

Descent 891

Chapter 891

Leonel never thought he would feel such an intoxicating feeling so soon again. At least, he didn't think he would leave the Fourth Dimension so soon. However, he hardly got to enjoy it because he realized it was just barely enough. The high of entering yet another Dimension felt full when you realized your power wasn't as amazing as you thought it would be.

Of course, if others knew Leonel's thoughts, they'd deem him to be insane. In just a single step, Leonel's split minds now approach a million. On top of this, he felt the gates of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor calling out to him. Compared to the last time when he struggled, opening the Gates before he had even completed his nine Nodes, this time would be a completely different animal.

At the same time, Leonel's [Star Fusion] reached a new height, now fueled by Fifth Dimensional Vital Star Force and Leonel also finally felt that he could use his Scarlet Star Force for a few split seconds before his body imploded into a pile of ash.

There were sweeping changes with Leonel's Lineage Factors, he felt that the burden of using his Divine Armor was practically nonexistent now, and on top of all of that, his ability seemed to have transcended to a new height.

Even though Leonel would never be able to cross the Savant barrier and reach Manifestation, Leonel had been able to cross into the fourth level, Control. This allowed him to control his own body as though it was a machine his mind was within. In fact, Leonel felt that he had reached a point where he could even control the speed of his own cell division.

This was the absolute greatest height that Leonel's Dream Force ability could reach. Of course, Leonel had yet to have any practice with it. And, controlling the body down to a cellular level with only a million split minds was a fool's game. In addition, even if he could control his cell division, anyone with even the faintest background in biology would be able to tell you that such a thing required energy to execute.

The good news was that Vital Star Force was among the best energies to fuel such a thing. The bad news was that it would only be in endless supply for Leonel in this place. Anywhere else and he would have to slowly catalyze and store it for himself with the help of his Vital Stars.

None of this even mentioned the fact that Leonel hadn't had the time to create new branching abilities based on his new peak. And, he hadn't gotten time to learn to control or practice with it either. It could be said that he had been given a big rail gun that he was far too small to use at this point.

The best way Leonel could describe it was like he felt that he was just a hair away from having and controlling as much power as a Savant... And yet, he didn't have nearly their luck in receiving the Blessings of the Dimensional Verse. He had to figure everything out and, most importantly, power everything with his own energy.

All of this, not to mention the every increasing difficulty of the puzzles he continued to run into, dampened what should have been a happy moment considerably. The only good news was that he had been here for long enough to solidify himself in the Fourth Dimension... But it seemed that the bad news was intent on continuing to come. Pa nda

Novel ...

Leonel stared at the young man in front of him. Though his expression was closed off and gave nothing away, he felt a solemn feeling welling up in his heart.

The intuition of the primitive consciousness had only grown stronger and more potent after being incorporated into Leonel's Spear Domain Lineage Factor. With that potency came an increased sensitivity toward danger. It was just that Leonel hadn't run into any such opponents since he realized the true purpose of his Spear Domain Lineage Factor... p??J??????

However, right now, it was screaming at him... screaming that even if he used the third form of [Star Fusion], even if he was released from the shackles this world had on him, even if this young man was under double the suppression he was currently under...

None of it would change the inevitable outcome.

Leonel didn't respond to the young man's question. Instead, he looked at the sword in his hand. It only took a glance for Leonel to tell that the young man was holding a normal wooden sword. It reminded Leonel of the first primitive spear he had ever managed to take out of the Spear Domain Heirloom.

However, Leonel knew for a fact that if he took out the primitive spear right this moment, the level of danger he exuded wouldn't even be half of the young man's.

Amery didn't seem to care very much for Leonel's response, he only continued to look at the ring.

"Well, this is pretty lucky, if I do say so myself." Amery smiled. "I'm quite a fan of competition, but if I'm to be honest, I could have defeated you back when I was still a toddler. So, I don't think there's any real point to this, right?"

"I'm not a bloodthirsty man so I can let you live. But, you'll have to hand over that ring. I happen to know someone that would be far better suited to it than you. I'd like to have a good battle when the time comes, and I have a feeling you won't be able to give me one."

Leonel didn't respond to this, but that didn't change the fact that he was confused by the young man's words.

He wanted to give his ring to someone else so that... when the time came he could have a better battle than he would have otherwise had with Leonel? What was that supposed to mean?

Seeing that Leonel didn't respond, Amery sighed and shook his head.

"Forget it, forget it. Every time I try not to end things with blood, no one wants to listen."

Amery took a step forward and brandished his wooden sword.

"I don't like to give second chances."

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Could Leonel give Spear Domain over just to save his own life? The answer was obviously no. This was something his father had left behind for him and it was the Heirloom of the Morales family. He had no intention of losing it in this place.

But at the same time, Leonel felt like he had really painted himself into a corner. He already knew that receiving the next portion of [Dimensional Cleanse] had become impossible. He had no illusions about defeating Amery. However, the main issue was that though jumping from the edge of the road seemed to be just two steps away, in the current situation, Leonel felt like it was a world away... That was how far apart the skill between the two young men were.

Still, the more helpless it all seemed, the colder and colder Leonel's expression became. By the time Amery had raised his foot to take a second step, Leonel's countenance was like an iceberg, his features all individually carved out in the strongest of lines.

Amery paused, scanning Leonel up and down before shaking his head.

"Definitely not worthy. Emotionless, blockheads like you should stick to fighting with your fists, at least that way you won't be drawing a line between yourself and your weapon. How can you hear your blade if you don't want to hear it? What a sad excuse for a spearman."

Leonel didn't react to this in the slightest. Even though they were said in a different way, hadn't he already heard these words once before? It was exactly what Old Man Hutch had told him when he tried to get him to switch to the machete.

Leonel simply didn't believe that a weapon needed to be loved. He had said it then and he would say it again. He had chosen the spear out of convenience because he just so happened to have been born with a Lineage Factor that suited it. If he had affinity with a sword or saber or a machete, he would have chosen that as well.

All this rambling about 'loving' your weapon and 'communicating' with it sounded like the ravings of a madman to Leonel.

To him, it felt like Old Man Hutch and this young man before him were both abstract artists trying to convince you that the banana they taped to the wall had a deeper, underlying meaning you were just missing because you 'didn't get it'.

