

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1831: Everything

1831 Everything With Aleck's current mental state, he crumbled without much effort on Leonel's part. He didn't even consult the various elders of his family, he simply used his authority as Patriarch to directly force them in line.

When Leonel saw this, he didn't say anything, but he made a mental note of it. From his analysis, Aleck's prestige in the family was high enough to get away with this, but unless there was a change, there would likely be a straw that broke the camel's back later on down the line.

The common people could be forced in line like this because they didn't understand what was going on anyway, but the rich, powerful and affluent couldn't be, at least not without tangible evidence and reason for what they were doing.

Only Aleck was aware of Leonel's fearsomeness, so it made sense for him to bow his head. But while the others trusted Aleck, if his choice didn't bear fruit, then the inevitable result was for them to lose respect for Aleck as opposed to suddenly coming to trust Leonel.

If Aleck realized this or not, he didn't seem to acknowledge one way or another. Instead, he did as Leonel demanded and revealed everything about his family, everything from census information, to their relationship with surrounding Sectors, even down to how many young geniuses they had sent to the Void Palace.

In truth, Leonel didn't need any of this information. The Etching Metal Organization already had such detailed analysis on every organization, family and business within Earth's borders. However, by cross referencing them, Leonel was able to tell how truthful Aleck was being was or not. And in the end, there were even a few reveals that even the Etching Metal Organization hadn't been aware of.

For one, the Thrusting Skies Organization had been contacted by the Cloud Race for cooperation. Aleck and their family elders hadn't agreed or disagreed, maintaining a neutral sort of stance.

This told Leonel something very important. The Cloud Race had methods of contacting various families that were nigh undetectable. In fact, they were so precise that they could even weed out potential spies from other families ahead of time so that such information would never leak.

And that was the second thing Leonel learned. Many of the Skies family's spies had suddenly been weeded out one day, with even a few agents of the Etching Metal Organization suffering.

If Leonel was correct, this was likely related to the mind reading abilities of the Cloud Race. How could they perfectly replicate another's identity if they weren't also able to go through and replicate all of their memories?

The Cloud Race was likely using this method to gain the trust of many families all while implanting their own spies. Leonel didn't believe that there weren't any members of the Cloud Race that had remained behind, and as expected, Leonel did find one among the elders, one that was very much against Aleck's sudden change.

The change caught Aleck and the elders off guard, but the battle was equally as abrupt and short. Surrounded from all sides, there was simply nothing the Cloud Race individual could do.

In the end, Leonel ended up taking their corpse into a snowglobe. He had learned quite a bit about the Cloud Race through the Void Library, but there was little that could compare to having the real thing in his possession.

The last thing of interest that Leonel learned that wasn't part of the Etching Metal Organization's information was actually related to the Chaotic Water Sector. This time, it wasn't due to the organization's missing it, but rather because that Sector wasn't within their jurisdiction as such they only had some miscellaneous information about it.

According to Aleck, the Cloud Race was targeting very key Sectors that contained natural resources of note.

At first, Leonel was a bit confused by this.

The Chaotic Water Sector, at least before the Cloud Race arrived, was about as powerful as the Thrusting Skies Sector. Both were semi-impressive, but nothing to write home about in the grand scheme. There were dozens of Sectors on their level.

So why them?

The obvious answer was that it was much harder to infiltrate the stronger families, and this was what Leonel had always assumed, until Aleck turned his perspective on his head.

The Chaotic Water name, and Thrusting Skies for that matter, all came about for a reason.

The Chaotic Water Sector was known not only for its exceptionally dense Water Force, but namely a very unique galaxy known as the Chaotic Water Galaxy where this thickness reached its apex. In that place, Water Force was so high in concentration that it suppressed all other things, even to the point that all colors were tinged with a slight hint of blackish blue.

The closer you got to the center of this galaxy, the more exaggerated the effects, until you finally did make it to the center and walking through the air felt like wading through water.

The Thrusting Skies Sector had a very special Galaxy much like this but instead for Lightning.

That was when it clicked for Leonel.

