

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1721: Mattered Less

Leonel woke up again much later, his mind still in a bit of a fog. He chose to keep his eyes closed, lying there and letting a steady sort of peace overcome him.

Within the depths of his mind, the Emperor's Might tablet floated about. Ever since Leonel had gotten it, he hadn't gotten much out of it. This wasn't necessarily for lack of trying, but the tablet simply didn't respond much to him.

Part of this was probably because he wasn't entirely compatible with him. His own King's Might was a mutated version of the Emperor's Might of this tablet so it wasn't entirely certain that he could make use of it to begin with.

It had to be remembered that the Bronze Tablet had been with the Luxnix family for centuries but their main Lineage Factor was still the Snowy Star Owl. Just having a tablet wasn't enough to demand its secrets from it. It required compatibility and talent, two things of which Leonel was entirely sure he had for the Emperor's Might Tablet.

Leonel couldn't help but think of the conflict between himself and his grandfather. The root cause of it was a difference in how they saw the world. Back then, Leonel was quite certain that there would come a time where he and his grandfather would be on such polar opposite sides that battle would be the only way to settle things.

Leonel wasn't sure how that moment would come about, or even when it would, he just felt that it was nigh inevitable.

In recent times, though, the way he looked at the world had also begun to shift and so had his mentality. He still felt far more like a King than he did an Emperor, but it was nowhere near as firm as it had been in the past. In fact, now that he thought about it, what situation had he been in when he forced the Emperor's Might tablet to come to him in the first place?

Back then, he had been infuriated, furious that the world was forcing him to make such a choice. But in the end, he had still made it without hesitation.

He chose Aina over the world.

That was the mental state he had been in when he forced the tablet to come to him, and following that, there had been a slight shift in the way that he viewed things, even becoming more unrestrained and unfettered in his actions.

The way Leonel had seen things, a King was a man of the people. He curated the loyalty of his closest noblemen, he ate with his generals and shed blood with them on the battlefield, he could see things from both his perspective and that of others, formulating a world for everyone under his strength.

An Emperor however... he was lofty, untouchable. He schemed and pulled at the puppet strings of his ministers and noble court, seeking balance not through understanding but through power. He sat on a throne and looked down on the people, there were simply too many of them for him to care about their individual plights, all that matters was that he would maintain his strength.

There was an air of selflessness to being a King that an Emperor didn't have... that they almost couldn't have.

But then the question was that if by virtue of the job at hand an Emperor couldn't be a King, then how exactly would it be possible for Leonel to be a King if his goal was to subdue the whole of the Dimensional Verse?

Wouldn't the vastness of an Emperor's territory then become his problem? How could he be a King if the territory he governed was so abnormally large? How could he still be selfless?

Emperors struggled to maintain their humanity even when their subjects were all human. The Dimensional Verse had the Human Race, the Rapax Race, the Spirituals Race, the Cloud Race, the Dwarven Race... The list felt almost endless and each of them had their own cultures, their own perspectives and philosophies...

Was his dream even possible to achieve while maintaining the air of a King?

In truth, subconsciously, Leonel already felt that he had lost such a right. How could he continue to claim to be selfless, to be a man of the people, when he had chosen his woman over trillions of lives? Did he even still have the heart to be a King? Or, more importantly, would a King always have to sacrifice his Queen for victory?

'If that was true, I don't want to be a King.'

It was a simple decision, but it was one that Leonel was unwavering on. No matter what the situation, no matter the circumstances, he would never choose to sacrifice Aina.

Simply put, in the face of Aina, he didn't give a damn about the world.

There were very few things that Leonel was so certain of, but it was only upon realizing this so firmly that he chose to truly open his heart to Aina again. All of the other things they had gone through didn't seem to matter anymore.

There was a time that he had almost given her up for the sake of this dream. But there was also ironically a point in his life that nothing mattered to him outside of her happiness.

It was funny, he had once again become that very same lovesick boy who confessed his feelings over 500 times. But somehow, it felt different than it had before. Less superficial, more weighty, greater in substance.

