

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1711: Decision

Leonel slammed the butt of his spear in the ground, causing the earth to crack splinter as wild waves of Earth Force spread out in all directions.

After slaughtering dozens with just a single swing of his blade, he didn't seem to be in a rush to run. In fact, he stood calmly, just a few meters away from Ronan as though he had just killed over 50% of his Faction in just a single movement.

Aina came to a stop by his side, and it was only now that others seemed to realize that without having even been implicated in this matter herself, she had ensured that she would be with a single action. It was clear that between the Void Palace and Leonel, she had chosen the latter without a second thought.

The elders in the sky were absolutely furious, but Leonel only raised his head into the skies, a familiar light smile on his face. He looked unbothered and unhurried.

There was only one way out of this place and that was to cross outside the boundaries of space the six planetary warships had put up. Leonel had several ideas on how he might do this, but none of them could be implemented casually, and they most definitely couldn't be rushed.

In such a situation, Leonel didn't need to be in a hurry to do anything immediately, so his first thought was to establish dominance.

No matter how strong he was, he didn't feel like dealing with an avalanche of disciples coming at him from all directions, so he wanted to prove a few things, firstly that he had the balls to kill, and secondly that he had the power to do so. Too few knew the name Leonel Morales, so they would just have to find out today.

In the skies, Cornelius closed his eyes and sighed. The moment Leonel took action, there was truly no taking a step back.

Unfortunately for him, as far as Leonel was concerned, the moment Void Elder Galienne had spoken those words, putting her own pride at the forefront instead of the greater good, it was already too late to take a step back.

Galienne's roar of fury still echoed overhead as Leonel met her gaze. He seemed to be goading her to attack, he wanted to see exactly what the weight of his father's words were.

He wasn't exactly being careless with his life. With how things were now, Galienne and the others were much too far away to attack him. Leonel could see them as though they were right before his face, but even Seventh Dimensional experts couldn't attack across thousands of kilometers in an environment that was completely free of Anarchic Force, let alone here where the densest concentration of it existed.

By Leonel's calculations, it would take several minutes before Galienne could close the distance and enter range to attack him. While others thought that Leonel was in mortal danger already, in truth, the greatest danger to him now was Ronan who was already being bound by his aunt.

As such, in a situation like this one, poking and testing the limits of the Void Elders and the other Seventh Dimensional experts was exactly what he needed. Whether they dared to attack or not would decide how he moved forward.

In her rage, Galienne took a step forward, already prepared to blaze a trail toward Leonel and teach this boy a lesson. But at that moment, the old man beside her grabbed her shoulder.

Galienne's head snapped toward Wimarc in a rage, but the latter still just shook his head.

"There are only two choices," he said in a voice that could only be heard by them. "It's either you forget this matter and let it go, leaving it to Shield Cross Stars to handle, or you have the disciples attack, there is no in between. We cannot afford to give that madman a reason to rampage again."

"You..."

Galienne was so infuriated that her face turned into a ripe tomato. Her wrinkles shook as though suffering the effects of an earthquake and her seemingly frail limbs caused space itself to tremble.

"There are other ways to deal with him. No matter how talented he is, he is still just in Tier 1. If you really cannot handle it, just set it as a goal for the Factions and reward them, they've been fighting wars longer than he's even been alive. Of course, do make sure that the other Morales Heirs know that if they interfere, they too will be kicked out of the Void Palace.

"Or, we can simply allow Shield Cross Stars to act as they please."

Wimarc was well aware of Galienne's fiery personality. If he simply told her what to do, it would never work. She was fiercely loyal to the Void Palace and had no patience for those who shirked responsibility, especially after she had already sacrificed the whole of her life to this cause.

But if he gave her a choice like this, then things would work out much better.

Galienne seemed to struggle for a moment before she took a breath and released it.

When Wimarc saw this, he already knew what the decision would be. If it was anything else, then Galienne wouldn't be Galienne.

"Disciples of Void Palace!" Her voice boomed.

The words echoed and many clenched their fists.

No one spoke, from the lowest Nominal Disciple to the highest Domain Disciple, this was the respect that Void Elders were afforded, the respect earned through a lifetime of sacrifice, the respect given for a group of individuals who lived for the greater good first and their own desires second.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. He could feel the prestige bearing down on him, weighing upon his shoulders and seemingly wanting to press him into the ground. Despite the distance between them, it was almost suffocating, more oppressive than any aura he had ever felt before.

"Hear me well. None of you are to interfere. The Void Palace no longer has two such disciples and this matter will be handled by Shield Cross Stars. Those who disobey will likewise be expelled."

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Chapter 1712: Win

Leonel's gaze flickered with surprise before he actually smiled and chuckled. Without much fanfare, he looked toward Aina.

"Let's go."

Leonel tapped a foot and he and Aina shot forward, their speed blazing a trail through Void Palace.

In the skies, a far distance away, DiVincenzo's expression warped. He too hadn't expected the Void Palace to choose to take such a stance. Initially, he had been planning on forcing their hand, but...

His gaze flickered, landing on the running Leonel.

'It's him. He did it on purpose.'

Leonel seemed to have been playing the role of wastrel from the very beginning, and he had subtly pushed the Void Elders of the Void Palace into a corner where there was only so much that they could do. The moment he chose to slaughter those disciples without mercy, everything had already been set in stone. It was either they attack all out or retreat, there was no in between. However, should they choose to attack... The consequences would be unimaginable.

By making his stance so clear and showing his lack of hesitation, not to mention his personal strength, Leonel had forced Galienne to have no choice but to make this decision.

At that moment, DiVincenzo's jaw steeled, suddenly feeling that he wasn't facing a child at all, but before he could even decide how to handle this situation, he sensed several gazes land on him, making him feel as though his heart would stop beating any moment now.

"You may not attack freely. Do not put our disciples in danger, or you'll have to deal with me first."

Cornelius spoke calmly and evenly, his words clearly speaking for the elders as well. Since they had made such a decision, they wouldn't allow outside

influences to harm the children. If they wanted to deal with Leonel, they would have to wait until he was out of range of the possibility of harming any other disciple.

DiVincenzo's gaze slowly moved from Cornelius to the others before he realized that there was truly no changing their minds.

When he looked back down to meet Leonel's gaze again, he saw that very same slick smile that caused an eruption of fury to dance within his veins, but there was already nothing more that he could do.

"Squadrons, deploy!" DiVincenzo's voice moved. "Target is moving toward the northern gate of the Void Palace, cut off all paths of retreat!"

At that moment, the silent planetary vessels finally showed some signs of life, numerous hatchets and lights opening as a flood of powerful individuals surged out. Despite the fact they looked like a swarm of locusts, they moved seamlessly, not a single person getting in the way of another.

Leonel's pupils constricted as he calmly observed this matter. If there was anything that would endanger him at this point, it would be if the Shield Cross Stars had similar methods of borrowing power from one another, methods that he had personally seen in the Zone previously.

