experienced these things personally but rather that someone had told him he experienced it.

Leonel had expected something like this. After all, in a Variant Zone, the location was the future, but it wasn't a future that was set in stone. Rather, it was a glimpse into the future that allowed those of the path a chance to grasp an opportunity.

So, the question was, if you entered a Variant Zone and are 'transported' into the future, would the people you meet there have experienced time equivalent to the amount you had traveled for? It seemed like from the Oryx King's reaction that the answer was no.

Maybe the people in the Zone had been in limbo and had their memories given to them...

This was a thought Leonel had had for a long time but he found it difficult to accept. Wasn't this a person right in front of him, living and breathing just like he was? How could their existence feel so... flimsy at the same time, then? How could life be so casually created?

Entry into the Valiant Zone wasn't the first time Leonel had had such a thought. In fact, it all started with the Camelot Zone and how they too entered reality. It was all too... too difficult to accept.

For someone who liked to understand exactly how everything worked, it was too much for Leonel to handle so, like most things he couldn't handle, he ignored it. Right now, he couldn't afford to have an existential crisis.

The Oryx King shook his head again.

"All I know about this Tablet is that it is a taboo. A great taboo. It shouldn't exist and I would advise that you use it as sparingly as possible."

Though the Oryx King said this, he felt that it would be better if Leonel didn't use it at all. However, he knew that with such temptation before him, it would be impossible to have him agree with this.

Leonel remained silent for a long while before he sighed. It was impossible for him to not use this Tablet. It was too important to his future thoughts and plans. He couldn't be a passive observer anymore.

"Oryx King, I need your help..."

Leonel explained things as clearly as possible, not leaving out any details.

"... So you need me to take control of the Oryx, but haven't you forgotten something very important? I am only of the Quasi Fifth Dimension. In fact, from what it seems like here, even you are more powerful than I am now. Ruling without sufficient strength isn't ruling at all, it is being a figurehead."

The Oryx King gazed toward Leonel deeply. It was clear that he believed that this was exactly what Leonel wanted him to be.

"I will help you enter the Fifth Dimension." Leonel said. "In addition, you are an Oryx who has completed your Hyper Evolution so your talent is greater than theirs. This breakthrough will make you far stronger than anyone they have currently."

"Also, I hope that you and Elthor will choose to follow me, but I'm aware that it isn't something I can strongarm you into doing. Instead, I hope that in exchange for this favor, that you will help me until this war ends. After that, you can make a decision."

"Follow you, hm?"

The Oryx King looked toward the tablet blankly.

Within the Human Domain, species like his were at a disadvantage. It was impossible to grow without the backing of a human but it was also impossible, normally, to find a human that wouldn't treat them like cattle to be reared and used.

As for the kind of person Leonel was, the Oryx King didn't know. He had a good impression, but a good impression wasn't enough for a King to make a decision.

At the same time, though, he was also keenly aware that whether the rest of the Oryx Kingdom was resurrected or not lay in Leonel's palms. Why would Leonel continue to spend resources resurrecting people who had no intention of following him? Even if he had a kind heart, he would probably go through all of the humans first and who knew how long it would take to get to them?

"Alright. I will help you with this war. As for what happens afterward, time will tell."

The Oryx King slammed a fist into his chest, causing his ribcage to reverberate like a drum.

...

Hours later, Leonel was streaking through the skies ones more, this time headed back toward EarthX1 at full tilt.

Since those families wanted to play, he would play. By the end of today, he'd clear EarthX1 of all foreign existences.

Chapter 1057 Enough

Leonel slowly walked through a thick forest, his bare feet sinking into the nutrient rich soil and making him feel as though he had truly become one with the earth around. Something about the wonderful smells and fragrances in the air made him feel particularly at peace as though nothing in this worlds could stop him.

"HALT!"

The sudden voice was like a clap that should have stunned Leonel out of his odd state. And yet, Leonel himself didn't seem to notice it at all.