Sometimes how you acted or what you knew mattered less than how you had come to know them. The difference between Leonel of back and the Leonel of now was that the Leonel of then didn't have any goals or aspirations... but the Leonel of now was willing to give those goals and aspirations up without a second thought.

If you compared the two, which love was worth more?

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1722: Be Obedient

Leonel continued to smile, his body feeling quite relaxed despite the slight fogginess of his mind.

Maybe in the past he would have felt pressed for an answer, but right this moment, he simply didn't care that much. The answer was meaningless to him for now, but as for the Emperor's Might Tablet... he felt that it was about time it be obedient.

Leonel's Dream Force descended upon the tablet from all sides, suffocating it within its presence.

The Northern Star Bronze Tablet had required Leonel to have a dense Light and Star Force affinity before it could show him its secrets. As for the Emperor's Might Tablet, Leonel was almost certain that it was entirely reliant on his mental abilities.

Ultimately, the Emperor Might Lineage Factor was one of the minds. It used the presence of an Emperor to strengthen and impose changes onto the real world. It was essentially like a coercion ability, but far more tangible.

Before he purged his King's Might Lineage Factor, or at least the humanoid form he had allowed it to take, Leonel's King's Might was also capable of imposing changes onto the world. In fact, right now, the greatest application of his King's Might was actually his spear.

Whenever he spoke a word, or resonated with the sound of the world, or painted an image with his spear stroke, these were all facets of imposing his mind onto the world. This was actually why he was able to grasp his grandfather's teachings so quickly, he had a shortcut to doing so others didn't have. All of these things were just different applications of his King's Might.

Leonel had the idea brewing in his mind for a long time, but if his King's Might was able to work so well with his Spear Force, then there was nothing stopping it from working with his other Forces as well. Like that, he should be able to use his King's Might Lineage Factor to increase his Force Manipulation.

Of course, this would be the more subtle of the two Force Manipulation types. But it was also the one guaranteed to have a powerful outcome from what he had seen in the Zone.

The trouble was that his grandfather's method worked well for Weapon's Forces, but it didn't translate so well to other Forces.

Leonel wasn't actually sure why this was, though he did have a guess.

His grandfather's methods required forming the Force into what you willed it to be. The words of poetry and calligraphy were constructed by you, the melody of a musical tune was composed by you, the lines of a beautiful painting were formulated by you... None of these things were inherently unique to the Force itself.

Compared to other Forces, weapon Force were more malleable and fit to the whims of their user. Although there were certain parameters they fell into, they generally had looser restrictions, whereas other Forces were quite focused in their efforts.

A Fire Force would never be able to freeze something. Likewise, a Water Force would never burn something. Or at least, that was what Leonel believed in his own limited comprehension of matters.

Regardless, this was why Leonel was so invested in taking the next step in applying the beauty of Force Arts to his spearmanship, because this would thus allow him to apply said comprehension to other Forces and slowly raise his Force Manipulation capabilities.

Luckily, he had found a clue in how to do this during his battle with the Sword Faction. But it would still take time for him to make it a reality as he would have to start from nothing and build it all up himself.

So, right now...

'Show me your secrets. You have no right to hide from me.'

He had let the tablet sit too idly for too long, even letting it get cocky. Since it was residing in his mind, it would have to pay some rent.

BANG!

Leonel felt as though an explosion of gold had gone off in his mind, but other than shuddering once, he remained unmoved.

Quite frankly, the Emperor's Might Tablet had been tricked. It thought that it had met a pure blooded descendant back then so it had rushed toward Leonel with happiness, hoping that its glory would blind the world once again.

However, when it entered Leonel, not only did it find out that Leonel was just a mixed breed, it also found out that his Lineage Factor had mutated from the perfect path.

The tablet had wanted to leave after realizing this, but this mixed pup's mind was actually more powerful than it had originally given him credit for. Even it had to admit that Leonel was very suited to the Emperor's Might Lineage Factor, if only he was willing to give up this mutated abomination that was his King's Might.

