

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1801: Ignorance

1801 Ignorance

"Give me a drop of your blood," Leonel suddenly said. Cherie was caught off but eventually complied.

There was nothing that she could do to resist anyway, even if Leonel wanted to do something untoward.

She pricked her finger, but before she could take action herself, a strong suction force formed and the blood appeared in a droplet above Leonel's palm.

After a moment, a strong surge of Vital Star Force rushed forward and enveloped the blood.

Leonel didn't know a lot about Blood Force, but just from observing Aina, he had come to understand a few things. The first was that Blood Force was a vessel and a catalyst in one.

It was the container through which Life Force was sustained, and it was also the method by which those without Blood Force or Life Force affinity could passively make use of their own Life Force.

Everyone needed Life Force to live, much like everyone needed Dream Force, however not everyone could make active use of it. This was where blood came into play.

Even so, not all Blood Force was created equal. In fact, there were large gaps.

Some people were destined to have stronger bodies, stronger vital signs and greater vitality than others, and that would be reflected within their blood.

Whenever Aina stole the Blood Force of an individual, she had to take all of these matters into account.

Although she could personally increase the output of Life Force any given drop of blood would output at any given time, there would still be a limit and that would often be decided by the talent of this target individual in that aspect.

Leonel decided, then, to quickly test Cherie and the others and he found that his hypothesis was correct. Even for just a single drop, the amount of Life Force that Cherie's blood could withstand was astounding.

In fact, her capacity was the equivalent of Leonel's! To put this matter into perspective, Leonel had reforged his body with a great emphasis on vitality and Life Force, and of course Water Force although this was less important now.

In doing so, his passive healing factor was off the charts and the amount of Life Force his individual droplets of blood could withstand was likewise, astronomical.

This had a profound impact on not only his life, but his stamina as well. Leonel had destroyed four great families back to back to back and still had energy left to battle more afterward.

In fact, just now, he had been in a violent clash with Harmony and yet his face wasn't even flushed with fatigue.

With all of this put into perspective, for Cherie's Life Force capacity to be the same as his was almost entirely unacceptable... And in fact, it was.

Of course, there was a glaring elephant in the room. This was just Cherie's capacity, not her actual output.

Leonel had to add Life Force to Cherie to test her true limits, but the Florer family wasn't taking advantage of this at all! Ignorance was painful.

One of Leonel's inherent fears was his ignorance and how it could potentially stop him from reaching his full potential. Now he was seeing in real time how dangerous ignorance was.

The Florer family's entire fate was in the palm of his hands all because they didn't understand how their own Lineage Factor worked.

If they had learned how to do things properly long ago, even the current Leonel wouldn't be able to move them.

He would have had to be exceptionally cautious with how he proceeded, but now he could practically do as he pleased.

"Why did you pick such a weak tree to form a symbiotic relationship with?" Leonel asked.

Leonel's gaze was still on Cherie's pulsing drop of blood. He wanted to understand the final pieces. He felt like he had about 90% of it, that needed to be filled in.

"We... it's difficult to withstand anything more. It's always been tradition to pick our life partner's after entering the Fourth Dimension, but picking a life partner requires splitting your life in half. If the partner requires too much, the fusion will fail and both could die. There have been some who have tried to push the limits, but their outcomes have never been good."

Leonel nodded slowly. "And why don't you switch to a more powerful partner once you're more mature?"

"The relationship is symbiotic by that point. We have yet to create an effective method of separation that doesn't harm both parties. In addition, the plant grows along with you, so it's never been necessary."

Leonel didn't say anything, but he didn't agree with this. In fact, with his affinity with Life Force now, he was beginning to see living beings in general as just an extension of Force.

And, much like Force, even if you could take a Fifth Dimensional Force and have it grow along with you to the Seventh Dimension, it would ultimately be weaker than a Sixth Dimensional Force that had done the same.

In addition, it would take more effort for the Florer family members to grow. Ultimately, though, this was just an issue of resources and ignorance.

If the Florer family was born with higher standing, or to a higher world, they wouldn't be limited by their low Life Force.

They would be able to maximize their Blood Force and fill themselves with vitality. If, for example, they could cultivate a vein of Vital Star Force, this alone would fix all of their problems.

And secondly, because they understood too little about how their own Lineage Factor worked, they hadn't managed to find a reliable method of separating from their original symbiotic partner whereas Leonel felt that he could deduce such a method in just a few minutes.

Leonel fell into his thoughts and tapped his armrest. He originally wanted to destroy the Florer family, but he had already decided against it.

The Oryx were unreliable. Not even a word from them. And, it also didn't help that he had wiped out so many of their souls from the Silver Tablet.

He would subdue the Oryx in due time, after all he didn't plan on having them waste the investment he had placed in them. However, in the meantime, the Florer, Midas and Radix, and especially the Umbra, would be more than good enough.

"Bring me three of your most talented youths," Leonel suddenly said.

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Chapter 1802: Grey

1802 Grey

It wasn't long before three youths were brought before Leonel.

Two of them were even older than Leonel himself, but one of them only looked to be about 14 or 15 years old, a cute little girl with bob cut hair, all three were women.

It seemed that in the Florer family, this was simply the trend. The women tended to be far fiercer than the men.

In fact, Belize, their former Matriarch that Leonel had killed, was also a woman.

Before her death, she had been the hope of the Florer family to unearth more of their secrets as her genius had been the underpinning of many discoveries in her lifetime.

