

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1671: Wager

The gaze of the Spiritual race youth flashed, a shuddering sense of danger overwhelming him. It felt like a cataclysm was descending, but he couldn't see where it was coming from.

However, when Leonel's two enormous balls of fire entered a certain range of him, the fluctuations of Force made the Spiritual's brows twitch.

He released a roar, his hands pressing out as the green-gold Force around him changed toward a much more resplendent gold.

Vines of gold manifested from the countless arrows in the sky like fine filaments. They quickly wrapped around the floating arrows like a skeletal armor before shooting forward.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The Emulation Spatial Force Leonel had used to hide his twin pair of fireballs trembled like rippling waters. Although they didn't entirely collapse, the wild ripples made it look like reality itself was distorting, making their forms all too obvious to the naked eye. Even the likes of Leonel couldn't account for the speedy changes fast enough to continue to hide them beneath the illusion.

But they had already approached close enough. Leonel hadn't tried very hard to hide their approach in the place.

Leonel's fingers moved and the shell of Emulation Spatial Force collapsed and the fireballs within exploded, a huge torrent of flames surging forward, enveloping the Spiritual youth from all sides.

The heat was blistering. The air crackled and popped, the last dregs of moisture seemingly being suffocated toward a bitter end.

The Spiritual Race youth clapped his hands, the vibrant golden threads taking form again and forming an enormous cocoon. Flickers of fury danced in his

gaze as he enveloped both himself and his precious tree, treating Leonel like the worst enemy of his life.

With a stomp of his feet, green Force manifested out from the ground and shredded the picturesque white scene to pieces. In one moment, it was a land of white, and in the next, it became like a forest of death, vines that wanted nothing more than to squeeze the life out of Leonel converging from all sides.

Leonel's gaze flickered.

He had realized by now that the Spiritual youth's Force was actually a combination of Wood Force and Metal Force. The former carried characteristics of life and water, while the latter also carried characteristics of life, but its secondary characteristic was quite defensive and powerful.

It wasn't accurate to call it Wood Force. Wood Force was similar to "Ice Force" in that it didn't truly exist, it was rather a fusion of Earth Force, Life Force and Water Force. But that was what made the young man's Force so shocking.

If Leonel counted correctly, this singular Force was a fusion of at least five or six Forces, making its characteristics incredibly difficult to pin down, and this was even more so for its weaknesses. At the same time, the Spiritual Race youth seemed to be capable of amplifying and retracting these characteristics one by one, at his own wishes.

When he faced Leonel Fire Force, he amplified the Water Force characteristics of his "Wood Force".

When he wanted more offensive power he leaned into the more offensive nature of his Force's Metal characteristics.

When he wanted to defend, he would tap into the defensive characteristics of his Force.

He switched between them so unimaginably smoothly that there wasn't the slightest hint of delay between them and Leonel couldn't even seem to find an opening.

Leonel was completely fascinated. Was this a version of Force Manipulation? Was it, precisely, Force Manipulation? Or could it be considered to be one of the many steps along the journey of improving one's Force Manipulation?

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The battle raged on.

Half an hour. One hour. Two.

By this point, the number of individuals who had heard of what was going on were too numerous. Many rushed over to see exactly what was happening, only to be shocked by the fact that the rumors truly weren't exaggerated. There really was a human among them who was fighting a Spiritual in head to head combat!

At that moment, Aina calmly exited the Void Tower. She looked up toward the image everyone was so enraptured by with a light smile on her face. Maybe only she could tell that Leonel wasn't really trying to win this battle. His Mage Arts were probably by far his weakest aspect right now, and the Scarlet Star Force he was using was still Fifth Dimensional.

But seeing how shocked and awed everyone was, a hint of pride flickered with the depths of her golden irises before she blushed toward her own reaction. She had almost forgotten that she was in public for a moment.

Aina turned her head away and her brows rose when her gaze landed on Simona. She remembered this beauty quite well. The two of them had fought during the Selection and she had lost to Aina by a few moves.

Right now, Aina could see the battle intent radiating from Simona's eyes and she matched it with a smile of her own. She had just remembered that Leonel was quite behind in terms of recruiting right now and she had promised to bring Simona over to their side.

"Do you want to fight?" Aina asked with a sweet smile that seemed to pull the attention of everyone even given the current circumstances.

Simona's gaze flickered, her radiant purple irises growing a shade brighter under Aina's clear provocation.

"We can fight, I don't mind. But isn't it only fun to fight if there are stakes?"

Simona's brows furrowed.

By this point, even more attention was taken away from Leonel. Was the last member of the Cataclysm Generation to return about to challenge the current seats already?

"What do you want?"

"It's nothing too important," Aina said with a smile. "If you lose, you just have to help Leonel with the Heir Wars. How about it?"

Simona's eyes jumped.

A member of the Constellation families aiding a Morales in their Heir Wars? Especially one of her standing? Such a thing would be quite unprecedented and there was even a tacit taboo against it...

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1672: Remembered

BANG!

Aina flipped a palm and brought out her battle ax, allowing it to crash heavily to the ground. She stood valiantly behind it, her long, cascading black hair dancing in the wind.

They had just witnessed her clear the 50th floor. She should have been mentally fatigued even if she wasn't physically so. And yet, she seemed all too eager to battle once more. No, battle might very well not be the right word, she looked like she was eager to crush everything in her path.

Many watching couldn't help but feel their hearts flutter. Aina was truly too beautiful, the kind of beauty that could only be matched by the likes of Simona and the other beauties on the Queen Rankings. If it wasn't for the fact that Aina had vanished for over two decades, there was no doubt in their minds that she would have been one of the top Queens if not the top Queen by now.

Several gulps rang out in the crowd, their hearts beating wildly.

Aina's beauty wasn't a complete unknown, some had heard of her in the past. But whatever lust they had had could only be controlled due to Leonel's background. The fact that Aina and him were so close likely meant that she was an already acknowledged daughter-in-law of the Morales family.

Due to this halo, there were certain things that males most definitely could not do and only women could get away with. For example, Treanna's cruelty.

There were certain tacit understandings that had been accepted through the ages. Bottom lines like death, castration and rape were not allowed. Things that could harm the prestige or foundation of powerful families of the Human Domain were not allowed.

So for a beauty like Aina, they could only watch from afar, their hearts thrumming from within their chests.