His chest rose and fell with a steady cadence, his eyes half closed and his blood gliding through his veins with a silent smoothness.

In that moment, an arrow shot for Leonel. The voice that had spoken earlier was one of the many scouting units on the periphery of this base. Normally, this individual would have shot first and asked questions later, but the appearance of a boy wearing sweatpants in the middle of the forest caught him completely off guard. No matter how he looked at it, Leonel didn't seem like an enemy.

Realizing this mistake, though, the scout no longer hesitated. This reaction was far too weird. Even if Leonel was a 'normal boy', they had most definitely not sent any 'normal' people here to attack Earth, so it was clear and obvious that no matter what, he wasn't one of theirs. In that case, he would attack first.

But the result was completely out of his expectations.

Leonel, who had been leisurely walking at a pace that hadn't deviated for even a moment came to a sudden stop. If things continued like this, the arrow would miss him entirely.

The scout was taken off guard. But, he quickly recovered. He realized that his intuition was correct, Leonel couldn't possibly be a normal individual.

A deep sneer took hold of his features as his finger curled upward. There was a reason he was chosen to be a scout. Not only was his Internal Sight powerful, but his ability was quite helpful for his marksmanship.

The arrow suddenly curled upward. It couldn't change path enough to pierce Leonel's chest, but it could definitely tear a hole through his kneecap. By that point, the end of the battle would already be in sight.

The scout expected to see Leonel's calm expression finally break and for there to at least be some panic or sudden movement in those final moments. But, reality was completely outside of his expectations. Not only did Leonel show no fear... He didn't move a single inch.

CLANG!

The arrow tore through Leonel's sweatpants and seemed to have pierced him. But, not even a split second later the sound of metal clanging against metal resounded through the forest.

Leonel took a step forward, his body flickering with dense Bronze Runes. The sun hanging high in the sky, partially masked by a few white clouds, sent beams through the dense foliage that rebounded and reflected off of his skin.

A slight wind whipped by, pressing Leonel's already tight compression shirt even more firmly onto his body. The outline of his torso made it obvious that his already toned stature had become even more so, even the line of his muscle fibers being clear beneath the fabric.

Leonel fingers lightly reached out for the air, causing the arrow which was now flipping through the air to suddenly come to a stop, pointing directly toward the scout in the distance. The metallic tip trembled as the scout tried to retake control of his own arrow, but he immediately realized that it was futile.

The scent of death loomed over him, his heart quaking beside himself.

"ENEMY ATT—!"

PCHU!

The scout never saw how the arrow closed the distance. His voice came to an abrupt stop, the gurgling of his blood filling the once silent forest.

Things fell into a peaceful quiet once more, but this only lasted for but a moment before the blaring signs of horns raged through the trees. The sound was so loud that the leaves rustled and were stripped from their branches while birds and beasts alike scattered, running for their lives.

Leonel didn't seem to notice the noise at all, his finger beckoning forth once again.

The arrow that had just pierced the scout's head suddenly whizzed back toward Leonel, changing direction abruptly and shooting off into the distance. Once after another, cries muffled by the blaring sounds of horns resounded. And yet to Leonel, each might as well have been right by his ears.

Right this moment, all around EarthX1, battles had erupted. Despite having taken control of the two most strategic points on the planet, Leonel didn't choose to stay back on the defensive. Instead, he chose to raise an all out assault, one that would sweep through the planet completely.

Arthur had been charged with wiping out the Umbra. With his Light Elemental affinity and the Camelot troops to his back, he was the best suited to dealing with them quickly and efficiently.

Mordred was tasked with taking out the Rain family. Her area of control magic was the best among the Earthlings Leonel knew and had a chance to counter the Rain. At the same time, the strong bodies of the demons who followed her were perfect to deal with the advantages of them as well.