Their words fell into the same pot of ridiculousness for Leonel. As far as he was concerned, these two just had talent in the blades they chose and explained away their innate gifts with nonsense like 'love' and 'emotion', when the truth was that they were just better suited to those weapons in comparison to others.

To Leonel, it was just that simple.

However, at least now, he understood why it was that Amery said he wasn't worthy. Unfortunately, that changed nothing.

How would Leonel face his father if he lost the Heirloom he had been entrusted with? How would he subdue the Morales family if he lost something so precious to them without having even earned the right to have it in the first place? How would he look himself in the mirror if he couldn't manage to take two steps to the left against an enemy no older than himself? ρ??∪???

Leonel's palm flipped over, his body suddenly erupting with Vital Star Force from head to toe. But, this time, it felt far different than it had in the past even as his Runes flickered to life.

Rather than a billowing diamond blue steam, he suddenly began to radiate an incomparably majestic amethyst. From top to bottom, his body was surrounded by a delicate light violet hue, his hair becoming an endless river of foggy energy and his eyes becoming homogenous with it all.

This was Leonel's third form of Star Fusion: [Star Fusion: King's Might].

Even with his aura rising like a tide, Leonel didn't make a single move. He brandished his spear, his nerves walking a cliff's edge. However, it was then that it happened.

Compared to Leonel, Amery's aura was a wisp of nothingness. He stood there, his robes completely unaffected by what should have been winds that would put any hurricane to shame.

In one instant, he was ten meters from Leonel, his body having not moved a single inch. In the next, Leonel's pupils constricted to an extreme.

A wooden blade appeared before his nose, slashing downward with a slow, unhurried momentum that simultaneously weight as heavy as a mountain. Despite how much effort Leonel had put into watching his every action, despite how much care and attention he had placed toward predicting his next movement, it had all been completely useless.

Leonel's life flashed before his eyes. No matter how hard he thought, he couldn't seem to think of a method to survive. It was crushing.

In just those few milliseconds, Leonel's mind seemed to slow down the events into a stretched length of time that spanned what almost felt like several days.

What did it feel like to be contemplating your own death for so long? One would think that it would be enough to drive a person mad. It was like a ticking clock set to come to a stop the moment you breathed your last...

How would it feel to know the exact date, time and second of your death? How would one feel as the moments waned and the sand within the hourglass became lesser and lesser? How would you feel watching a guillotine being taken to your future aspirations and goals.

Maybe you might even find the humor in it all. Why was it that your mind was slowing everything down to such an extent now, but couldn't have done so while the person who wanted your life was swinging his sword...?

Leonel was in exactly this sort of hopeless situation, a lethal wooden blade descending like a heavenly punishment to sever his ties to the world.

Chapter 893

'Indeed... Why is it all so slow now... That must be why...'

Leonel was unaware of the vast difference between the Fifth and Sixth Dimensions. But, someone moving so fast that even his own Internal Sight couldn't keep up with it was enough to lay it out to bare

right in front of him. It was clear that Amery was on a level so far beyond himself that it was impossible to fathom, and that was even while being weighed down by four rounds worth of Vital Star Force.

Now that he knew, he realized why his intuition had been screaming at him to run all this time. But... running was impossible. The moment he took a step back, he would be finished.

Leonel's spear was held between both hands in the most defensive stance that he could muster. And yet, Amery had a complete disregard for it as he attacked as though his spear wasn't there at all. However, it was exactly this disregard that gave Leonel the faintest hope for survival.

Leonel's arm exploded. This wasn't a metaphor, it wasn't a fancily worded set of prose, but rather an accurate description of exactly what happened.

Right at his elbow, Leonel's arm imploded into a rain of blood and gore. It was such a vicious, cold hearted, blood curdling wound that even Amery's brow furrowed lightly even as his sword continued downward.

However, it was this explosion that erupted Leonel's arm into movement, arching his spear upward in a move that was seemingly intent on forcing it into the path of Amery's blade.

Amery furrowed brow smoothed out just as quickly as it formed. To him, this didn't matter in the slightest. He would show Leonel the difference between the two of them as clear as day.

His wooden spear was of a common grade, it couldn't even be ranked among Fourth Dimensional weapons and even Earth's Third Dimensional cold weapons would be able to slash it apart ten out of ten times. At the same time, Leonel was holding a double sided Quasi Silver spear. The difference in quality was as clear as day. It should be a given that the latter would block the former...

And yet, Amery knew felt that anyone would be a fool to believe such a thing.

A Quasi Silver weapon? It might as well have been a piece of tinfoil to him.

He had already given Leonel a chance to live. Since he didn't want it, this would be his death bed.

Amery's sword continued to descend, an air of confidence hanging around him. One could tell from the aura he exuded that no matter what stood before him, he would slice it apart. It was an air that matched Leonel's King's Might and even far surpassed it, and yet it wasn't contingent on subordinates or a number of them, it was entirely reliant on Amery's belief in himself and his blade. ρ???(???????)

'Goodbye.' Pa nda

Novel BANG!

Amery's expression suddenly changed. It was just a small flicker of light within his irises, but it was a change nonetheless.

Leonel's hand exploded into a mist of blood, his bone sprinkling down like ash and his flesh falling like lumps of processed meat. In that very instant, what had once been the hand of an Elite Force Crafter had become nothing but a mangled mess, impossible to see the start or finish of.

Leonel flew backward like an arrow leaving a bow string, a side of his body completely collapsing to the point that his inner organs threatened to spill out. Just a casual strike from Amery left him in a half dead state, his breathing hardly holding on. If it wasn't for the fact he had entered the Control level of his Ability Index, allowing him to force his inner organs to stay functioning as best he could, he really might have died to just that single strike.

Leonel crashed along the road, sliding back to the point he landed on its very edge. Even though the Vital Star Force within him was trying to quickly fuel Leonel's cells to begin repairing themselves, they found that no amount of energy they provided was enough.

Something was far too special about Amery's Force. It seemed to hinder Leonel from being able to heal himself, at least through 'normal' means like this. It was only after Leonel began to fight back against Amery's aura with his own King's Might that things began to shift. But, even then, it was only because it was a casual swing on Amery's part.