Simona's frown deepened. She did want to fight Aina, and her impression of Leonel wasn't bad since he had indeed saved her back then, but this Aina clearly didn't understand the underlying rules the nobles of the Human Domain played by.

"... I cannot accept this kind of bet," Simona finally responded, her voice tinged with the usual hints of ice.

"Oh? Is that so? Unfortunate."

Aina seemed to be bored after hearing this response. With a flip of her palm, her battle ax vanished and she turned her attention back to Leonel.

By this point, both Leonel and the Spiritual Race youth were covered in wounds. Leonel's defenses were weak to precisely what the Spiritual Race youth was the most powerful in: Force, so it was no wonder he was in such a sorry state.

The ground beneath Leonel was suddenly split open and a vicious vine tunnel upward, piercing through his bottom jaw and up and out of his skull.

At that moment, Leonel's gaze flickered. In a real battle, he could use the moment his enemy thought he had died to launch a vicious counter attack. He could then use [Instant Recovery]. But at the moment, he had no choice but to allow himself to fade away.

'Fair play, I lose this time,' Leonel shook his head inwardly.

Leonel could only sigh. Even while wasting half of his strength protecting his precious tree, Leonel had still lost. Of course, it could be said that Leonel had

held back at least half if not more of his strength as well by only competing in Force Manipulation, but Leonel was still disappointed.

However, it wasn't all bad. From beginning to end, Leonel had focused the entirety of his Ability Index on analyzing and teasing apart the intricacies of how the Spiritual used his Force. Once he consolidated his findings after another trip to the Void Library, his strength should take another massive leap forward.

...

Leonel's head cleared and he stepped out from the Void Tower, only to find hundreds of gazes locked onto him.

Leonel had never been a shy person so he only smiled lightly, his cheery grin making those in the surroundings feel like a spring breeze had just passed by.

"You lost."

Aina's voice snapped Leonel out of his glorious moment, causing him to cough.

"That Spiritual was a tough nut," Leonel said in his defense.

"I climbed higher than you," Aina said with a beaming smile.

"Is this your way of telling me you're stronger?"

Aina nodded seriously.

"Okay," Leonel laughed. "You can be stronger, but I'll still beat you ten times out of ten."

"Shameless boasting." Aina rolled her eyes.

"It's shameless to speak the truth now? How lamentable."

Aina shook her head and laughed. She could tell that Leonel had been serious the first time he said it, and he was also serious this time. But she was still serious in her own response too. She didn't think she would lose.

"Oh? Look at that defiant look in your eyes. It seems that I didn't teach you enough of a lesson last time."

Leonel's grin turned lewd, causing Aina's face to suddenly blush red.

"What are you saying?!" she whispered harshly. "Be louder, why don't you?!"

"Louder? IS THIS LOU—!"

Leonel received an elbow to the gut, sapping his body of all its air, before he could make it half-way through his shout. He could only cough through the pain while keeling over.

Those watching this scene suddenly felt the need to punch something. It's fine to flirt, we get it, you're in, but do you have to do it here?

"Anyone have a Lightning Force Crystal? I suddenly want to take a bath."

Leonel and Aina laughed between the two of them as though no one was there. They didn't seem to sense the gazes of battle intent in the slightest.

"... It's unfortunate, she said she couldn't accept the bet. We'll have to find others," Aina said.

"Oh? Her? I suddenly remembered something."

Leonel flipped his palm over, causing a snowglobe to appear. Within it, a little purple puppy floated.

When Simona saw this scene, her body shivered uncontrollably from head to toe, her eyes reddening.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1673: Two Options

This purple puppy was none other than Simona's companion from all those years ago. All this time, Leonel had kept it in a snowglobe because he hadn't had a chance to give it back to her.

Back then, Leonel and Aina had found it in the Rapax Nest, but not wanting to deal with a beast they weren't familiar with in battle, chose to put it away instead. By the time they met Simona again, they were already in the core region of the Rapax Nest and things were too hectic for Leonel to care about

such things, especially considering the appearance of the Three Finger Cult had left him completely infuriated.

Then, when they exited the Rapax Nest, Leonel was heavily injured and once again had other things to worry about.

Not long after returning, not only had Simona and the others of the Cataclysm Generation disappeared, but Leonel was then thrust into the Void Tower where the shocking event that sealed his Segmented Cube away and brought forward the date of his Spear Domain Tribulation would occur.

With all of those things happening, Leonel couldn't possibly think to care about a little puppy he had no relation with. But when he saw the tears in Simona's eyes, he felt quite bad. If he had tried a bit harder, it wouldn't have been a problem to get the little one back to her, but the honest truth was that he hadn't tried very hard at all.

To him, it was a meaningless thing, but to Simona, she thought that she had lost her best friend for over 20 years. Her relationship with the little purple puppy was no less than Leonel's own relationship with Little Blackstar.

Leonel walked forward with Aina and released the little puppy from the snowglobe.

The little guy looked around in confusion, but when it saw Simona, it yipped with happiness, diving into her arms completely oblivious to how long had passed.

Simona, the ice beauty that everyone had come to know, couldn't help it anymore and broke down in tears.

"Uh..."

Leonel scratched the back of his head. The emotions themselves didn't make him feel uncomfortable, it was more so that he felt bad that he was probably the reason they came out in a torrent like this. She might have not reacted like this had he found a way to get her companion back right after the Rapax Nest.

"Thank you... Thank you..."

Simona spoke between sobs.

Seeing her being so grateful for something like this, Leonel didn't know what to say. If anything, it only made him feel more guilty.

"Ah, it's no big deal. I just happened across the little guy in the Rapax Nest but things were too hectic to find time to return her home. Sorry about that."

Simona tried to speak but ended up just shaking her head again and again. Leonel obviously wouldn't know how important this little purple puppy was to her.

Only she knew how slow her progress was in recent years without this little one by her side. The Pyius family was very powerful in their own right, but Simona had another lineage that relied heavily on beast companions. All this time, she had only been able to tap into a portion of her potential because she had lost her life partner.

She had been infuriated for a long time before that fury became helplessness. She knew that the little one was still alive due to their connection, but she had never been able to sense exactly where it was, making her feel that all of it was an illusion.

Everything was fine now, everything was more than fine.

"I..."

Simona bit her lip heavily. She wanted to repay Leonel for this debt, but she hadn't said those words casually. She truly couldn't act personally. If the Constellation families acted personally, it would no longer be a matter of the younger generations, but instead feel much more like a Domain War of the Human Domain.