Judging by how these groups were moving in trios, and trios were moving in larger sets of 30, Leonel could see through this in an instant. While others saw a swarm, he saw the inner workings of a Force Art.

"Aina."

"Mm."

"Faster."

Leonel was enveloped by a blinding sheen of white gold, three tails appearing to his back. At the same time, an equally blinding crimson light erupted from Aina, filling the air with the smell of bloody roses.

The two shot into the forest, their speed putting even some Seventh Dimensional experts to shame. The moment they hit this gear, DiVincenzo who was monitoring their position from the skies all this time felt his heart lurch into his throat.

In what felt like the blink of an eye, they covered hundreds of kilometers, leaving the sights of the disciples and entering the dense forest of the Void Palace.

Aina smiled. "I bet I can kill more than you."

Leonel started and nearly lost his footing on a branch he leapt off from. He was still focusing on his strategy and didn't expect to suddenly hear this.

He turned toward her after a moment and grinned. "As if."

Instead of replying directly, Aina smiled sweetly.

"Try to keep up."

At that moment, Aina became a blur. In just that split second, even Leonel's eyes couldn't keep up, fragment of Bow Domain Lineage Factor or not.

She became like a wisp of blood, her body moving so fast that it tore through the veil of space and appeared over a hundred kilometers ahead of Leonel in an instant.

Leonel was rendered speechless again. Was that the Blood Sovereign Tablet at work? What the hell did that kind of speed have to do with Blood Force?

Leonel shook his head and recovered. Clearly, he couldn't let this little vixen have her way.

His Starry Light Domain bloomed, rising up and shooting past 10 kilometers. In an instant, he blinked forward over ten times, covering the same distance Aina had. At that point, let alone putting some Seventh Dimensional experts to shame, there were probably very few Tier 1 Seventh Dimensional experts that could match them in this regard.

Leonel's body flickered in a streak of light, appearing 10 kilometers in the sky. He felt his wind rushing across his skin, his hair dancing like a river of white to his back as a distinctly bestial grin spread across his face.

He raised his spear but it suddenly vanished into the form of a bow.

The White Lion Bow seemed to unleash a roar as Leonel nocked an arrow.

Just as he was about to release, a scythe of bloody red tore through the air, tearing through the frontline of descending warriors.

Leonel's grin turned into a lip twitch as he watched his original target be severed into two.

Before anyone could react, a tide of blood rose into the air, the corpses of several valiant warriors turning into rotating lotuses that shredded trees, stone and flesh apart alike.

"Shit."

Leonel put his bow away, flashing forward and appearing on the ground before flashing forward again.

He had to hurry up or she really would win.

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Chapter 1713: Full Deployment

DiVincenzo's eyes widened. He had been so focused on Leonel and his danger that he hadn't paid much attention to this girl. Quite frankly, he wasn't even entirely sure of who she was. But the instant she burst forward with that speed, he was forced to pay attention even if he didn't want to. And the moment she started killing, let alone him, everyone's eyes were on her.

Aina walked through the forest, her ax swinging in wide arcs from side to side. But the most shocking part was that he was easily dozens of kilometers from her nearest target. Somehow, she had some sort of symbiotic, quantum relationship with the Blood Force in the distance. The instance she swung, Ax Force that should have been on her blade appeared kilometers ahead, fusing with the Blood Force and shredding everything in its path to pieces.

At the same time, blood roses formed in the air one after another, growing larger and larger with every dead target it assimilated.

Let alone DiVincenzo, even Leonel was shocked. Even he couldn't attack across such a long distance. Despite the fact he was well ahead of Aina now, he had still been forward to bring out his bow, only to realize that she still managed to somehow attack first.

Obviously, the warriors of Shield Cross Stars were taken aback as well. They had been bracing themselves, prepared to deploy their battle tactics, only to realize that the threat they thought was still making their way over here was actually already here.

A coercive pressure weighed down on the surroundings, the extremely heavy weight of a powerful might spreading out in all directions.

Leonel recognized almost instantly that this mind was Aina's. Her coercive pressure had actually progressed to this point.

'So that's how... She must have her own version of a Dream World or Starry Spirit Domain, but instead this one controls Blood Force...'

Leonel's foot pressed into the ground hard, causing cracks to spread out in all directions as he shot forward like a canon. This was excellent. He thought he would have to worry about Aina being on the frontlines which was also why he planned to use his bow to support her, but if things were like this then he could truly go all out.

As he blazed a trail forward, he could feel the heaviness of space around him. Using his Emulation Spatial Force had become easily three to five times more difficult and teleporting was an impossibility with the lock in space.

But none of that would matter once they left this encirclement.

"Activate! Activate it now! There's no time, pairs of threes!"

The words were incoherent, not making much sense to those not of Shield Cross Stars. But it was still enough for Leonel's eyes to narrow.

'Now, huh?'

Leonel burst out of a clearing, finding the surroundings to be quite familiar. This could be one of the villages, Village 0218 to be exact. However, these villages were only used during disciple recruitment so they were completely empty now and provided quite a large bit of flat land for battle.

Leonel leapt up, clearing the 10 meter wall that had taken him some effort a year ago in a single bound.

When he stepped over the other side, he found blood and carnage, a large number of bloody roses hanging in the skies. Behind these roses, the warriors of Shield Cross Stars took up their formations, radiant lights forming around them.

For each pair of three, a shield that seemed formed of starlight took shape. They emitted glittering silvers and radiant translucent blues. If it wasn't for the situation, Leonel might feel that they were quite beautiful.

This time, when Aina's blood roses rotated forward, they bent and shattered against the shields, breaking into sprinkling petals of crimson that splashed onto the ground like a puddle of red rain.

Leonel's spear appeared in his palm, his gaze turning sharp.

He pierced forward, his spear streaking through the distance between himself and them in the blink of an eye.

CLANG!

The trio Leonel targeted was sent stumbling back, but their shield didn't have the slightest crack on it.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. The technique was stronger than he thought, and if he let them gather any more together, it would be even more troublesome.

If Leonel was correct, these trios could be fused in groups of ten to create an even stronger shield.

Compared to the techniques he had seen in the Zone, this was actually much simpler. Because it focused entirely on defense, it could be used with less people and still have powerful outputs. When it was powered by three Tier 9 Sixth Dimensional existences like this, the defensive power wasn't small in the slightest.

The tip of Leonel's spear trembled, a delicate golden light forming around it as the world went silent.

Absolute Spear Domain.

Leonel's spear pierced forward once more like a streak of light across the skies.

Before the stumbling trio could react, their shield shattered into motes of light, the head of their captain bursting like a watermelon.

Leonel appeared in their midst, his spear becoming like the scythe of a reaper. Everywhere he passed, another head would fall. His blade was relentless, and the rotating tornado of his Absolute Spear Domain was even more unforgiving.