"Hm... Not bad." Amery spoke.

He seemed to truly mean his words, there wasn't a hint of derision or disdain hidden within them. He was actually praising Leonel.

“You knew that your spear wouldn't be enough so you used the ring to block even at the cost of your hand. I believe it was the Morales family that had the Spear Domain ring, right? Hands are quite important to you Force Crafters, I guess I don't have to feel too bad about you surviving that strike, then.”

Leonel didn't respond. Even now, as he sat at the edge of the road, a step away from surviving, his senses had never stopped locking onto Amery. This time, however, he used his Auspicious Air and kept his body in a state of near death, slowing down everything to an extreme.

It had taken a few seconds for Amery to speak those words. And yet, to Leonel, it felt like it had taken him hours to finish.

“Well, I guess you've earned it, then. Next time we meet, I definitely won't make the same mistake again. The Domain Rings shouldn't be in the hands of people who can't appreciate them.”

Leonel didn't say a single word. Even with his mangled hand, he managed to pin the Spear Domain ring between the ground meat that was it and his badly caved in chest.

He rolled over the edge of the road, just barely dodging a secret strike of Amery's, the Spear Domain Ring tightly clenched to his heart.

“You dodged that one too, huh? Not bad! Not bad, indeed!” Amery's laughter was all Leonel could hear as his body whistled through the abyss below. “Make sure to remember my name well, I am Amery, the Sword Deity! When next we meet, I'll take your life!”

Chapter 894

Leonel instantly appeared on the very same abandoned planet he had left from, hanging onto his life by a thread. But, the situation instantly became several times worse.

There wasn't a hint of oxygen to be found on this planet, but that was only the first issue. At Leonel's current level, holding his breath for several hours wasn't a problem. The trouble came from the lack of air pressure.

In that instant, his bodily fluids seemed to want to boil themselves to oblivion. If it wasn't for the fact Leonel had stepped into the Fifth Dimension, he would already be finished. It only made matters worse that the temperature felt far below negative 100 degrees Celsius.

As Leonel progressed, temperature began to feel different to him and was adjusted not just based on the Dimension, but also how he felt within that Dimension. For him to experience such cold right now, it could only be said that this planet was not just a little bit harsh.

Without his space shuttle to protect him, Leonel was facing all the elements by himself, his body far too weak to protect himself from it all.

With the last hints of strength he had, Leonel managed to use his Internal Sight to pull the Segmented Cube out from his spatial ring and teleport inside.

Leonel instantly took a massive breath, one he just as quickly regretted. His nerves were completely fried, the constant firing of pain receptors making his mind feel as though it was in a mine field, flash bangs sounding time and time again with every minor movement he made.

At that moment, Leonel's expression would have warped into quite an ugly one if he could have afforded the energy.

He had thought that after so many months within the [Dimensional Cleanse] trial world, his Healing Branch's [Instant Recovery] would have already recovered after he used it to survive the Valiant Zone. But now he realized that he had made a massive mistake.

Why did his [Instant Recovery] have such a variable refresh date to the point where even Leonel could only vaguely say that it would take a 'few months'? It was because of the process his Lineage Factor went through to prepare it!

[Instant Recovery] required a special fusion of Light Elemental and Star Elemental Forces to combine to be completed. However, Leonel had just spent months in a place where no Force other than Star Force was allowed. So, how could his [Instant Recovery] have possibly recovered?

Leonel had no choice but to try to use Vital Star Force again, but once again, the world seemed to want to see him suffer.

First, he was slapped in the face with the reality that the large amounts of Vital Star Force he had become used to was gone. Even to call it a fraction of what he once had was an insult, it was more like a sliver.

Second, he realized that Amery's odd energy still hadn't disappeared and it was still hindering his body from healing itself. It was borderline infuriating.

What Leonel didn't know was that this was how things were meant to be. Being injured by someone an entire Dimension above you made the same wound far more difficult to heal. A cut caused by Fifth Dimensional Force, even at the same size and depth as one caused by Fourth Dimensional Force would be far more difficult to deal with.

Leonel had never experienced this issue before because of his own talent. But now he had met someone just as if not more talented than himself for the very first time. On top of that, that person was within the Sixth Dimension whose gap with the Fifth Dimension was far larger than the latter's gap with the Fourth and so on.

As though all of that wasn't enough, Leonel's illusion that Amery had access to an ability similar to King's Might wasn't wrong. And, this energy hindered Leonel's ability to heal far more than even Amery's Sixth Dimensional Force did.

"Yip! Yip!"

Little Blackstar appeared above Leonel, jumping to and froe with a panicked expression on his little face. He had thought that it was great that Leonel was finally back, he had been bored of just playing with Little Tolly all the time. Plus, for safety, Leonel had locked Candle and Vice away in the snowglobes before he left to the trial because they simply progressed too fast, so there was no one else. p??ú????

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And yet, just when he came to greet Leonel, he found him in a half dead state, in a hallway of the Abode Setting, with blood pooling around him faster and faster.

The sound was like the sound of an angel to Leonel.

“Little... Blackstar... Drag me to... The bathhouse...”

Leonel had been too focused on just getting into the Segmented Cube to think about exactly where it would be best that he went. Luckily, Blackstar had appeared, or else he really might be finished this time. Maybe, if he was lucky enough, the Cleansing Waters would be able to purge his body of Amery’s aura, or at least help him suppress it.

Little Blackstar didn’t take long to understand. A black fog appeared beneath Leonel and acted as a bed to pull him along.

Little Blackstar struggled to maintain it as Amery’s aura corroded even his Dark Elemental Force, but he managed to grit his teeth through it.

Leonel never thought he would end up in such a sorry state. His intuition had told him that Amery would easily slice his spear in two along with his body if he tried to block with it. So, his only choice had been to use the Spear Domain Heirloom as a last effort defense, believing that it definitely had to be a top quality treasure.

Unfortunately, just to get it in Amery’s way, he had to shatter his own elbow and explode it with Star Force to get it to move fast enough. Then, as though all that wasn’t bad enough, the form of the ring was obviously far too small to give him any extra protection.

The result was Amery’s strength dispersing around it and nearly killing Leonel.