Leonel's brothers were tasked with clearing EarthX1 of all Florer family members. These were maybe the strongest experts on this planet and they were individuals that deserved the attention of as many upper class talents as possible. Leonel had full faith that his brothers would be able to send them away with their tail between their legs.

This only left the remnant of the Crars. This task was left up to Lancelot and what remained of the knights and mages of Camelot. This group would have, by far, the largest numbers and would be perfectly equipped to counter the large number of Crars.

By now, it was obvious that this still left one more group. In fact, it was a group of two families, the Radix and the Midas.

As for that, wasn't that why Leonel was here? One with metal affinity. The other with fire affinity...

For such an enemy, Leonel Morales alone was enough.

Chapter 1058 Fortress

BANG!

The first line of defense crumbled, clearing the forest of trees to reveal a mighty metal fortress. With every step Leonel took forward, a silver armor slowly manifested, following the upward trajectory of his Bronze Halo and coating his body one inch at a time.

The instant the last of Leonel's hair vanished beneath the helmet of silver, a flourishing spatial Domain swept over the surroundings. Right then, it felt to all those in the surrounding several kilometer radius that every effort to move took twice the speed, twice the power, twice the will.

On the top of the enormous bronze metal fortress, several ballistae aimed for Leonel, each controlled by an individual. Though the Radix and Midas hadn't thought that anyone would attack them so blatantly, that didn't mean that they weren't ready. Even as Leonel's domain fell, they reacted quickly.

The arms of the marksmen bulged and pulsed as they swung the huge machinery toward Leonel. Their blood pumped and veins threatened to burst along their foreheads. They were strong men and women to begin with, but the abilities of Leonel's Divine Armor made it feel like they were toddlers trying to pick up something heavy.

Leonel's steps didn't slow.

The looming metal gates made him sigh inwardly. He had already expected that he wasn't the only one capable of quickly building up a fortress, so that wasn't what made him react this way.

These individuals came from their worlds to claim a piece of Earth for themselves. In doing so, the first thing they did was destroy the land.

Leonel could tell at a single glance what had happened. They had dug out the soil for more than a hundred meters, destroying nutrients that had taken thousands of years to build up. They filled that hole with all sorts of metals and stone to build the foundation of their behemoth-like fortress. They shredded the trees, chased away the animals, and completely upturned the balance of the nature.

There wasn't a single ounce of respect.

BANG!

Leonel vanished. In that time, tens of ballistae sent violent beams of energy, drawing a line through the land where Leonel had just been. The massive arrow heads dug deep into the rich soil, causing an eruption of it to be thrust into the air all while uprooting several trees.

It seemed at first glance that Leonel had already been hit. The timing was simply too perfect. By the time the marksmen realized that the weight of Leonel's Domain hadn't vanished yet, it was already too late.

Two heads flew into the air, sparkling fountains of crimson following their arc.

Leonel lightly stepped onto the top of the Fortress, his armor releasing gentle clinking sounds as he touched down.

"SPACE ELEMENTAL MASTER!"

The shout rocked the fortress. The weight of such words were heavy to the greater Dimensional Verse. The rarity of such existences couldn't be understated and their impact on a battlefield was even more exaggerated than their rarity. However, due to this, how could powerful families not have certain counters?

The moment the words fell, a strong churning took hold of the fortress. It was subtle to most, but Leonel's Internal Sight had already been placed on high alert. The moment things began to change, he sensed the shift of Force and realized that it was being deployed toward a large scale Force Art.

Leonel concluded his deductions in an instant and sprung into action even faster. His twin bladed spear had already appeared in his palms, the gaze beneath his visor having touched upon a startling coldness. He no longer saw life and death, he only saw numbers and their computations.

Leonel kicked at a ballistae, sending it flying across the ramparts. Under a combination of his strength and his metal control, the heft of the projectile system alone crushed everything in its path. The harsh sound of screams and shattering bone and flesh resounded.

Leonel didn't stay to watch the end result, nor did he need to. With his Internal Sight, everything was under his control.