Over the horizon, Aina caught up, realizing that her long distance attacks weren't working anymore. Reaching out a delicate hand, she clutched it.

The blood roses fused into one, forming a thorny pasture that surged forward.

The two cut through the protectors of humanity's peace as though they were nothing more than barbarians. This was the kind of scene that would be imprinted into the minds of all those that saw it.

In the skies, DiVincenzo realized the mistake he had made. Sending in squadrons to deal with these duo was simply sending them to their deaths, but having already made such a mistake, it was already impossible to reverse.

He grit his teeth, hard, his gaze flickering with ill intent.

"Full deployment! War Sequence Tier 1!"

The six planetary warships quaked. Many of the warriors were surprised, but that didn't stop them from reacting.

Full deployment? That meant that even the ship's engineers and drivers were to enter the charge. However, that was less important than the fact it demanded the elite troops make their appearance.

In comparison to this, though, War Sequence Tier 1 was a far bigger deal. It meant that they were meant to treat this assault as though they were reinforcing a Tier 1 fleet...

In simple terms, it meant that they were meant to go all out as though facing an enemy far above their paygrade.

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Chapter 1714: One Sentence

Within the planetary warships, the warriors of Shield Cross Stars moved about like the ants of a colony, the speed and organization reaching an immaculate realm.

At that moment, within the personal cabins of some of the most elite troops there were, several meditating powerhouses slowly opened their eyes, their auras flashing with a robust heaviness before retracting into gentle streams of cool wind.

One after another, they stood.

Each one of these individuals was completely in the nude, soaking in a dense jelly-like substance. They stepped out with a movement and immediately became dry beneath an odd, inexplicable process.

They dressed themselves systematically. The rhythm was so smooth and without hitches that it would be clear to anyone watching that they had done this thousands of times. Although their rituals were all different, each one had one that they had drilled into their minds over decades.

However, no matter how different their processes were, in exactly three seconds, they all had finished dressing themselves and stepped out.

The moment they did, the hustle and bustle of the planetary warships seemed to slow and quiet, the echoes of their footsteps setting a new rhythm that they all fell into.

They stretched out their hands.

As obedient as servants, several groups rushed forward and handed them halberds twice the height of their bodies.

They stretched out their forearms.

In just as quick movements, several more groups rushed forward and handed them shields that weighed as heavy as mountains.

The moment they were equipped with weapons and shields, their steps only became heavier, the rumbling momentum causing even the warship itself to quake and shake.

The more these echoes resonated, the more controlled the others seemed to become. With every passing second, the cohesion of the group grew further. Even as they increased their pace of movement, the smoothness remained the same and, in fact, greatened. As though they were perfectly choreographed traffic, no one interrupted the path of another person, even to the point their shoulders didn't brush.

These entities stepped out, reaching the bow of their ships as crowds of warriors, previously seemingly moving in an unorganized swarm, formed neat and even lines to their back. For each one of these six planetary warships, there were 12 such existences, each one wielding the very same halberd and shield.

The uniformity was immaculate.

Their faces seemed hardly recognizable to the public, but to the terrorist organizations of the Dimensional Verse, they were all too well known.

Captain Zylgella.

This name meant nothing to the vast majority, however to the people of the colloquially known Zealot Sector, his name rang fear in all of their hearts.

The so-called Zealot Sector was a region of the Human Domain where there was an increased activity in Gods and Faiths due to certain unique opportunities presented. Unfortunately, that also made it a hotbed of religious extremists and cults which took advantage of the poor and needy, feeding them into systems that created sex trafficking rings and began cycles of hatred.

This region was Captain Zylgella's stomping ground. Over the years of his dominance, he came to be known as the Guillotine Apostate. The number of shrines and places of worship he had felled beneath his blade and soaked beneath rivers of blood were too numerous to count.

Captain Urrith.

This name meant nothing to the vast majority, however to the people of the Skyward Sector, her name shook their souls and sunk claws into their hearts.

The Skyward Sector was one of the few barbarian Sectors of the Human Domain. There were only two methods of gaining such a title, both of which usually came hand in hand. The first was that there was not a prominent human family or organization in majority control of the land, and the second was that it had a population of non-human exceeding 20%.

The Oryx were not the only non-human race in the Human Domain, there were batches of others in minority positions that had learned to co-exist with humans, one of which being the Skyward Race.

Still, in such regions, the locations tended to be particularly lawless. Since these regions could not be controlled by humans, it was obvious that the humans there tended to be quite weak and the other races there tended to be quite strong.

Due to other powers being more focused on their own regions and maintaining control, Shield Cross Stars could only do its best to maintain order.

When Captain Urrith gained jurisdiction over the Skyward Sector, though, what once was a lawless region quickly became great obedient. Even now, the odd winged race followed to her back, having wings that alternated in leather skin and feathers, while having faces with prominent noses seemingly built with aerodynamics in mind.

Alone, she had subdued an entire Sector.

Captain Wimword.

This name meant nothing to the vast majority. Even to the people of the Necro Sector he oversaw, this name was completely unknown to them. However, the name that they did know was that of the Shield Reaper.

The Necro Sector was the deadest Sector in the Human Domain. It had an abnormally large concentration of dark and corrosion Forces, making it impossible for most to live there normally. Those that did were often sickly, malnourished and frail of body. This made them easy for beasts to prey upon and it was considered to be a region where beasts reigned supreme.

That was, until Captain Wimword set his flag and marched.

These were just three, just three of the 72 that had appeared, each one with a more vicious title and history than the last, and each fully prepared to lay down their lives in the name of the human race.

A silence fell over the battlefield as though all of the noise had been sucked out of the air. These 12 stood at the bows of their ships. Although less than a second had passed since they had appeared, somehow it felt like an eternity.

And then, they jumped.

Leonel felt his spine tingle.

He tapped his foot on the ground, retreating slightly and retracting his spear. Aina seemed to notice his change immediately and reacted in kind. Her hair fluttered in the air as she stepped onto a rotating blood rose, with a raise of her hands, the others followed along with her.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The land trembled as a tsunami of earth rose into the air and spread out in all directions.

Leonel's eyes narrowed as his head raised.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The earth collapsed, causing the ground to shake so fiercely that it almost threatened to throw him off balance.

Dust was thrown into the, threatening to make visibility an impossibility. The Void Palace was already known for its dense fog, so this only made the situation several times more difficult to handle. However, before it could truly get out of hand, all of the dust was suddenly pressed into the ground as though a hand had descended from the skies above.

When Leonel's vision finally cleared, he found that both he and Aina were surrounded by towering shields the size of buildings. There were exactly 72 of them, each of them shimmering with a resplendent starlight.

They alternated between silver and royal blue depending on the angle, their translucent nature being just transparent enough to show the powerful armies that stood behind them.