The good news? As expected, the ring didn’t have a single scratch on it. The bad news?

Well, just look at him!

When Little Blackstar finally got him to the Cleansing Waters, Leonel let out a roar that threatened to shatter the Segmented Cube apart.

Leonel had seemingly forgotten something else...

What did the Segmented Cube need to evolve? It was Fifth Dimensional Force, was it not?

Where had the Segmented Cube been for the last almost year? Was it not in a place that not only had large amounts of Fifth Dimensional Force, but also large amounts of Sixth and even Seventh Dimensional Force...?

The Cleansing Waters Leonel had just had Little Blackstar drop him into was no longer the Fourth Dimensional Cleansing Waters he had become used to. In fact, it was a completely different beast entirely.

At that moment, Leonel felt like he was being boiled from the inside out. The more pain and setbacks he experienced, the more muddled his mind seemed to become and the more mistakes he seemed to make. And, clearly... This was another one.

The Segmented Cube had evolved not just once in the past several months... But twice.

Chapter 895

Leonel felt like he was being boiled from the inside out. He immediately realized that this weren't the Cleansing Waters he had been expecting. In fact, if not for the fact he was so focused on keeping his body alive and couldn't spare Internal Sight to take a glance at his surroundings, he would have realized that the Segmented Cube he had come to know was a completely different beast at this moment.

What Leonel didn't know was that these were Sixth Dimensional Cleansing Waters as opposed to the Fourth Dimensional waters he had become accustomed to.

It was a bit exaggerated to say that these waters were like rubbing alcohol to Leonel, but it was functionally the same at this very moment. These Cleansing Water were too good at wiping away foreign objects from existence. The issue was that it had decided that much of what was in Leonel's body could be classified as such.

When one was trying to measure the body of a Fifth Dimensional existence, especially when Leonel's Metal Body was still within the Fourth Dimension, up against the standards of a Sixth Dimensional one, the gap was simply too wide and the process would could be seen as abrasive.

The Cleansing Waters were essentially flushing out all the impurities of Leonel's body, but it had chosen the absolute worse time to do exactly that because Leonel had open flesh wounds all over himself!

Even as jets of ink black shot out from his body and Amery's aura was completely purged, the process of them flooding out from him was so savage that Leonel felt as though he was being ripped from the inside out.

If Leonel's father had been here, he would have coughed up a lung from laughing so hard. Only his idiot son could possibly turn one of the gentlest existences in the whole of the Dimensional Verse into one of the most dangerous just because he forgot to use his head.

Leonel tried to remain lucid but it was growing in difficulty the more and more time passed. He hardly registered when the last of Amery's aura shot out from himself, so he also didn't realize that he should be doing his very best to heal at this moment. At the same time, his consciousness began to slip away, his mind jarred by the flashbangs of pain.

It had been a long time since Leonel had run dry of his Dream Force. But, truth be told, he really didn't have a choice this time. Had he not poured everything he had into his battle with Amery, he wouldn't even be able to scream out in pain this way... because he would be dead!

Unfortunately, because he ran out of Dream Force, he no longer had the ability to use Dream Sense to dull his pain receptors and his mind also became incredibly foggy at the same time. If not for the pain, he would have long since passed out.

And the moment he did lose consciousness... He would be finished.

What Leonel couldn't see at this moment, though, was that a little girl who was all motes of light from the waist down was hanging in the air, looking down at him as though she was gazing upon the world's greatest idiot.

'What is wrong with this gene pool? Both father and son are fools! Foolish! Foolish! Foolish! Humph, I should just let him die!' Pa nda ρ??(???????)

Novel The little girl was adorable to an extreme. Her eyes were large and sparkling, her chubby cheeks triggered the impulse to pinch, and the way her small little hands rested on her waist made her look like a miniature adult that could make even the most stoic man's heart burst with a willingness to die protecting her... And yet, the words she spoke were so vicious.

Though the little girl was visibly annoyed, she still waved a hand and caused Leonel's half unconscious body to rise up from the water.

The truth was that his state was terrible.

His arm had imploded at the elbow and its hand was nothing more than a mangled mess. Beneath that, his chest had half caved in and was threatening to leak out inner organs of its own. His face was a sickly shade of white and his hair, which was usually a sparkling light violet, had lost whatever color it usually had as he hung on by a thread.

'Annoying. I was so close to the Seventh Dimension but this little fool made me wake up early, now all that energy is disappearing. Annoying! Annoying! Annoying! Who knows when he'll enter a Seventh Dimensional world with such rich energy like that again?!'

Even while she was enraged, the little girl still continued to wave her hands about.

"Activate [Force Conversion]. Set target to Vital Star Force. Convert to..." The little girl sent a gaze toward Leonel. "... Snow Force."

The moment the little girl finished these words, rays of light began to fall upon Leonel. The looked like falling snowflakes at one moment, but soon began to look like falling feathers in the next. The purity was unmatched and the sights were gorgeous to an extreme.

In just a few seconds, Leonel's Instant Recovery was filled to the brim and Dream Counter activated due to his near death state. The moment this happened, Leonel began to recover at a speed even the naked eye had a hard time keeping up with. However, the little girl didn't seem satisfied.

She continued to shake her head, looking at Leonel's hand. She was clearly hesitating about something.

'The Instant Recovery of a Sixth Dimensional beast is not enough to heal that injury. His hand won't ever be the same if I let it heal like this... Forget it, just take this as payment for the future. If you can't raise me to the Ninth Dimension like your father promised me you would, I'll bite you to death!'

The little girl knew that there'd be a price to pay for doing this, but she had no choice.

"Change conversion to Sixth Dimensional Life Force."

Chapter 896

Leonel shot up. He jumped so high that he thought he would have crashed into the ceiling barely half way up, but he soon realized that somehow, the walls of the Segmented Cube had become far taller. In fact, when he looked around, even as he began to fall back to the ground, his eyes couldn't help but widen.

'This...'

Leonel was still in the bathhouse. At this point, any blood that had been here had long since disappeared. But, this was to be expected. After all, the self cleaning function of the Segmented Cube's bathhouse was unmatched for obvious reasons.