Unfortunately, she died at Leonel's hands far too soon. Seeing the nervous girl, Leonel smiled lightly.

It was too difficult to maintain an air of coldness around a young girl, especially when she looked like she was suffocating.

Leonel had never had any younger siblings, but he still had this sort of instinct.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Grey..." she said softly.

"And you two?" Leonel asked the two older young women.

"Rosna (Jean)," the two replied at almost the same time.

"I see," Leonel nodded. "I didn't call you here today for anything nefarious, this should actually be of great help to you. First, tell me what you chose as your partners."

The girls blinked for a moment but complex. Rosna had chosen a breed of white roses known for its sharp and poisonous thorns.

It was said that when it was dyed red with blood, it would be at its most dangerous, even giving off a thick fog that could corrode a Fourth Dimensional existence to a sappy green liquid in an instant.

Jean had chosen a pink lily that was likewise poisonous. However, it had the ability to release a bell-like sound that hypnotized its target, luring into range to be poisoned.

It was a long acting poison that relied on its target being in a trance for a long time.

The most interesting of them was Grey who chose a very odd white-barked tree known for nothing other than its color.

There wasn't anything special about this tree, but because Grey had a very weak body, it was the only thing that she could pair with in her youth.

After she grew, Grey had overcome this weakness of her body, but she was still stuck with the very same tree.

However, instead of giving up, she found methods to mutate and evolve this tree of hers. She was self-pioneering a very new branch of Florer family techniques which required picking a "blank slate" partner which had a myriad of evolution options.

The downside was that this target would be exceptionally weak in the beginning, but it would have an infinite potential for growth in the future... theoretically.

In practice, though, Leonel could already see that Grey's white-barked tree had reached its limit. The fundamental nature of the tree was simply too weak.

Likely in a few years, once Grey's method "failed", she would be cast out as a genius and replaced by others. Of course, Grey had no idea about this.

She was still somewhat in her shell because of the poor treatment she had faced in her youth after only partnering with an ordinary tree.

She had yet to become used to this top class treatment that she was receiving, and definitely couldn't see what was ahead. Now she wouldn't have to worry about such an outcome.

"Alright, the three of you listen to me very carefully and execute what I say to the letter. First enter a meditative state and send your Internal Sights to your hearts."

The three girls crossed their legs and sat on the ground, not daring to disobey.

Just forming their Nodes at the Third Dimension required this ability, so they didn't find it very difficult to do at all.

"Regulate your breathing. Good. Now, dig deep. You should be able to see a valve connected to the bottom of your heart separate from the others. These are your extra valves. Follow that valve through your heart and spot where it connects to your central nervous system and to your Ethereal Glabellas. Do you see that?"

The three girls nodded. They had never had it explained so simply before, and as the geniuses they were, just this small bit of explanation made them feel as though they had been enlightened by many things.

Even the elders who waited to the side felt like their minds were being blown. How had they never realized that their hearts and Ethereal Glabellas were connected in this way?

"Good. Familiarize yourselves with that connection, move back and forth, and then practice separating your Internal Sight from the path and reemerging at a different and random point....Good, now practice finding that connection by following the paths from your other organs and blood vessels..."

Leonel took his time and allowed the girls to do this for at least half an hour until they were entirely familiar with this pathway.

"Good. This pathway that you've just become familiar with, as you've probably already guessed, is the line that connects you to your partner. Functionally Speaking, your partner forms a Glabella, which has a connection to your heart which supplies it with the Life Force it needs,"

"If you want to sever this connection, it is not too difficult. The first option is to have Dream Force affinity, that way the happenings of your Ethereal Glabella are always 100% in your control. But this is likely not possible for you,"

"The second method is far more accessible, but it requires a large amount of control, control you should naturally have. It is your Blood Force. You can decide how it is used and is distributed. So long as you can master this ability, completely separating from a symbiotic relationship will be as easy as thinking about it. In fact, right now, you all are locked into forming just a single partner relationship because you don't understand how to control your Blood Force to feed more than one partner at a time,"

"If you can master this and make it your own, it alone will ensure that your futures are bright and that your current strengths can skyrocket. However, this is just a single problem. The second problem you face is your limited Life Force. I can help you fix that as well. There's only one thing I want in exchange: Your absolute loyalty. What will it be?"

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Chapter 1803: Really?

1803 Really?

"Yes!" The words almost spilled out of Cherie's mouth, she didn't even bother to look toward her fellow head elders. Even after all of this time, she still worried

that Leonel would turn around and slaughter their family after he got what he needed out of them. So, the moment she heard this, she didn't allow anyone to be

foolish enough to hesitate.

Seaward and Rosellia looked toward Cherie with surprise, but at this point, they didn't dare to detract even if they had such a thought. If they did, the result would

be even worse than outright rejection. Leonel swept a gaze through the head elders and then to Cherie and back. And then, he suddenly smiled. There didn't seem to be

anything special about the smile, but for some reason it made them feel ice cold. If Leonel had said some stern words just now, maybe they could have handled it well

enough.

But seeing that smile, that casual confidence, any sign of resistance they had crumbled to ash. Leonel didn't bother with the old ones anymore and he pulled out a

radiant blue Force Pill. Anyone with the knowledge would be able to tell that this was a refined demon almost instantly. Back then, Leonel's stomach had almost

exploded just eating one, and yet now, he handed such a thing to a 14 year old little girl without much hesitation.

"Swallow it," Leonel suddenly said.

