

Dimensional Descent

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Chapter 1811: Unborn

1811 Unborn

This was exactly what the Oryx King feared. He didn't want for the Oryx to suddenly be forced into a situation where they had no choice but to become the warriors of others. As for Leonel's comments about his cowardice, if such comments could faze him, he would have long since changed his approach to ruling.

People who could call themselves Kings wouldn't easily change their mind about such things.

As for Leonel, his mind had been made up. He had been too nice for far too long.

Even disregarding what he had done for the Oryx Kingdom, back when Valiant Heart Mountain was being attacked, it was he who gave them a path to survive. Afterward, he invested a large amount in their development through Elthor to ensure that they would take full advantage of their Hyper Evolution stage.

Those resources were nothing to Leonel now, but to the him of back then, they had practically

been everything, and without said resources, how would the Oryx have been able to thrive in the way they had now? None of this even mentioned the fact he had quite literally brought their two most important pillars back to life, or the fact that the only reason they could live such comfortable lives as a member of another race so deep within Human Domain territory was precisely because of his name and organizations he had helped birth backing them.

Even if King Oryx said he wanted to pay back those things in kind, could he even do so? For one, an investment was worth not only the price itself, but also what it was worth to the person receiving it.

Let's say that the Oryx King wanted to return the resources Leonel spent on them back then. That process would be akin to giving back a loan without any sort of interest. And to make matters worse, even if the Oryx King did pay this "interest", it still wouldn't be enough.

Usually, when a person takes a loan, a small interest is applied because the person giving the loan is well off to begin with and most of the risk is on the person receiving the loan. However, in this case, the risk Leonel had taken was just as great.

He wasn't some rich tycoon handing over a small percentage of his wealth, he had been akin to a popper giving up the last few dollars he had on him.

The Oryx King "repaying" him would be akin to two dear friends having an agreement, one of whom would invest the last bits of money they had while the latter used it to make it big. Then years later, the friend who had succeeded would turn around as a millionaire, maybe even a billionaire, and return his "friend" exactly the amount he had originally invested, no more and no less.

This alone would already be enough of a slap in the face and a lesson in picking better friends, but the matter was only made worse by the fact that even if the Oryx King was thick-faced enough to do such a thing, he had no way of returning the value of his life and his son's life! That was the shocking truth. Even if he wanted to return the bare minimum... he couldn't! Leonel knew this quite well, and it was precisely why he had run out of patience. If this so-called Oryx King couldn't make a decision even after almost three decades, then Leonel would force him to make one.

Leonel didn't wait for the Oryx King to respond and simply turned and left. The fact he hadn't attacked, as far as he saw it, was already an act of benevolence.

King Oryx's eyes narrowed but there was nothing he could say. The ultimatum had already been laid, there really wasn't much else to be said.

After Leonel's back view vanished, Elthor couldn't help but sigh.

"He's right you know, old man,' Elthor shook his head. "It's been well over two decades since you were resurrected, you should have made a choice by now.'

"It's not as though the circumstances are conventional,' King Oryx said lightly. "He wasn't even here." "And that's why he's anxious. If he had been here for all 20 years, do you think he would care very much about what help we could provide? You saw how strong he was, do you think I've been slacking for these last 20 years?" The Oryx King's eyes narrowed before he shook his head.

"This concerns our entire race, we have no one to rely on but ourselves. We can't allow ourselves to become canon fodder for others. Plus, I'm getting a bad feeling from this Leonel, a bad feeling that wasn't there before. It's obvious that my patience has revealed something that I wasn't aware of before, it only makes caution all the more important." "I don't know what you're talking about, but what I do know is that Leonel had an opportunity to gain a second Ability Index 20 years ago.

The Oryx King frowned. "A second Ability Index? That's impossible." "It is possible if you eat the egg of an unborn child of a foreign race that's spent the last several years being baptized by the vital energies of countless long dead Seventh Dimensional existences. It's even easier when you consider the fact this egg is from a being not of your race, so it wouldn't even technically count as cannibalism. And, it's even more enticing when you realize it's an Ability Index as groundbreaking as Shadow Sovereignty.' The Oryx King's expression flashed. "What are you trying to say?" "I'm trying to say that Leonel entered a Rapax Nest where everyone's goal was to gain this Ability Index, and yet he was the only one who saw those ugly bastards as people and treated that unborn child like an actual unborn child.

"If you were there, father, I doubt even you would be benevolent enough to protect this unborn child as though it was no different from an unborn Oryx, right?"

The Oryx King's heart skipped a beat.

All this time, his mind was filled with the echoes of the words Shadow Sovereignty, he hadn't really cared about the unborn child ever since he heard it was a Rapax. Even Oryx looked more human than they did.

Would he save that child? Definitely not. What idiot would give up such an overpowered Ability Index?

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Chapter 1812: You, you, and you.

1812 You, you, and you.

Leonel entered the tension filled room once again, his brothers and the girls still glaring at one another. They looked over toward him almost instantly, just like before, but this time they seemed to be able to tell that his mood was the best.

BANG! Suddenly, Leonel's palms slammed against the table.

Something odd happened in that moment. It was as though Leonel had so perfectly controlled his strength that the table was just on the verge of being shattered to pieces, but not quite there. The result was a wild and eerie vibration that echoed across the room.

"Alright, that's enough pouting," Leonel said, his voice cold.

Yuri's eyes narrowed when she looked toward Leonel, but what she didn't expect was for Leonel to suddenly look back toward her with an equally as cold look in his eye.

"Your sister is my wife now. You're going to have to get over it. If you can't, I won't let you see our children. Not even one of any one of the 27 of them, that I can promise." Aina, who had wanted to say something, was suddenly stunned speechless before she blushed profusely. She couldn't even do her normal routine of asking Leonel who his wife was. She was truly silent for maybe the first time ever. Even Yuri didn't quite know how to react to this.

"You..." Yuri tried to speak, not quite sure if she should be enraged or not, she had no idea how to even respond to such a thing.

"Shut up, I'm talking right now,' Leonel's gaze flashed with an oppressive violet light and Yuri suddenly felt it down to the depths of her soul.