There was a reason why the likes of Valiant Heart Mountain could participate in the past, although they were among the very weakest.

Leonel waved a hand. "There's really no need to care about it so much, it took no effort on my part and I even delayed it for so long."

Simona shook her head, only very slowly regaining her bearings.

She took a breath and exhaled.

"I cannot participate, and my Pyius family cannot, but my paternal family can. I will gather their support for you."

Leonel blinked, but didn't think too much of it initially. He didn't know much about Simona's much more famous maternal family, let alone her clearly less famous paternal family. So it was hard for him to gauge what this meant.

But at the same time, he didn't have much support to begin with. His greatest reliance was probably the Oryx and the Umbra family. He probably couldn't even rely on Earth too much anymore because from what he had heard, it had become a behemoth in his absence.

If the Constellation families couldn't participate because of how strong they were, this would be doubly true of Earth especially considering the somewhat politically charged state it was in. After all, Earth was the central reason why the other Domains were turning their eyes toward the Human Domain.

Knowing this, Leonel would take whatever help he could get so long as this help was willing to listen to him and be of use to him. What good was help that was arrogant and uppity? They would be a net negative to his situation instead of a help.

However, although Leonel's and Aina's expressions were a bit blank before they smiled, Valor's gaze along with many others flashed with a fierce light.

If one had to rank which families would have the largest impact on the Heir Wars, there would be many that could be placed within a tier of their own in terms of usefulness. These were families a step beneath the likes of the Constellation Alliances, the Morales and Suiard, but had strength of their own that could still be considered strong, or they had special abilities and resources that were of great help. These could be special abilities like weapon forging, Force Pill concocting or...

Beast taming.

This was truly a nice pie that had fallen into Leonel's lap from above.

That family was quite known for their stubbornness and they liked to stay out of worldly affairs, preferring to worship their God and be one with nature. But if it was Simona speaking on behalf of them, Valor already knew that things might very well change this time around.

Leonel smiled. "Then I will have to thank you in advance. I'm sure everyone knows that I'm quite far behind so I need all the help that I can get."

Leonel's laughter made many smile beside themselves. When he wasn't slaughtering people with the point of a finger, he truly did seem to be quite amiable and approachable.

Leonel wanted to say more before he killed the time between now and when his earned Void Merits were paid out, but before he could, a looming shadow appeared over him.

Leonel's eyes narrowed, his amiable smile vanishing as he looked forward.

With how tall he was, Leonel rarely did anything but look down, but this person was able to meet his gaze on a level playing field.

Conon Lio.

"I can admit that your performance was outstanding, but regardless of how you looked, a Tier 1 is still a Tier 1. I won't challenge in my capacity as an individual as I would gain no satisfaction from winning such a battle, I will wait for you to enter Tier 9 first.

"However, in my capacity as a Faction Leader, with how many of my men you've left beaten, bloodied and crippled today, I have no intention of letting you off.

"So I'll give you two options. The first is to apologize to each one of my men personally. So long as you do this, I will leave you be until you can grow to my height.

"If you do not want to do this, there is still a second option. Break one of your bones for each one of my men that you've hurt today. Do that, and I will also let you go.

"Make your choice."

At that moment, the blood of the Lion Pride Faction youths boiled looking toward the back of their leader. They gripped their fists hard, their eyes reddening and a dense golden Force wafting from them all.

Together, the pressure they gave off seemed to make the air tenfold heavier.

Leonel met the gaze of Conon.

"I'll return your two options with two as well. Piss off or taste my spear, which will it be?"

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1674: Hushed Silence

A hushed silence overcame the surroundings after Leonel's words fell. But very quickly, the skies seemed to rumble as Conon's expression turned malevolent.

Leonel's hair blew backward under Conon's aura, his shirt and sweats being pulled against his body as though they might fly into the distance at any moment. However, all such momentum did was reveal just how defined the lines of Leonel's physique were and emphasize just how indifferent he was in the face of such strength.

"There's no need to say anything," Leonel suddenly spoke. However, it was clear that the target of his words wasn't Conon. Instead, they were for Simona and Valor. "Since he wants to dig his own grave, let him dig it."

Leonel hadn't vented all of his frustration just yet, he didn't want to let anyone interfere. When it came to dealing with the likes of Conon, he really wanted to see if he deserved the amount of arrogance he was exuding right this moment.

In the Human Domain, Leonel didn't fear anyone beneath the Seventh Dimension.

BANG!

The ground between the two of them cracked and shattered, and yet when it seemed that the earth beneath Leonel's feet would throw him off balance, it was as though the cobweb-like patterns had run into a wall.

The ground around Leonel lifted off from the ground but couldn't approach him in the slightest.

Conon's gaze flashed with a murderous glint. As for Leonel, a cold smile flickered in his own.

For an instant nothing happened. But in the next moment, they moved at the same time, Conon's fist splitting the air and Leonel's palm flipping to reveal a piercing spear.

The clash sent sparks of Force flying in all directions, a tempest of wind forcing the weak to fly hundreds of meters backward.

Anarchic Force rolled and the dark clouds above trembled. The roar of a majestic lion rippled through the surroundings from one side, but on the other, there was nothing but absolute silence.

Aina, who had been right by Leonel's side, narrowed her eyes, a killing intent dancing in the depths of her irises. But realizing that she probably shouldn't interfere, she took a light step backward, crossing dozens of meters at once and crossing her arms about her chest.

BANG!

The ground beneath Leonel's feet finally shattered as a Bronze Aura erupted around his body, dispersing all of Conon's power away from himself.

At that moment, Conon took a single heavy step backward while Leonel didn't move at all.

It was nothing more than a single exchange, but the result left those watching in shock. It felt like a calm lake had suddenly suffered the barrage of an avalanche of stones, furious currents of water spreading out in all directions and even drowning the shores.

Conon had actually lost the exchange by a small measure!

The difference was too striking. Conon was adorned in valiant beast cloth formed by the furs of some of the strongest beasts to exist in the Human Domain. He looked ready for battle, the picture of manliness and the ideal archetype of a general of war.

However, on the other side, there was Leonel. He hadn't even bothered to put on the uniform of the Void Palace because his original uniform had long since been destroyed. He wore the most common clothing of Third Dimensional Earth, a simple pair of grey sweatpants and a plain white shirt.

