

Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 1663: "Small" Families

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Chapter 1663: "Small" Families

Leonel looked toward Valor, his expression still placid.

He was the only one of the Morales family not recognizable at a single glance, but the others were all too easy to get a look at. The bronzed hair, tanned skin, pale green eyes... It was all the exact same. It didn't seem to matter who their Morales parent chose to tie the knot with, the Morales genes always seemed to win out.

Leonel had been the same in the past until certain mutations in his Lineage Factors caused changes to occur, but this wasn't too difficult to accept. After all, considering Earth's talent, the Lineage Factors birthed from there were most definitely not normal. Maybe it would take such a thing to finally make the Morales genes take a step back.

The crowd was shocked when they heard Valor speak.

They all knew of this young man and his stature was no less than that of the Cataclysm Generation. In fact, there was no doubt that the Six Potential Heirs of the Morales family were all Kings amongst men. It was just that being the young, Valor was the last to have yet to step into the Seventh Dimension, but even so, he was only a step away.

While the Void Palace counted generations by the year, the Morales family counted generation by grandfather, father and son pairings, with decades being in between. Anyone of their billions of descendants that could earn the right to fight for the position of Heir was an absolute monster, and they had proven this with time.

Leonel had already been far behind them when he finally made it to the Void Palace in the first place, but he was placed even further behind after losing 20 years. Valor was probably the only one among them that he still stood a good chance against in a one on one battle.

However, even with this being the case, Leonel met his cousin's gaze without much fluctuation.

"The Heir Wars were postponed for your sake. The family was quite confident that you would return."

Leonel's expression flickered, a bit of his indifference receding. He could tell after these short few sentences that the coldness Valor was exuding had little to do with him, this was just his cousin's personality. Since he was willing to talk, there really wasn't a problem with doing so.

The Morales Heir Wars had been postponed due to the events of the Cataclysm. Usually, they would ensure that the Heirs Wars would occur while all of the Heirs were still in the Sixth Dimension, but this time, it had been impossible to allow this.

"The current plan is to wait until we all enter the Seventh Dimension, or else it won't be very fair. So we will all be waiting for you."

Leonel paused before nodding lightly. He hadn't expected this, he had entered into this matter assuming that it would all be unfair, and he was prepared for that outcome. But it seemed that the Morales family had no intention of allowing things to be so skewed.

"Mm," Valor nodded back. "You want to enter the Void Tower?"

"Yes, that was my intention." Leonel responded.

"Okay, then enter. No one will block you."

The expressions of the others had been a mix between shock and interest while they were listening to the two speak. But when they heard Valor's final words, their expressions changed.

"Valor, you can't just do what you want. The spots today are already claimed, what exactly do you mean by this?" Wymlan spoke immediately.

With Wymlan's size, despite the fact he only felt that he was talking with a normal amount of sternness, his voice came out in a thunderous boom that caused vibrations in the air.

Valor turned an indifferent glance toward Wymlan but didn't say a single word.

Rules? Spots? Did he ever have to pay attention to such stupid things? He had strolled in here just like Leonel had because he happened to have some time on his hands today, the only difference was that no one had dared to stop him because they all recognized his face.

It was unfortunate for Leonel that he had just returned, or else most would probably give him the same amount of face. Unfortunately, even if people recognized him now, it was unlikely that they'd do so. He hadn't built up enough of a legend before the Cataclysm, and now he had lost 20 years compared to the others.

Seeing that he was so blatantly ignored, Wymlan's temper flared, his battle ax shin guard shining with a radiant light as they seemed to want to unsheathe themselves.

However, the moment they did, a raging tempest of Spear Force surged around Valor. Even with his arms crossed about his chest, it seemed that he could pierce Wymlan through with a single look. Right then, it felt like the very light of Wymlan's battle axes dimmed considerably.

Wymlan's expression along with the others turned incomparably ugly. Valor was in Tier 9 while the strongest of them was still in Tier 7. But even if they had been at the same level, they wouldn't have dared to casually take Valor on.

At that moment, Quonor, one of the few women among them, spoke. Her approach was much different than the brutish Wymlan.

"I see. So in that case, this must be Seventh Nova and your younger cousin, hm? I've heard that he's very famous, but little of it actually has anything to do with him.

"The first thing you think of when you think Seventh Nova is his father and the latter's tyrannical ways, even chopping off the arm of a Senate Party Leader, how valiant.

"The second thing you think of is his mother, a Goddess for sure, but also a woman who let her son earn an Amethyst Token through some backdoor methods.

"The third thing you think of is his uncle, a war god amongst men, and aunt, yet another goddess, who both also happened to let him use the Spear Faction's facilities for absolutely free for an entire year.

"And now it seems that he wants to rely on another family member again?

"You can do as you please, Valor. We all know that we aren't strong enough to stop you. But your Morales family seems to be getting more and more tyrannical every day, flouting the laws of the Void Palace and acting as you please. Now, you know very well who's quartered the Void Tower for use today, but you're still choosing to do this.