His spear whipped outward, slicing a door that led down into the fortress.

'Judging by the reaction of the Force, this is definitely a Spatial Type array. The formation should cover the entire Fort and disrupt Spatial Force. It will make it difficult to have controlled teleportation and will distort my Domain. There's about 37 seconds left until the Force Art is fully deployed.'

Leonel completed his calculations in the time it took him to step through the door. His spear swept forward without regard for the low ceilings and the narrow walls. The blade was so sharp that one would have thought that Leonel was out in the open.

With every head that flew and body part that was severed, another deep gash appeared on the thick metal walls. In fact, sometimes Leonel's movement was so quick that he would have taken two to three steps forward before the blade mark even appeared.

Level Two Spear Force seemed to be unstoppable. Even as warriors rushed up the stairs, thinking that the enemy may very well still be beyond the walls, they found themselves adding to the pile of flowing blood and flesh.

...

Within the depths of the fortress, the upper management of the Radix and Midas had already been alerted. With Libli captured, things should have fallen under Dynmo's control. But, in reality, things were being run by an elder individual of the Radix family as Libli knew well that Dynmo couldn't be trusted with such things.

In fact, Dynmo was currently being shackled and jailed. When he learned that Libli was captured, he had wanted to rush out as fast as possible to get her back. But, he ended up being held back by others who said that would be a foolish choice.

Dynmo didn't even like Libli very much, but he still became furious. Just yesterday, he lost his temper completely as he was tired of waiting, but that also just so happened to be the day the Radix and Midas had sent someone to inform them about the plans for the coming weeks.

As for who that person was, Leonel would recognize him very well. After all, just three days ago, Leonel had almost killed him within a teleportation formation.

"Sir Dycon! The fortress—!"

Dycon held up a hand, his gaze filled with bloody murder.

"I know. Hurry up and release Dynmo. He'll finally have someone to vent on."

Chapter 1059 Four Seasons

'34 seconds.'

Leonel's steps didn't pause nor did they slow. Beneath his Spatial Domain, the enemies he came across didn't stand a single chance. With many of the numbers that made up the Radix and Midas being lower Fifth Dimensional existences, all it took to cut them down was a single swing of his spear.

Leonel reached the bottom of the steps. His foot kicked outward, a warp in space following his actions. His control had gotten so smooth that whether it was stacking space or splitting it, it could be done as easy as breathing.

BANG!

The heavy metal door, weighing at least a ton, went flying from its hinges, the center where Leonel's foot contacted crumpling up like aluminum foil.

A line of warriors on the opposite end found themselves in a splatter of their own blood, their vision going black and their lives fading before they even registered what had happened.

The moment Leonel stepped out, a rain of projectiles shot for him. But, his expression didn't so much as flicker beneath his visor. In the blink of an eye, the space around Leonel stacked and folded upon each other.

One after another, the projectiles flew by his arms, legs and head, drilling holes into the metal frame to his back. At just a single glance, it looked like the marksmen had tried to lance a fish through the water, but the image distorted, causing them to miss completely.

Clearly, Leonel had expected exactly this much and took another step forward.

The opening beneath the stairs to the ramparts was an open space to yet another gate further ahead. If Leonel wanted to shut down the large scale Force Art before it activated, he would have to cross through this second gate. However, the space had distorted too greatly for him to trust leaping toward that location already. In addition, Leonel could tell that there were several hidden Force Arts baked into the thick metal walls that would make his attempt impossible.

Leonel's spear spun, its body separating into three pieces connected by chains. With deft control, Leonel manipulated the length of these chains.

It felt as though the entire field was filled with Leonel's Spear Force. Every time it cut across the air, a light of white was left like a cyclone of blades and wind. With every spin, another head flew into the air. The cold calculating light in Leonel's gaze becoming the arbiter of the reaper.

CLINK!

Leonel's spear snapped close, the light sounds of his footsteps reverberating through the blaring sounds of warning as he stepped toward the second gate.