Yuri was a Spiritual, this much was obvious. As such, even if she had an opportunity to use a soul protection treasure, she wouldn't feel the need to. Her own personal inheritances and her own skill was more than enough. But it was also precisely due to this that she felt the full brunt of Leonel's

oppression, taking her somewhat off guard before she quickly defended herself. But by then, Leonel was already speaking again.

"Allan!" "Hm?" Allan, who had still been engrossed in his panel, even after Leonel started making so much noise, finally looked up. His gaze was calm as he looked toward Leonel.

Leonel nudged his head toward Aulina. "Stop being clueless, she likes you." Allan blinked once and looked toward Aulina who had suddenly blushed down to her chest.

"And you," Leonel looked toward Aulina. "Allan is my brother, I know him well. He doesn't view relationships the way normal people do, and he's not very interested in sexual interactions, although he might be willing to do it if that's what you want. If you want to be his partner, you will have to stimulate him in other ways.

"It's not exactly impossible, most women who've liked him have given up. It'll depend on you whether you care enough to follow through. You should probably make that decision as soon as possible." By the time Leonel had finished his words, Allan had already gone back to his tablet and Aulina didn't quite know how to react. She put her head down and blushed harder. Wasn't Leonel a bit too crude? She hadn't even said anything to the girls yet. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately depending on how you looked at things, Leonel wasn't done yet.

"And you," Leonel looked toward Joyce.

"Don't start lecturing me, or else I'll show you what my fist can do," Joyce almost growled out. Even though she said this, her face was already red. She just didn't want to be exposed by Leonel like Aulina had. Unfortunately for her, Leonel didn't seem to give a damn right now.

"Didn't I say shut up already? I'm talking" Joyce suddenly found her next words caught in her throat. It couldn't be said that she knew Leonel exceptionally well, but since when had he been this aggressive? In fact, she had always felt that Leonel was quite passive about a lot of things. He let life come to him, only then did he react... he was very rarely proactive, and he often didn't need to be.

But now, he felt... different.

"This guy,' Leonel pointed toward Franco, "is a bit of a dick.' Franco's mouth opened, but nothing came out. In the corner, Gil slapped his thigh, half dying with Milan. The two seemingly found all of this fucking hilarious, it was too good.

Joyce's eyes widened with surprise. She didn't expect Leonel to be on her side.

"He can't keep it in his pants, he chases women for sport, he doesn't know what it means to settle down even though he's already nearing his 40's. As far as I see it, he's practically a defective product." Franco's mouth hung lower. Leonel had never grilled any one of them like this. But why was it that he wasn't mad and even had a smile on his face he couldn't seem to wipe away? "You see that smile on his face?" Leonel asked Joyce. "He's a masochist, through and through. The meaner you are to him, the more he likes it. If you want him, you can have him. So long as you're willing to keep your foot on his neck for the rest of his life. He needs a very, very, very short leash." Joyce covered her mouth, almost forgetting the semi-seriousness of the matter. Why did she find this so amusing? To the side, Gil was practically coughing up a lung. It was hard to tell if he was laughing or if he was going into cardiac arrest.

"And finally you two," Leonel settled on Yuri and Raj.

Yuri was the only one who didn't seem to find any of this amusing at all, but when Leonel spoke, her eyes couldn't help but widen.

"You're sitting here, glaring at one another, when you have no idea that he died almost a decade ago. You were so mad that you didn't even check on him during that time and are only just now finding out."

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Chapter 1813: Any Time

1813 Any Time

Leonel knew the underlying problem here.

Spirituals had a far different concept of time than humans did as they lived over a hundred times longer. Raj didn't bother to try very hard to convince Yuri

of anything in one part due to his own pride and personality, and another part due to the fact he didn't think she was trying very hard at all.

A year was already far too long, let alone a decade. To Raj, this ship had already sailed and had been over for a long time already, and it was only made worse by the last word Yuri had left him with after their last fight.

But this was another problem. Spirituals, especially Spiritual couples, could read intentions past their own words. Yuri could also read past Raj's intent and see into his soul. So, she had never really been all that enraged, she was just being stubborn. But when Raj made no attempt, she thought that he wasn't trying hard enough so she wanted him to try more.

These two factors, on one side being their difference in how they saw time, and on the other side being how they took words whether at face value or not, had led to such a situation.

Obviously, Yuri hadn't discarded her old body and built a new one, this was the very same body she had had long ago, so obviously she hadn't erased her history with Raj. But not only did Raj have no way of knowing that, he also hadn't seen her in almost a decade.

Raj had grown up on modern Earth, that kind of time frame was ridiculous. After a decade, you might as well be strangers at that point.

It was no wonder the two were so useless in a relationship. It was difficult enough to date a person who didn't share the same cultural background as you even if you were both human, let alone to date someone who was from a different species altogether. Without a willingness to communicate, they were bound to fail.

But luckily for them, Leonel had stopped giving a damn.

Yuri didn't think that Leonel would lie about this and she couldn't help but look toward Raj. Raj, who was still being a bit stubborn, looked away. He thought it would be a bit too corny of him to rely on his death to get a leg up, especially since he was obviously alive and well now.

But this reaction only made Yuri more certain that Leonel wasn't lying. Even though she couldn't read Leonel, she could read Raj quite well.

"Alright, alright? Good." Leonel nodded to himself, seemingly feeling satisfied with the silence.

"Wife!" "Hm?" Aina responded subconsciously, causing Leonel to grin.

"Excellent," Leonel nodded again, leaving Aina blushing once more. What a shameless tactic.

Just as Leonel was about to say something more, his eyes narrowed. On cue, Raylion opened the door. By his side, there was Sael, Apestus and Emna.

"What happened?" Leonel asked.

"There's movement. There'll be an attack launched in about half a day." "Half a day?" Leonel raised an eyebrow before he smiled.

This was the benefit of having such a robust information network. Half a day actually wasn't long to prepare, but given the fact that all of this had likely been done in the utmost secrecy, and the fact the enemies attacking were almost certainly already within their territory, the fact that Etching Metal could give them a half day buffer was utterly ground breaking. It might as well have been akin to seeing the future.

Leonel couldn't help but chuckle. In his time in the Dimensional Verse, he was always on his back foot, always reading and reacting to what was happening instead of being proactive. But now that he had such an organization to fall back on, things just might come easy.