"It seems that the Morales family cares very little for the opinions of us "small" families, hm?"

Leonel's eyes narrowed.

He could care less about Quonor's words. He was a person who could easily get infuriated for the sake of those he cared about, but when someone was being debasing toward himself, he didn't even find it difficult to remain completely indifferent or even entirely ignore it.

The trouble was that Quonor's words seemed to be hinting at something far deeper than just a bit of nepotism, and the frightening chill in Valor's eyes, even more frigid than normal, spoke volumes toward that effect.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1664: Buried History

The coldness in Valor's eyes reached a tipping point, the aura he was exuding made Quonor's confident smile waver as a flicker of fear danced within the depths of her eyes. However, just when it seemed that he was about to do something, Leonel smiled and patted him on the shoulder.

"Thanks for your help, Valor. I'll take you up on that offer. Me and Aina would like to enter."

Valor looked away from Quonor and met Leonel's gaze before nodding lightly.

Without another word, Leonel walked into and through the group of young geniuses, his expression not very hurried at all.

As far as Leonel was concerned, starting a massacre here wouldn't extend his time in the Void Palace. In fact, it would most definitely shorten it. The larger the commotion he caused, the more rushed his time in this place would be. But he still needed time to squeeze all the benefits he could out of the Void Palace.

Although the Zone seemed to have much stronger methods, Leonel didn't forego what the Void Palace had to offer either. There were still large riches of information to be had in this place and secrets that he would only be able to understand through it.

If he had been able to unearth all of the secrets of the Zone in one go, he might care about the Void Palace's things any longer. But he had spent too little time in there. As such, he was still in a situation where he knew too little about the wider secrets of the Dimensional Verse.

In that case, he would make sure to rob the Void Palace of everything it had before he leisurely left with a smile on his face.

The youths watched as Leonel crossed their faces without a care, he hadn't even seemed to take Quonor's words to heart. In fact, he completely disregarded them. That said, just because he did, didn't mean that Aina would as well. After all, didn't she have her own temper?

Still holding onto Leonel's hand, she turned back with a dark glow in her eyes.

"Your elder brothers, sisters and cousins already lost to him once over 20 years ago. I'm afraid that two decades still wasn't enough to catch up. Maybe you should ask them what exactly happened in the Rapax Nest. But then again, saving you all wasn't exactly a one time occurrence, now was it?"

A coercion laced mental attack seemed to be hidden within her voice, thrumming against the mind of the youths that were present. Quonor in particular felt her heart jolt, finding, to her horror, that her nose and ears were all bleeding.

Aina's words resonated like bells in their skulls, the blood running in reverse and their hearts beating hard to catch up. It felt as though if they were the slightest bit careless, their chests would implode, forming blood flowers that marked the place of their deaths.

Information about exactly what had happened in the Rapax Nest had been overshadowed by the actions of Leonel's father that day and the position the Cataclysm Generation had taken afterward. Having been stimulated by Leonel and Amery, they went into seclusion, wishing to make a perfect breakthrough into the God Path as quickly as possible.

Back then, Conon had claimed that breaking into the God Path would close the gap between themselves and Leonel's Innate Node, and it seemed that many of them had agreed with this sentiment. Being spurred on by the fire of competition, they all went into hiding soon after.

It was because of this that even after a year in the Void Palace, Leonel hadn't heard anything about the members of his generation, and that included even Amery who had placed all of his focus toward the Sword Domain's Tribulation.

At the same time, the Sword Faction of the Void Palace didn't want to reveal the details of what caused all of this to happen, or else the Suaird family might have to face the ire of many families for putting their children at risk all for the sake of allowing Amery a chance to gain a second Ability Index.

And, of course, the second mastermind of the matter, Third Nova Xavnik, obviously didn't want to make his involvement clear either or else the truth about him betraying the Spear Faction to help the Sword Faction toward his own ends would have also been exposed.

Then, this ultimately came to a head when the Cataclysm descended and such small details simply didn't seem to matter at all.

Due to this, the one of the Cataclysm Generation whose name should have held the most weight, Leonel Morales, was overshadowed. It also didn't help that speculations of nepotism were rampant.

However, right this moment, Aina's words seemed to have jolted them all awake. She had, of course, been there. Could it be that their understanding of the situation was flawed?

By the time they recovered themselves, Leonel and Aina had already appeared before the disciple manning the Void Tower and handed over their badges.

"This will be our first entry," Leonel said lightly.

With all of their records wiped clean, this would, indeed, be their first entry. Since the Void Palace wanted to play, he would happily play along with them.

The disciple hesitated, but sensing the gaze of Valor, he could only shiver and accept the badges, inputting them into the system and allowing Leonel and Aina to enter.

Not even a half minute after Leonel and Aina had entered, a commotion arose in the Void Tower region once again.

"Simona, there's still time to back down. I'm not a fan of crushing women outside the bedroom. Of course, if you want a taste of me, I can lay my pride down and give you a night."