Although the two of them were exactly the same height, both standing at over two meters tall, just due to the difference in their presentation, most subconsciously believed that Conon was far larger and far more powerful.

The result was the illusion of David meeting the Goliath, but this David seemed to have no need for skill or tactics, he could meet Goliath head on without taking even a single step back.

SHIING! SHIING! CLANG! CLANG!

Leonel's Absolute Spear Domain whirred to life, a tornado of golden Spear Force revolving around him. At that moment, he went from a casual young man who looked as though he had just rolled off his couch to a valiant warrior.

His hair lifted into the air, its pale violet color shimmering with a delicate white-gold light.

Conon looked down at his feet, seemingly not believing that he had been forced to take a step back. By the time he looked back up, his golden eyes blazed with an undisguised fury.

He slammed his fists together, his rage rising like a tsunami.

The roar of a lion echoed once more, but Conon's lips were sealed tight. The manifestation of his God Runes alone seemed to be more than enough to cause this phenomenon to appear.

His hair grew, his beard increasing in volume. His pupils dilated and his body grew an entire foot.

Claws extended from his fingers and his arms and thighs grew another size. Even with his lips sealed close, a pair of fangs slowly manifested, cutting down the length of his skin and taking droplets of blood with it.

He stood to the tips of his toes, the flat of his feet extending in size as his calves pulsed with power. Just standing there, he released an undisguised bestial aura.

Conon, a man who was known for his talkativeness, suddenly became deathly quiet until.... Until he growled.

BANG!

Conon appeared before Leonel in the blink of an eye but the latter had already raised his spear.

The exchange was short and lasted no more than a split moment before they vanished and clashed once again. The two were so fast that it wasn't until their fourth clash that the sounds began to reverberate and the violent ripples of wind reached the others.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel's spear drew lines that split the skies.

Conon's fists caused everything in its path to disintegrate into dust. It even looked as though Anarchic Force dodged out of his way, forming a path for the sole purpose of allowing him to collide with Leonel.

Shockwaves spread out in all directions. The wind rolled like waves and the clash caused the vicinity to tremble.

They seemed evenly matched.

However...

BANG!

Conon suffered a foot to the chest, his body flying out like a meteor from the air and crashing into the ground below, digging out a trench that extended for dozens of meters.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1675: Stubborn

Leonel fell heavily from the ground. Although it sometimes looked as though the two were flying, the reality was that their leg strength was just so strong that they could clash as much in mid-air as they did on the ground.

Landing with a bang, Leonel casually swept his spear out. He didn't even look like he had shed even a single bead of sweat, his clothing just as immaculate as it had been before and his cold smile in his eyes not fading in the slightest.

"If this is all you have, why did you bother to stand before me? Did you think that 20 years was really enough for the likes of you to catch up to me?"

Leonel's words caused the hearts of those in the surroundings to tremble. He was eight Tiers beneath Conon. He had lost 20 years of effort due to the time dilation. Conon had all the advantages on his side. And yet, none of it seemed to matter in the slightest.

In the distance, Conon slowly rose to his feet. Despite the solid nature of Leonel's kick, he didn't seem injured in the slightest, and that was because he wasn't. Leonel's kick had done nothing more than humiliate him, and yet it stung more than even if a hole had been ripped through his chest.

Standing to his full height, Conon's eyes locked onto Leonel who was slowly walking toward him.

"Alright. If that's what you want, let's do it."

The sound of clanging armor resounded and golden Force solidified all around Conon. Piece by piece, they connected to one another, forming a radiant armor that alternated between bestial furs and metal.

Conon's arms flared outward as his gaze became even more dull.

At that moment, the hairs on the back of Leonel's neck rose to attention. It didn't feel like he was being looked at by a human any longer. It was as though the Conon he knew had vanished, only to be replaced by an apex predator.

Conon vanished, appearing before Leonel with a fist that could collapse mountains. The golden Force around his knuckles took the shape of a roaring lion, the imprint shattering the ground it glided above as it appeared before Leonel's face.

Leonel's eyes narrowed, raising his spear.

BANG!

Leonel's arms jolted before he dispersed the force behind the blow, and yet he was still forced to take three steps backward.

Conon's leg rose into the air, lashing out like a whip.

Leonel blocked once more, but Conon's next attack already appeared like a relentless avalanche. Fist, legs, elbows, knees, he flowed from one style to the next seamlessly. He didn't seem like he cared about what parts of his body he used, even once using his forehead to meet the tip of Leonel's spear without the slightest fluctuation in his eyes.

Leonel found that predicting his next movement was almost impossible precisely because there was nothing to predict.

'This Style...'

Leonel retreated again and again, his expression cold. The defense of his spear was airtight. His previous lack of skill was nowhere to be seen. He looked like a refined expert, even facing an enemy with a relentless, tireless assault, he didn't seem to be suffering too quickly.

Leonel's spear spun in his hands.

Swift.

In that moment, the skies seemed to be filled with the shadows of Leonel's spear, his movements so fast that it was almost impossible to track with the naked eye. He seemed to embody more than just the word, the world resonated, fusing with his movements to bolster his speed further, a melody that caused the heart to race replaying in the ears of all those that laid eyes on him.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel's movements became even faster, sometimes switching out Swift for Forceful, and sometimes Forceful for Subtle.

The elegance of his spear technique touched upon a new level, one that made Valor and the other spearman in the crowd watch on with heavy breaths. They could feel their spears trembling within their rings, wanting to make their ways out if for nothing other than to experience the beauty for themselves.

Two clashing shadows of gold danced around the Void Palace, each entering a state of absolute oneness with their martial arts, however even with this being so, there was no doubt to those that could see what was happening clearly that Leonel was in a tier all to his own.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel's spear pierced forward, his wrist flexing with such force that the tip of his golden spear trembled fiercely, causing one attack to suddenly become three.

Conon's fist had already flown forward and it was much too late for it to change trajectories, so instead, he fluidly flowed from a fist attack into an elbow strike, using the larger area of his forearm to block Leonel's maneuver.

However, in response to that, Leonel flowed into a new stance as well, his pierce becoming a sweep upward that perfectly chained into the butt of his spear colliding against Conon's liver.

Conon's valiant armor trembled, a violent surge of force travelling through. An odd resonating feeling caused his entire body to tremble, his stoic expression giving way to a warped visage. He coughed out a mouthful of blood, half of his body trembling.