But Leonel was just as stubborn as one might expect from an Emperor's Might wielder. He wanted all the secrets of the tablet without giving up anything.

Of course, Leonel knew that much like the Luxnix family's tablet could bestow Lineage Factors unto him, the Emperor's Might tablet could also bestow the Emperor's Might Lineage Factor unto him as well, purging him of the mutations he had.

However, Leonel was unwilling to do this not because he was attached to King's Might, but because he knew that the mutation to what was originally his Emperor's Might Lineage Factor had happened because of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor.

Due to this, his King's Might Lineage Factor and Metal Synergy Lineage Factor were somewhat linked now. If he purged one, it might cause undo and unforeseeable changes to the other.

The more synergized his Lineage Factors, the better. Leonel already had too many abilities, he didn't want them to be any more difficult to fuse into a single power source than they had to be. So this unruly tablet would have to be obedient.

If it could show him a path better than the one he was on now, he would accept its changes. But until it could do that, it could forget about making him change his mind.

Leonel's incarnation within his Dream World reached forward, a wild grin on its face.

He grabbed the tablet, finally seeing through to its first layer.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1723: Fear

Leonel's mind went blank for a moment and when he came to, he was standing within a world of green and blue. He stood on a platform at the start of a long road of them. Although he wasn't sure if it meant anything, the one he stood upon was particularly green, as though it had been carved out of precious jade.

'Hm?'

Leonel looked around.

There was nothing to his back or sides but an endless miasma of greenish blue energies. Other than that, there was only the path ahead and nothing else.

Leonel couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. Now that he thought about it, he hadn't exactly asked Aina what her experience with the Blood Sovereign Tablet was, but honestly he didn't think that he had to. After all, Blood Sovereignty wasn't exactly a Lineage Factor, as far as he was aware. So, his personal experience with the Northern Star Tablets would be far more useful in this regard, or so he thought.

But in his experience with those tablets, he had never...

Wait, that wasn't true. When he formed his Aurora Lineage Factor, he had entered a world and even experienced the forms of all three behemoth-like creatures. In fact, he had even been able to interact with them and pick from them.

And if he took another step back, he hadn't been conscious when he formed his Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor, he had just woken up one day with it, an oddity that he still didn't have any answers for either.

If things were looked at like this, was it really so odd for a tablet to have a hidden space? In fact, if he really thought about it, even one of his greatest treasures, the Silver Tablet he had gotten from Valiant Heart Mountain, had an inner space.

That inner space wasn't exactly like this one, but it contained a large number of floating souls from that Zone, souls that he could reawaken so long as he invested enough energy into them.

That aside, it effectively had a hidden world of its own as well. So, maybe it would be weirder if the Emperor's Might Tablet didn't have such a thing.

'Interesting...'

Leonel's eyes narrowed. Even with all of these things being true, there was something different about this place. All signs pointed to it wanting him to walk forward, so since he didn't have anything better to do at the moment, he did exactly that.

Leonel's foot rose and he tried to reach the next platform, but he suddenly felt very small. Before he even got half way, he frowned and retracted his foot.

He felt... inadequate?

It was an odd feeling to pinpoint, maybe because he was so unfamiliar with it. For some reason, as he was taking that step forward, he was suddenly bombarded with thoughts that he wasn't worthy of doing so. By the time he got halfway, the illusion of his thoughts became reality and the next platform actually seemed to get further away from him instead of closer.

Leonel was aware enough to feel that it was likely a trick of his mind, but even if he was aware, it still felt all too real. In fact, he felt that if he tried to force it and press forward anyway, he would misjudge where to place his foot, causing him to fall to his death.

Although Leonel knew that this must just be a projection of his mind because his Dream Force affinity was high enough to differentiate, that didn't mean that he wouldn't be harmed by such a thing. It was very likely that a "death" here would cause harm to his soul.