The laughter rang out like thunder, booming to the point even the ground quaked.

However, the ice beauty who seemed to be the target of it all didn't respond in the slightest. She walked slowly and in an unhurried fashion, and yet her steps carried her forward dozens of meters at a time.

She had a beauty beyond words and an elegance surpassing reason, just the small showing of soft flesh that flashed out of the slit in her dress was enough to make many swoon.

BANG!

At that moment, a heavy figure fell from the skies.

Simona Pyius and Conon Lio had arrived. But, they weren't alone.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1665: Humiliation

The third individual was a hulking man, standing at three meters tall and dwarfing even Wymlan. He was the genius of the Taur family, Armand Taur.

Just like this, three geniuses of the Cataclysm Generation had appeared one another, each exuding an aura that seemed to make the skies tremble and the earth crack. However, they were surprised to find that the organized region they had become used to was not only in disarray, but Conon even found that

several members of the Lion Pride Faction were actually bleeding out on the ground.

At that moment, Conon's good mood vanished into thin air.

"WHO DARES?!"

His words came out in a lion-like roar, wisps of golden Force shooting out from his lips like a sonic attack. But it didn't even seem like he had done this consciously, it was more like his power had become a part of the very fabric of his being.

Conon's gaze almost turned bloodshot, his eyes sweeping over the surroundings until he locked onto Valor and the others who had been approaching the tower to watch. At that moment, Conon's gaze locked onto Valor, the aggression in his expression increasing manifold.

In his mind, Valor was the only one with the balls to do such a thing, and he was probably the only one with the power to dare to do so as well.

"You did this?!" Conon growled.

The truth was that Conon's speculations weren't exactly poor. After all, Valor had indeed entered without paying what others did. If someone had been foolish enough to stop him, then this was a very possible outcome. The difference was, though, that no one would dare to act against Valor.

However, Conon hadn't been here to see this, so there was nothing particularly wrong about his assumption. And, Valor, who was a man of few words to begin with, couldn't even care to explain himself. Even if he did have the mind to explain, he still wouldn't for the mere fact that it would seem as though he was trying to avoid Conon's fury.

He, Valor Morales, did not fear the likes of Conon Lio. If the latter wanted to act, he was free to do so.

At the same time, Wymlan, Quonor, and the others were already dissatisfied with Valor for obstructing and oppressing them earlier, so why would they be in a hurry to help him clear his name?

Conon's steps slowed as he walked forward, but the heaviness behind them only grew with every oppressive push of his gait.

The surroundings quaked and even the Anarchic Force in the air seemed to be showing signs of swaying out of the way as Conon's fury rose like a tempest.

It had been very long since anyone dared to provoke him like this. Did his Lion's Pride Faction look like something just anyone could trample upon as they pleased?

However, just as Conon was about to take action, Simona released a light hum.

"Hm?"

Her delicate brows rose as she looked up. Right then, two large projections manifested themselves, one showing the form of Leonel outfitted in a familiar skintight black suit, and another showing Aina wearing the very same thing.

"Him?"

Conon's voice was tinged with surprise. Leonel hadn't returned even after so long so many who knew of his existence thought he had died. Of course, nothing would be confirmed until the spatial storm phenomena came to an end, but to think that he would truly be among the last batch.

Many thought that Conon would be enraged that someone had actually dared to take his spot, but in reality, after being surprised, Conon suddenly began to laugh again, his voice booming across the horizon.

This was perfect, simply too perfect.

Back when the influx of geniuses forced the Void Tower to change its rules and reshuffle things around to better optimize their growth, everyone of the Cataclysm Generation had entered one after another. But this wasn't the most important point.

What made Conon laugh like he was laughing now was that they had also all entered at Tier 1 of the Sixth Dimension.

If Leonel had just returned like Conon believed he did, this would mean that it had been only a year since he had met Conon, at least from Leonel's perspective. In such a case, Leonel would also, at most, be in Tier 1 of the Sixth Dimension.

This would be an absolutely perfect one to one comparison.

Conon himself, on that day, had managed to climb to the 42nd floor in one go, a feat that was enough to shock the whole of the Void Palace. For context, the strength of the Seventh Dimension began at the 50th floor, making his accomplishment at the mere first Tier absolutely ridiculous.

Of course, Conon hadn't performed the best, but he also claimed that it was because he was unlucky in the floors he was given, something he stood by even to this day.

Regardless, if Leonel couldn't at least make it that high then he was nothing but trash. In that situation, he would no longer have to hold back. Once Leonel came out, he wouldn't have to worry about whining about him having a 20 year advantage because he would have already proven himself to be superior to Leonel.

Conon remembered what happened that day in the Rapax Nest all too well, not to mention those arrogant words that Leonel had spoken. Back then, Conon had claimed that humans couldn't coexist with powerful Innate Nodes and that Leonel would eventually be swallowed up by his own talent in the future. However, in response, he only received Leonel's sneers and derision. In his entire life, Conon had never experienced such humiliation, especially not for an individual of his own generations.