The point of this wasn't the resources, at least not in their current state. Rather, the Cloud Race was interested in monopolizing these resources after Earth's evolution influenced them to evolve themselves!

If Leonel was correct, if the Skies family allowed their World Spirit to be assimilated by his mother's World Spirit and allowed their heritage to fade, the evolution of their Galaxy would skyrocket and very soon, the resources on hand would become almost too many to spend even in several lifetimes.

In a place of such high Force concentration of a single kind, just the sheer amount of Force and Pure Force Crystals would be mind boggling, let alone the other natural treasures that might appear.

When Leonel got to this point in his thought process, he looked toward Aleck.

He didn't know why he hadn't thought of it before. If he wanted to assure the loyalty of these families, this was the obvious way to do it.

Leonel grinned. This changed everything.

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Chapter 1832: Mourning

1832 Mourning These families were all fighting back so hard against Earth, not realizing that this was doing nothing other than hindering their own progress.

Aleck hesitated for the first time in a long while. Assimilating with Earth wasn't just about power, but they felt like they were losing a part of themselves in doing so. Although their World Spirit would eventually give way no matter what they did, unless they could somehow conquer Earth, it still felt... off, almost like they were abandoning their ancestors.

Leonel chuckled a bit inwardly, not pressing Aleck very hard. In truth, the Patriarch had already exceeded his expectations in this regard. The man was much smarter than he had originally given him credit for.

Ultimately, this was a problem of the Human Domain, not just Earth. Humans weren't a cohesive whole, nor did they follow the same strict sort of hierarchy standards and paths that other races did. This was both their strength and their greatest weakness.

To a Rapax, being assimilated by another Rapax family might feel bad, but they were ultimately the same people, with the same heritage, and the same culture and thoughts. More importantly, they also all followed the same paths.

In the human race, there were no obvious markers of nobility and peasant, or the greater thans and lesser thans. This caused those at the bottom of the rung to have a chance to climb up so long as they put in enough effort and got lucky enough, but it was also the reason why even with such obvious benefits right before them, these families were reluctant to take the obvious choice.

Aleck took a breath and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again, they had some resolution in them.

"You say that if we assimilate, our evolutionary potential will rise?"

"Immediately." Leonel said without hesitation. "Your children, as of this generation, will begin to be people of Earth. My grandfather also has a method of shortening the five generation period and allowing your talents to catch up almost immediately, however this will require loyalty and contributions on your part.

"Even so, without these contributions, you'll be able to directly take part in the evolution of your resources. Your weaker territories will quickly catch up, and your main resource, the Thrusting Skies Galaxy, will become a hundredfold more valuable."

Aleck nodded slowly and pressed a hand to his chest. He took a deep breath and his eyes watered.

Leonel's gaze sharpened when he saw this.

He could feel Aleck's emotion, he was clearly distraught by this decision. Leonel felt that he was wrong about something for the very first time in a very long while.

"Is this normal? Am I too heartless on this topic? Or is there something else going on?"

Leonel's gaze shifted toward the elders of the Skies family and they all looked equally as distraught. Many of them even had to be held back by others, but there was clear murderous intention in their eyes while they were looking at Leonel.

Leonel hadn't been alive to experience a divided Earth. The only Earth he knew was a single united nation under the Ascension Empire. Skin tone, race, culture, it had never mattered, so Leonel never really thought about it either.

This was the first time Leonel was seeing such a visceral reaction related to one's pride in their country and their fellow man.

Back on Ancient Earth, there were probably any number of smaller nations that may have led better lives by obediently handing the reins over to a large nation, but how many of them chose to do that? How many wanted to do that?

Aleck was willing to open up his family and show Leonel their everything, but when it came to this decision, one that Leonel felt was a no-brainer, he felt deeply hurt and troubled.

Leonel's sharp gaze softened and his oppressive air cooled somewhat. Still, somewhere deep inside, he felt like there was something he had missed.

'... I remember back when I cleared my first Zone and met Uncle Montez, he had said that as one of the first four to succeed, I should have received a quarter of the World Spirit with a chance to fuse them into one in the future. However, it had already chosen its owner long ago, so I lost that chance forever...