However, what Leonel saw wasn't the bathhouse he was used to, but what felt more like a bath mansion... No, a bath estate? No... A bath island? What the hell was going on...?

The bathhouse had suddenly become enormous. The pool couldn't even be described in meters anymore but could only have its dimensions broken down in kilometers. It was impossibly vast and could accommodate tens of thousands of people without issue.

At the same time, this was just the tip of the iceberg. Leonel could see that there were several more bathrooms, resting rooms, in addition to new additions like saunas and massage rooms? It felt like an ultimate destination resort where the 'pool' had instead become the beach front for everyone to admire.

What was most shocking was that in the sky... No, it was the fact that there was an actual sky at all!

The dome of the bathhouse had become glass and above, blue skies, white clouds and a yellow sun could be seen. Leonel had the feeling that it was artificial, maybe due to a faint connection he had with the Segmented Cube, but it nonetheless all looked so real.

When Leonel finally snapped out of it, he shuddered remembering what had happened to him. He could vaguely remember the sight of a little girl with motes of light for feet and legs in his half unconscious state. But, right now, she was nowhere to be seen.

Without a choice, Leonel could only do what he did best and ask the dictionary for help. Luckily, it was able to give him the straight answers he needed.

There were three types of answers the dictionary could provide. One was where it scanned and provided an answer. This was where its greatest limitations lied. The second were recorded segments. This was where his father got a chance to be annoying. And, the final were recorded answers.

Recorded answers were a bit different because they weren't recordings of his father but rather recordings of things Leonel believed his father had written.

For example, Leonel's Force Crafting lessons were 'recorded answers'. And now, the deeper matters of the Segmented Cube seemed to have been unlocked as lessons as well.

Leonel blinked. He hadn't known that the dictionary had hidden another tutorial for him. Usually, he needed to figure out the new abilities of the Segmented Cube on his own and the only way he could do that was by walking around.

But, obviously, with how large it had suddenly gotten, there was absolutely no way that he would be able to do the same now. Even though he could try, it was even more likely that he would miss something.

Leonel, though, was quickly overwhelmed. As deep as his Force Crafting lessons were, the operation 'manual' of the Segmented Cube was just as if not more intensive.

It was a lab, a home, a hideout and a spaceship all in one. The fact that even Leonel was overwhelmed wasn't a surprise in the slightest. He had expected it to gain one or two more benefits with each step forward, but this was an exponential change he wasn't quite ready for.

"Yip! Yip!"

Leonel smiled as Little Blackstar jumped into his arms. If there was anyone who was worried, it was this little guy. Unfortunately, after bringing Leonel to the pool, there was nothing else he could have done.
p??J??????

"Don't worry, I'm here now, aren't I? I have a present for you."

Leonel grinned and was about to take out a certain vial when he remembered how heavy it would be. He was definitely under no illusion that he would be able to easily carry it now.

Leonel could have given Little Blackstar the vial to absorb previously. But, he had been worried about the little guy running into trouble during a moment he couldn't reach out to help. Now, though, the fact he waited made these matters almost too perfect.

The Suspended Animation ability of the Segmented Cube had evolved from freezing biological processes to now being able to accelerate them as well. With its help, Little Blackstar would be able to absorb the blood in a stable environment while also finishing with greater speed.

“How long will it take Little Blackstar to finish absorbing the Void Beast blood with the help of Accelerated Animation?” Leonel asked.

[*Ping*]

[13 months]

Leonel raised an eyebrow. That long?

“How long would it take without Accelerated Animation?”

[*Ping*]

[21 years]

‘A 20 times acceleration... I guess I can’t be mad at that...?’

“Is there anything else I should prepare?”

Usually asking open ended questions like this to the dictionary resulted in it rambling for hours. But, Leonel still did so. This was Little Blackstar’s life, after all. He couldn’t play around with it.

[*Ping*]

[It is advised that Seed read the [Force Conversion] manual]

‘[Force Conversion]? Wasn’t that what that little girl had said?’

The more Leonel listened in on what [Force Conversion] could do, the more shocked he became. And, the more shocked he became, the more possibilities sprang up in his mind. Each plan seemed crazier

than the last. With the Segmented Cube's help and his Crafting skill, he should become a very rich man, very quickly. If he used this properly, his plans would immediately take several enormous leaps forward.

In the end, he came to a simple conclusion. The Segmented Cube was a Force Crystal factory.

Chapter 897

Force Crystal Mines were quite rare existences. Even after all of Leonel's travel, his stints on Planet Valiant and even his robbery on Planet Vincero, Leonel had still yet to run into a second Force Crystal Mine after the one he found on Earth.

What Leonel hadn't known back then was just how rare Force Crystal Mines were. To be produced, they not only needed time, but they also needed a world of a certain talent to produce the Force density that would be required.

Even something like a Force Eruption, which had the function of quickly increasing the energy density of a world, was an absolutely rare event only the most talented of worlds would experience. Other worlds would have to slowly accumulate their Force over time rather than being gifted it.

If one thought about it, didn't it make more sense for the common currency of the Dimensional Verse to be Force Crystals as opposed to Urbe Ore?

Well, the harsh truth was that Force Crystals were so rare that it simply didn't make sense to demand them for payment. It would be the equivalent of 21st century Earth suddenly demanding that all services be paid for in diamonds.

However, the Segmented Cube had a very unique ability called [Force Conversion].

The first and most obvious thing that could be accomplished was the conversion of one Force to another. This alone was a shocking feat enough to shake the Dimensional Verse. It was a shocking enough ability that even though the Morales family allowed many to know of the existence of the Spear Domain Heirloom, a very rare few were even aware of the existence of the Segmented Cube!

To change from one form of energy to a higher form of it was practically the work of a God!

Of course, there were drawbacks to this. Obviously, if you were converting from a lower level energy to a higher tier one, it would require exponentially more of the lower level. However, this price alone was one most would scramble to match no matter what the cost!

Not only could the Segmented Cube form higher levels of energy, it also had the ability to raise it to a higher Dimension as well! In fact, the only cap on this was dependent on the level the Segmented Cube was at currently.

At the moment, the Segmented Cube was in Phase Four. As such, it could only raise a given Force to the Sixth Dimension at best. But this was still shocking to an extreme... And it was just the first part!