"Apestus, this is for you," Leonel flipped over a palm and a box of pills appeared. He handed it to Apestus. "These pills will synergize well with your Ability Index. They were prepared by my lovely wife, so be sure to thank her." Aina was beginning to get exasperated, but it felt like this wasn't the right time to say something.

"This is for you," Leonel repeated the same action for Raylion. "This will be less helpful to you than it is for Apestus, and you'll also have to be far more careful. A single one of these Force Pills could kill you. You have to be mentally prepared and ready to endure pain. However, if you survive, this will set the foundation for you moving forward. I have something much better in mind for you, it'll just require some time to execute." Raylion solemnly accepted the box, but there was a clear flash of determination in his eye, not dampened by the worry in his wife's eyes.

"Sael, you have a Unique Ability Index. I've reserved a spot for you in the Midas and Radix families' territory. If you go there, you'll find a surprise and your strength will increase a hundredfold, easily." Sael's brows jumped.

Her Ability Index was, indeed, unique. Even with their information network and scanning through trillions upon trillions of people, she had never found a second one like her.

Leonel was certain that the complete inheritance of the Silver Empire was almost tailor made for Sael, she would most definitely thrive from its use, even more so than the Florer family.

"Here, Leonel handed Sael an Eighth Dimensional sapling similar to the one he had given Grey. With just this alone, her strength would increase quite a measure.

Sael accepted it solemnly as well, not knowing what to say. In all these years, she had wondered if her husband's faith in Leonel was warranted. But in just a few moments, he had handed over things beyond her wildest imagination. Just the scent of the pills he had given Raylion and Apestus were enough to make her tremble.

"Emna..." Leonel sighed somewhat. "Your path is your own. I actually think that if I gave you external items now, it would actually hinder you as oppose to help you. You only need a hint of inspiration to cross that final barrier and more battle experience. Less assassination, more upfront, life threatening clashes.

"Are you prepared to do that?" Emna's gaze flashed with a fierce light and she nodded her head.

"Any time." The Blade Force around her seemed to sing.

"Good. Let's move out everyone. We're going to crush them all in a single sweep."

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Chapter 1814: Subtle

1814 Subtle

The activity near the borders of the Three Pillar Sector was very subtle. In fact, from an outside observer, it was hard to tell that anything out of the norm was happening at all. The trading routes were still moving as usual, tourists still moved in and out as many without families and organizations to rely upon tried to move closer to Earth in hopes of gaining better lives, at the same time, those who had the foresight to see the coming implosion were doing the exact opposite, making their way out to stiller waters.

Under all of this normal activity, though, an undercurrent was slowly building momentum. Covertly, several powers began to come together having been emboldened by the retreat of Shield Cross Stars.

Although things had been tense before, they had never reached this extent. The power of the Shield was far too great and even those who were greedy had to temper their impulses. However, with the apparent hot-headed and foolish decision of Alienor, these lurking threats became very real threats.

"How much longer?" "We still need a few more hours. This is already fast. If we move any faster, we'll expose ourselves and our organization will be lacking. The most important leg of this war will happen right in the beginning. During the first push, we need to claim at least half of the Three Pillar Sector. We'll need to secure all of the fast lanes toward the Rain Galaxy." "A few hours is fine." Of the two speaking, one was the Patriarch of the O'Neil family and the other was a Patriarch of the Bliss family. They were currently in a warship hanger, waiting for everything to be prepared to move out. Most of their warriors were already boarded and they were just waiting in silence for the signal.

There were quite a few families that could control galaxies within the Three Pillar Sector and the

surrounding Sectors and these were just two of them. It could be said that in the grand scheme, they were small fry, but it was also because of this that they would be leading the charge ahead first.

It couldn't be helped. As the weak, if they wanted to change their fates, they had to take some risks.

It was too dangerous to target families within the Three Pillar Sector, but from other surrounding Sectors, it was much easier. Given the short duration between the disappearance of Shield Cross Stars and this attack as well, it

was only right that only those that had been corrupted long ago would partake. There wasn't time to convert others.

Regardless, this didn't matter to them. As they saw it, Earth was nothing but loose soil. Even their own families warred against one another. With the obstruction of Shield Cross Stars, this battle was as good as won.

They didn't need to do anything as crazy as conquering the Ascension Empire, although these few family heads didn't doubt that this was the goal of their superiors, all they wanted was a small piece of the pie.

Suddenly... BOOM! Without a word, without warning, the entire hanger was eviscerated, wiped from existence as though it had never existed. The chatting Patriarchs didn't even register what happened and weren't even aware enough to know that they had just spoken their last words and had their last thoughts.

This matter was repeated dozens of times over. Entire armies of the absolute elite wiped out one after another, like clockwork. It all happened so fast that information couldn't even make it back. It was only after news of the chain of explosions was known that the so-called "superiors" realized that they had actually been preemptively targeted, but none of them could understand how news of this had leaked.

Even if one of their allies were traitors, those small fry would at most know their assigned gathering location. Even in the upper echelon, only a very select few who were aware of all of the locations, but all of these individuals had way too much to lose to betray them, if they didn't they would have never been trusted to begin with.

Unfortunately, before these superiors could understand what was happening, an army descended on their location. In an instant, a battle that should have been waged in the Three Pillar Sector was fought at its borders, the citizens of the Ascension Empire completely oblivious to what was happening.

Leonel stood on the bow of his flagship, his gaze sharp.

To his left, an unhappy Harmony side. But at the moment, she could only obediently be used as a pawn. Leonel seemed to have every intention of making use of her without a care for her status.

To his right, there was a slightly skeptical Aina. But seeing the unhappy expression on Harmony's face, she could only choose to trust Leonel.

Behind them, the flagship was flooded with warriors prepared to battle.

Leonel took a step forward, raising his foot and placing it on the bow of the ship as he peered over. A grin spread across his face as he looked toward the floating asteroids in the distance. At first, there didn't seem to be anything wrong with them, until one took a second look and noticed the sheer number of warships using their flow as camouflage.

"Going to continue to hide?" Leonel's voice echoed through the vastness of space, rumbling like thunder. It was enough to make the weak feel as though he was squeezing their hearts in his palm.

"Ah, seems like they don't want to come out.' "Yip! Yip!" Little Blackstar sneered with disdain from Leonel's shoulder, waving his little claws.