Conon swiped out a claw at Leonel's head with one hand, using the other to protect his side from a second attack. However, Leonel had simply used the momentum of his first strike to spin his spear in the counter direction, swatting Conon's claw toward the sky and striking out with a palm toward his chest.

BANG!

Leonel's palm caused Conon to throw up another mouthful of blood as he flew backward. Once again, he had lost.

Conon roared into the skies, the fury and unwillingness in his tone clear for all to hear.

At that moment, a wild surge of Universal Force descended from the skies, causing Leonel's eyes to narrow.

'Natural Light Realm...' Leonel analyzed.

He shook his head. How stubborn. Would he prefer to be beaten an inch within his life?

Leonel fell to the ground, holding out his spear toward Conon as his aura rose. He exhaled, a white gold Force surging around him.

His hair became a spirit-like white, three enormous illusory tails spreading out to his back as his sideburns grew.

Leonel took a step forward and vanished, his speed more than ten times faster than before.

BANG!

Conon rebounded against the ground like a bouncing ball.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1676: Where To?

Leonel was so fast that he pinged Conon around like a ping pong ball, his speed crossing realms of reason. He appeared anywhere within his Starry Light Domain he pleased in less than the blink of an eye.

Every time he appeared in the path of Conon's trajectory, he would send another solid spear strike forward. If not for the robustness of Conon's armor and radiant Force, he would have found himself full of holes.

However, even though this hadn't happened, cracks began to appear all across his body. Conon found his head rattling around in his skull so much that he couldn't even gather up his Universal Force properly. Before Leonel's speed, he was absolutely helpless.

A hushed silence fell over the surroundings.

This was a member of the Cataclysm Generation, a man that they could only look up to, and yet he was being treated like a toy. Leonel didn't even seem to have been putting in that much effort. Every time Conon brought out more strength, he would counter it with even more.

It was clear to many that Leonel didn't want to give Conon the time to gather up Universal Force, but who cared? If you couldn't use your strength in battle, that was your fault. It wasn't the job of your enemy to allow you the time you would need.

As for Leonel, he didn't fear Conon's Natural Light Realm, he just felt that it would be too inconvenient to face right at this moment. Even if the Natural

Light Realm of this world couldn't compare to the Zone, it was still considered to be a Seventh Dimensional boost to one's strength here.

It had to be remembered that Universal Force was what could help one to bridge the gap between Dimensions, and this was especially true the higher in the Dimensions you went. Leonel didn't want to expose the cards he would have to if Conon was allowed to bring out such an ability, so he simply reacted quicker than Conon could.

BANG!

Leonel landed heavily on the ground, his foot pressed firmly against Conon's chest.

With a burst, the latter's valiant armor finally reached the end of its resistance, combusting into a rain of motes of light.

Leonel looked down, pointing his spear to Conon's head with a single arm. His white hair faded back to its usual pale violet and his tails retracted.

"Leader!"

"Release him!"

A surge of experts of the Lion's Pride Faction tried to rush forward. They had wanted to interfere previously, but they simply couldn't. The level of the battle had been too far beyond them. If they tried to rashly interfere, they would have only made things worse. But now that things had reached this point, how could they continue to remain indifferent?

The eyes of Simona and Armand flickered as they looked toward Leonel. They still found it hard to believe that what they were seeing was real.

Armand, especially, had once thought less of Leonel because his Lineage Factor suppressed Leonel's own. Back then, Leonel wasn't ready for the phenomena, causing him to be shocked and taking a small loss in their exchange of gazes. But Armand was shocked by Leonel's performance in the Rapax Nest, and was further shocked by what he was seeing now.

Although only Conon had spoken back then, they had all agreed with him. The large gap between them and Leonel came down to his Scarlet Star Force, a gap that they would be able to close in the future. In fact, the fact that Leonel

started with this leg up would only harm him in the future due to the weakness of humans when it came to the manipulation of high level Forces.

However, never did he think that Leonel would be able to defeat them with a 20 year disadvantage without using anything other than Spear Force. Even toward the end, he didn't use Scarlet Star Force, but rather used Ethereal Star Force to boost his speed.

He clearly hadn't gone all out at all.

What these geniuses of the Cataclysm Generation didn't know was that the Leonel they met was almost entirely ignorant of the ways of the Dimensional Verse. His spear technique was weak, his usage of his Lineage Factors was poor, his paths were unrefined and diverging... Ultimately, he couldn't match up to these geniuses who had been nurtured by their families since the moment they were born.

However, now, things had changed a great deal. He had learned far more about himself and having taken a glimpse at what the true pinnacle was, he found these "geniuses" to be playing no more than a child's game.

Conon? The Mighty member of the Cataclysm Generation? He wasn't even at the standard of a Lower Fiend Class Demon without using Universal Force.

Leonel raised his head, looking toward the charging youths.

At that moment, a swirl of black appeared by Leonel's head, an adorable mink appearing with sparkling black eyes.

"Yip! Yip!"

Little Blackstar vanished.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Numerous geniuses went flying one after another, unable to withstand even a single hit. They ended up in a more miserable state than even the one Leonel had put them in.

Beneath his feet, Conon coughed, bits of flesh and blood coming out from his mouth.

Leonel looked down indifferently.

"If this wasn't the Void Palace, you would be a single stroke away from death. You should learn to rein in your arrogance. Of course, do as I say, not as I do."

Leonel laughed, removing his foot from Conon's chest, flipping his palm and allowing his spear to vanish. With a step, he appeared by Aina's side with a beaming smile as though he hadn't just been in a battle that shook the Void Palace.

Little Black appeared on Leonel's shoulder, his long whiskers tickling against Leonel's cheek.

"Alright, this place is a bit boring, don't you think? Let's go elsewhere to kill some time."

Aina raised an eyebrow. "Where?"

"Well, I originally wanted to go to the Senate to claim the missions they've been monopolizing, but there's really no point in doing that now that the Void Tower will cover it. I've been curious about the Archery Faction, I think that I'll swing by and give them a visit."

Up above, Cornelius' lips twitched.

The Void Elders were so wise... but it seemed they had made a mistake this time.

[Important announcement below]

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1677: Two Methods

Leonel did really want to enter the Archery Faction to see what they had to offer. Mostly, he wanted to see what the highest echelon of bowmen in the Human Domain could do.

Although it was a bit embarrassing now that he thought about it, Leonel's greatest reference for top tier archery until now was from the "genius" of a family small even in comparison to the Luxnix. It was he who taught Leonel that Bow Force could be used cleverly to change the direction of an arrow mid-flight.