Leonel couldn't help but look toward his hand.

As he was being healed, his consciousness was also slowly recovering. That had allowed him to see just how poorly his right hand had been healing.

Had it had been allowed to continue, Leonel was able to guess that he would probably have to deal with some phantom pain and countless layers of scar tissue for the rest of his life. Or, at the very least, until he broke into the Seventh Dimension.

But, near the end, a far higher source of Force in comparison to the Snowy Star Owl's Snow Force had invaded his wound and saved him from such a life. Toward this, Leonel could only be endlessly grateful. Without his hands in top condition, his Force Crafting would take a hit and he would have to change a lot of things about his plans...

Leonel wanted to thank that little girl, but he had no idea where she was at this point. ρ??∫??????

Shaking his head, Leonel turned his attention back to [Force Conversion].

Maybe even more fearsome than the first ability, [Force Conversion] was able to concentrate Force into an incredibly pure form and create Force Crystals with them!

The uses for Force Crystals were practically endless.

They could be used to power weapons of extraordinary power. They could be used as the energy source for high-level, grand scale Force Crafts. They could be used to speed up practice or meditation speed. They could be used to breakthrough bottlenecks. They could be used to comprehend the use of new Forces. They could be used to almost instantly replenish your stamina in battle...

The list seemed to go on forever. Leonel had had no choice but to cut the dictionary off at one point. But, he had latched onto one particular ability.

‘Use to comprehend new Forces...?’

Everyone had an affinity, but this didn’t mean that they couldn’t use other Elements. In addition, there were many with certain affinities that had always been boxed into using one particular kind of their Element without ever exploring other options.

Two examples of this were Snow Force and Scarlet Star Force for Leonel.

Snow Force was a name Leonel was just learning today, having heard the young girl use it. Despite its name, it wasn’t related to the water or ice element but was rather a fusion of Light and Star Force.

Compared to the fusion of Leonel’s Scarlet Star Force, which was also a combination of both those Elements along with Fire, of course, Snow Force was very much lacking. One was top ten among Star Force, top three among Light Force and top one amongst Fire Force, but the other would be lucky to be ranked in the top 1000 of Star Force while it was not even top 100 in Light Force.

What was the point of this? Well, it was all to say that Leonel had an exceptionally high affinity for the Light and Stars, but the only forms of the Light Element or Star Element he used were the ones he was innately aware of how to use.

This was the same for most everyone else as well. It was difficult to grasp new forms of Elemental energies. Many were simply forced to stick with what you were born with.

However, Force Crystals in high enough concentrations would form their own Natural Force Arts. By observing and comprehending these Natural Force Arts, one could learn to use and evoke new forms of their Elemental energies.

After reaching this point in his thoughts, something in Leonel's mind clicked and he suddenly had a maddening idea he almost couldn't help but grin about.

Chapter 898

Leonel smiled as he rubbed Little Blackstar's head.

At the moment, the two were within the Lab Setting which had also gotten a massive upgrade. Rather than a single lab, it might as well have been an entire campus focused entirely on research and higher learning. Leonel even missed the small space and the ambience of it all, honestly. But, at least there were several private rooms he could still take refuge in like this one.

Little Blackstar curled up within a large glass tube which had an opening that had yet to be closed. The vial of Void Beast blood had been inserted into a mechanism to the side. It seemed that the Segmented Cube practically had everything for such an event prepared.

"Next time I see you, you'll have become a little monster." Leonel chuckled.

"Yip! Yip!"

Little Blackstar's long whiskers excitedly twitched. He kept looking over to the Void Beast blood. If not for the fact he knew things would be easier like this, he would have already tried to swallow it whole. Clearly, the little guy liked this present very much.

Leonel laughed. "I'll introduce you to Kira later. You'll have to thank her properly."

"Yip! Yip!"

Leonel reached out a fist and Little Blackstar bumped it with his little claw.

Taking a deep breath, Leonel closed the opening, watching as it filled up with a dense liquid and Little Blackstar fell into a peaceful sleep.

Though Leonel had double, triple, even quadruple checked everything—even to the point of converting a lot of the Seventh Dimension Force the Segmented Cube had remaining into Sixth Dimension Life Force for Little Blackstar—he couldn't help but be worried.

As a mink, Little Blackstar's body was his greatest weakness. Though his talent in the Dark Element was even greater than Leonel's own in the Light Element and his evasion abilities were the greatest Leonel had ever seen, his origins would always be a limiting factor. After all, what was a little mink to all those grand and mythical creatures that existed in the Dimensional Verse?

This Void Beast blood was a chance to loosen and maybe break some of those shackles. But, with that came some risk.

Leonel had minimized it as much as he could. The rest was up to Little Blackstar.

...

Leonel soon found himself strolling through an enormous garden. It was nothing but long stretches of green grass for as far as he could see. He assumed that it was meant to be used for growing vegetation or high level plants, but there was obviously nothing here... Well, except for the apple-cinnamon flowers Leonel had planted for Aina's sake. ρ??∪????

Soon, Leonel felt that he'd have to hop into battle again, so he chose to take the time to decompress. He also had to open the next Gate of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor before he left, so he just wanted to organize his thoughts first.

Though he thought he preferred the smaller, more compact Segmented Cube. It was nice to be able to do this.

Leonel wasn't feeling particularly down about his loss to Amery. He didn't like to lose, but losing wasn't something that caused his confidence to waver in the slightest. In fact, Amery's threats had no impact on him, and Amery's ideology had long since been thrown from his mind.

Leonel didn't believe that there was anything in this world that didn't have an explanation, nothing that couldn't be broken down into nuts and bolts and analyzed piece by piece. The idea of 'listening' or 'feeling' a weapon was and always would be asinine to him.

Leonel felt that as long as he reached a high enough level, even Lineage Factors would be able to be taken apart and reconstructed by him. That, he was confident in. And, it was because of this confidence that he had allowed this insane idea of his to proliferate to the point he couldn't get it out of his head.

At this moment, Leonel felt that his Snowy Star Lineage Factor was quickly reaching the end of its rope. It was quite a funny thought to have considering he wasn't anywhere close to the Sixth Dimension, but it was a thought that he had nonetheless.