Grey blinked but nodded obediently in the end. Her eyes reflected an extremely dull blue that truly did look grey in most lighting. It was a rare color that made her

look like an exotic little doll. Seeing her, Leonel couldn't help but think of another little girl, Nana. By now, Nana was probably a grown woman, if she didn't die

in his massacre, that is. Leonel could neither confirm nor deny if she did. Back then, he was too infuriated to care and directly destroyed the planet the Adurna

family had called home.

Even if Nana had died, though, Leonel didn't believe that he would feel guilty. If she was present, that meant that she too had participated in the war against Earth.

The little girl he had known back then was gone, so one way or another, it didn't matter. Grey opened her small mouth and swallowed the pill whole. BOOM! Almost

instantly, a wild wave of Force shot out in all directions and a slight hint of pain colored Grey's adorable features.

Even so, just as Leonel had expected, she didn't implode, and instead, her aura began to skyrocket at a breakneck speed. This was exactly what the Florer family was

missing. They had an enormous vessel, but they had nothing to fill it with. Grey was only in the Fifth Dimension, having barely entered it just recently. She was only

at Tier 1, but she could actually withstand the vitality of a Sixth Dimensional Demon.

This Force Pill was just from the remnant of a Human Class even so, it was on a completely different level. Even the members of the Cataclysm Generation weren't as

talented as such Demons. What shocked Leonel the most, though, was that it took less than a minute for Grey to open her eyes, her large irises blinking with

excitement. But due to her usually reserved personality, she didn't dare to make too much noise so she just beamed from the inside.

Although she didn't know what Leonel had just fed her, she could feel that her strength was almost ten times as powerful as before despite the fact her Dimensional

Tier didn't increase at all! Leonel gave Rosna and Jean one pill each as well, and they soon experienced the same thing. Their blood flowed like a raging tide and

their body began to undergo many changes. If not for the fact Leonel had taught them how to control their flow of Blood Force to their partners, their plants

would have skyrocketed in strength as well.

"Here," Leonel flipped over a palm and handed Grey a little sapling. This tree couldn't have been more ordinary on the surface, but the aura it gave off was refreshing and vibrant. This was a tree from the Eighth Dimensional world and in maturity, it could grow to several kilometers tall with ease.

Grey's small hands carefully picked up the sapling, a happy little smile causing dimples in her cheeks.

Leonel smiled and rubbed her head. "I believe in your path, but your white-barked tree is too limited in its growth potential. This tree here was born in an Eighth

Dimensional world. Although it is very ordinary in all aspects, just this foundation alone gives it the nigh infinite growth potential you need. You won't be limited

by your first choice anymore. Although, so long as you master the technique I taught you, you can partner with other powerful plants to supplement your strength."

Grey's large eyes suddenly glistened with tears. "Really?" This was the first time she had spoken without Leonel asking her a question first, which surprised Leonel

somewhat, 'She knew', Leonel's Dreamscape sparked. He understood right then that Grey knew that she had already reached the limit of her potential, she was just too

scared to tell anyone.

This little girl was incredibly astute and her talent was far beyond what even Leonel had anticipated. Leonel's surprise became an even wider smile.

"Yes, really." Grey's tears began to fall but she quickly wiped them away, not wanting to affect the little sapling in her hands. Leonel couldn't help but think

that she was too adorable. Let alone this one sapling, he had tens of thousands and he had no idea what to do with them. After all, the Segmented Cube was still pretty much a

blank slate in this regard.

"Thank you." Grey said with a soft voice. Leonel laughed and stood to his feet. "If you want to thank me, grow very strong and powerful. Take good care of your little

sapling. In the future, you'll be of great help to me."

"Mm," Grey nodded surprisingly firmly. Leonel smiled and didn't say anything more. Whether or not she would reach her full potential would be up to her.

"Alright, navigate this ship toward Radix territory. It's time to fully settle things."

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Chapter 1804: Patience, Calm and Loyalty.

1804 Patience, Calm and Loyalty.

The atmosphere was quite tense. With two enemies being forced to face one another for the first two families, or rather three, had been at one another's

throats for centuries, pulling back and forth on one another and sowing grudges that lasted through the generations.

Within the crowd, they could spot individuals who had killed their brothers, their sister, their husbands, their wives, their parents, their grandparents.

It was a hard pill to swallow. If not for Leonel's existence in the middle of it all, they would have been entirely crushed.

Libli, who had lost her own father not too long ago, tried to maintain her calm, but it was obvious that even someone as cold and calculating as her couldn't quite maintain a cool head.

She couldn't help but look toward Leonel with a blaming look in her eye. She thought that Leonel had come with intentions to help them eradicate this evil, but he had instead brought their enemies to their front door and was even acting as a shield for them.

"What do you mean by this, Leonel?" Libli asked.

Although Leonel was indeed a Prince, and though he did, indeed have a high standing, as a Matriarch herself, she couldn't take a soft stance against something like this.

Also, she hadn't been there to personally witness Leonel's battle against Harmony like the Florer family had been.

If she had, there was likely no way she would allow her tone to be so disrespectful. Didn't say anything immediately. He had already known that things would likely be like this.

But when there was conflict within an Empire's borders, things would always escalate in this fashion.

In truth, the true weakness of the Ascension Empire was that they hadn't gained all this territory through their sheer might.

They were just lucky enough to be born into an exceptionally talented world which then proceeded to swallow up the territories of others.