Considering the fact the human race had very little research on the soul and anything there was could only be considered to be in its infantile stages, there was simply no way that Leonel would be able to find a method to heal an injury to his soul in the Human Domain.

Unfortunately, Leonel wasn't very certain if his healing capabilities could extend to his soul or not, and he wasn't willing to risk it.

He could feel the symbiotic sort of harmony that currently kept his body and soul in balance. In fact, he could see aspects of the world he never had before thanks to the separation of his body and soul. It was because of this that he could see through the disguises of the Cloud Race so easily. He was able to look past the forms of their bodies and look into something they had no ability to change: their souls.

Leonel took a breath and exhaled.

What a stubborn tablet, it wanted to put him through the wringer.

Leonel felt that the tablet was more sentient than any other treasure he had ever met, or it might have been more accurate to say close to sentient. If he had to guess, this treasure was likely something a step beyond Life Grade, or even if it shared the same category, it was near its extremities. It could actually throw a tantrum when it wanted to.

Leonel smiled lightly, his foot beginning to rise up again.

'Silly tablet, it's going to take more than illusion to scare me. If there's an illusion in this world that can fool more Dream Force affinity, I'll give it to you.'

Leonel leapt forward, the fear overwhelming his mind again, however he had already calculated the exact distance.

BANG!

He landed firmly on the next platform, his body swaying somewhat and his face feeling somewhat pale. During the final moments before he landed there, it all hit him at once, he even felt like he was freefalling into an abyss. Even after his feet landed, he thought it was just an illusion of the mind and that he had miscalculated.

This was indeed quite a scary first step, it felt completely overwhelming.

Leonel looked up and saw the staircases extending to infinity. His eyes couldn't help but narrow as he took deep heaving breaths.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1724: Let this be...

Fear wasn't something that Leonel could ever remember feeling, or at the very least, any memories of when he was were completely unimportant because he had likely been too young for it to matter. Even when the Metamorphosis descended onto Earth and he was thrust into life and death situations almost immediately, he had never really wavered in such a way.

He could remember his first entry into the Mayan Tomb quite clearly, and although he had felt apprehension, fear wasn't really at the forefront of his thoughts. In fact, the boldest emotion he remembered feeling from that time was guilt due to the lives he had taken.

Even back then, he was calm and cool under pressure, able to use his smarts to get him out of situations he otherwise had no business getting out of. By the end of those few days, he had become a war machine, killing with every step and using those olden guns as though they were pistols.

Looking back now, Leonel was much calmer about the matter and didn't feel the same fluctuations, but he could still remember it all clearly.

Just days after that he entered wore torn France and battled alongside some of the bravest men in history without feeling inadequate, and not much longer after that he battled against an entire Fort on his own with nothing more than a cold expression.

In fact, now that Leonel thought about it, the greatest instance of fear he had experienced ever since entering the Dimensional Verse wasn't related to himself at all, but was rather Aina's. He could still remember how she shivered in the face of the Puppet Master when she lost control of her body.

But now, Leonel was feeling so much fear that his breathing hurried, his skin turned a pasty white color, and he was completely drenched in sweat.

Every step forward made him feel as though he was suffering the worst kind of torture. In reality, the only thing keeping him going was his own stubbornness.

After a while, his smile faded and he became quite a bit angry. There was no doubt that this tablet was tweaking and pulling at the strings of his mind as he pleased.

Every time he completed a calculation for a leap, he was absolutely certain of how far he had to jump, he would even see it through the whole way, however even so the fear would come in stronger and stronger waves. The only way for this to be happening is for this to go beyond just illusions, the Emperor's Might tablet was directly influencing his soul.

What pissed Leonel off was that he didn't seem to have a way to stop it.

In this world, he was nothing more than a mortal. He could only jump and leap just the same way anyone else of the Third Dimension would need to. He had no access to his Forces and all he could do was rely on his Ability Index and innate calculative abilities.

BANG!