If he had to pinpoint the weakness of this Lineage Factor, it wasn't in the abilities themselves, but rather in the limitation of Snow Force. If Snow Force was swapped for a more powerful or potent Light Elemental Force, the Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor would instantly be comparable to many Seventh Dimensional Lineage Factors.

The question was... How?

Well, if Leonel was a sane, well put together individual, he might move on to a new idea right this moment. Messing with such a thing was beyond people, most would say...

Or was it?

Lineage Factors had to be birthed from somewhere, right? From what Leonel understood, they could be passed down from parents and in some rare cases, they could come from the future imprinting itself onto the past as well.

Leonel had just stepped into the Control level of his ability. He could now, theoretically, control his own body down to a cellular level. In addition to this, he had just gained the backing of the Phase Four Segmented Cube, allowing him to convert Force and form highly pure Force Crystals.

Force Crystals themselves were rare enough. But, Pure Force Crystals were rare to the point that even Force Crystal Mines seemed ubiquitous compared to them. And yet, Leonel now had the ability to exchange a price for them...

At the same time, Leonel had comprehension abilities that transcended the understanding of most, his mind putting even super computers to shame.

So, the question was, if Leonel could pick out the perfect Force to replace Snow Force... If he could find a Force that could replicate its nourishment of the mind, its great healing, and its supreme speed... Even surpassing it in all these aspects and maybe even granting the Snowy Star Owl abilities it had never had before...

Could he upgrade his own Lineage Factor?

Chapter 899

Leonel was absolutely fascinated by the idea, but he had so much to learn about it.

How were Lineage Factors formed and passed along? Were they just like the DNA of humans? Or was there another method?

How were Lineage Factors birthed? If they could come from the future, were there complex time laws to take into consideration? Or was it less about the 'future' and more about a much higher Dimension rewriting something it considered to be trivial in a lower Dimension?

Could Lineage Factors be snatched and taken? What really was the difference between abilities and Lineage Factors other than the fact the latter was hereditary while the former was not?

The ability steal Force Arts Leonel had run into in the Joan Zone, could they be used on Lineage Factors as well? Was there much of a difference to begin with? But this line of questioning also led back to what could possibly separate a Lineage Factor from an ability.

As far as Leonel could tell, in a broad sense, Lineage Factors were more wildly variable than abilities were. With the exception of unique abilities like Sael and Arnold's, most if not all abilities could be documented into an Ability Index, separated into levels, and have their abilities described in incredible detail.

However, Lineage Factors weren't like this at all. Some manifested like abilities, but many were so unique and variable that they were mostly kept close to the chest.

This conclusion was wildly different from what Leonel had originally thought of Lineage Factors. Back when he was much younger, he had thought that Lineage Factors were simple boosts to strength, speed and the like. In fact, Leonel very clearly remember questioning just how it could be possible to pass down affinity for a weapon from generation to generation. Such a thing baffled him, he almost hadn't believed Aina when she told him he had a Spear Lineage Factor.

However, Leonel wasn't as ignorant as he was in the past. He realized that his Spear Domain Lineage Factor wasn't giving him affinity for a weapon, it was giving him affinity for a certain kind of Force that was perfect for the spear—ie Spear Force.

It was a step deeper than this as well.

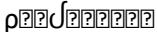
Through his analysis, Leonel found that the Spear Domain Lineage Factor essentially rewired a portion of his forebrain for its use. This rewiring of his brain made it easier for him to digest techniques while simultaneously routing his muscle memory in such a way that it was perfectly primed for usage.

If Leonel took it a step deeper, he would find it that this Lineage Factor not only made it easier for him to rewrite his muscle memory to take in large amounts of techniques, but it was also done in such a way that it made it particularly easy to use the spear.

If one wanted to route muscle memory for a sword, one would focus on flexible fibers and fast twitch muscles. However, Leonel's was routed in a way that emphasized power and balance more.

The more Leonel learned about his body, the more he realized just how scientific even the originally unknown could be. Leonel had grown to the point where he could describe the basic function of his Spear Domain Lineage Factor and why it worked so much better than Dreamscape did in learning spear techniques. However, it also made him keenly aware of just how far he was away from ever deeming to even attempt to improve such a Lineage Factor.

Still, Leonel found it all to be fascinating.

On Earth, 'muscle memory' wasn't 'real', per se. It was essentially a conditioned response to something that had been practiced over and over again. But, here, it was quite literal. Leonel could even follow the path of his firing neurons down to their final destination. 

'It's beautiful...' Leonel thought to himself. '... Not only are the connections there, they only grow the more techniques I learn. However, while it happens immediately, it also works like memory.'

The memory of a human was fascinating. Clusters of neurons would be assigned to certain events and a memory would become more robust the more pathways to those neurons lighting up existed.

This meant something very simple. Just using his split minds to 'master' spears wasn't enough. Leonel had to also practice and apply these.

Now that Leonel thought about it, Amery had a weird habit of continuously swinging his sword even when he wasn't in battle. Each swing seemed normal, but they each had a profound truth behind it that Leonel couldn't grasp since he wasn't a swordsman.

Amery's habit must have been born out of him realizing this. He lived and breathed the sword.

Leonel was certain that if he could analyze Amery's body like he was doing his own, he was certain that the memory clusters, their connections, and their routes toward his muscles would be thousands of times more robust than his own.

A part of that would be due to the fact Amery had had more practice, another part would be because Amery was of a higher Dimension and thus had a mind with greater capacity, and the last part would be that Amery was far more obsessive than Leonel was.

What Leonel realized was that he couldn't just simulate this practice with his Dream Clones. Practicing in his Dream World wouldn't allow the neurons a chance to fire and proceed along the paths they were meant to. He needed to form a connection between the actual movement of his muscles and his memory. It was no wonder his Dreamscape was so much weaker than his Spear Domain Lineage Factor.

Leonel felt that there would come a day where he could control his cells to the point that even this could be simulated by him. But, for now, with his capacity so limited, he would have to do things the old fashioned way.

Leonel became more than just a small bit fascinated about all of this. When he turned his attention to his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, he found more points of interest.