His body flashed, his singular stride crossing dozens of meters as he reached a hand toward the metal doors that appeared much more like the gate to a vault than a fortress. As though it was a cue, it was only after he did so that the headless corpses of the warriors that had come to stop him slowly fell to the ground from their feet, the dull plopping noises playing like a horrific symphony.

Leonel closed his eyes. The effort it would take to slice this vault door apart was too much and he had to be mindful of his stamina. However, brute force wasn't the only thing he had available to him.

It took just a moment for Leonel's gaze to snap open.

'Little Tolly.'

Leonel hardly needed to think a thing. The tacit understanding between himself and his Metal Spirit had reached an unconscious level. No matter how majestic these doors seemed... What were they in the face of Tolliver?

BANG!

The vault doors broke beneath a single punch, fissuring at odd angles and collapsing before Leonel one step at a time.

The warriors on the other side could only watch on in horror as metal doors dozens of meters crumbled. Many of them had their Radix armors on, ready for battle, while another half had blazing tornados of fire around themselves. They had all been prepared to whittle Leonel down and in the case he made it so far, take him down. But, the ultimate result was completely out of their expectations. It hadn't even been ten seconds since the warning blares begun, but he was already here.

The glistening light of Leonel's silver armor sparkled beneath the falling shards of metal. Even amidst all the destruction, he remained the center of attention.

As the last of the vault doors collapsed, Leonel took another step forward, the might of his Spatial Domain suddenly becoming exceedingly heavy. If they had experienced a light pressure before, they were now feeling the full brunt even to the point they found it difficult even to lift up their arms.

'Four Seasons Realm.'

A violent pillar of Universal Force shot down from the skies, crashing down to Leonel in waves. It spun about, fusing with Leonel's King's Might and causing the warriors before him to tremble in fear.

'Summer. Radiant Core.'

A delicate orb of silver-red appeared above Leonel. The oppressive heat shrouded the large opening, causing even the metallic walls to begin to slowly melt.

'Fall. A Slow Death.'

In the surroundings, gently falling Fall leaves formed, dancing about in the wind. They seemed to be formed of delicately sculpted flames, and yet they looked so real and tangible at the same time. Some were a pale gold color, others were a deep red, and the remainder were pale silver.

'Winter. Withering Snowfall.'

The skies darkened as ash began to fall from the clouds above. Upon closer inspection, this ash seemed to be snow... But it reverberated with the deep scent of death. The gray flakes filled all those who saw it with fear, making one believe that their very lives were withering right before them.

'Spring... Golden Drops.'

A dichotomy of grey and gold began to play. One was the slow falling clouds of ash, while the other was the much heavier droplets of golden rain. They pelted against the ground, balancing slow and fast, bright and dark... death and life.

It was the perfect Duality.

SHUU!

Leonel vanished.

Chapter 1060 Alone..

The warriors immediately understood what they were seeing. There were a few of them who had mastered one or two facets of the Four Seasons Realm. But, a Complete Cycle was something rarely seen. It was enough to make them stunned for just a moment.

It had to be remembered that just because many people of Earth had grasped the full cycle, including Old Man Hutch, Arnold and Noah, to others, even in Sixth Dimensional worlds, they may very well go their entire lives without meeting even one such person.

However, that was all it was: rare. It wasn't enough for them to feel fear, or at least, it shouldn't be. The Four Seasons Realm was good for helping someone of the Fourth Dimension to cross the barrier and challenge those of the Fifth. But, after stepping into the Fifth Dimension, it should have become less useful than true Fifth Dimensional Force. So...

Why the hell was it that this Four Seasons Realm seemed to be so powerful!?

Before they could even get their answer, Leonel had appeared before the first Radix family member. He was a man of Tier 6 and an individual greatly confident in his strength. If not for this, he wouldn't dare to stand at the vanguard and hold his ground.