Leonel nearly stumbled and fell, heaving in deep gasps. His jaw was steeled and his gaze was a blazing red.

He was convinced. This fear wasn't his own, it was just a fear that this tablet was forcing him to feel, but it was all too real, all too tangible, all too indistinguishable from what true fear should feel like.

Gritting his teeth, Leonel jumped again.

The rush of fear came, even though his momentum was perfect, even though his arc in the air didn't falter, even though the platform appeared right beneath his feet as it always did and he landed firmly.

Leonel looked back and saw all the platforms he had come from. He felt like he was really nearing some sort of psychological limit, but he had only climbed up nine stairs, while up ahead, there looked to be an infinite more to go.

'Damned tablet.'

Leonel grit his teeth so hard they nearly cracked.

He bent his knees once more, jumping forward.

The rush came again, the onslaught of irrational fear. He imagined that this would be what people who feared heights would feel like if they stood on a glass floor at the top of a sky scraper. It was completely irrational, you knew that the glass floor could hold up a hundred times your weight easily, and yet that fear would still come in waves.

Every time he leapt up, that fear would come again even stronger than the last time. It was relentless.

If Leonel felt that he had one weakness, it was probably his will power. Will power was something that you honed through hardship, you couldn't just be born with it.

With how easy Leonel's life had been, with how much talent he had, with how much confidence he had in himself, how could his will power be great? Often times, he relied on emotion to give himself the illusion of will power, but he never really proved himself in this regard.

He could still remember that day, back when he was still in the Third Dimension and trying to awaken his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor for the first time.

Compared to the pain that he had experienced since then, in battles with his life on the line, in practicing heart rending methods, in being eaten alive, that pain was child's play.

And yet, back then, it had hurt him so much that he almost gave up entirely, he had been just a small moment from doing so.

Despite the fact that he had gone through much worse since then, Leonel couldn't say that his will power was suddenly amazing, he would be lying to himself.

Today, he felt that this was only being affirmed. He had only moved up ten stairs of what must have been tens of thousands, and yet his mind already wanted to give way.

Leonel grit his teeth, his gaze blazing.

He was unwilling.

Since he hadn't experienced hardship before, let this be his hardship.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1725: Pride

Images of his uncle flashed in Leonel's mind.

He had never seen his father struggle before. That man seemed to do everything with an incomparable ease, as though everything was in the palm of his hands.

His uncle, however, had struggled twice before him. The first time when he tried to complete the painting of a spear and failed, and the second time was when he revealed to Leonel that beneath his golden armor, he was entirely drenched in sweat.

Back then, Leonel could see the straining of his muscles, the every twitch of their individual fibers. He had felt that his uncle was at his very limits, and yet he put his golden armor back on as though nothing at all had happened.

Leonel didn't know what was drying his uncle forward. Maybe it was revenge for Leonel's grandfather and his father, or maybe it was something that Leonel had no idea about. However whatever it was, Leonel knew that his uncle was working far harder everyday than he ever had before.

Leonel only seemed to want to work hard when something caught his interest, but was that really being hard working? Anyone could focus on something that fascinated them, maybe he was only slightly special because of how long he could focus on it, but this didn't make him better than someone else, he was just lucky enough to have a mind capable of focusing like this.

But once again, that wasn't will power...

Leonel jumped forward again, his breathing haggard. He felt like he had just run a marathon, his heart threatening to leap out from his throat and his muscles pumped with so much adrenaline and lactic acid that they might just give out any time now.

He was a person who was easily bored, nothing truly moved him. When you broke down everything into its logical components, maybe that was just the inevitable extreme you would reach, or maybe that was the end you come to when you had too much talent at your fingertips... or maybe it was a combination of both.

Leonel knew these things about himself, but changing them wasn't exactly a matter of just thinking it, which was an ironic thing for him of all people to say considering the sheer control he had over his body.

But much like his love of Aina, this part of his personality was so deeply ingrained that it felt difficult to weed out.