Then, the sound of footsteps began to resonate. Each and every one of them walked at the exact same pace, raising the exact same leg and walking forward in unison. The resonance made it sound as though a single giant was moving through forward, each one aimed right for Leonel's heart.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

As they moved, the encirclement closed in, closing all paths of retreat.

Leonel slowly relaxed, exhaling a long breath. It seemed that he probably couldn't play around anymore.

His head angled upward again, looking toward the six planetary warships with narrowed eyes.

In the distance, DiVincenzo and the Void Elders stood high in the skies, watching this scene. None of them easily revealed their inner thoughts with their expressions. However, it was clear that they all felt that this matter was over, subconsciously relaxing.

DiVincenzo didn't slowly increase the pressure. The moment he saw that things weren't going well, he dialed up the heat to the greatest output he had, unwilling to take any more chances. However, never in his wildest dreams did he think that things might very well come crumbling down with a single sentence from Leonel.

Leonel, who was just about to get serious, paused for a moment, his brow raising.

His gaze shifted and he slowly landed on three people.

"You. You. And You."

With the training these warriors had, they simply continued to walk forward as though nothing at all had happened. However, Leonel didn't seem too shocked by this at all.

The ones he had pointed to had reacted at all, until, that is, he pointed to the last one.

One wasn't an issue. Two was a coincidence. But three... three was a pattern, a pattern that shattered the status quo with another few words.

"Neither of the three of you are human. Cloud Race, I presume?"

Leonel clearly wasn't asking a question. In fact, he was making a very clear accusation. While he could break out of this encirclement using effort, it would take a lot out of him and he would most definitely end up injured. Plus, outside of himself, Aina would likely suffer as well.

If there was a chance to use his head and intelligence instead, why wouldn't he?

As for the three he had pointed to, they were none other than Zylgella, Urrith and Wimword.

[Important Announcement below]

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Chapter 1715: One for One

Let alone everyone else, even Aina's expression flickered when Leonel said this.

After a brief moment of surprise, DiVincenzo immediately believed that Leonel was speaking nonsense, and if he did so, there was even less to say about the marching warriors of Shield Cross Stars. With their training, it took more than just a few words for their focus to waver.

But who was Leonel? Was he a fool who couldn't understand something so simple?

The moment he finished speaking, his body flickered and vanished. When he appeared once again, not only was he right before Captain Wimword's troops, his body was enveloped by a radiant Bronze Aura that shone brighter than even gold.

With the way his hair danced and his spear struck forward, he looked like the descendent of a Greek God, everything from his demeanor to his aura releasing a stifling, undying pressure.

The sound in the world vanished and a vast painting seemed to unfurl to Leonel's back. Seas of blood, rains of bone, lands of flesh appeared. Anyone laying eyes on it felt their hearts tremble. In that moment, it felt as though the light smile that always hung from Leonel's lips was no more than a mask, a mask hiding behind it the black heart of a demon.

Leonel's spear became like a river of blood, the mere tremble of its tip causing tsunami-like waves to spread out to the left and right.

All the while, his gaze was locked onto Wimword's. There didn't seem to be any emotion behind it. There was no coldness, no happiness, no anger, no fury, there was nothing but a vast, unfathomable depth, one that seemed to peer even into the souls of those who looked into it.

Wimword shuddered, his expressionless visage finally trembling somewhat. The cadence of the march shifted only the slightest bit, but that was enough for the radiant shield to dim just the slightest bit.

BANG!

Leonel's spear collided with the shield.

He felt as though he had met a steel wall with the fist of a mortal. His forearms and wrists trembled, threatening to snap on impact. However, at that moment, the radiant Bronze Aura trembled, spreading out the reverberating impact toward the ground beneath his feet and the air around him.

Small pockets of explosions surged in the surrounding area, a small measure of it reupping and fusing with Leonel's strike, increasing his strike by small margins at a time.

CRACK!

The eyes of DiVincenzo and the Shield Cross Stars warriors sharpened. A crack in their shield?! That was impossible! Considering the standard of officers used to form it, this should have been an impossible task for anyone beneath the Seventh Dimension! How could a Tier 1 Sixth Dimensional brat possibly accomplish this?!

Captain Wimword's irises flickered with a malevolent light. He waved a hand, sending out several military grade hand signs known by only the members of his troops. However, Leonel didn't need to understand to know that it must be an attack sequence. If all these people could do was defend, they would be too useless.

The power of this formation was something Leonel had already seen through, and it was something he could have seen through even if he hadn't personally read some anecdotes about it in the Void Library.

This defense was an exceptionally rare formation allowing perfect defense from one side and perfect transparency from the other. This meant that while under the protection of this formation, the warriors of Shield Cross Stars could still attack freely so long as it was done in a coordinated fashion that didn't disrupt the cadence that allowed them to use this formation in the first place.

Unfortunately...

A blur of red appeared to Leonel's side.

Even as she swung his ax, her beauty was truly unmatched. The powerful, streamlined outline of her body exploded forth with a hidden power that didn't seem possible.

The wind stacked up on the edge of her blade, following up on Leonel's strike in one smooth motion.

Leonel hadn't even fully retracted his spear when she acted. The timing couldn't have been more perfect.

BANG!

Aina's battle ax's blade landed right where Leonel's spear point had just retracted from.

Like sparkling motes of light in the form of twinkling shards of glass, the radiant royal blue and silver illusory shield shattered.

A long distance away, DiVincenzo froze, but it was already too late.

Leonel only took a single step back to deal with the recoil before he shot through the opening the two had created as the officers of Wimword's troop coughed up blood beneath the backlash of their collapsed formation.

Aina took a step back as well, just a measure after Leonel, before quickly following up. The two were like a pair tied together by a tight string, following one after another completely in sync.

Leonel appeared before Wimword who took up the vanguard of the formation, his face wearing a malevolent grin.

His spear spun in his hands before it thrust forward, leaving several shadows in the air.

Wimword's expression changed. He immediately changed his hand signals and retreated, two of his vice captains following him as they settled into a formation of three as their troops followed suit.

Pockets of squads of three separated, but some were still too slow. They had just withstood the backlash of their formation collapsing, so how could they all reform another one so fast?

While it looked like Leonel was aiming for Wimword, the tips of his spear vanished and appeared in the surroundings.

Under the astonished gazes of many, his spear's range felt almost endless. No one within 10 meters was able to escape the wrath of his blade as he attacked as he pleased. If you were too close, your life would be reaped from yourself. It was as simple as that.

PCHU! PCHU! PCHU!

Swift.

Truly Swift.

The spear shadows practically blotted out the skies as the might of the Morales shone forth.

Madmen. Generals of the battlefield. Reapers even amidst the carnage. Their spears blanketed the clouds and layered the earth. Absolute Spear Domain.