... "... Don't assign limits you do to yourself to me..." ...

Those words and Leonel's brazen smirk were branded into his mind.

When he came out, Conon would be sure to grind all of his bones to dust.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1666: Four Categories

Leonel had no idea what was going on outside, nor did he particularly care. If he had known about Conon's thoughts, he would have done nothing more than laugh.

Back then, he was aware of Conon's true thoughts. If Conon had been the one born with a Scarlet Star Force Innate Node, he would have had all the confidence in himself in the world. In such a situation, he wouldn't be talking

about "humans" and "Spirituals" and their gaps. It was only because he felt that Leonel was unworthy that he had said such things.

However, didn't Leonel have just as much confidence in himself? Conon could just sit tightly and watch.

Leonel sent a gaze toward the weapon racks that manifested around him. He remembered what happened the last time he was here. His arm was broken so he had no choice but to rely on throwing weapons and shields.

For the first time, though, he was completely healthy and he chose... nothing.

Under the astonished gazes of the spectators, Leonel didn't choose any weapon whatsoever and directly allowed the sequence to begin. His vision spun and when he appeared once more, he realized that he had stepped into what could only be called the land of the dead.

Leonel recognized this place almost immediately. It was because of this region that Aina hadn't been able to continue past the 12th floor during her original run. Because these enemies had no Blood Force to use, she ended up dying in the end. Now it seemed that it would be Leonel's first batch of nine floors.

The ground splintered and bony hands reached up. However, Leonel only sent a casual glance through the surroundings.

People had forgotten his name. It was probably time that they remember.

He lightly raised a foot and stamped downward. In that moment, a surge of radiant Earth Force compressed the ground, forcing it into submission.

...

<First Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:03>

<Second Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:03>

<Third Floor Clear – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:03>

...

<Ninth Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:03>

...

Silence fell over the spectators on the outside of the Void Tower. Usually, the surroundings would be filled with lively discussion no different from a sporting event on Earth. After all, all of these people had paid good money to witness the events of this day, but they hadn't thought that they would see such a thing.

Usually, when records were set, they would only appear on the "First Time" rankings. It had to be remembered that there were two batches of rankings, each with two categories of their own.

There were current rankings and all-time rankings. In addition, both of these categories were separated into first entries and cumulative rankings.

Normally, the cumulative rankings were hardly ever touched... This was because those monstrous Domain Ranked disciples with Seventh Dimensional strength also entered the tower and their speed would be far beyond what those of the Sixth Dimension could compare to. As a result, most only hoped to earn a name on the first entry rankings.

Who would have thought, though, that in one sweep, not even taking half a minute, Leonel would lay claim to nine of these rankings all at once?

The ignorant might say that he had gotten floors that he could easily counter. But how often did such a thing happen? Why didn't others also capitalize like he had?

In addition, controlling Earth Force in higher Dimensional worlds was among the hardest things to do. And yet Leonel had just casually stomped a foot and compressed the earth in a radius of almost a hundred meters to the point of being able to crush Sixth Dimensional skeletons known for their hardness to death...

Just what kind of feat was this?!

The three of the Cataclysm Generation fell into silence, their casual expression becoming solemn.

...

Leonel's vision swam as he entered the tenth floor. He remembered this floor all too well. The last time he came to this floor, he lost consciousness, and when he woke up, the Spear Domain Heirloom was in disarray and the Segmented Cube was gone.

But at the same time, his Mage Core had undergone earth shattering changes and his Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor had reached completion. Even now he didn't quite know whether to see it as a blessing or a curse.

Regardless of which it was, though, this particular boss floor wasn't the same as what Leonel had experienced in the past. At the very least, it wasn't a member of the Spirituals Race, but was instead a member of the Rapax.

'Oh? So is this how it works? You face a member of the powerful races every ten floors? That could be interesting.'

Leonel smiled lightly and threw out a fist.

It seemed all too casual, and yet all the sounds of the world seemed to be sucked away, leaving behind nothing more than the image of a flying fist.

BANG!

Leonel's fist stopped in the air, a full 20 meters away from the Rapax, and yet it sounded as though it had collided with it perfectly. The air had compressed before his fist to the extent that when it came to a stop, it felt like he had collided against solid steel.

In the distance, the Rapax exploded on impact, a shower of greenish-violet blood drizzling down in a fine, misty rain as Leonel stepped into the 11th floor.

...

<Eleventh Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:02>

This time, Leonel didn't beat the all-time record, but the impact of his win was still no less horrifying.

Everyone knew that the Morales family didn't specialize in fist techniques and neither did Leonel, that much they knew. This meant that Leonel had only casually decided to use a fist this time, and yet the result was the death of a Rapax at his level from over 20 meters away.

Just what was going on here, exactly?

...

Leonel stepped in the Eleventh Floor to find a familiar challenge. It was the Heavy Gravity floors. Ironically, this had also been his Eleventh Floor challenge back then, but he hadn't been conscious to experience it.