Sometimes he felt like a lofty existence overlooking the entire universe, so lofty in fact that nothing was worth his attention, nothing was worth his interest.

However, sometimes he would also feel a sort of unique agitation, an agitation that was usually linked to Aina in some shape or form, or his father in other ways. Only the two of them seemed capable of pulling in directions he never thought he would go.

It was odd, because there were definitely other people that he loved.

He loved his mother, he loved his brothers, even his grandmother had a piece of his heart. But for whatever reason, they weren't as solidly ingrained. Leonel actually wasn't sure if that was how everyone felt or if he was just uniquely psychotic.

Regardless of what the answer was, he knew that he needed to change long ago, but shrugging off those feelings were impossible, and they only became more troublesome to get rid of whenever he did something else astounding.

He had brought humanity's future out of a Zone when everyone else thought that such a thing was impossible.

He toyed with the records of Void Palace like it wasn't a place the greatest geniuses of humanity gathered.

He might have been defeated at the hands of the Fiend Class geniuses of that Zone, but weren't they also several Tiers above him? Now that he knew that Force Manipulation existed, what would stop him from crushing them beneath his feet in a few years?

The worst part about these thoughts was that he wasn't wrong, they were perfectly correct and he was also right to be prideful about them, but even so...

Leonel growled and jumped again, landing heavily before slipping and falling to one knee.

At this point, the only thing keeping him going was pride. He didn't want to give up after traveling up such a pathetic distance. He felt more furious every time he even thought of giving up. What was wrong with him? Was he really so pathetic? Where had his backbone gone?

It felt like all of his weaknesses were laid bare.

By the time he made it to the 20th step, he could only gasp and heave on all fours.

Pride... It was his greatest downfall.

He had originally come to the Void Palace with such excitement, but the moment he felt disappointed by the geniuses he came across, he became bored once again, unwilling even to put in his full effort.

Leonel clenched his jaw, pushing himself up.

He grabbed the edge of the platform with a hand and pushed off both feet, propelling himself forward.

BANG!

He barely caught the edge of the next ledge. The distance and height difference between the platforms was being wider and taller.

He squeezed his lats, pulling himself up slowly and rolling onto the 37th step.

His chest billowed into waves, the strength of his breathing almost causing cyclones in the air.

"Pride..." he gasped.

He pushed himself up to his feet, stumbling again before sliding into a running start. Since normal jumping wouldn't work anymore, he would run.

"AH!"

Leonel unleashed a roar as he jumped, landing on the 38th step with a heavy roll.

Since his will power was pitiful, he would accept that, embrace it even.

He didn't need will power because he was so talented, he didn't need power because he was arrogant, because he was prideful.

He wouldn't let this damned tablet slow his steps.

Those with will power could endure.

Those with pride could conquer.

These steps would just be another conquest.

Leonel landed heavily on the 50th step before pushing himself up to his feet, his gaze shimmering with a blinding, almost feral, light.

"I chose my woman over the world. If even the weight of the world could not make me bow, what right do you have to do so?"

Leonel broke out into a sprint, his toes catching the side of the platform as he launched himself forward, barely catching the edge of the 51st step with his forearm.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1726: Upheaval

Aina snapped awake after a long and deep sleep.

Honestly, she would have woken up much later, but for some reason, the room she shared with Leonel had gotten so hot that even she was sweating. The moment even she felt uncomfortable, it was bound to be guaranteed that something had gone wrong.

When she woke up, she lifted off the covers to find that it had practically become a sauna beneath the cheats. Leonel lay by her side, pale and covered from head to toe in sweat. From time to time, he would tremble and his heart rate would accelerate, only for it to calm for just a few seconds before it happened again.

By now, if it wasn't for the fact that she and Leonel had become Sixth Dimensional existences and had been cleansed more times than they could

count by the Cleansing Waters, the stench in the room would have probably already become unbearable.

Aina frowned, a deep line of worry marring the delicate lines of her forehead. She had just been in one of the most blissful sleeps of her life, all to suddenly be thrust into this situation.