Outside of this, Leonel had been on his own. This just went to show the sheer amount of talent Leonel had in the bow. Even seemingly without much effort, Leonel had been able to form Enlightened Bow Force. In fact, now, after applying his grandfather's path of the spear to his bow as well, the current level of his Bow Force was on a level most couldn't fathom.

At this point, it was hard to tell if Ryu would gain anything from the Archery Faction, but he still wanted to see for himself.

Still, there was a big hurdle he faced. He had been able to enter the Spear Faction for just a one time payment. Apparently this had spread since he was still in debt. However, he obviously wouldn't be able to do the same thing with the Archery Faction.

In the end, he had to do something that most would rather die than do: exchange Void Merits for Void Points.

Although such an exchange existed, hardly anyone ever used it due to how difficult it was to gather Void Merits. However, Leonel couldn't be bothered to care very much, and though he was using Aina's Void Merits to accomplish it, she didn't seem to care very much either.

Unlike others, the two felt that they had almost too many Void Merits. It would be hard to spend them all if they didn't use them like this.

Once they had waded through the weird looks of the Senate Branch overseer, they began to make the journey toward the Archery Faction.

This region of the Void Palace wasn't one that Leonel had been in before. It made him realize just how much of this place he hadn't had the opportunity to see. Being the size of several planets put together, there was no doubting the vastness of the Void Palace.

As Leonel and Aina moved at a leisurely pace, news of what happened just hours ago spread with the swiftness of the wind, but even so, it could only move about so quickly, especially after it was quickly monopolized by the information Factions of the Void Palace.

Once these powerful Factions in the dark got their hands on such a thing, it was immediately placed at the top of their priority list and classified as top shelf information. This state wouldn't last long, but they didn't need it to. They

only needed to suppress it for a few days and rake in the profits. Once the time period passed, it would no longer be as valuable.

This led to a weird situation where the information spread swiftly for the first few minutes, but was quickly stifled soon after.

It seemed quite clear that the job of gathering information was only part of the duties of this information network. Just as important was the job of controlling the flow of information as well. Unless they could maximize their own benefits, what good was it to them if everyone else was well informed?

As for their targets with this information? Of course they only wanted the patronage of the most prominent figures of the Void Palace as only they would be able to afford the exorbitant prices.

The untouchable ranks of the Sector Ranked Disciples, the rest of the Cataclysm Generation, the Morales family Heirs, and, of course... the two lofty existences that seemed to stand alone within the Cataclysm Generation...

The Sword Deity, Amery Suiard.

The Bow Deity, Nazag Tarius.

...

Leonel and Aina finally made it to the Archery Faction. As expected, this region was no less beautiful than the Spear Faction had been. In fact, the Archery Faction seemed to be even better than Leonel remembered the Spear Faction to be.

There was a formation in the surroundings that staved off Anarchic Force, there was an artificial sun in the sky and radiant rainbow colored clouds. The surroundings were exceptionally peaceful and even the air tasted sweet to breathe in.

Leonel and Alna didn't gather much attention upon entering as there were many individuals going about their business. The price for just one day of entry was incredibly steep, almost no one had the time to waste the precious hours on people watching, and those that could afford to do such a thing wouldn't be interested in two Tier 1 youths like Leonel and Aina.

With a quick scan, Leonel saw many familiar buildings. There were training facilities, challenge facilities, resting rooms, and, what he was most interested in, technique centers.

Leonel had been planning on just making a beeline for these technique centers, however his attention was caught by something else before he could.

He came to a pause, causing Aina to look toward his side profile with a questioning glint in her eye.

'So you can do that too...'

Leonel's gaze locked onto a building in the distance. It was in the shape of a pagoda, and just looking at it from the outside, it was difficult to tell how many floors it had. At one glance, it looked like it had seven, but when Leonel blinked it became eight, then nine. It seemed to fluctuate from having as little as three floors to as many as twelve without rhyme or reason.

Leonel had seen a building like this in the Spear Faction as well and he understood what it was.

There were two methods of learning techniques in a Weapon Faction. The first was the conventional way. Go to the technique centers, find a description you liked, and exchange for it with money and points.

The second method, however, didn't require the use of the money. But it was likewise far more troublesome to deal with.

Leonel took Aina's hand and walked forward, an amused glint dancing in his eyes.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1678: Truly Unmatched

Leonel appeared beneath the pagoda to find quite a group. In a space where no one wanted to waste even a single moment, it seemed to be completely the opposite in this region. Not only were they lingering, no one seemed to be in a rush to do anything.

Seeing such a scene, Leonel had a feeling that he would see a repeat of what happened around the Void Tower again, but this time, it was even sadder than before.

It could be said that the group around the Void Tower were mostly the lowest rung of the Void Tower. But anyone who could scrounge up the Void Points and Merits needed to enter this region was most definitely above average. And yet, here they were, idly wasting their time.

Leonel shook his head and stepped forward.

"You can wait here, I'm not sure how long it'll take, but it probably won't be too long."

Aina smiled and nodded. She didn't mind waiting. Although she wasn't a bowwoman, this was one weapon that she wasn't familiar with that she had some curiosity toward. Her instincts told her that it wasn't quite yet time to try out the bow, but there was no harm in taking a peek at something here.

Many looked toward Leonel and Aina at this time, mostly because it was quite rare to see a woman like Aina. However, after Leonel began to walk forward, their reasons drastically changed.

"Stop."

A commanding voice called out, but Leonel's attention was entirely focused on the pagoda ahead, a light smile on his face as he looked almost straight up. He was really curious about the illusion of this pagoda and what secrets were inside. His trigger finger was itching.

"I said stop!"

The voice of a woman boomed, but Leonel had already made it to the entrance. Due to the fact that no one had dared approach the pagoda, Leonel faced no obstruction to this point. But when the woman saw that Leonel truly had no intention of stopping, her palm shook to reveal a crystalline bow, a pinch of fury furrowing her brows.

She pulled her bow string and released a streak aiming right for the back of Leonel's knee. Such an injury would leave him crippled for at least a few months without extraordinarily expensive treatment methods or rare healing Lineage Factors.

However, just when the arrow was about to cripple Leonel's mobility, the Bow Force around it vanished when it entered a certain radius.

CLANG!