This time, however, he would be.

His lips curled into a smile.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1667: Churn

The Heavy Gravity floors were one of the few that didn't actually require any battle.

The first layer of difficulty was, obviously, the heavy gravity. The second layer of difficulty was in the so-called "pillars of gravity". These pillars of gravity were regions of this seemingly blank and wide space where the gravity would suddenly multiply by thousands of times and crush you to death in an instant.

In order to pass these floors, one had to cross this spacious room without dying, and of course, while withstanding the generally higher gravity as well.

It was safe to say, then, that this was another exceptionally lucky draw for Leonel. Even if he had been in the Fifth Dimension again, he could have crossed this room easily.

He rose his foot and his figure flickered, taking an approach most saw as suicide on the Heavy Gravity floors. And yet, he did it without even thinking twice.

Gravity? Why would a member of the Morales family have to fear it?

...

<Eleventh Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:11>

<Twelfth Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:13>

<Thirteenth Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:14>

...

<Nineteenth Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:21>

...

Leonel appeared on the 20th floor, his mood still quite casual. From what he could tell, in ten floor increments, the Void Tower seemed to jump through two Tiers of strength at a time. The boss of the 10th floor had been a Tier 2 existence, so it was likely that the boss of the 20th floor would be at Tier 4, which meant that the boss of the 50th floor would be Quasi Seventh Dimensional.

However, this standard was set to the average student of the Void Tower. While average to the Void Tower was considered to be genius level to the greater Human Domain, to the likes of Leonel and the Cataclysm Generation, it was child's play and actually quite weak.

Of course, things actually weren't quite so simple since the non-boss floors had many enemies of that level to face, while the boss floors themselves faced them off against more concentrated talent. But this was the general gift nonetheless.

This was why, even standing on the 20th floor, Leonel didn't even feel a need to take out a spear.

Watching as a Pixie of the Dwarven Race flapped her wings and quickly rose into the air, Leonel only pressed out two fingers, causing a flash of golden Spear Force to rush out so quickly that it was almost impossible to track with the naked eye.

Before the Pixie could even get into place to draw her bow, she froze, her eyes going blank as she fell from the skies, dead.

...

<Twentieth Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:00:02>

The silence was exceptionally heavy. It seemed that whether it was Leonel or Aina, both of them had no intention of allowing these matters to settle down

quietly. Although Leonel had failed to break into the all-time rankings again after the first nine floors, he didn't waste any time crushing the first time rankings one after another. The worst part was that he didn't even seem to be putting in his full effort.

Even after crossing the 30th floor and beginning to face enemies at Tier 7 and even Tier 8, they didn't seem to be putting in much effort at all. They crushed them one after another, their times still being absolutely ridiculous.

By the time Leonel and Aina entered the 40th floor, any smiling and jeering that had been present had become a solemn silence.

Back then when the Cataclysm Generation had first entered, the fact that Tier 1 existences could battle against Tier 7 and above existences was hard for most to fathom, but they had slowly come to accept it over time. This was just the new standard for absolute genius.

Seeing a new pair of individuals accomplish the same thing, but seemingly with even greater ease, was absolutely shocking and they weren't sure how to wrap their heads around it.

The likes of Wymlan and Quoron had on exceptionally ugly expressions. Although they could climb to these floors as well, and even make it look quite easy too, they were in Tier 6 already. When they were in Tier 1, they couldn't have hoped to be so casual.

By the time one entered the Sixth Dimension, taking even one step forward was incredibly difficult. This was why even after 20 years of being gone, a minority had crossed into the Seventh Dimension.

In reality, for the vast majority of those in the Human Domain, entering the Sixth Dimension was nothing more than a dream. As for the geniuses who could make it to the Void Palace, entering the Seventh Dimension was just as much of a dream to them.

Every step was arduous and difficult. But likewise, the benefits for taking such steps was also outstanding and one gained large amounts of power for each step you took.

Crossing levels to do battle in the Sixth Dimension should be extraordinarily difficult... So why did they make it look so easy?!

Leonel's and Aina's names flooded the rankings. By the 40th floor, each of them had secured 120 Void Merits a month at a minimum, and that was just considering the current rankings and not the all time rankings. If the latter was included, the totals would be even more exaggerated. And yet, they showed no signs of stopping.

...

Leonel entered the 41st floor, a familiar charismatic smile on his face.

'It seems that I should get a little bit more serious.'

He reached out a hand causing a surge of Emulation Spatial Force to manifest. Soon, it solidified, forming a jet black spear.

A pulse of light radiated from Leonel's forehead and a golden crown formed and wrapped around his head, its centerpiece being a radiant golden spear.

Leonel stood in a world of a vast ocean. As far as even his own eyes could see, there was nothing but crystal blue waters.

Until, that is, the skies began to rumble and the water began to churn.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1668: The Gap

This was the first time that Leonel was in a world like this one. It felt ominous and could easily make a person feel small. The vastness of an ocean wasn't something that could be easily fathomed. Even as a person now of the Sixth Dimension, it still filled Leonel with thoughts of inferiority in a way that even the vastness of space couldn't.