Half a dozen squads lost one or two members instantly, some of them even losing all three. Without their organized squadrons, they were no longer able to form their smaller shield formations, and better yet, those that were further away didn't have time to reinforce Wimword and his vice captains.

Aina shot by Leonel, causing Blood Force to rise into the air as she ripped the Life Force out of the falling corpses.

Leonel smiled. "Just me and you."

Leonel's gaze locked onto Wimword, the tip of his spear trembling and a rising tornado of golden Spear Force dancing around him as his three glorious white illusory tails rose into the skies behind him.

Wimword's heart skipped a beat, but he immediately forced himself to calm down.

Even if Aina held back the other members of his troops from interfering, Leonel was still speaking nonsense. What about the other 71 troops? She couldn't possibly stop them all as well, right? In just a few more breaths, they would be completely surrounded and they most definitely wouldn't get a chance to shatter another shield.

Considering the strength they had shown now, this was already their limit. Leonel definitely couldn't take him down in just a few seconds.

Star Fusion.

An eruption of starry blue Force rushed into being around Leonel, making him look like the incarnation of a deity.

His pores opened, a dense blue fog akin to a radiant nebula spreading out around him.

Combustion.

BANG!

In an instant it all turned a furious shade of red.

Leonel took a step forward, the ground beneath him shattering into an avalanche of rock and stone.

In that moment, he remembered when he first came to the Void Palace. Cutting down a single tree was impossible, he couldn't even leave a scratch on the ground, even using his Internal Sight beyond a few meters was impossible.

But now, on his way out, he could do as he pleased. This landscape, if he wanted it to change, it had no right to tell him no!

BANG!

Wimword's formation shield shattered beneath Leonel's aura alone, a single rogue strand of Spear Force no thicker than a hair whipping against it and collapsing its entire structure.

It was only now that those watching realized that Leonel had yet to put in his full effort. While others had reached their upper limits, he was still scratching the surface of his potential.

Leonel took another step forward, casually flicking his wrist.

BANG!

The ground his spear swept by rose into the air, forming a hill of earth so large that an entire half of the troops found themselves facing the descent of a mighty mountain crashing toward their heads.

Just as Leonel took a third step, he disappeared in a flicker of crimson. When he appeared again, his spear was at Wimword's throat, a moment away from piercing right through.

Wimword's body trembled, veins popping out across his forehead until he suddenly roared.

Just when it seemed like Wimword would be skewered through, Leonel's spear passed through nothing but air.

However, just the residual aura of Leonel's strike alone caused Wimword's two vice captains to burst into clouds of blood.

Leonel slowly retracted his spear. Despite missing, there was a grin on his face as Wimword slowly appeared again about five meters from him.

The entire battlefield froze and even in the far off distance, DiVincenzo and the Void Elders also froze until a furious expression appeared on Galienne's wrinkled face.

"CLOUD RACE SCUM!"

There was only one race in existence capable of using such a formless movement technique. "Wimword" had exposed himself, and by proxy, he had exposed Zylgella and Urrith.

If Leonel was one for one, he was almost assuredly three for three as well.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1716: Empty

Galienne's furious roar thundered across the skies. Never in her wildest imagination did she think that Leonel's words would actually not be nonsense, but now that she was aware, what she had to do was even less of an uncertainty.

The role of Void Palace was of one track and of one mind: protect the Human Domain from other races. It was that simple, and it was a mission that hadn't changed for countless years.

Wimword's expression changed.

At first, he wanted to see if he could do something to change his current situation, or at least take control of it, but he quickly realized that all of his ideas were ridiculous.

Take Leonel as hostage? What good would that do when the entire purpose of their trip here was to detain him to begin with? Plus, it was likely that a part of the reason Galienne's reaction was so explosive was because she had finally found a target to vent on.

After just a second, Wimword realized that he had no other options outside of running. He sent a furious gaze toward Leonel. Even now, he had no idea how he had been exposed. If it was so easy to see through the disguise of the Cloud Race then they wouldn't be the Cloud Race. Someone like Leonel was, without exaggeration, an existential risk to their very being.

The only race of people that the Cloud Race didn't dare to play around with were the Spirituals precisely because they could so easily see through them. Wimword had no idea how a human race brat could do the same thing.

Seeing Wimword's fury, Leonel smiled and waved.

"You should probably start running now, maybe you can make it out. Good luck."

Seeing Leonel's smile, Wimword's body trembled with fury. In a spike of rage, the aura of a Seventh Dimensional expert rippled out in all directions, emitting from his body in waves. However, rather than being shocked or scared like Wimword thought Leonel would be, Leonel's smile still hadn't faded.

What a joke. If Leonel could see through Wimword's Cloud Race disguise, why wouldn't he be able to tell that the latter was actually in the Seventh Dimension.

But now Wimword had to make a choice, he could either test his luck and try to kill Leonel, or he could run. If Leonel managed to survive his first strike, he wouldn't have time to send a second before avoiding detection would be impossible.

The Void Elders were still far enough away that he and the others could escape, and it would take far more than just a few exchanges to bridge the gap, but the main issue was a matter of whether they would be able to track them or not.

If Wimword left right this moment, his trail would disappear by the time they caught up. But if he delayed... there was no telling.

It was clear by Leonel's smile that he seemed to understand this quite well.

Wimword grit his teeth for a moment before all of his fury vanished into a puff of air. In an instant, he had regained all of his calm and there was no longer the slightest ripple in his eyes. Without hesitating anymore, he turned and vanished, plumes of cloudy fog and energy following his path.

The corner of Leonel's lip curled as he watched Wimword run.

At the same moment, Zylgella and Urrith no longer hesitated as well, breaking free from their formations and rushing away. What Leonel found interesting,

though, was that they were all alone. He couldn't help but wonder what the plan was, exactly.

Did the Cloud Race plan to overturn Shield Cross Stars with just three individuals? That didn't seem likely. It was either that these were rogue members, or...

Leonel's expression flickered for a moment as chaos ensued. With the collapse of just three formations, logically, there should have been more than enough organization remaining to deal with the situation, but the Cloud Race had quite some spectacular methods of their own.

As they escaped, a dense foggy grey energy rose into the air, obscuring vision and making even Leonel feel as though his mind was being attacked.

One after another, the formations wavered and collapsed, the glorious shields cracking and shattering right after them.

Leonel's eyes narrowed.

With a step, he appeared by Aina's side. Wrapping an arm around her waist, he took another step and crossed large distances at a time.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

'Perfect.' Leonel thought with a grin.

He didn't need to see to know what happened. Just now, Wimword had definitely reached the spatial lock barrier and used some method to destroy it. In an instant, Leonel felt his Emulation Spatial Force loosen up and he felt freer to move.

In reality, Leonel had many other plans for this day. If he had the skill to draw spatial arrays capable of helping him escape a Zone, something that was supposedly impossible up until the moment he did it, this spatial barrier had no method of stopping him either so long as he had some time.