The arrow hit against the back of Leonel's knee, rebounding into the air without even the slightest result to show for it.

Leonel's steps paused and he looked back, his gaze locking onto the woman who had pulled the bowstring. Considering they were all in a fairly confined area, the young woman was no more than 30 or so meters away from Leonel. At this distance, even Leonel himself would have trouble dodging the arrow of an expert archer in his base form.

Of course, he could have dodged by calculating the trajectory of the arrow before she released it. By then, it would be a different matter entirely. However, he didn't do so as he didn't feel that there was a need to.

The young woman was shocked.

All archers had sharp eyes, it was one of the main prerequisites to reach their level. They all saw what happened almost too clearly, from the dispersal of the Bow Force to the fact that Leonel didn't even make a move to attempt to block. His innate defenses were more than enough to deal with the remaining momentum of the arrow.

The young woman's heart couldn't help but beat wildly. Was that the Force Negation Ability Index?

Usually, there weren't dividing ranks of Ability Indexes outside of the Tiers within them. By and large, two abilities at Tier 3 would both have about the same amount of usefulness.

However, there were still some Ability Indexes that were far more sought after than others. While many might abandon their Ability Indexes in favor of their Legacy Factors or other innate abilities, there were some Ability Indexes which would be honed no matter how high your birth was.

Force Negation was definitely one of these abilities. Fighting such a person made it feel like you were doing so with one hand tied behind your back.

Still, after her initial shock, the young woman's expression became dark.

"The Bow Pagoda is not an option to outsiders right now. The Bow Deity Party is currently inside, wait until they are finished."

Leonel looked the young woman up and down before turning around and entering the so-called Bow Pagoda.

His actions left everyone absolutely stunned. Did he not know what the Bow Deity Party was and what power they held?

"Wait, it's actually him..."

The heart of the young man by the young woman pulsed.

The young woman frowned, looking over toward him.

"You know him?" She asked.

"I... No, I don't know him, but I saw him in the Void Senate just yesterday. He was the one who heavily injured Treanna and Joey before somehow escaping punishment from Majority Leader Suaird."

The young woman, a member of the Tarius family who went by Lyrra, felt her heart skip a beat when she heard this. Treanna? Joey? Regardless of which of them it was, both were strong enough to crush her with a single finger, but he had heavily injured them both?

News of what had happened in the Void Senate also flowed out in a very slow and controlled fashion, but the members of the Bow Deity Party were hyper aware of what had happened since it involved a member of their own faction.

Now this person had actually come to their Archery Faction so boldly and openly?

A flash of rage flashed within the young woman's eyes.

"Report this. We need to report this now."

Aina was easily able to hear all of these conversations, inwardly shaking her head. Leonel was truly very good at getting into trouble. In this aspect, he was truly unmatched.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1679: Bow Pagoda

Leonel's vision spun. When it cleared once again, he felt as though he was standing in the depths of space. There was a sea of vast stars as far as his eyes could see and beneath his feet, there was nothing but a small black platform.

However, Leonel wasn't alone. By his side, there were three others, all three of whom were young men and surprised to see him.

Soon, though, their surprise turned into a frown. They didn't recognize Leonel, so they also couldn't understand how this person could possibly be bold enough to ignore the restrictions of the Bow Deity Party. They hadn't even bothered to leave anyone stationed outside because this had already become the norm for long enough.

"Who are you?"

One of them asked this with a deep frown. It was impossible to directly attack anyone while in the Bow Pagoda, so words was all they could use until the event began.

Leonel swept gaze over these people and smiled.

"Leonel Morales."

The brows of the three young men jumped. Morales? That was a last name anyone who was anyone in the Human Domain would know.

However, soon, they calmed. The Morales family had many members in the Void Palace, the number was great. After all, it wasn't just the Seven Novas who carried the Morales name here. Not all Morales could instill fear in others like the Seven Novas could, or, rather... The Six Novas as very few knew of Leonel.

That said, most Morales were under the protection of one of the Six Novas, so the three of them didn't dare to be too hostile with Leonel. Even so, that didn't mean that they would be welcoming.

"Morales? A spearman wants to dip his toes into something that has little to do with him?" The young man, who went by Craes, snorted. He knew that it was already too late to kick Leonel out, so he was unhappy.

"Don't be upset, Craes. The Bow Pagoda is usually worth a few days of torture, at least like this we'll have some entertainment."

The three young men laughed, but Leonel's smile didn't fade.

With a stretch and yawn, Leonel loosened up his limbs before waving at the air and forming a bow out of Emulation Spatial Force.

Seeing this, the eyes of three flickered, but they still shook their heads in the end as they pulled out their own bows. Although the Force Leonel had just used was one they had never personally seen before, what good was it if his skill wasn't good.

"Keep talking about entertainment, Kysen and I'll crush you even worse than last time."

The third boy, Mallael, sneered. "You two talk too much for second and third place."

"You get one first place and suddenly you're talking so big," Craes sneered back.

"One?" Mallael laughed, holding his bow up. "Your face is pretty thick. If my calculations are correct, this will be my 14th first place in a row."

The faces of Craes and Kysen darkened as they brandished their own bows.

Leonel suddenly chuckled, causing the three to look over. But by this point, he had already stopped paying attention to them.

At that moment, the surrounding space began to warp. As though they had entered hyperdrive, the stars whipped by at blazing speeds.

TWANG! TWANG!

Leonel lightly tested his bowstring, not paying attention to the changes.

The Bow Pagoda didn't have a fixed challenge much like the Void Tower. However, in comparison to the Void Tower, it was even more complex

because it was prepared to provide a test to just one person or multiple people at once.

That said, it was consensus that there were more variations to be had when the pagoda tested more people at once, and as such, the rewards were potentially more lucrative as a result.

Whether or not this was actually true was unknown, but due to the sheer length of time the trial lasted, it was more fun to enter with others than to not to, so it was potentially an excuse others came up with to avoid the loneliness of training alone.

The speeding stars came to a halt and the skies trembled. When their vision adjusted, they found themselves standing upon what looked like highway lanes formed by starlight. They stood about 50 meters apart and targets in the distance moved from left to right.

The closest target was 500 meters away. The second was one kilometer away. The third, fourth and so on continued in one kilometer increments until 10 kilometers was reached, whereupon the next was 20 kilometers away.

The speed of the targets were consistent and not very fast, moving at maybe five kilometers an hour. All things considered this wasn't a very elaborate test, it hardly needed to be explained. Whoever pierced through the furthest target would win.