She tried to reach forward and wake Leonel, but he caught her wrist somewhat tightly for a moment before letting go. Although he didn't say anything, Aina could tell that he wanted to be left alone. Whatever he was going through, he could clearly come out of it whenever he wanted and simply chose not to. Considering his Dream Force affinity, he was probably one of the very few in existence who could simultaneously be stuck in an illusion, and yet also be hyper aware of what was happening in the real world.

Aina sighed. She had just been asleep for a small while yet he had gone to get himself into trouble again. This man really wouldn't let her know peace.

Despite this, Aina smiled. After a while, she found a towel and moistened it with cool water before gently dabbing at his forehead. She didn't know what he was going through right now, but this was the only thing she could do for him.

**

While Leonel was embroiled in a battle of will power and pride, the Human Domain was slowly being embroiled in its own sort of war, one that had been brewing for the better part of the last over 20 years. However, with the appearance of the Cloud Race thanks to Leonel, it seemed to have supercharged something that was already a volatile powder keg.

DiVincenzo and the Void Elders went off in hot pursuit of the three Cloud Race members, catching two of them, "Captain Zylgella" and "Captain Urrith". As powerful as those three Cloud Race members were, while it was still possible for them to escape the likes of DiVincenzo, the Void Elders were simply on an entirely different level.

It could only be said that the Cloud Race members were truly unlucky. The Void Elders would never participate in something so small usually. It was only because they happened to be present and nearby that they acted this time around, leading to such a result.

It was because of this, though, that it was a mystery to how the likes of "Captain Wimword" could escape them. However, this embarrassment for Shield Cross Stars didn't end here, and it could be said that this was a greater humiliation than anything Leonel could have personally done to them.

After the capture of Zylgella and Urrith, they were handed off to the members of Shield Cross Stars to interrogate. Although dealing with outsider threats was usually the jurisdiction of the Void Palace, due to the oddity of the situation and the fact it was in regard to the inner workings of the Human Domain's police force, it was left to DiVincenzo to interrogate the prisoners and escort them back. After all, any other potential spies and traitors had to be weeded out as quickly as possible.

But who could have expected that on the way back to the main headquarters of Shield Cross Stars that "Captain Wimword" would actually appear again, this time with back up!

Without his flagship, the formation of DiVincenzo's fleet lacked a core and struggled in its usual coordination. Due to this weakness, the sudden ambush of "Wimword" and his fellow Cloud Race people was too difficult to counter especially after Shield Cross Stars was caught completely off guard.

DiVincenzo fought tooth and nail, but ultimately, the methods of the Cloud Race were too numerous and those that they dared to send into the Human Domain were only the absolute elites among elites.

Although the casualties on the side of the humans wasn't particularly high and could even be said to be very good given the circumstances, they weren't able to retain the two prisoners and they were swiftly taken away.

This news rang across the Human Domain, and the rapid in-succession follies of Shield Cross Stars raised several eyebrows.

The loss of a Tier 2 Star Ship, the failure to capture of a 20-some-year-old junior, the infiltration of the Cloud Race into their ranks, and then the subsequent loss of the prisoners.

All of this was only made worse that "Captain Wimword", the only one among the three to escape in the first place, had been under the pursuit of DiVincenzo to begin with. If he had been pursued by a Void Elder, even if he grew extra legs, escape would have been impossible.

The level of incompetence was so high that not only was DiVincenzo was not only demoted, he was detained and court-martialed under suspicion of being a member of the Cloud Race himself.

Leonel would probably find this fact to be hilarious, but in truth, from the perspective of the human race, this was an important precaution to take. There seemed to be too many coincidences for all of this to have happened.

Unwilling to admit potential personal fault, Shield Cross Stars chose to use DiVincenzo as a scapegoat and claim him to be a member of the Cloud Race from the very beginning!

The entire Human Domain was in an uproar. Just how far did this conspiracy go? How far had the Cloud Race infiltrated into their ranks?