The simple action sent a surge of pressure through the void, causing the rockface of an asteroid in the distance to explode and send shrapnel in all directions. The warship that had been hiding behind it was pelted and instantly became riddled with holes. It barely managed to hold on.

"Harmony, why don't you go greet our guests for us?" Leonel asked with a smile.

Harmony grit her teeth, floating up from the flagship.

These people would be very unlucky on this day. She needed someone to vent her frustration on.

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Chapter 1815: Coincidence?

1815 Coincidence?

Harmony vanished and appeared within the depths of the asteroid belt almost instantly. She crossed the seemingly impossible distance with absolute ease.

In a flash, her scythe appeared in her hands and she let out a shriek as she slashed downward. She rampaged about with an unearthed fury. Every time

she slashed, rocks would shatter and warships would collapse one after another. It didn't seem as though anything could withstand even a single one of her attacks.

A light cough echoed to Leonel's back.

"Where'd you find this one, cap?" Gil mumbled.

"She's my type, why don't you introduce me?" Milan suddenly spoke, wiping his drool away with a forearm.

"Look at her, she could snap you like a twig. Get yourself together, you're embarrassing," Gil replied quite fiercely, despite the fact it was clear he couldn't take his eyes off of the sway of Harmony's hips.

They couldn't ogle Aina out of respect for Leonel and because they cared dearly for their lives, but the moment they saw a woman comparable to her, their eyes didn't seem to want to function properly, even threatening to pop out of their eye sockets.

"She can snap me like a twig all she wants," Milan replied.

Joel, Drake and Arnold looked toward one another and shook their heads. These brothers of theirs were truly too embarrassing. They saw one beauty and already didn't know how to act. They even looked like they would throw down their gauntlets and fight to death so long as Harmony asked them to do so.

"Sure, I can introduce you," Leonel laughed. "She's from the Three Finger Cult, though." Gil and Milan were suddenly rendered speechless. Since when had they had someone like that on their side? Wait, didn't that also make her an enemy? Leonel was just trying to set them up! She'd sooner stab them to death than date them! The two felt cold shivers run up their spines.

"Enough!" At that moment, a roar came from the asteroid belt. It was all too obvious that their attempt at a covert operation had been entirely thwarted, and even dense networks of traitors they had been building up for the last several years were all wiped out all at once.

It could be said that of their canon fodder, over 90% would never see the light of the next day. Their operation had become a complete failure and they still had no idea just how things had ended up in this way.

Even so, all hope was not lost. Even though their covert operation had failed, those that had died were just their vanguard, weak families they had planned to throw forward to distract the Empire from the true and most lethal threat. Ultimately, they had expected most of those families, if not all, to die regardless. It was just a shame that they couldn't do any damage before then.

However, if this was used correctly, Earth and the Ascension Empire would only suffer a greater loss. They had just wiped out countless families without word or warning, this sort of unilateral movement and decision was exactly the kind of thing that would put Earth in a more precarious situation.

Right then, the person who had just spoken shot up from the center of the hidden formation of warships. He wore silver and radiant blue armor, his hair just as blue as the sparks of lightning that danced across his armor as well. With his spear in hand, he truly did seem to be a deity incarnate, a feeling only made all the more dominating by his Seventh Dimensional aura.

Leonel didn't need to think much to know who this was. This was none other than the man in control of the Thrusting Skies Sector, Patriarch Aleck, head of the Skies family and one of the greatest threats Earth currently faced.

He seemed to want to end this battle swiftly as possible as almost the moment he spoke out, roaring to cover the region in his aura. Then, she struck out with lightning swiftness, the tip of his blade appearing before Harmony in a single breath.

Harmony felt oppressed by the aura of a Seventh Dimensional existence for only a moment before she blinked and vanished, appearing on the bow of the flagship in an instant. She was already well outside the range of the attack before it could even build up momentum, let alone land on her.

The attack rebounded against the barrier of the flagship and caused a slight ripple. Leonel could only shake his head toward this sight. Before his interaction with that Eighth Dimensional expert from Shield Cross Stars, such an attack wouldn't have even caused the barrier to waver. Unfortunately, he hadn't found a work around for the nerf yet, he would have to strengthen his mind further before he could use his Internal Sight to check on the fusion core and modify it.

Even so, the strength it had access to now was enough for him to do what he needed to do.

"Your attack is quite ferocious Patriarch Skies, but don't you think you're wasting time here?" Leonel asked lightly, his expression still quite a bit casual.

Aleck Skies, who wanted to make a follow up attack after seeing that the flagship wasn't invulnerable, suddenly paused. His gaze narrowed as he locked onto Leonel.

"What are you talking about?"

"Isn't it obvious? How do you think we knew about your location? What about the location of the canon fodder you had so painstakingly prepared?" Aleck's pupils constricted. "What are you trying to say?" "I don't know, don't you think that it's just a bit convenient? Of all the important points to gather upon, it was the Rain Galaxy that was chosen. And beyond that, the support you have coming from the outside is the Chaotic Water Sector, right? A nice coincidence, don't you think?"

Aleck was intelligent enough to understand what Leonel met almost instantly. The Chaotic Water Sector and the Rain Galaxy both specialized in Water Force. Could this have been planned by the Chaotic Water Sector long ago?

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Chapter 1816: Thrummed

1816 Thrummed

Aleck suddenly sneered. Did this Leonel take him for a fool? Just how common were the core elemental affinities. Water, fire, earth and wind, you could find them everywhere. He could name a dozen other galaxies just like the Rain Galaxy off of the top of his head. This didn't mean that they all had connections with the Chaotic Water Sector, right? And also, even if he was willing to accept this, what good would betraying their own operation do for the Chaotic Water Sector? If Earth wasn't weakened because it was prepared for the outcome of this sneak attack, then the Chaotic Water Sector would not only lose its strongest allies, when the time came, they would have to face Earth alone.

To make matters worse, the original reason why the Chaotic Water Sector wanted to get out in front of this was because they knew that when Earth finished expanding, its competition would only become fiercer. Those large families were still waiting in the wings under the guise of decorum and the

"greater good", but they all understood how the world worked. The moment the benefits became too great to ignore, the so-called greater good and its ideals would fly out the window.

Unless they could all get their footholds now, they didn't stand a chance in fighting against those families in the future. This was their chance. Here and now.