As things went, it wasn't exactly wrong for these families and organizations to feel little toward the Ascension Empire other than some fear toward their

potential and what the strength they had displayed already in protecting their expanding territory.

This also meant that when it came to territories like that of the Radix family, or the Florer family, the way they saw things, their territories were still their own to protect or flourish within, they just happened to be under a new umbrella of influence, much like they had been when the Luxnix and the other three pillar families ran things.

Due to this, Libli still felt that it was within her right to make it clear that Leonel had disrespected her by bringing her enemies into her home.

When in reality, as a Prince, Leonel was just bringing a faction from one section of his territory into the territory of another faction of his Empire. Leonel tapped his finger and a wave of violet King's Might spread out in all directions.

It was the simplest of his abilities, Emperor's Aura, but it was also the most effective in a situation like this one. It immediately suffocated all opposition and seemed to remind Libli who she was in the presence of.

"... I'm aware of many things, "Leonel suddenly began to speak, "I'm aware that many of you feel discontented about the sudden rise of the Fawkes family and the Ascension Empire. You feel that everything you've spent generations of blood building is being swept into the hands of another just because they were born into a higher station than you."

Many gripped their fists as Leonel spoke as he seemed to be whispering right into their souls. He was right, but none of them dared to so openly confirm such a thing.

However, Leonel's follow up shocked them. "This much is true, there is no denying any of that. The world is unfair. There is only so much that hard work can do, and working hard isn't something you can have a monopoly on either. You might be working your ass off, but there might be someone twice as talented as you willing to work just as hard, and that person will make it further just by virtue of the fact they're luckier than you are,"

"This is reality. This is how the World works. I take certain responsibilities on my shoulders for no other reason than the fact that I acknowledge myself to be luckier than others. There are probably many people who work harder than I do, but it will never matter because my starting place is so much higher than theirs,"

"This is how the world functions. "Leonel swept his gaze through them. He could see bitterness, he could see unwillingness, but most often he saw sighs and acquiescence.

"Even if it wasn't my Ascension Empire, it would be my Luxnix family. Even if it wasn't my Luxnix family, it would be the Chaotic Water Sector. Even if it wasn't the Chaotic Water Sector, it would be the Constellation Alliances. Even if it wasn't the Constellations, it would be my Morales family. Even if it wasn't my Morales family, it would be the Void Palace, and if not them, it would be any of the other Races who deem themselves to be superior to our Human Race."

Every family and organization Leonel mentioned was more suffocating than the last.

Even though these small families didn't understand the weight of what half of these names meant, just the fact they could suppress the Ascension Empire and the Luxnix family was enough for them to understand just how isolated they were.

"You all lack that luck, the chance to be given a place of high birth. You may never be destined to climb to the top of the Dimensional Verse, even I may not be destined to do so..." Leonel's gaze flashed when he thought of that young man he saw after climbing to the top of the Bow Pagoda...His gaze flashed again when he thought about his father... and then again when he thought about that mysterious pressure he felt when he thought about the demoness.

"... But what I can give you all is the lucky opportunity you've been lacking. The only price to pay is patience, calm and loyalty. If you can pay that, I will give you an opportunity. If you cannot pay that, your road will end here."

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Chapter 1805: Glowing

1805 Glowing

Leonel looked toward Libli who had been forced to bite through several layers of skin on her lips just to maintain her composure before Leonel's Emperor's Aura.

As a Matriarch, there was no other choice for Libli to make. If she made any other choice, it would be nothing short of selfish.

Like this, the Radix, Midas and Florer families were corralled into Leonel's palms and the inheritance was finally brought together as one.

Looking toward the flaming chalice and hovering wooden ball, Leonel felt an odd feeling in the depths of his heart.

His Dream Force affinity could feel a slight pull, as though what was happening now was precisely the intention of someone else. The closer that feeling came, the more fleeting it felt.

Leonel could tell that it wasn't meant to be felt. But that feeling of something huge looming over the horizon was becoming more and more suffocating.

It pressed down on his chest and threatened to erupt. He had to become stronger, even stronger than he was now. Harmony was a great talent.

Granted, he still didn't use his full strength to defeat her, but she had been able to display such prowess and pressure him despite only being at Tier 5.

If she was so powerful, what about the other talents the Three Finger Cult was raising? Leonel took a breath and exhaled.

He looked to the side and found Libli holding the hand of a little boy who was maybe 12 or 13 years old. Shockingly enough, though, this boy was already in the Fifth Dimension.

He seemed to be even more talented than Grey. The little boy did look a little odd, though.

He had sharp teeth like his father and radiant bronze irises like his mother, but the whites of his eyes were a dark red that made him look particularly demonic.

In addition, while Leonel could tell that he was 12 or 13 by the feeling his soul gave off, the little boy was already two or three inches taller than his mother.

Leonel was fairly tall, standing at 6'9, but the little boy still managed to not be entirely dwarfed in his presence.

But at the same time, he lacked the savage look in his eye that other Midas family members had. Instead, his gaze was quite shifty and calculating, like his mother.

This little boy was Magoron, Libli and Dynmo's son and the first child born to their two families that could use both "quarters" of their inheritance.

This was the very same child the Florer family had spoken of in their meetings. Magoron looked toward Leonel with curious, unblinking eyes. He was clearly far more outgoing and confident than Grey, but this was to be expected.

Grey was treated as an outcast for much of her life, but Magoron had been the pearl in his family's eye ever since he was born. One was raised to be ostracized, while the other was raised to be a King. The difference was clear.