He had originally wanted to deal Shield Cross Stars a blow for being so annoying, which was why he had taken this approach. But the idea that they had three spies in their ranks that caused their collapse while they were supposedly chasing after a Fugitive was far more cathartic than anything else he had had planned. In fact, he found it absolutely hilarious.

That said, that didn't mean that he would just leave things as is.

Taking advantage of the fog, Leonel deployed his Starry Spirit Domain and added some fog of his own. Overlaying it with Emulation Spatial Force, he created an illusion of his surroundings that had everything but an image of himself and Aina, effectively allowing them to disappear into thin air.

Leonel was sure that there were many still trying to pay close attention to his actions, but no amount of scrutiny would stop him.

In just a few minutes, unbeknownst to anyone, Leonel stepped onto an empty planetary warship with Aina by his side.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1717: Or Me?

With a thought, Leonel split into several clones. From start to finish, his Dream World was entirely locked onto the vessel, splitting it into components and rebuilding it in his mind. If one looked into his mind right this moment, it would be possible to see tens of thousands of gears, pipes, wires, engine pieces, gas exhausts... the number of things was endless and even when it seemed like they couldn't be cut down any further, he would still split them into more.

In just a few minutes, Leonel understood the flying vessel better than even the engineers who worked on it everyday. If he had to, let alone fly it, he could build it from scratch with nothing but raw materials.

Of course, Leonel had the Segmented Cube if he really wanted to escape as stealthily as possible, but where was the fun in that?

Off to the side, Aina could only shake her head and smile. With the Segmented Cube's abilities, they would probably already be a solar system away by now, but this man insisted on never suffering a loss.

As far as Leonel saw it, pointing out some traitors in Shield Cross Stars midst might embarrass them, but it was ultimately a net positive for them. As things went, he had just done them a favor, and it wasn't the first favor he had done for the human race either.

Considering such a thing, he might as well take some payment for his efforts. They didn't think that they could just use him for free, right?

If DiVincenzo knew what Leonel was thinking, he just might die of blood loss just from coughing up so much in rage.

This wasn't just any normal planetary warship. Leonel hadn't just targeted any one of them, he had targeted the flagship. In the entirety of Shield Cross Stars, there was only one model superior to this one and it was reserved for Tier 1 Star Rank Officers. Considering the status of such officers, those warships rarely saw the light of day.

Even if Leonel had targeted one of the five lesser ships that had come it would have been an unacceptable loss. After all, this was the entirety of DiVincenzo's fleet!

To estimate the cost of one of these planetary warships, talking of Urbe Ores wasn't even appropriate. Instead, one had to speak in terms of revenue of not planets... or quadrants... or galaxies... but Sectors!

In order to build one such warship, it took gathering the entire profits of one Sector for a century, or the profits of 100 Sectors for one year each. These wouldn't be normal Sectors either, but rather Seventh Dimensional Sectors!

In the entirety of the Human Domain, there were only a few hundred such Sectors to begin with. This meant that even if the resources of the whole Human Domain were pooled together without the slightest reservation, only about four or five of these ships could be made per year! And that was only if no one cared about spending funds on anything else!

To say that stealing this ship was a bit of an overkill was understatement, and Leonel most definitely couldn't claim to be ignorant about it either considering his status as a Craftsman. He simply didn't care. They would just have to obediently swallow this loss.

Leonel grinned. "Nice."

His greatest worry had just vanished into thin air.

This ship didn't need to be powered, it was self-sustaining. How lovely, it was like they had put it on a platter just for him.

At that moment, all of Leonel's clones were in place and the ship rumbled just a single time, shocking the whole of the Void Palace.

DiVincenzo, who had been in mad pursuit of the Cloud Race trio, felt his heart skip a beat. It wasn't that he hadn't wanted to use the ships to rush after them, but the problem was that manning such a large warship required hundreds of crewmen and engineers, but he had deployed them all to chase after Leonel! It would take too much time for them to get back and start everything up.

Never had he thought that someone would actually take this opportunity to steal their Tier 2 Star Warship.

If anyone had told him that this would happen before, he would have laughed in their face. How could two people steal a planetary warship? He would have thought that one would have to be woefully ignorant to even think such a thing was possible.

But it was actually happening right before his eyes.

"I'll be taking this as repayment, no need to thank me!"

Leonel's voice echoed through the void, but he had already stopped paying attention to the situation around him, turning toward Aina with a smile.

Aina raised an eyebrow, pretending not to understand the look in Leonel's eye. But before she could react, she was squealing as he swept her into his arms, her battle ax forgotten at the bow of the ship.

Leonel carried Aina into the ship, his lips sealing over her own as he walked about with his eyes closed. He cradled her thighs to either side of his hips with his forearms, his two palms firmly planted on her ass.

The two of them seemed to completely forget the rumbling of the ship, lost in their own world.

They left a trail of clothing in their wake, a piece of fabric falling away with every step that Leonel took.

Leonel kicked open a door, slamming it shut behind him with a heel. His movements didn't have even the slightest hitch in them as he pressed Aina down onto a bed, her heavy breathing matching to the rhythm of their hearts.

Aina looked into Leonel's eyes, their golden hues slightly misty, slightly red, and mostly loving.

"What are you focused on more right now? Flying the ship? Or me?"

The almost succubus-like coercion and temptation in Aina's voice made Leonel as hard as a rock, but he also found the question somewhat amusing. Did the answer matter much? Well, maybe it didn't matter much to him, but she liked to know the answer.

Aina felt herself moisten as Leonel pressed against her. She could feel her delicate pink folds spreading apart and her entrance slowly opening.

She looked into Leonel's eyes, unable to look away, and he was unable to do the same.

"When we crash, just know I'm going to blame it on you," Leonel laughed.

Aina laughed as well, her eyes filled with a hint of happy tears.

She felt nothing but bliss as they fused into one, her moan stifled by the kiss of the man she loved.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1718: Pop

As good as his body felt, Leonel felt as though his mind had entered a state of absolute peace. It was beyond just the feelings, but rather the tacit acceptance that had brought him to this moment.

He had been by Aina's side for so long and he had already lost count of the number of opportunities they had had. However, because he was in his own head about so many things, it was always easy to find an excuse, and to also find contentment in what he had without trying to seek more.

After he had made his decision that day, he no longer had any inhibitions. He had already known that when next the two of them had this chance, neither of them would be willing to miss it again.

It wasn't a moment of ravenous passion, nor was it emblazoned with emotions like it had almost been so many times before. Rather, it was calm and intimate. They listened to the sound of each other's breathing, they enjoyed the warmth of each other's embrace, and they were both very much present.

It could only be really explained in one word: comfortable.

There wasn't any pressure on their shoulders, any obligation to act, any fear dictating their actions, or any ulterior motives tainting their thoughts. It couldn't have been any purer.