So why would the Chaotic Water Sector Ruin that? How ridiculous.

"Oh, you're doubting me?" Leonel chuckled. "How did I pinpoint your location, then?" "That's enough," Aleck said coldly.

Aleck wasn't 100% certain, but he had heard rumors of the Ascension Empire's Emperor being capable of using his Lineage Factor to view every aspect of his territory. Although they had believed that this was nonsense, which was why they had moved forward with their plans anyway, this seemed to be the only explanation for what was happening here.

In that case, then covert operations would always be their downfall. The only method forward was to suffocate Earth with raw strength. First he would retreat from here, regroup, and then launch an all out assault when their strength was all in order. The best plan was one the enemy could see coming, and yet couldn't stop anyway.

Even if he was wrong, Aleck had no intention of making such a decision here.

Leonel shook his head and laughed again. Those that could become the heads of such powerful organizations weren't fools. Even if Aleck didn't know the truth, that didn't mean that he would so easily accept Leonel's characterization of events, he would instead choose to investigate on his own.

Just like the best schemes were the ones others could see coming and yet couldn't stop, the best lies were the ones an enemy convinced themselves of first.

"It's fine if you don't want to listen to me. But ultimately, you should think about it. You're looking at things through a narrow lens. Some people are looking beyond just the Human Domain." The moment Leonel said these words, Aleck's heart skipped a beat. The weight of the words that Leonel had just spoken were so frighteningly heavy that he didn't even want to think about them. He immediately turned and wanted to retreat.

"Wait a minute now, I still can't let you leave. If I did, wouldn't people think they can just choose to attack my Ascension Empire whenever they wanted?"

Aleck sneered. Obviously, he believed that everything Leonel had said before this was bullshit now. If Leonel was really so certain that he would find some dirt on the Patriarch of the Chaotic Water Sector, then it would be in his best interest that Aleck be released with as much strength as possible. That way, when the two Sectors clashed, they would be able to harm one another sufficiently.

But when Aleck looked into Leonel's eyes, all he saw was the indifferent smile of someone with

everything in the palm of his hands.

Leonel's thoughts were on a level even Seventh Dimensional existences couldn't fathom. If Aleck thought he could see through him so easily, there would be nothing but disappointment waiting for him at the end of it all.

"We'll wipe out half of their fleet, then let them go," Leonel said lightly.

Aleck suddenly raised his head to the skies, laughing uproariously.

However, right then, a voice appeared to Leonel's side.

"Yes, Emperor!" The booming cadence of the voice caused the void to tremble. At that moment, a familiar big bellied man appeared. He was none other than the overseer of the asteroid convenience station. Since his death, he had been stored within Leonel's snowglobe, and now he would have a final battle before his soul dispersed.

Leonel pushed off the bow of the flagship, a surfboard appearing beneath his feet as he shuttled through the air with untold speed.

"Attack," he said coldly.

The big bellied man, weight valiant violet armor, soared after Leonel quickly before appearing high above his head and slapping his belly twice. His chest expanded and his diaphragm seemed to explode in size.

Then he unleashed a mighty roar.

The sound wave crushed everything in its path.

Aleck's eyes widened and he quickly raised his spear to counter.

At that moment, though, Leonel, who had been riding his sleek black surfboard across the starry skies had already come to a halt, a dark gold construct appearing around him, its six arms each forming a different sign.

Leonel's kidneys thrummed with life, his Scarlet Star Nodes surging as a violent surge of crimson gold Force manifested in the surroundings.

Watching the snaking Fire Force take the form of dozens of coiling flood dragons, sparkling brighter than even the stars that were their backdrop, Harmony's pupils constricted.

She had already written off Leonel's victory against her as being due to the pressure she had experienced being in Earth's territory, while it was Leonel's home turf to begin with. But seeing this, she couldn't help but wonder exactly how much Leonel had also held back in their fight...

ROAR!

The dozens of flood dragons surged forward. All they knew was destruction, laying to waste everything in their vicinity as Patriarch Aleck was held down by his spirit construct.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1817: The Best Scheme

1817 The Best Scheme

Leonel sat in silent meditation, his legs crossed and his palms resting on his thighs. In his mind, the battlefield was reflected with absolute perfection. He controlled dozens of fire flood dragons and his spirit construct all at once, and yet his face seemed to be absolutely relaxed.

The warriors hidden within the flagship reacted all at once, surging forward like a tidal wave.

"Boy!" Aleck's voice boomed as he shot toward Leonel, but every attempt he made, he found himself entirely obstructed. The worst part of it all was that every time he tried to attack the big bellied spirit construct with his spear, his Spear Force would vanish entirely.

He remembered being warned that his Spear Force would be useless against Leonel, but he had never taken this seriously. Why would he? He could kill the likes of Leonel with a single finger, why would he need to use his Spear Force in the first place?

However, he had never considered the fact that Leonel would have the ability to extend his ability like this.

Toward this, Leonel sneered inwardly. In the past, Spear Force had to touch him to disperse. But now, he had his Absolute Spear Domain. Within his Domain, anyone who wanted to use Spear Force was living out a dream.

Aleck began to panic.

If it wasn't for the current setting, the situation wouldn't have been so bad. However, because the plan was for them to hide within the asteroid belt, their maneuverability was almost non-existent at this moment. Not only was their usual formation impossible to use, but just escaping was nigh impossible.

Leonel obviously knew this which was why he had only come with the flagship. He never planned to attack with it at all. Instead, he sent forward individual warriors who could maneuver around the asteroids with far greater ease than the large warships could.

The strategic advantage was suffocating. It felt like he was being outplayed in all facets. What infuriated him the most was that Leonel didn't even open his eyes to look at him anymore, he simply continued his slaughter.

'No, he's not just controlling those flame constructs, he's also moving the asteroids to give his people even more of an advantage: It was hard to notice at first because Leonel wasn't causing large reactions, and the asteroids were moving around to begin with, but when Aleck began to calm down and analyze the situation so that he could find the best method of escape to minimize the losses, he realized what was happening.

Aleck's expression couldn't help but become incomparably ugly. Was this the power of a Sixth Dimensional existence could have? Some of those asteroids were several kilometers across and their distance apart was incredibly vast. Although Leonel was only giving them small nudges here and there, this was a feat that even most Seventh Dimensional Earth Force experts couldn't replicate! Monster.