To another side, Grey and the others stood. Grey's parents had pretty low standing, but due to their daughter's talent, they had been allowed to come as well.

"I want you all to feel free to try to sense the true meaning of the combination of these Lineage Factors, let its aura baptize you and see if you can gain the complete inheritance. I will heavily nurture anyone who can,"

"As much as I want every person to participate in this, it will likely be difficult given the limited range and the limited number of connections the inheritance can sustain at once. So I will personally pick out a thousand of you at a time and give you 24 hours. Then I will do the same for another set of a thousand. " Leonel chose based on his own comprehension of the inheritances.

After seeing Grey and Magoron, he believed he knew what sort of talent it took to benefit from these inheritances. And, unsurprisingly, Grey and Magoron would be among the first branch.

It took only an instant for Leonel to complete his analysis and list out a systematic method that would keep them busy for months.

Scanning thousands of people at a time and assigning probabilities to their success was all too easy to him, especially since most were at the Fifth Dimension or lower.

Leonel planned to leave these three families to their own devices for a couple weeks before checking back to make sure they hadn't slaughtered one another.

As for claiming the Lineage Factor himself, he would of course do so. But first, he was having Anastasia analyze it using a special function of the Lab Setting.

The time investment needed wasn't small. Leonel had only touched the tip of the iceberg in the wooden ball inheritance.

Because he only took a step in and immediately left, he had only been granted the absolute lowest level possible, much like most of the Florer family members.

If he wanted something deeper, he would have to invest more time. But there was simply too much to worry about and he also had his Tribulation looming over his head.

He hadn't forgotten that it was coming up very soon. According to Anastasia, it would take about 90 days to complete the analysis.

By then, he would have the information he needed, and he would also be able to find the quickest method of assimilating with the Lineage Factor as well.

In the meantime, he would continue to clean up the Ascension Empire's territory. By now, the noose should be tightening around the necks of his enemies.

However, what Leonel didn't expect was that after not even an hour, wild fluctuating auras would begin to emit from Grey and Magoron. The two had been granted the closest seats to the inheritance and they benefited almost instantly.

Leonel, who had been about to leave after assigning his tasks, came to a grinding halt. He looked toward the backs of these two young geniuses with a glowing light in his eyes.

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Chapter 1806: Neglected

1806 Neglected

Grey erupted with a golden flame. At the same time, Magoron's hair began to grow out wildly.

At first it was cut quite short, but very quickly, it reached his shoulders, then down his back, then it touched the floor and continued to pool at a faster and faster rate. Leonel didn't say anything as he watched.

With his fire affinity, he could tell that those flames from Grev were at all, but rather a physical manifestation of her Life Force.

Somehow, this flame bypassed Blood Force entirely and allowed Life Force to be directly used without a medium. It was the purest form of Life Force in and of itself.

Grey's vitality had recently been increased a great deal by Leonel, and as a result, this golden flame burned especially brightly at this moment.

In fact, if Leonel was correct, Grev could use this Force of external objects, and it may very well be especially potent against flames themselves.

On the other side, Magoron's Life Force seemed to have finally gained an appropriate vessel and it was flooding out of control, almost as though his body was spiking with growth hormones.

It raged to the point even his eyebrows and eyelashes were growing. Soon, even layers of dead skin began to shed from him, only for newer, shinier skin to grow beneath. He understood.

'One aspect increases Life Force. Another increases one's capacity to encapsulate and manipulate Life Force. The final allows you to transfer Life Force. But it's also not this simple at the same time. The aspect that increases Life Force is also a method by which Life Force can be snatched from others. The method by which Life Force can be encapsulated was also a method by which you could form a symbiotic relationship with an artificial extension of your body. And the final that allowed the transference of Life Force outside your body without the need for a symbiotic conception...'

The aspect which increased Life Force was the golden flame. The aspect that increased Life Force capacity was the wooden ball. The aspect that allowed the transfer of Life Force was the chalice.

In other words, the Midas family's Lineage Factor, the Florer family's Lineage Factor, and the Radix family's Lineage Factor in that order. They were all taken to be one.

But this still felt like just the surface, there was something deeper here. After all, the aspect of the golden flame worked best on fire.

The Midas family wouldn't have been foolish enough to not try it with other things. After all, the Shark Race hadn't had any prominent Fire affinity until after fusing with this Lineage Factor.

The wooden ball clearly works best with living, breathing entities, such as plants, or if Leonel's hypothesis was correct, Eighth Dimensional materials that could be considered to have stepped into the Life Grade.

And, the Bronze Force of the chalice clearly worked the best with metal, and it very much seemed to be the foundation of all of this.

It was the chalice that held the fire and the wooden ball. In Addition, back then, the Radix family had been by far the strongest of these three families until the Florer family overtook them.

Clearly, the Radix, if they couldn't get their hands on all three, would settle for what they believed was the absolute strongest. 'The wooden ball...Eighth Dimensional... Life Grade... This is...'

Years ago, when Leonel first awakened his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, he had sensed the existence of a fifth set of nine doors, or in other words, an Eighth Dimensional tier for his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor. Back then, he was ignorant and hadn't thought much of it.

It was only now that he understood more about the world that he had also come to understand that this was a tightly guarded secret of the Morales family they didn't allow others to know about.

There was another thing of great importance that happened back then as well... the mutation of his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor.