However, Leonel still faced it all with a smile, the tip of his spear trembling slightly.

Right then, suddenly and without any sort of precursor, Leonel stepped forward and pierced. His movements were fluid and without hitching, everything about his form touching onto a pinnacle of perfection that most couldn't fathom.

With every step he took, the waters rippled. And with every pierce, they split apart.

Waves rose and the blue waters rushed upward like a pair of tsunamis, seemingly looking to swallow Leonel whole but being completely unable to crash down around him as his movements only became more and more fierce.

One step, two, three.

The creatures lurking in the vast blue ocean couldn't even complete their attacks or surface. The moment they touched the dome of Leonel's senses, he would pierce outward, his motions unhurried and unbothered.

His Spear Force seemed to reap God Runes. Mighty constructs that could instill fear in others didn't seem capable of even causing Leonel's expression to change. Whether it was soft and weak flesh or sturdy and hard scaled, his spear pierced through them all just as easily, a radiant golden light flourishing around him as though he was insistent on becoming the new center of the world.

Leonel's spear spun in his hands, a mighty scythe of gold splitting the ocean in two.

The water rushed away, only to reveal an enormous leviathan-like creature which didn't even get the chance to roar out in pain before it was split into two, its eyes turning vacant even as the ocean's walls crashed down around it once again.

Leonel looked down beneath his feet without much of a change to his expression. Then, he took a step forward, vanishing into the next floor.

Leonel could feel the difficulty increasing. It was as though the closer he got to the Seventh Dimension, the further along an exponential curve that he traveled. The burden placed on him wasn't very great at all, after all, he still hadn't used much more than a fraction of his strength or trump cards. But he could feel that the gap between the floors was steadily growing larger and larger.

When Leonel crushed Conon's record, surpassed the 42nd floor, cruising through the 43rd and rushing up the 47th, he finally felt that he was reaching a point where more and more of his strength was being forcefully squeezed out

and less of his casual strikes were effective. At the very least, he could no longer just tap the air with a pair of fingers and expect that to claim victory.

Everyone watching had expected something like this to happen. The gap between the Sixth and Seventh Dimensions was simply too enormous. Even the likes of the Cataclysm Generation, despite having reached the peak of the Sixth Dimension, wouldn't dare to say that they could face off against even the weakest individual of the Seventh Dimension and that was fundamentally because...

Such a saying was an oxymoron.

There were no weak individuals who could enter the Seventh Dimension. They didn't exist. And this was especially so for those who took the God Path.

Due to the specific characteristics of the God Path, improving in it was far more difficult than the Conventional Path. Someone on the Conventional Path, so long as they had a bit of talent, could force their way into the Seventh Dimension through the use of time, effort and resources, a lot of resources.

However, someone in the God Path could not do this. No amount of resources could allow you to progress in the God Path. The only method of advancing was through comprehension, only then could you accumulate the Force necessary for your breakthrough.

The leap necessary to cross from the Sixth Dimension to the Seventh was absolutely enormous.

Theoretically, even if one had entered the Sixth Dimension with the God Path, you could continue through from Tier 1 to Tier 9 mostly using methods of the Conventional Path. But, upon reaching the pinnacle, unless your understanding of your God Path reached a certain level, it would be a foolish dream to think of entering the Seventh.

If the Sixth Dimension was where the beginning of the God Path lay, the Seventh was where it blossomed and grew, and without proper fertilization and enough soul, this blooming would fail ten out ten times. This was the simple truth.

As a result of this, there were enormous gaps between Sixth Dimensional individuals. This was why members of the Cataclysm Generation could fight

Tier 7 individuals right out the gate, and also why Leonel and Aina could do so as well. This was a difference in quality in the paths they had taken.

Now, Leonel was experiencing this first hand, because in the Quasi Seventh Dimension was the first Quasi Realm where there was a magnitude of difference in the title it held. To be a Quasi Seventh Dimensional existence was akin to be like a Demi God among the mortals of the Sixth Dimension.

So when Leonel crossed from the 47th floor into the 48th and felt the pressure radiating from the waters below, his own expression couldn't help but turn cold, his casual smile giving way to something serious for the first time.

Leonel stretched his spear out and squeezed his palm, causing it to shatter into motes of light that quickly reformed into the body of a bow.

His hair fluttered wildly as a cyclone of water formed beneath his feet.

He drew his bow, his back stretched tight and his aura calm.

"Divide."

SHUUU

Leonel released, the water beneath him splitting before even coming into contact with his Bow Force. On the other end, a whale the size of a small island had its head shredded into pieces, but Leonel had already drawn his bow once again, ready to fire.

Now things were getting fun.

[Important Announcement Below]

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1669: Not Again

Leonel's battle intent blazed. Everything within the surrounding several kilometer range seemed to be in the palm of his hands. Even the water was completely incapable of impeding his forward progress.