Aleck's blood went absolutely ice cold. He only realized now what kind of existence he was facing off against. If Leonel made it to the Seventh Dimension, would it even be possible for those beneath the Eighth Dimension to even threaten him? Aleck's mind couldn't help but flash to another urban legend.

Velasco Morales. Could it be that the Morales family was about to produce another undefeatable

existence in just as many generations? ROAR! The dozens of snaking Scarlet Star Force flood dragons roared out all at once, their eyes opening to reveal reflective violet irises and their bodies becoming even more corporeal and solid.

Their long necks raised into the skies, their bodies expanding as they took deep breaths.

At that moment, they looked like the true beasts of legend, plucked right out of their mythos and

drawn across the starry skies with a menacing aura.

Their breaths came to a stop all at once and Leonel's eyes suddenly flashed open with a cold light.

"No!" Aleck called out. It was too late.

Balls of fire dozens of meters across formed one after another and each flood dragon breathed out, unleashing carnage everywhere their breath of crimson and gold passed. The sheer destructive ability of Fifth Dimensional Scarlet Star Force scorched the skies, burned the eyes and trembled the heart. Warships that had been through dozens of wars, hundreds of battles, and thousands of injuries were turned to molten metal in a mere instant.

The palms of Leonel's dark gold construct opened up and the flood dragon constructs vanished. But even more quickly than that, the motes of flames that remained in the skies quickly formed into majestic Mage Arts, magic circles so complex one's head spun just looking at them were created one after another.

Within his Ethereal Glabella, Leonel's Mana Core rustles, its countless leaves dancing with a delicate light. Compared to the commotion happening outside, it was incomparably calm, its runes lighting up one after another.

Back outside, the starry skies trembled as the aura of destruction continued to increase. Space whined and twisted, Force collapsed before it could form, weaker constructs began to collapse from the outside in before the spell even descended.

Countless spears appeared in the air, each marked with a crown of royalty around their polearms.

Leonel slowly pressed his palms together before opening them up and pressing outward.

His irises danced with a malevolent light and the spears in the skies stopped trembling all at once, an eerie silence fell over.

Meeting Aleck's gaze, Leonel smiled lightly.

"Destroy, he said lightly.

The spears descended. Like an Imperial Edict, they wiped out everything in their path, shattering them, grinding them, burning them, sundering them ashes. Flashes of light brighter than even the starry skies boomed across the battlefield.

Before the destruction was even concluded, Leonel slowly stood to his feet, allowing his construct to vanish.

"Retreat," he said evenly.

Leonel turned back, ready to return to the flagship, but his steps suddenly paused.

"Oh, right," Leonel smiled as he looked back toward Aleck who was entirely pale faced. He could only watch as his people were destroyed one after another. "You might want to think of an adequate explanation for why you were the only Seventh Dimensional existence here," Leonel said with a laugh. "Good luck, I hope they believe you." Aleck's eyes opened wide.

He was the only Seventh Dimensional existence here because it was the smart choice. Between the Chaotic Water Sector, the Viola family, and his Thrust Skies Sector, he was in the most vulnerable position.

The Viola family already shared a Sector with Earth and their foothold was strong. In fact, in Aleck's opinion, he felt that they were quite greedy to participate in this to begin with.

The Chaotic Water Sect was outside of Earth's territory so the pressure on them was nigh non-existence, they were only here to prepare for the future.

Only his family was caught in an awkward in between. They were both within Earth's territory, and yet not close enough to maximize all benefits. Their hands were practically forced.

Due to this, he chose to be cautious and left a lot of their fight power back in their Sector. But the trouble was that this wasn't the original agreement and he had acted on his own. He had thought the ask to bring more than just himself was asinine so he sneered at the request and did this instead.

He hadn't thought much of it before because he was certain this operation would succeed... until it suddenly didn't.

Never had Aleck expected that all this time, while it seemed that Leonel was trying to sow doubt in him toward his allies, it would actually end in Leonel making his allies doubt his Thrusting Skies Sector instead! Aleck trembled and nearly suffered a fatal blow from the spirit construct.

The best scheme was one you knew was a scheme and yet could do nothing about it...

If Aleck wanted to stop himself from being targeted by the Viola and the Chaotic Water Sector, the only path forward was to give a good reason for his actions... a reason that Leonel had already given him. The only path ahead was to divert blame.

Suddenly, the connection between the Chaotic Water Sect and the Rain Galaxy looked more and more "obvious" to him.

Aleck watched Leonel's back get further and further away, clenching his fists so hard that his fingers dripped with blood.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1818: Important

Aleck took deep breaths.

About half way through the fight, he had begun to wonder why it was that Leonel had chosen him out of everyone. Logically, his position was the most covert of them all, and the most difficult to pick out. If he could find out about his location, then finding the position of the Chaotic Water Sector and the Viola family would be even easier.

But that was just one aspect. Just as logically, the Skies family had been in the least compromising position. They were the most out of the way. The threat posed was the lowest.

Only now did Aleck understand that Leonel had done all of this on purpose. All of those points would only further count against him.

He could imagine it now, the questioning looks, questioning looks he wouldn't have the answer for. He felt entirely helpless.

Who would believe that a Prince who had impulsively killed four of Earth's strongest families could bide his time and scheme like this as well? Aleck almost believed that Leonel had actually killed off those families as a convenient veil for his true self.

There was even news that Leonel had just as impulsively charged into Viola territory. Although it had been exposed that that was a clone, everyone believed that only a clone of the highest quality would be so good. Considering the resources it would take to create such a clone, they still assigned impulsivity to that action although Leonel ultimately didn't die.

Of course, they had no idea that that clone had cost Leonel nothing but the corpse of an enemy as they had no idea how his Lineage Factor worked, nor had the world learned of his Emulation Spatial Force Innate Node yet.

The more Aleck thought about it, the more he felt like he was stepping into an intricate web laid out by Leonel, a web that if he took just a single wrong step in, he would find himself trapped within and slowly bled until he simply had nothing left.

And the more Aleck thought like this, the more nigh mythical Leonel's existence became in his mind and the more suffocated he felt. Suddenly, he felt like the only way to survive was to, indeed, do as Leonel had said.