One was the crimson aura that manifested when he nearly lost his mind, and the second the violet aura that manifested when he dug himself out of the pit he nearly threw himself into.

When the elders had seen this violet aura, they spoke words that Leonel hadn't heard. If he had heard them, maybe he would have been able to slide together the final pieces of this puzzle.....

The Violet winds rise North...Leonel's gaze narrowed but he eventually didn't say anything. Without another word, he turned and left.

"Did you not say that he was dead?!" The voice boomed. Although he was somewhat caught off guard, Rychard had long since reached a state of absolute calm.

It was very difficult for much of anything to rattle him. "Is he not? That should explain some things, I felt that something was off."

The voice was somewhat irritated by Rychard's calmness. By now, they had expected all out retaliation from Leonel's family, but nothing had come of it.

In fact, their other underground workings were being suppressed one after another at the hands of an unknown organization that seemed to be everywhere and nowhere all at once.

"What do you want to do about this?" The voice said after a long while.

"We meant to be more forceful to begin with. If they don't want to come to us, then we will go to them. Tell the Thrusting Skies Sector that it's about time."

Eventually, a long enough time had passed that it was clear that they had vanished entirely. Rychard didn't say anything, but deep within his placid eyes, there was a cold light.

He knew better than anyone why he had been left alive by Leonel. He had been neglected, cast off like a useless pawn the latter couldn't be bothered to remember about.

That rage had long since faded and the maturity Richard exuded was beyond most his age. However, there was one thing that hasn't disappeared.

He would make Leonel pay for underestimating him.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1808: Good Luck

1808 Good Luck

Leonel returned to the Etching Metal Organization. He thought about going to the Rain family, the last family that had attacked Earth back then, but he decided against it in the end.

Unlike the Umbra, Midas, Radix and Florer families, he couldn't promise the Rain family anything that would guarantee their loyalty, they would just be an unwanted variable that might flip at any time.

Although it was impossible to avoid traitors amongst the other families, what Leonel could

guarantee was loyalty at the most key positions. This wasn't something he could accomplish with the Rain family.

This was unfortunate. If Leonel could gather up all five of those families, then the Milky Way

would have a nice buffer against everyone else.

It had to be remembered that the reason those five families had attacked to begin with was because they controlled the galaxies in the immediate surroundings of Earth.

Controlling those five would be as good as ensuring that no one would have easy passage into the Milky Way again, and it also put over 30% of the Three Pillar Sector's galaxies in the palm of Leonel's hand.

Unfortunately, it wasn't meant to be. That said, it wasn't all bad. For one, Leonel would know with 100% certainty where attacks would come from.

He would be able to easily filter his enemies toward that direction and thus have the greatest level of preparation.

And secondly, if the Rain family did do such a thing, that would give him an above board reason to simply wipe them out.

Leonel stepped foot into the Etching Metal Organization to find a weird atmosphere. When he entered the core regions, he found the reason why quite immediately.

On one side of a long oak forged table, there were five women. The moment Leonel saw them, he nearly choked on air, only because he felt that this situation might very quickly get out of hand.

Three of the women were familiar enough, they were Aina, Yuri and Savahn. This alone was enough for the place to be a powder keg ready to blow.

But, usually, due to the fact they were outnumbered, it was a bit easier to manage. But now these three had gained Aulina and Joyce, two girls Leonel was a bit familiar with.

They had followed him to Planet Luxnix back then to participate in the selection. The two were both born on the moon and had the exceptionally pale skin and tall stature that came with it.

They were just about as tall as Aina who was already over six feet tall herself. In these years Leonel was gone, clearly Yuri and Savahn had become close with Aulina and Joyce.

The four were in lockstep, and Aina, would of course be on the side of her best friends since childhood. Yuri was her sister and Savahn was her closest friend.

These things were inevitable. On the other side of the table, there were Leonel's brothers. This much wouldn't be an issue... if Leonel hadn't known about what happened between Raj and Yuri.

But worst of all, it seemed that Raj and Yuri weren't the only ones with history. Joyce was staring at Franco as though he was her mortal enemy.

Her fists glowed with a twinkling light before fading and twinkling again. It looked as though she was really thinking about attacking right here and now.

Franco pretended like he didn't see anything, taking a sip at a cup that had little nothing in it. But the sip at the faint strands of droplets remaining seemed to only infuriate everyone else all the more.

If Leonel remembered correctly, Joyce had an odd fist ability that allowed her to accumulate Force and punch it outward. He assumed that this made her Fist Force quite powerful.

But what was more poignant was the fact that her ability matched her personality quite well. The first time she and Franco met, they had been at odds almost immediately.

That was because Franco had insisted on Aulina's help during the war against the oceanic beasts.

That help had placed Aulina in the line of fire, all to save a few young men she had only just met that day.

Back then, Joyce had threatened Franco with death, but Franco had said that he would have died long ago if Aulina was harmed.

Hearing that, Joyce could only let it go. But it seemed that now she had entirely new reasons to be furious. Leonel, however, didn't feel that this was surprising.

Franco was most definitely the most perverted amongst them, but he also acted out on his

perverted intentions.

Back in the academy, he flew through women as easily as turning the pages of a book. Unfortunately for him, Joyce didn't seem like the type to docilely let such a thing slide.

At the same time, while Joyce seemed to be deciding whether or not she should commit an act of murder, there was Yuri who said calmly and without the slightest ripple on her face.