It was an all out slaughter. The moment Leonel grew the least bit serious, nothing seemed capable of withstanding even a single strike.

He stood tall and straight, the speed of his aiming and drawing reaching an unconscious level. Those that were watching had already felt that his spearmanship was near untouchable compared to his peers, but it was only now that they came to understand that compared to his archery, all other things fell by the wayside.

It was like Leonel's spear was nothing more than scrap paper he used to test out and refine the ideas he had for his bow. All of his abilities seemed to be amplified by a factor of tenfold at a minimum in the presence of his bow. If it wasn't for the fact his Emulation Bow Force wasn't quite as good at emulating bowstrings, his lethality would be on a completely different level.

Even with this being the case, with every pluck of his bowstring, Leonel found another flaw and tweaked it. What those on the outside couldn't see was that only a small part of his attention was placed on aiming and firing, with a much larger portion being focused on refining his control over his Emulation Spatial Force.

Leonel knew that he was still greatly lacking in comparison to Thaela despite his far superior Dream Force affinity.

He was able to mask a lot of his deficiencies because the illusion abilities of his Emulation Spatial Force were so powerful thanks to this affinity of his. However, when it came to manipulating the underlying Spatial Force, he still needed a lot of work.

When creating something like a spear which was in line with the inherent rigidity of Emulation Spatial Force, it was relatively easier. But it was difficult to emulate the tension and flexibility of a bowstring, he even struggled quite a bit with the bow's body as well.

While others saw a bow that looked perfect in form, only Leonel who was actually using the bow knew that it was actually handicapping his abilities. He would face the same problems if he needed to form a more flexible spear as well.

It was possible to circumvent this entirely by using his Aurora Domain, but he felt no need to go so far just for a mere Void Tower.

While Leonel planned on absolutely crushing the records of those in his generation, he had no plans of going so far as to expose the true depths of his strength. He had also told Aina to hold back as well.

There were definitely individuals watching them from the dark right this moment, but they would never be able to guess at the true depth of strength they possessed, and they would be even more hard pressed to guess at what kind of strength he and Aina could display when they fought together.

That said, Leonel really wanted to experience just what kind of power someone of the Seventh Dimension. Or, more accurately, he wanted to know what someone who had entered the Seventh Dimension with the God Path could do.

BANG!

The ocean churned and roared. For a moment, it looked as though the entirety of its volume was rushing into the air.

Leonel stood indifferently amidst it all, a heavy rain falling from above. But at a glance, it was hard to differentiate the drops of blue from the drops of violet, making it impossible to tell the difference between the ocean's waters and the rain of oceanic beast blood.

Leonel took a step forward, leaving the depths of the 49th floor and entering the 50th.

<Forty-Ninth Floor Cleared – New Record Set – Leonel Morales 00:17:23>

...

The outside of the Void Tower was still shrouded by a deathly silence.

Valor watched with the same cold expression. It was difficult to tell exactly what was going on in his mind. However, when it came to Conon, his heart was always worn on his sleeve. The latter's expression was so dark and gloomy that even his golden aura seemed to dim into a dark gold.

There was simply no excuse. The Oceanic Warbeast floors were among the most dangerous for those without Water Force affinity. In fact, although it wasn't classified as one of the "drawing dead" floors, it was very close to that for many.

And yet, Leonel had made it look easy. Even if he had a Water Force affinity, he clearly didn't rely on it, never mind the fact that most assumed that his

greatest reliance was his Earth Force due to his identity as a Morales. For those of the Morales, this was the absolute worst floor to be given.

But... he had actually set a new record.

Quoron's own expression was quite ugly. If making it to the 40th floor meant that Leonel had earned the right to stand on the same level as them, entering the 50th meant that he had left the likes of her and the others far behind. If it was added that he was only at Tier 1, then only the likes of the Cataclysm Generation and the few monsters like Valor even had the right to meet his gaze.

However, when Quoron saw what opponent Leonel received on the 50th floor, her heart trembled before a bit of the solemnness in her heart faded. If it wasn't for the fact that she didn't want to come off as narrow minded and worried for her image, she would have started laughing uproariously.

That said, Cornelius who was hidden high in the skies reacted much differently.

"Oh no, please not again."

He hesitated, wondering if he should forcibly put a stop to things.

...

Leonel appeared in a familiar world of white, facing off against a young man who was too handsome for words. It was as though a Goddess had personally refined each and every one of features. But he only seemed to have eyes for the tree by his side and the singular golden apple that hung from it.

After a brief moment of surprise, Leonel suddenly grinned wildly.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1670: Clash

A Spiritual.

For the first time since Leonel and Aina had cleared their first floors, a commotion broke out beneath the Void Tower. However, this commotion was more lament than anything else. They wanted to see how far Leonel could go,

but they didn't want to see him draw dead so early on. Though, this couldn't be considered "early on" any longer.