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Leonel exhaled his own breath, but it had little to do with nervousness, or even fatigue. He simply had some thoughts that he wanted to organize and a feeling deep within him that he felt that he clicked with.

Just now was the first time he had used his Dream Force since his sudden enlightenment, or more accurately, it was at least the first time he had done so to actively attack and not just passively within his own head. And the feeling had been quite... magical, despite the fact he had only used it as a secondary supposed Force to his Emulation Dream Force.

Those flood dragons he had formed back then had been constructed with the Luxnix family Force Art system, or more accurately, the Force Art system of the Northern Star Light-Star Elemental Lineage Factor. This was the very Force Art that could be comprehended through the tablets.

From Leonel's comprehension, that Force Art system was exceptionally good at creating constructs, creations that felt almost like living, breathing existences. It gave the Force Arts more flexibility, but at the same time they tapped into the Artistic Conception of the beasts they embodied, pulling power from them.

The flood dragons that Leonel created mostly came from his mother. Leonel had chosen a humanoid construct for his King's Might, but his mother had chosen a dragon for her Emperor's Might. He hadn't heard of dragons actually existing outside of myths and legends, and that was even after reading through everything within the Void Palace. In fact, dragons seemed to be a creation of Earth's mythos in specific.

As Earth's World Spirit holder, Leonel believed his mother likely had a special connection to the mythos of Earth in specific, which was why she was able to create such lifelike versions and even base her Emperor's Might construct on it.

This aside, Leonel had only gotten an inkling from techniques his mother had left behind for him back when he first came to the Luxnix family, and he often

liked creating attacks based on them although he was aware his conception would always be far off from his mother's.

But this time, something had changed.

Rather than chasing after his mother's conception of dragons, he veered from it and somewhat created his own, basing it not on some mythology of dragons, but rather upon what he personally thought they should embody.

As he was doing it, the Force Art system, which should have been formed entirely of his Scarlet Star Force at the time, naturally incorporated his Emulation Spatial Force and even his King's Might at the same time.

His Emulation Spatial Force relied on his Dream Force to make the flood dragons more real than they had ever been, even to the point that they roared like real beasts. At the same time, they had gained violet eyes, violet eyes that looked almost exactly like Leonel's own. He even vaguely felt that he could have seen through their perspective if he had really wanted.

When those eyes were formed, it was as though they were no longer constructs and had truly become beasts. The carnage they wrought was on a completely different level and the power output was maximized when the stamina requirements on his part for an equivalent level of devastation had been minimized.

It was an extremely magical feeling, almost as though he was truly breathing life, giving life, creating life. It was like he was a god forging the world into his image, and he had said let there be dragons!

The Northern Star Lineage Factors had always had an underlying reliance on the mind and thus Dream Force. No matter which evolution of the Lineage Factors you were at, there was always an aspect that influenced the mind directly, and now Leonel felt that he had found a connection between this and his Dream Force that allowed his comprehension of the Force Art system to soar.

And it was all because of a small improvement in his Force Manipulation standards...

Leonel had already known before, but now he knew better than ever just how important Force Manipulation was to personal strength.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1819: Imagination.

"What?"

Rychard frowned for the first time in as long as he could remember. He couldn't remember having ever had a fluctuation in his emotions in recent years, at least not one that was large enough to show so prominently. He had gone through too much in the last several years. The destruction of his family, countless humiliations in the Void Palace, being swallowed up by that zone, the death of his last remaining family member and brother...

There wasn't enough to make him frown these days. But this was a bit much.

The news seemed to come one after another, but the most frustrating part was that it wasn't coming through the channels it should have. Rather than their own people reporting back saying that they had been attacked, they had been wiped out so fast that they couldn't even do that. Instead, Rychard was reaching reports from miscellaneous businesses of his and the Viola family that had been in the general area who were only contacting him to let him know that business would likely be slow for the next coming weeks due to the commotion. After all, tourists wouldn't be in a happy, buying mood if their tourist destination had suddenly become a warzone.

And yet, even after several such businesses contacted Rychard and the Viola family about this matter, likely all afraid that they would be accused of embezzling funds if they didn't do so, there was still not a word from the actual alliances of this coming war.

And then it came.

The first to contact him was Aleck Skies. The Patriarch of the Thrusting Skies Sector was absolutely furious, Rychard could hear the thunder booming in the background and the strikes of lightning spilling about. He had immediately accused one of them of setting him up, Rychard could hardly get a word in, not because Aleck was so overwhelming to him, but because he was absolutely shocked to find out that half of Aleck's fleet had been wiped out.

After Rychard regained his bearings, smoothed out his frown and took a breath, his aura changed.

"That's enough."

The ice cold of his voice cut the Skies family Patriarch off completely, stifling all of his momentum. Even the sounds of thunder and lightning on the other side seem to have been quelled.

"What reasons do you have for suspecting us?"

"Isn't the result enough?" Aleck said coldly. "Do you think I just imagined half of my fleet being wiped out? My Skies family location was in the most covert region there was, but it was also in the region most susceptible to an ambush. How could we even maneuver in those asteroid fields? We relied entirely on this information being airtight, and yet somehow we were the ones to suffer?"

"I also can't help but tell by your tone and surprise that obviously you weren't attacked. Am I supposed to take that as a coincidence?"

Rychard didn't seem to take this accusation very seriously at all. Instead, he flipped over a palm.

"According to my information, the only Seventh Dimensional existence who followed the fleet was you and you alone. By all rights, the one with the most odd actions was yourself. This was supposed to be an all out assault, did you expect to deal Earth a blow with nothing but a hoard of Sixth Dimensional existences? Or maybe you didn't plan on dealing them a blow at all? What, did you want to play both sides? Exposing our allies and pretending to have been hurt yourself as well to get off scot-free?"

After saying all of this, Rychard expected something very different from the other side than what he actually expected. He wanted to hear a flustered response, a disorganized rambling, a man on his back foot, but instead all he got was a laugh and a sneer.

"Aren't my actions perfectly justified judging by what actually happened? If I had brought out my full team, wouldn't I be finished? You mighty Viola and warriors of the Chaotic Water Sector might be able to afford the loss of "nothing but a hoard of Sixth Dimensional existences", but my Skies family cannot! They were our future! And many of them had potential to reach greater heights!

"I'm not going to sit here and try to justify myself to a person who didn't suffer even a single loss!"