From the beginning, she didn't send a single glance toward Raj as though they didn't even know each other, and while it was Joyce on the women's side that seemed about to explode, it was Raj on the men's side.

He looked like he was a step away from ripping a hole through a wall, The cherry on top seemed to be Aulina who kept stealing glances toward Allan, but unlike Yuri who was purposely ignoring Raj clearly out of spite, Allan didn't

seem to be aware at all, he was entirely focused on a tablet in his hands, calculating several things at once as his fingers flew across the screen.

Every time Aulina saw that he wasn't looking at her, she would dip her head down in disappointment, only to be back to looking at him a half minute later.

While everything seemed to have gone to shit, there was one light on the horizon. Savahn and Joel would smile bitterly toward one another from time to time.

As the most level-headed of both groups, the two seemed to have become like two peas in a pod. In a corner, Milan and Gil were having the times of their lives, their snickers echoing slightly before they covered their mouths.

The moment Leonel entered, all of them looked toward him at once. Apestus patted a hand on his shoulder. "Good luck," he said before rushing away.

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Chapter 1809: Grown

1809 Grown

[Representation of Leonel's mother now available on my instagram @awespec_]

Leonel wanted to turn and run as well, but before he could, he sensed a particularly fierce gaze on him. He turned slowly to find his lovely girlfriend showing a radiant smile that most definitely

was not a smile.

He couldn't quite understand how she could look so beautiful and so menacing at the same time.

Yuri looked over toward Leonel with a cold expression. Clearly, she wasn't very happy with the mending of Leonel and Aina's relationship.

Savahn gave Leonel a light greeting, as did the other girls, but soon afterward, they seemed to forget his presence and go back to what they had been doing before.

Leonel coughed lightly, trying to clear the air a bit. If those families could see him now, they'd be

speechless. Where was the mighty Prince now?

Unfortunately, when it came to those he cared about, it was a bit difficult for Leonel to be just as cold-hearted. Luckily, before Leonel had to say anything, a saving grace came.

The doors opened and Raylion took a step instead. He swept a gaze for a moment before looking toward Leonel.

"The Oryx are here," Raylion said evenly. He didn't seem to notice anything about the weird

atmosphere at all.

Leonel nodded. He actually hadn't expected this to happen, but he was grateful that it had. He would rather deal with this than relationship drama.

Who would have thought that he and Aina would end up with the healthiest relationship here? Or maybe that right went to Raylion and Sael.

Leonel turned back and gave Aina a grin before rushing away.

"Leonel!"

Elthor unleashed a happy laugh. He appeared before Leonel in a flash and looked like he was going to give the latter a hug before he suddenly threw out a furious punch.

The location was a hidden underground hall of the Etching Metal Organization. The ceiling was incredibly tall at just about 20 meters.

Pillars were located around the region and it looked much more like a cargo region with vehicles coming in and out from time to time. If there was one thing this region wasn't good at, it was suppressing sound.

So from Elthor's shout to his sudden attack, it felt like a tornado had rushed into a tunnel, pillaging and ravaging everything. Leonel's eyes narrowed.

A dull bronze glow coated his fists as he punched out to meet Elthor.

BOOM!

Leonel felt a strong pulsing power travel up his arm, but it was quickly dispersed throughout his body. However, he didn't move a single inch.

By the same token, Elthor didn't move either, standing straight and tall. Even so, a droplet of blood formed on his knuckles and fell silently to the ground.

Elthor was clearly surprised by this result. He had expected for Leonel to go flying back like a meteor, but he hadn't thought that Leonel actually wouldn't move at all.

In fact, it was he, himself, who ended up injured in the exchange, albeit just a small measure.

"You're so strong?" Elthor blinked.

He had gotten a small rundown of what had happened to Leonel from Raylion and he had come to understand that Leonel had disappeared for a long while.

By that token, he should have gained 10+ years of practice advantage on Leonel, so why were their strengths still so close?

If Elthor knew that Leonel was actually quite surprised as well, he would have probably cursed the latter to an early grave.

What right did Leonel have to be surprised that someone so close to the Seventh Dimension was just as powerful as he was?

Unlike Leonel's brothers, Elthor didn't take the Conventional Path, he followed the God Path.

In addition, because he had been in the Void Palace during the Cataclysm, while he didn't gain a full 20+ year advantage on Leonel, he had made it up by having quite some gains in the Zone.

It had to be remembered that before his old man's death, Elthor had been given the Oryx Kingdom's World Spirit.

Clearly, this had benefited him greatly as even after Leonel resurrected his old man, he refused to take the World Spirit back.

"I should be asking you that," Leonel said with a chuckle. Elthor's expression became somewhat slack jawed. What Leonel fucking with him?

"Fuck you, I didn't enter my true form."

"Generals make excuses now?" Leonel raised an eyebrow.

At that moment, the chuckle of a significantly more mature gentleman interrupted their conversation.

Leonel looked over to find King Oryx walking over with a dignified cadence to his steps. He truly looked like a ruler, and he didn't dampen it before Leonel in the slightest.

It was clear that he hadn't come here to "submit". Seeing his father, Elthor's happiness became far more complicated. He felt that he was stuck between two individuals that he quite liked.

Though if he told his father this, he would probably get a smack to the back of the head. How could he be struggling in choosing between Leonel and his own father?

Well, the answer to that was actually quite obvious to him. His father wanted him to be a King, he didn't want to be one.

Leonel, however, gave him a path toward fulfilling his dreams, to become a General of the battlefield. That was all he had ever wanted.