For example, his Bronze Runes worked like an entire organ system all to their own. It was they that both allowed Leonel's body the ability to digest and use metals to supplement his strength, almost like a cross between a digestive and circulatory system.

The process of 'opening' the gates within his body was essentially like opening the valves of a plumbing system. The more gates he opened, the more complex the Bronze Rune Organ System would become and the more layers and power it would manifest.

Of all Leonel's Lineage Factors, the only one he couldn't make heads or tails of was his King's Might Lineage Factor, at least not in a scientific sense.

But, at the same time, his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor was the absolute simplest of the bunch.

Chapter 900

The Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor was the most straight forward. It too caused a change down to the cellular level, but it was in Leonel's blood.

Usually, blood was formed of plasma, red blood cells, white blood cells and finally platelets. Leonel's blood, though, had all sorts of extra oddities in it, one of which had the signature of his Snowy Star Owl Lineage Factor. Since Leonel didn't know what one would call it, he just called them owl cells.

This nameless cell was what Leonel believed gave him the innate affinity toward Snow Force and there were about 50 trillion of them in Leonel's blood. And, each one of these owl cells had a special organelle within them that Leonel felt was very reminiscent of mitochondria.

According to a theory from 21st century Earth, the mitochondria was formerly a bacteria absorbed by a larger eukaryotic cell. The result were the two existences gaining a co-dependent relationship and continuing their evolution together. Eventually, humans evolved from these 'ancestors' and the mitochondria is now boiled down to being the 'powerhouse of the cell'.

Obviously, Leonel's body wasn't exactly like those humans of old. After all, his Lineage was technically a quarter from Earth with the rest originating from higher Dimensional worlds. The result was the insides of Leonel's body being far different from what he had learned from school, and yet surprisingly similar at the same time.

This aside, his mitochondria were likely among the greatest changes as they had no business being in a human. In fact, if Leonel had to hazard a guess, these mitochondria were likely identical to what he might find in a Snowy Star Owl.

Of course, Leonel wasn't certain it was appropriate to call this organelle a mitochondria. But, after just some observation, it was indeed responsible for allowing his conversion of Light Elemental Force into Snow Force.

Obviously, trying to change each one of these owl cells would be foolish. If Leonel wanted to change how they worked, he would need to change the source. He would have to look into his bones.

The more Leonel thought about it, the more lost he became in his own world. He felt like everything was in the palm of his hands, but he was also keenly aware of how foolish it would be to believe that things would be so simple.

How many things in history sounded good in theory but were actually extraordinary mountains to climb?

Leonel didn't have Aina's ability, he couldn't rely on feel. He had to comprehend everything from the ground up. He had no choice but to take things one step at a time.

At the same time, though, Leonel felt that he had opened a gate... one it just might be possible for him to walk through.

Leonel thought of the silver tablet. If it was possible to have a treasure that could resurrect people in this world, he didn't believe that he couldn't break down something even less fundamental than life itself into its nuts and bolts as well.

Leonel took a deep breath. He had to push these matters aside for now. He wasn't quite informed enough to even attempt to do any of this. He would first need more information.

In the meantime, it was about time he entered the next stage of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor.

...

"Hm? There's movement."

In a familiar world with incense sticks as tall as mountains looming in the distance, a group of elders were alerted to movement on the family tomes. In their old age, without much hope for further advancement, some of their best entertainment came from watching these advancements take place.

With the billions of Morales family members there were depicted here, there was almost always something going on. It was just that most of the time it was uninteresting so most movement ended up being ignored. After all, who cared much about someone past their prime making a breakthrough they should have made years earlier?

"Oh! It's a good one!"

It didn't take long for the elders to realize that the movement had come from the Nova Generation, causing some of them to perk up.

If there were two movements that were the most entertaining to watch, it would be the oldest generation tablets and the newest generation. For the oldest generation, movement near the top of the

tablet would lead to worldwide commotion. For the newest generation, the Nova Generation, movement from anywhere was worth a look. p??J??????

It had to be remembered that names were ranked in terms of birthdate before the Heir Wars. Only after the Heir Wars would they be ranked based on potential and strength.

It wasn't long before many gazes focused on the name at the very bottom of the tome.

“Oh? It's the Littlest Nova again? It's been how long... three years? A bit over that? To take that long to go from the First Gate toward opening the Second is a bit slow...”

The elders all nodded. The Third and Fourth Dimensions were practically speed runs for talented youths. At the fastest, some would only take a few months at most. Things only began to slow down in the Fifth Dimension and became especially slow after stepping into the Sixth.

With how much drama there had been around Leonel's first breakthrough, for him to take so long was a bit disappointing, indeed. But, since he was one of the Heir candidates, they didn't turn their attention away.

“It can't be helped. How could his resources compare to the others?”

“Humph, that stubborn brat stole the Heirlooms for himself, what more resources could they need?”

Clearly, this 'brat' they referred to was no longer Leonel. And, it was a fair point, indeed. Of course, they had no idea that Leonel was basically flying blind. Plus, he was in worlds with not nearly the same Force density, not to mention the fact he had waited to get the latter portions of [Dimensional Cleanse].

“How long do you think it'll take? You think he will open all Nine Doors this time too?”

“That's a tough ask, don't you think? It already took three years to get to this point. Plus, opening up the Seventh is pretty good for a first attempt at the Second Gate.”

Of course, for an elder to say 'pretty good', this essentially meant elite amongst elite. Only such a level was worthy of a 'pretty good' evaluation.

"Hm...? That aura...?"

"What is it, Mila?"

"That's the Fifth Dimension of [Dimensional Cleanse], I'm certain. I didn't say anything the first time because everyone has the Third Dimensional layer of [Dimensional Cleanse] and it could be considered an excellent foundational technique... but this..."

The elders blinked. Not many of them used [Dimensional Cleanse]. In fact, Mila was among the very few that did. It required a deep familiarity to pick out something like that from the mere aura of a shining name.

But, what this observation meant was even deeper than just that...

The elders looked toward one another, their eyes sparkling.

"WHAT?!"

The elders were startled awake by a shout, their heads snapping in a particular direction.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Have you gone senile?!"

The elder in question didn't say a single word. Instead, he extended a wrinkled finger toward the Nova Generation tablet.