Rychard fell into silence, his expression unreadable.

"What reason would I have to betray you?" Rychard finally asked. "Do you have any idea how much I loathe the Ascension Empire? What they've done to me? If you want to make up a story, at least make it make sense."

Unexpectedly, Aleck only continued to sneer.

"I've known from the beginning that you were in this for nothing more than a personal vendetta, you are the most untrustworthy kind of ally because you move with your heart instead of your head. Even if I had told you the information I had previously, you would have still gone ahead and did this."

Rychard paused before biting. "What are you talking about?"

"The goals of the Chaotic Water Sector are not the same as ours. In fact, I suspect that they're being pulled along by the Cloud Race, using them to dictate their actions. Their ultimate goal isn't to defeat Earth in this round, what they want is Earth to become public enemy number one so that the rest of the Human Domain attacks them at once."

"You certainly have quite the overactive imagination," Rychard replied blandly.

"And that's exactly the response I would expect to hear," Aleck said coldly.

"Does it make sense for me to simply take your words at face value? If you knew this, why did you still agree to act?"

"Why did I still agree? The Zoltene Faith was wiped out, the Imperial Prince made a personal visit to you, who do you think was next?! I had no choice but to try and deal a blow to the Ascension Empire in hopes they wouldn't have time to deal with me, but who would have thought that I would be backstabbed by my own allies first?!"

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1820: Entangled

Rychard fell into silence once more.

"What proof do you have?" Rychard asked.

"I would advise you to look into the Rain Galaxy," Aleck said coldly before directly hanging up.

Rychard sat in silence for a long while, not saying anything. His mind seemed to go through several iterations and thoughts before he sneered.

If Aleck had acted flustered when Rychard first questioned him, he would have believed him. However, that response was too prepared, too practiced, too ready, he had clearly been ready for the questioning.

When someone did something suspicious by coincidence, it wouldn't be at the forefront of their mind, often they wouldn't even notice the oddity until someone pointed it out to them. For example, let's take a couple in a relationship, if one of them had a habit of always putting their phone face up but one day placed it face down not just once, but a few times in a row, what would they do if their partner confronted them about this?

If they had noticed the change in action in themselves, in all likelihood, they would already have a prepared answer. But if they reacted flustered, it would mean that they hadn't thought much about it and would be more likely to be innocent in the matter. This could be the case if the phone of said partner recently got a new case that made it more difficult to pick up while it was face up, so they had gotten into the habit of placing it face down now for easier access. They might have made this choice subconsciously and never really once thought about it.

Of course, it would be a shame either way, but most took someone being flustered as a sign of guilt, when this wasn't always the case at all. And that was especially for absolute experts. Rychard trusted an expert like Aleck who could see this problem coming to be ready with a perfect answer, which meant that he was even more certain that Aleck was lying precisely because of said perfect answer!

In Rychard's mind, this confirmed that Aleck had defected. The best lies were marred in truth. Likely, he had felt the pressure from the destruction of the Zoltene Faith in just a single day, and that was only compounded by the destruction of the Brazinger, Adurna, Crudus and Laevis families. As such, he chose to exchange information with Earth for safety, and all he had to give up in exchange was some Sixth Dimensional existences.

Rychard didn't doubt that the destruction of those warships was real, they wouldn't do this by half measures. So, he didn't even bother to double check.

With a thought, Rychard waved a hand and an attendant came into his office.

"Send a few covert teams to the sites of destruction. If you're caught and questioned, use the businesses as a shield. Say that you heard there was a war and came to protect the businesses from looters.

"While you're there, focus on gathering as much intel as you can. Report back to me anything interesting you find in three days' time."

"Yes, Patriarch! Is there anything else?" the woman asked.

Rychard was about to wave her away, but he paused for a moment. Although several minutes of this silence passed, the woman didn't dare to disturb his thoughts.

Eventually, Rychard looked up again with a piercing gaze.

"Send a team to the Rain Galaxy. The goal this time isn't covert operations, but an all out seizure. Subdue their family, crush their spirit, and take control of their land. I also want this done within three days."

"Yes!"

The woman bowed and left quickly.

Rychard tapped his large oak desk in silence for a moment, seemingly waiting for something. And then, it came. The crystal on his desk buzzed and the face of a familiar man appeared. He was none other than the Patriarch of the Chaotic Water Sector, Graros.

Graros expression was just as cold and indifferent as Rychard's, but deep within his gaze, there was a clear displeasure.

"I just tried to contact the Skies Patriarch." Graros said before pausing. "He did not respond."

Rychard's gaze narrowed. Somewhere deep inside, he had assumed that Aleck would have put on the same act for the both of them, maybe even telling Graros the same thing he had told him but in reverse. Maybe in the tale he told Graros, it was Rychard who was colluding with the Cloud Race.

But the fact that Aleck had only contacted him but not Graros was curious. Did he do it on purpose to make Rychard second guess himself, or was there another reason?

"I assume he didn't want to have to rehash the same accusation twice," Rychard said indifferently, repeating much of what Aleck had said, only leaving out the matters related to the Cloud Race.

"I see," Graros nodded. "This is a hiccup, but it isn't something that can't be overcome. Even if the Skies family is on the side of the Ascension Empire now, that's just one more enemy, there's little to worry about."

Rychard nodded. Obviously, Graros had come to the same conclusion he had.

"I've already acted," Rychard said. "I've sent an elite group to conquer the Rain Galaxy, we can't allow anymore variables to appear. And, since we've been exposed, there's no need to use such a weak family as a middleman any longer. We're already out in the open, so there's already nothing to hide. We will press forward in a domineering manner."

"Agreed," Graros said with a nod, not showing any dissatisfaction toward Rychard's ask.

"Good."

"Good."

The two hung up and fell into silence in their own respective corners of the universe.

After hanging up, however, Graros' own expression became somewhat malevolent before he called in his own attendant.

"Tell the ones in the Rain Galaxy to retreat and hide themselves properly. Wait for my orders before taking any action."

"Yes, Patriarch!"

...

As the saying went, the best schemes were ones one could see but could only fall right into and the best lies were laced with truth.

What Aleck, Rychard and Graros didn't know was that as they believed themselves to be cleverly navigating Leonel's web, they were only being further entangled.