They smiled, they kissed, they even laughed, neither feeling any tension or oppression. Both just seemed to understand how beautiful the moment was.

It wasn't perfect. They didn't have fireworks in their air, they were currently on the run as fugitives and there were probably no small number of individuals who wanted them dead, and yet it all didn't seem to matter in the slightest.

...

In his state of bliss, Leonel suddenly felt his knees go weak.

At first, he thought the worst. In reality, by this point, it had only been a few minutes. Within his abilities, he knew exactly how long. 183 seconds, not a second more, not a second less. Three minutes and three seconds.

If he collapsed now, he wouldn't ever hear the end of it. Considering his dense vitality, he would be up and at it immediately, but he knew what kind of woman he was dealing with. She wouldn't actually take it to heart, but that didn't mean that she wouldn't be sure to make fun of him to the ends of the earth.

Leonel found it all to be ridiculous. Sure, it felt like his cock was in a vice grip of warm and moist clouds as though he was being caressed by the hands of an angel, but he also had a Tier 4 Control Ability Index that gave him perfect control over his body. So long as he wanted to, he should have been able to go on for months if that was what he wanted.

But what the fuck was this?

This scare had only lasted for a fraction of a fraction of a second before Leonel realized that this wasn't actually what was happening and that he wasn't a quick shot. But it was already enough for him to be covered in a cold sweat.

"Leonel?"

It was only a small moment, but considering how close they were, how could Aina miss any changes to Leonel? Those gorgeous cherry lips of hers were already curled into a smile as she whispered a hot breath into his ear, the vice grip her moist walls pulsating around him.

Leonel knew that she was doing it on purpose. He and Aina had a tacit sort of agreement. They were still stuck in the beauty of the moment, but very soon, it would likely devolve into an all out war of conquest for bragging rights.

Aina lightly bit at Leonel's earlobe, running her hands up and down his defined back as she locked her legs around him. Her voice seemed tinged with "concern", but in reality she was coercing him like the little vixen she was.

'Dammit...'

Leonel couldn't even counter because of the weakness in his legs, his arms were the only things stopping him from flopping on top of her like a dead fish, and Aina seemed to have noticed this.

Leonel didn't even know how to explain that what she thought was happening wasn't actually what was happening. It felt like that time she walked in on him moaning all over again, he would never live this down.

Another squeeze came and Leonel sucked in a cold breath. He couldn't quite focus on exactly what was happening with her, tempting him at every opportunity. He had already locked away most of his mind to man to planetary warship, so he didn't have much focus left to give given the situation, which only made him even slower in understanding what was happening.

Aina's hips wiggled, pulling back and sinking herself into the bed before rebounding upward. She didn't seem to want to let Leonel off at all as she used her own methods to force them into another rhythmic trance.

Her light moans tickled at Leonel's ears as an odd feeling spread through his body. Leonel couldn't describe it as anything other than weakness. He lost control of himself piece by piece as though he was being forcefully separated from something, or maybe it was the exact opposite.

From his feet, up his legs, through his knees, then his back, and eventually even his hands. By that point, the only things propping him up collapsed.

Aina laughed lightly, still a bit oblivious to what was happening.

Red in the face, her overwhelming strength easily flipped Leonel beneath her. Her thighs trembled as she rose in a squat, a feeling of euphoria coursing through both of their bodies as she slowly moved up and down.

At the same moment, the feeling rose to Leonel's head and he felt a pop.

Right then, the sound of a chain snapping resonated through the universe and Leonel entirely lost control of his body.

Aina trembled, feeling a strong pulse within her. She leaned forward, pressing her cheek to Leonel's broad chest with a light smile on her face and a sheen of sweat on her brows.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1719: Justice?

When Leonel came to and his vision cleared, he found himself looking up at an unfamiliar ceiling. It took him a while to realize that the ceiling he was looking toward was the ceiling of the master room of the planetary warship. He wasn't familiar with it because he never really cared to look at its details when he walked in and laid Aina on the bed.

To begin with, no one ever used this room. Although it was created for DiVincenzo, Seventh Dimensional existences didn't sleep very often, and this planetary warship wasn't used often enough for this room to be necessary considering how expensive it was. As such, it could be said that Leonel and Aina were the very first to use this room.

After realizing where he was, it all came back to Leonel and his lip twitched several times. He still had no idea what had happened just now, but what he did know was that only four minutes and 37 seconds had passed from start to finish.

It was all over, he would never be able to show his face to the world again. Where was the justice? Maybe if he ran now he wouldn't have to face the music.

However, at that moment, Aina, who was laying on his chest, pushed herself up with a smile. She looked happier than Leonel had ever seen her. Half of that was probably because of how satisfied she felt, but there was a hidden amusement in her eyes that Leonel would never miss.

Leonel coughed lightly. "Something weird happened, I don't really know how to explain it..."

"Mhm, mhm." Aina nodded twice.

With her movement, Leonel's eyes couldn't help but shift to her bouncing breasts. Considering her position, they practically dangled before his mouth, asking him to try and catch one of those delicate pink nipples with his tongue.

Aina blinked innocently, seemingly not noticing Leonel's distraction. Her palms were still pressed onto his broad chest, but her wrists slightly turned, pulling her elbows in and pushing her own chest up. A stray bead of sweat fell down her neck line and disappeared between that grand ravine, leaving Leonel's Adam's apple pulsating.

"If you look too hard, something weird might happen again."

Leonel was so distracted that it took him a moment to pick up the teasing words. His cock was already at attention. Given his vitality, he hadn't been joking about how quick he would be to recover. And considering her had seemingly fallen asleep for a small amount of time, he had had more than ample. By now, he was already pressing up between Aina cheeks, splitting them apart as she continued to sit on him, oblivious to what was coming.

"What was that?"

Leonel looked up from Aina's breasts, his hands finding their way to her hips.

Aina tilted her head in amusement. She thought that Leonel was still trying to regain some face so she traced a finger down his chest, her smile blooming.

"Nothing, I'm just a bit worried about you," she said lightly.

Leonel suddenly grinned. "What are you worried about?"

Aina, seemingly finally realizing that something was odd, looked into Leonel's eyes again. Leonel didn't look like someone who had just been defeated.

However, Aina wasn't one to back down either.

"There's no need to be embarrassed, you're just young. So long as we practice more, I'm sure you'll get better. We have all the time in the world."

Aina smiled brightly, rising up into a full seated position and raising her hands to her hair. She allowed Leonel's eyes to scan her body as she smoothed out her long, black strands, her every breath causing her breasts to ripple and her toned torso to flex just the slightest bit.

A small and well trimmed bush just barely obstructed Leonel's vision of what was below, but he could still very clearly feel its moistness and slight stickiness as she shifted from side to side imperceptibly.

Despite her words, Aina didn't see Leonel falter. In fact, his smile became even brighter.

SLAP!