A few had heard of what happened last time Leonel had entered the Void Tower, but they were in the minority. A large portion didn't even know the name Leonel Morales outside of the weight the Morales name held until this moment.

However, as impressed as they were by Leonel's performance, the legend of the Spirituals was simply too deeply ingrained.

They were a race of people that stood at the pinnacle of the Dimensional Verse. If it wasn't for the fact they didn't seem as eager as the other races were to claim a piece of the Human Domain for themselves, they might have long since fallen.

When it came to races that could hold a candle to the Spirituals, only the mysterious ones like the Void Beasts could hope to. But when it came to numbers, many of these races couldn't hope to match up.

They had not only the talent, but the numbers. It made them probably the greatest threat in the whole of the Dimensional Verse. Although no one dared to claim this to be absolutely certain and infallible since the universe was simply too large, no one would argue too fiercely against it either.

In the face of the Spirituals, the human race was so frail that they couldn't battle unless they brought soul protective treasures with them. If you lacked one, it was an automatic loss.

Many wondered why it was that the Void Palace insisted on allowing the Spirituals to take part in the Void Tower since they couldn't bring any treasures in with them, but after so long, it had simply become an accepted reality.

Now, it was simply known as drawing dead... They could only wait for Leonel to be expelled.

But it was then that Leonel's wild grin was projected to them, causing their hearts to jolt.

That wild grin... The older generation was all too familiar with it... It was the grin of those madmen of the Morales family.

...

Leonel squeezed his fist, causing the bow construct in his hand to shatter in motes of Emulation Spatial Force.

"Come."

Leonel's voice pervaded the world. In this battle, he didn't want to use his bow or his spear. He wanted to battle this Spiritual on its battlefield.

At that moment, Leonel's words caught the Spiritual's attention, causing it to look from its golden apple toward him.

...

"It's over..."

Many mumbled these words to themselves. Many had entered that boss room before and it always ended the same way. So long as you remained silent and unmoving, the Spiritual wouldn't care about you. But the moment you made noise or even sneezed, it would look at you and then things would come to an end just that fast.

However...

...

BANG!

A spatial barrier rippled before Leonel's head, shattering the soul attack the Spiritual had sent toward him. But, likewise, his spatial barrier shattered as well.

However, Leonel's grin only became wider. As expected, he could rely on Emulation Spatial Force to block soul attacks because it was fused with Dream Force. As such, it could interact with things on a soul level.

The Spiritual Race man tilted his head to the side, seemingly surprised. Last time Leonel had been here, it had reacted the same way when he dodged its attack. But this time, Leonel had taken it head on.

He didn't need to rely on this Spiritual to attack his soul this time. Right now, he just wanted to crush it.

The Spirituals were powerful, right? Well he wanted to see it for himself.

Leonel raised his arms, his Starry Spirit Domain flourishing as countless Force Arts formed in the air. In their midst, the snaking form of a flood dragon took shape, roaring with a menacing light in its eyes.

In just a moment, Leonel had not only completed dozens of Camelot Mage Arts, but also an enormous beast construct, all of which used his Scarlet Star Force.

"Show me what you have. If you don't, I'll burn your tree to ash."

Hearing these words, the Spiritual's expression suddenly warped, becoming malevolent. In an instant, it had gone from a docile angelic young man to furious war god.

His body grew by a size, a towering tempest of green Force surrounding his body until it covered his white robes in a radiant wooden armor. In a blink, he went from just about three inches shy of six feet to over seven feet.

The Spiritual rose his own arms, the skies being filled with green-gold arrows of Force. It was clear that while Leonel had to rely on his Dream World to accomplish such a feat, the Spiritual relied on nothing more than his own affinity for the elements.

Leonel was a bit startled by the change, but then he laughed. This was precisely what he wanted.

In a moment, an eruption of Force filled the air. Two young men stood over a hundred meters apart, and yet they seemed to control the entirety of the area that separated them.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Fire and wood clashed, and yet Leonel seemed to have no ability to burn the young man's attempts at countering him to ash. He should have had a suppressive ability just due to his elemental advantage, or so he thought, but things simply didn't work out that way.

And yet, Leonel's eyes only glowed fiercer and fiercer, his Mage Arts becoming swifter.

With a point of his fingers, several spatial arrows hid under the blasts of his flames, converging toward the Spiritual from all sides.

...

Another silence fell over the surroundings of the Void Tower. Watching the fireworks of Force, they found it hard to believe that just two people could even output so much Force, were they even human?

Well, one of them definitely wasn't. As for the other one... They weren't entirely sure anymore.

...

Leonel flipped his palms to the skies, causing two balls of fire to appear. In a second, they pulsed to over a foot wide. In another second, they pulsed to over a meter wide.

However, with a slight fluctuation and a flicker of his irises, they vanished into thin air.

He really wanted to see how far this Spiritual could go while wasting half of its power protecting its precious tree. If it didn't go all out, he didn't mind crushing it to dust in the name of all the human youths it had unceremoniously slaughtered until this point.