As for the more complex rules, there were some. First, one had to start with the closer targets before progressing. You would only have three chances to miss before you would drop out of the race. Finally, you could skip targets, however should you miss, the three chances would vanish all at once and you would be eliminated.

The three young men, Malael, Craes and Kysen all aimed at once, their arrows whizzing through the air and shattering the 500 meters target all at once.

They reset themselves in the blink of an eye, pulling their bowstrings once again and shattering the kilometer target.

At close distances, they could simply brute force it. Their arrows flew so fast that the movement of the target was almost irrelevant. The faster they were, the easier this trial would be.

By the time they prepared to shoot down their third target, Leonel had yet to prepare to shoot at his first. The difference seemed obvious to them.

However, Leonel was actually just paying attention to their movements. After all, he had come here to learn first and foremost. But seeing their brute force method, he quickly became bored.

He raised his bow, his back tightening and his chest expanding.

TWANG!

Leonel's arrow shot over the 500 meter target, high and far to the right causing the three to be shocked for a moment before their laughter rang out.

Unfortunately for them, the shattering of a target much further ahead jarred them awake.

Their heads turned, their pupils constricting as the five-kilometer target shattered into motes of light.

Leonel pulled his bowstring again, releasing a moment later.

BANG!

The ten-kilometer target shattered.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1680: Be Obedient

Leonel's gaze was frighteningly sharp, a suffocating coldness rolling off of his body in waves.

After he crossed the 10 kilometer mark, the difficulty shot up with every increment coming in sets of 10 kilometers.

The truth was that when one was on a planet, assuming a flat surface, 10 kilometers was already far enough for a target to disappear over the curvature of a normally sized planet. As such, even if you could aim further, it was useless unless you had methods to stand in the air.

Obviously, this trial wasn't set on a planet's surface and neither did the Void Palace have the curvature of a planet either. However, even so, the Void Palace had other limitations such as Anarchic Force that didn't allow targeting from so far away.

This was all to say that even the expert archers of the Void Palace didn't have practice aiming at targets that were so far away, even if it was a still target, let alone a target that was moving at five kilometers an hour.

Seeing Leonel skip right to five kilometers, and then immediately to 10 kilometers, left Mallael, Cras and Kysen absolutely tongue tied. Usually in this trial, making it to the five kilometer mark was already an excellent result, but he actually directly skipped over it.

And... it didn't even look like he was finished.

Leonel adjusted the arc of his bow, moving from a straight line and raising it into the air. With a TWANG, he released another arrow, allowing it to beautifully arc through the air.

BANG!

The 20-kilometer target shattered.

Leonel's gaze blazed. At that moment, the bowstring of his bow construct became thicker as he pulled it back once again and raised his bow even higher.

A gorgeous arc flew through the air once again, shattering the 30 kilometer target.

Without fail, Leonel's arrow passed through the center of the target. At such a distance, the three archers by his side couldn't even see the targets clearly, but the sound was undeniable and the motes of light were blinding.

Leonel strengthened his bowstring again, his forearm and back rippling as he pulled back and struck again, and then again.

The 50-kilometer target shattered.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. There was no 60-kilometer target. Up ahead, an extra 50 kilometers further, a 100 kilometer target lay. Even with Leonel's

vision amplified by his Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor he still couldn't see it clearly.

At that moment, Leonel's irises glowed with a blinding white-gold light. He could use his Internal Sight to cover the distance, but he didn't feel that it was necessary.

His pupils dilated, a hint of a bestial aura rippling off of his body in a concentrated steam. His vision was instantly magnified, the blurry target in the distance suddenly felt as though it was right in front of him.

Leonel squeezed his bow construct, crushing it into motes of light.

With a flip of his palm, a shimmering bow appeared in his hands, causing the eyes of the three youths to open wide.

"White Lion Bow! It's you!"

Leonel didn't seem to hear them at all, his expression calm as he drew, inhaled, released, and exhaled. His movements were smooth and seemed to fuse into nature itself, the painting of a beautiful scenery causing the thoughts of the three young men to come to a grinding halt albeit for just a moment.

BANG!

In the distance, a radiant pillar of light shot into the skies causing the trials to ripple wildly in all directions.

Leonel lowered his bow and cast a glance at it for a moment. He hadn't used the White Lion Bow in a very long time, but it felt heavier now than it had in the past, which was odd. The bow should have gotten much lighter, not heavier.

'Interesting. You don't like the path I've taken?' Leonel chuckled. 'How stubborn.'

The White Lion Bow had acknowledged him the moment he touched it all those years ago, and now it seemed to be dissatisfied. But since it wasn't a true Life Grade Bow and was only Quasi Life Grade, it couldn't make any sweeping changes after already accepting him once. If it was truly a Life Grade weapon, its dissatisfaction would probably mean that Leonel wouldn't be able to use it at all.

Leonel found the phenomenon to be interesting. After all, compared to his past self, his skill was on a completely different level. Although he didn't form Seventh Dimensional Bow Force, he could whenever he wanted. The only reason he didn't was because he felt that his Bow Force had far more potential to unleash at its current stage.

To think the White Lion Bow wouldn't be happy with him.

Leonel chuckled. "Are you mad that I used a system designed for the spear with you? It's the same difference, don't you think? Is there a need for this tantrum?"

The bow vibrated, seemingly understanding what Leonel was saying.

"Be obedient," Leonel said lightly, his smile fading. "This is just the beginning regardless. If you can't keep up, I'll leave you behind. By then, you won't have the luxury of showing your dissatisfaction at all."

The bow vibrated again, clearly unhappy. But in the end, it still obediently became lighter in the end.

With a flip of his palm, the White Lion Bow vanished.

This wasn't the first time Leonel had felt the dissatisfaction of his Weapon Forces. Back then, when he first formed Enlightened Bow Force, his Spear Domain Lineage Factor had tried to stop it from happening before it failed. However, with the two clashing like this, it was inevitable the head butting would end in them being weaker than they could be.

If one reason Leonel hadn't truly stepped onto Sovereignty with either one was because of the oddity of his King's Might Lineage Factor, then another reason was this.

However, Leonel had no intention of giving up either one. So if they couldn't learn to be obedient the nice way, he would force them.

At that moment, the pillar of light in the distance descended before Leonel, forming the image of a complex network of Force Arts.