The sound echoed through the mostly quiet room and Aina's body shuddered beside itself. She could feel the faint stinging pain on her ass cheek, her legs squeezing together slightly but finding Leonel's body in the way.

Aina released a slight haggard breath and her gaze went misty. Before she could even understand what had just happened, she went from her position in dominance to being pinned beneath Leonel once again. But this time, her face was pressed against the soft sheets of the bed, her ass arched upward in full view.

A tingle coursed up Aina's spine, her body twitching as she felt Leonel lightly press against her entrance.

"You said we need practice, right?"

Even though she could no longer see Leonel's face, Aina could imagine the grin on his face.

Her mind went blank. She could just barely feel the two strong hands gripping her waist, even if she wanted to run now, she most definitely couldn't.

A dripping moistness fell from between her legs, sliding down her delicate pink folds and rounding around a sensitive little pink button before falling toward the sheets.

Everything about that moment was hyper real to her, even the slightest goosebump that raised across her skin making her shudder.

She gasped when she felt Leonel enter her.

It was deep, almost too deep, almost like he was trying to press against her heart from the back.

Leonel pressed a hand down and onto the small of Aina's back, his strokes deep and slow. Each was perfectly measured and timed down to a fraction of a second. He was an absolute machine, only getting a small tick faster every few seconds.

Aina felt herself slowly losing consciousness, not quite sure which way was up and which way was down, but every time she was just about to be pushed over the edge, another slap would come, shuddering her awake and causing her feet to wiggle up and down uncontrollably.

She tried to squirm away and escape, but every time Leonel only pressed down harder, pinning her into the bed.

Leonel grinned a devilish grin. "Don't run now, we're just getting started."

Leonel pulled back until the length of his cock almost fell out entirely, pulsing at the entrance for just a moment before sliding all the way back in.

Aina finally couldn't control herself. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, her body convulsed wildly and she bit into the cushioned sheets beneath her.

However, as though he didn't sense a single thing, Leonel simply kept going.

Pride? Competition? Victory? Defeat?

She forgot it all. Just a few minutes in, she was moaning so loudly and without restraint that her coercion spread across the depths of space.

An hour in her voice became too hoarse to make any noise and all that came out were whimpers.

Three hours in she laid on the bed limply, the only thing making it clear that she was still alive being the haggard breathing and slight twitches from time to time.

From start to finish, Leonel's devilish grin never faded. What could he say? He hated to lose, even when it came to bedroom activities.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1720: Thoughts

Leonel finally let Aina go when she really couldn't handle anymore.

In truth, given the strength of her body, it was really hard to hit that limit, even going for days wouldn't be a problem. But this wasn't an issue of her strength, but rather one of her mind and nerves. There was only so much she could take before she was really overloaded and pleasure became pain, and unfortunately for her, Leonel was an expert at reading and reacting to such a thing.

Leonel smiled with a more than content smile on his face, a feeling of euphoria spreading out across his body as he delved into the deepest parts of Aina's body, releasing what he had been building up for several hours already.

It was the greatest feeling in the world, too great to be described in just a few words, so he didn't even bother to try.

He collapsed onto the bed, beads of sweat falling down his brow. He was ready to pull out and take a nice rest, but Aina's hand gripped his wrist which rested on her hip. Toward this, he could only chuckle inwardly, of all the things this woman found the strength left to do it was actually this, it was more than a little amusing.

Leonel wrapped his arms around her waist and obliged, falling into a deep sleep.

...

Leonel awoke to the shuddering of the world around him. For a moment, he was groggy and confused until he snapped awake.

'Shit.'

Before, Leonel had been joking about crashing the ship, but to think he would actually mess up so royally.

Leonel shot up.

The situation wasn't bad, he had just accidentally navigated the warship into an asteroid belt. As things went, it could be far worse. But then again, it could also be far better.

Running through the protocols, Leonel sent out his clones once again and activated a series of commands. Soon, the ship was enveloped by a forcefield of repellant Force and the shaking came to a stop.

'What shit tier luck,' Leonel grumbled internally, '99.99% of space is empty and I just had to be the lucky guy that ran into an asteroid belt.'

Luckily, the ship was just fine. The rocks of this asteroid belt couldn't possibly hope to harm a ship of this caliber, it was more likely that the asteroid belt would be ground to dust before a scratch was left on this vessel. But Leonel wanted to be more cautious. After all, he definitely couldn't afford to build this ship currently and he only had one of them.

Of course, there would come a time where this ship was useless to him, but that would be a problem for the future.

The so-called 'self sustaining' nature of the ship was due to its self-contained nuclear fusion reactor. Given the core's quality, it could withstand a decade of heavy usage without running out of energy, and the best part was that there wouldn't be any significant changes until it ran to the very end of its lifespan.

That said, heavy usage implied war torn times and the Human Domain hadn't seen such a thing in a very, very long time. Under normal, more benign use cases, even lasting a century wouldn't be a problem.

This was only the third time this ship was ever used as there was rarely a need for it, as such its core was very fresh and new. Leonel didn't mind using it up a bit to make sure that nothing untoward happened to the ship as a whole.

Leonel exhaled and wiped a bit of sweat off his brow. This could have definitely been worse, he could have been woken up to their crashing through a planet.

This warship wasn't called a planetary warship without reason. It was bigger than most moons and could definitely run through some planets. The real trouble was what kind of damage would result in doing such a thing.

Leonel was unwilling to find out just yet and he was lucky that he didn't have to.

With everything handled, Leonel went back to the master room to find that Aina was still sleeping. This silly girl had actually slept through a near death catastrophe, he could only speechlessly commend her.

Leonel sat on the bed and found his eyes drooping again. This time, he learned his lesson and put the warship in idle. He couldn't put his shiny new toy in harm's way again.

He crawled into bed and shared the covers with Aina, his consciousness fading again. He didn't know why, but he just felt more tired than usual.

As he went to sleep, he had vague thoughts about what he should do next and how to prepare. Gathering talents from the Void Palace was obviously impossible now so the only thing he could do was rely on more unproven talents.

That said, he was quite lucky in this regard. Others would be screwed, but would he? Earth's territory would produce the greatest talents of the Human Domain given enough time, this was the power of a place with Eighth Dimensional potential.

It seemed that he would definitely have to return to Earth first and reunite with his brothers. Then he could consider matters about the Oryx and the Umbra family. According to Valor, the Morales family had chosen to postpone the Heir War until they all entered the Seventh Dimension, so he could have quite some time.

Leonel could feel that progress had slowed to a crawl after entering the Sixth Dimension. He was probably still a month or two away from entering Tier 2. At that pace, it would take him two years just to make it to Tier 9.

The odds of that were slim, though. In all likelihood, it would take longer and longer the further he progressed. The fact he felt Tier 2 was just two months away in the first place was more a testament to his talent than anything else.

Leonel drifted off to sleep once again, unable to finish his thoughts.