He reacted quickly to Leonel's arrival, swinging a chainsaw arm down toward Leonel. Though his confidence had waned somewhat, it wasn't enough to erase decades of training. There was simply no way that he would freeze up in such a critical situation.

Unfortunately...

Leonel's Radiant Core appeared before the swinging chainsaw. A strong repulsion force suddenly formed, powerful electromagnetic forces bombarding against the assault until it found itself completely unable to move forward. At the same time, the heat was so overwhelming that the warrior felt as though his own mech suit had become an oven, his components melting all around him.

He was stunned into silence.

'How... How could it be so hot...'

These were the last thoughts he had before Leonel's spear ran through the back of his head. Before he had even fallen, Leonel had shot away, a path of gold appearing beneath his feet.

Everywhere Leonel appeared, his Radiant Core would lead his vanguard. Its abilities seemed to practically be untouchable.

Its repulsion forces were exceedingly strong, the heat it gave off was even stronger, but its hidden danger was even more devastating than any of this. It wasn't just Fire Force, it seemed to carry the effects of radiation. When it wasn't touching you, its existence was oppressive enough. However, the moment it did touch you, it felt like you would crumble long before you even began to melt.

This was the power of Radiant Fire Force. It was as though Leonel had the power of a nuke at the beck and call of his blade. One could only imagine what would happen if he ever allowed it to explode...

The roars of the Midas family members billowed forth. The massacre of the Radix was so completely one sided that they realized it was impossible to stay idle any longer and many charged forth completely disregarding the consequences.

However, Leonel's movements didn't slow in the slightest.

Everywhere he appeared, he effectively cut off the charge of the Midas. It was clear that they hadn't been able to get into proper formation before Leonel appeared or else they wouldn't have been so helpless.

The Radix fell one after another, Leonel's clever footsteps using their half collapsed corpses like shields as he shot through the battlefield.

At that moment, a Tier 7 existence of the Midas furiously roared. It was clear that the Radix relied too much on their suits of armor to fight Leonel. The combination of Leonel's Fire affinity and Variant Earth affinity was too much for them to handle. If they wanted to even out this battle again, they would have to be far cruder.

Without regard for his comrades, the Midas warrior burst through, knocking several members of the Radix completely out of the way.

He made a straight line for Leonel, his body billowing with flames and sulfur. There was something decidedly murderous about his eyes and there was an explosiveness beneath his muscles that caused the layered space around Leonel to crack and crumble.

But it was exactly then that the most horrible sight the Midas and Radix had seen since this war began occurred.

A light breeze passed by, causing a gentle fall of ash to press against the cyclone of flames around the warrior's body. It seemed for a moment that he would just be able to shrug them off, but the reality was completely out of his expectation.

Just the delicate petals of ash seemed to suffocate the flames like a blanket. By the warrior's third step, his skin of fire had vanished, leaving him completely exposed and allowing his face of shock to be clear for the world to see.

However, before he could react to just what had happened, a droplet of gold fell onto his skin.

The warrior was shocked by the heaviness, but other than this, there wasn't anything special about it. His body was far too powerful to worry about such a small, meaningless attack. Even though it left holes in the metal, he was far sturdier than that.

But then a second fell... Then a third... Then a fourth.

Very quickly, it became obvious that the golden droplets weren't harming him, but were rather spreading along his skin. The man was slowly becoming a golden sculpture and his movements became more languid and labored.

His every step became heavy and his knees buckled beneath his weight. His jaw popped with veins as he stretch for Leonel, but it was all meaningless as the last droplet fell, covering his face completely.

At that moment, the fluttering Fall leaves fell upon the man's body. Soon, he became like a collage of tree leaves, covered by an assortment of pale colors.

Others rushed to try to save the man, but reality was cruel.

The moment a second Midas touched him, the man crumbled, his body falling into a pile of ash.

The beautiful Fall leaves fluttered away, painting a gorgeous scenery. No one could ever guess the horror hidden within them just from this image alone...