Leonel's smile faded as he looked toward King Oryx. Inwardly, King Oryx was actually quite surprised. He, too, had expected that Elthor would blow Leonel in the distance.

He was well aware of his son's strength and he had long since become their greatest combatant and he had never looked back.

But Leonel actually took Elthor head on without taking even a single step back, this had caused King Oryx's position to have no choice but to soften.

"It seems that you've grown quite well," King Oryx said with a smile.

"You seem to have grown very well, too," Leonel said lightly, though his words seemed to have a different meaning entirely.

It was hard to tell if he was talking about King Oryx's strength... or his guts. King Oryx's smile faded somewhat. He hadn't expected for Leonel to take such a strong stance.

His words seemed casual, but in political sense, they were hyper aggressive and might as well have been him throwing down the gauntlet.

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Chapter 1810: Too Much

1810 Too Much

King Oryx looked toward Leonel deeply.

Elthor's lips pressed into a line as he looked back and forth between his father and Leonel. The two didn't seem to have any hatred for one another, but their perspectives were simply different.

King Oryx was more than willing to give up his kingdom to his son, after all, Elthor was his own flesh and blood. Ultimately, the Oryx

were a minority race deep within human territory, it was simply too difficult to entrust their future in the hands of someone who just might abandon them at any time.

As for Leonel, he had invested in the Oryx in more than one way. For one, he had resurrected Elthor first, and then his father, when he hardly knew either one of them at the time. Back then, it hadn't seemed like a big deal, but now that he had to purge the Silver Tablet for the sake of saving his brothers, it meant that Leonel had chosen the Oryx over the lives of men and women he had fought shoulder to shoulder with.

When things were put into perspective like this, King Oryx's hesitancy was nothing short of a slap to Leonel's face. With Leonel's temper, if it hadn't been for the fact that he had a good relationship with Elthor, he would have already taught King Oryx a severe lesson.

Leonel wasn't the type of person to hesitate when he made a decision, so it seemed as though he had been incredibly decisive and uncaring when he purged the Silver Tablet. But the reality was that that was a weighty decision

still being borne on his shoulders. He could still remember his final moments in that Zone, the only true and undeniable loss he had suffered in his life.

He knew that it was selfish of him to act as he had. Those people had believed in him. When they died, they didn't know that there was a chance to be resurrected, but if they had known that such a path existed... how would they feel knowing that he had made the decision to not grant them such

an opportunity? None of this was King Oryx's fault, but that didn't change the fact that Leonel's fuse when related to these matters was exceptionally short, even shorter than it usually was.

King Oryx was an exceptionally benevolent King. He hadn't hesitated to give up his life for a chance to protect his people. He truly had the heart and valiance of a ruler, he was a true man. However none of this would stop Leonel's footsteps.

It was either he was with him, or against him, there was no in between.

"Child..." King Oryx said lightly. "... You aren't as I remember. It seems that this world has ground down your spirit." "And left behind something far sharper," Leonel replied just as calmly.

"If this is what you believe, then there's nothing much that I can say to you." Leonel nodded slightly. "It really isn't something that you can understand. When your Oryx Kingdom still stood, you did nothing as the Human Kingdom grew stronger and stronger. You feared what their King had become and didn't dare to take action, choosing to remain passive.

"It was only after I took action and forced the issue that you were forced to take action. Ultimately, you lost your life and much of your Kingdom. The people you rule now were introduced to you by me. The strength of your favored son is in great thanks to me. Even the breath you breathe now was granted to you by me. So don't you believe it's a bit silly for you to speak to me as an all-knowing senior of some kind?" Leonel's placid gaze met the Oryx King's own, there not seeming to be the slightest hint of a fluctuation within their depths.

The Oryx King fell into silence. This was hard to reply to because it was simply the truth. The details were broadly correct and there weren't any embellishments. Even so...

"And how did your actions end? What success did you have, exactly?" "King Alexandre crossed the barrier to the Fifth Dimension only recently when the final began," Leonel said indifferently. "It took me only two years to reach the point of meeting them at the final gates of their Kingdom. Had you not been a coward and joined beneath my banner, it would have taken me three months at most. By then, I could have personally defeated him without such unwanted variables."

"So your reply to me is that a stranger didn't help you enough so it's thus the stranger's fault?" Hearing these words, Leonel's placid expression vanished into a smile.

"I think you've framed it incorrectly. My reply to you is that it took someone with no stakes in your Kingdom to make you finally make a choice that wasn't cowardly and passive. And yet, even so, you haven't learned your lesson. You continue to bide your time, continue to be passive, continue to want to sit on the sidelines in hopes that no one will cause you and your people trouble.

"It's no wonder that your son doesn't want to follow in your steps to become a King, in his eyes, this is all a King can do." "Leonel!" Elthor wanted to interrupt but he seemed to be shielded outside of the clashing auras of his father and Leonel.

"I can tell you this very clearly, though," Leonel continued, his aura growing, "I won't let you sit on the sideline. I will not allow such a variable to exist within the barriers of my Empire. The Oryx only have one of two choices.

"The first is to follow me as you should have from the very beginning, and the second is to be eradicated." Leonel's gaze turned cold.

"I have invested a lot into the Oryx, too much. More than you know. I won't allow your cowardice to dictate the actions of your race any longer." King Oryx's expression went entirely dark. He hadn't expected things to take this turn at all. Just what had gotten into this Leonel?