'... It chose... It chose.. could the World Spirit be sentient?'

If that was true, then wouldn't the World Spirit have all the same instincts as any other living being? An instinct to survive? An instinct to evolve?

And if that was the case, what would be the best way to do that? Wouldn't it be to stoke an undying devotion in the people it served?

Leonel felt a slight hint of guilt within. Even he found it difficult to just dismiss these very real emotions that Aleck and the others were feeling as the mere manipulations of a semi-sentient spirit. However, at the same time, he had to acknowledge it as part of the equation.

The troubling part was that, in practice, the truth didn't matter. No matter what had caused it, the fact was that most people would feel this level of devotion toward their World Spirit.

The more powerful the World Spirit, the more powerful these feelings would likely be.

Unless he could find the right combination of circumstances, getting people to give up their World Spirits willingly might be an almost impossible task, and Leonel wasn't sure if taking it by force was possible.

While he could kill the wielder, the World Spirit didn't have to follow him, and given what Leonel knew about them, he wouldn't be able to catch it either. Only if he was a member of the World Spirit's world would it follow him so simply.

Aleck pulled his hand away from his chest and raised it into the air.

A mournful cry spread across the Thrusting Skies Sector and the entire region shook.

Within the Ascension Empire, Emperor Fawkes looked up with an unreadable expression before he suddenly chuckled.

"Interesting.

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Chapter 1833: Young Man

1833 Young Man

[Representations of Leonel's light half of the Northern Star Lineage Factor on my instagram :) @awespec__]

Leonel left the Skies family in a semi-foul mood. The mourning of the Skies people left him with a sour taste in his mouth that he had expected. He seemed to be feeling something beyond him, but it wouldn't be until years from now that Leonel understood where this bitterness was coming from, much the same way it would be a long while before he understood where his love of Aina came from.

In this very same foul mood, Leonel crossed the universe and appeared above the Oryx's territory.

The race of people were quite secluded. They lived on just a single planet in a barren solar system, completely out of the way of others.

Due to the circumstances, it was almost too easy for them to spot Leonel's arrival.

Maybe it was due to his mood, but Leonel even somewhat hoped that the Oryx would resist. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately in most respects, that didn't come to be. Elthor's words to his father seemed to have struck a chord.

This time, when Leonel stood before the Oryx King, the latter had a hint of respect in his eyes that had never been there before. Even now, the Oryx

King couldn't fathom how Leonel had ignored such temptation, but if there was a chance to be taken, it made sense for him to take it on Leonel.

The Oryx King didn't expect the conditions to be as smooth sailing as they were in the past, he could understand this concept quite well. However, when Leonel finished laying out his conditions, he still couldn't help but sigh.

Most of them were fine, but the final one left the most bitter taste in his mouth. Leonel wanted them all to move to Earth and become official citizens. Once they did that, he would allow bygoners to remain bygoners.

With that move, much of the comfort and calm lives the Oryx had been granted would be over.

King Oryx really only had himself to blame for all of this. Leonel had wanted to treat them well and as one of his own, but what he received in return wasn't the mutual respect he had been expecting. Instead, he found rudeness, indifference, and although it was subtle, mockery.

The various Oryx elders were not happy with Leonel's demands at all, but the Oryx King simply raised a hand to stop them all.

"I will accept your demands so long as my people can have a large city of our own."

"You can have the entire Moon," Leonel said casually.

He had recently razed the Moon and all of its structures to the ground, but much like the recovery of a Seventh Dimensional individual couldn't possibly compare to a Third Dimensional one, so too was the case for Seventh Dimensional worlds. By now, the Moon had already recovered and was once again filled with lush forests and rushing waters. The only unfortunate part was that its wildlife had suffered a blow, though the most powerful of the land and sea creatures were most definitely still alive.

"Then I'll thank you in advance," King Oryx said with a slight hint of relief in his tone. This was better than what he had expected, and he had a feeling that Leonel had done things like this on purpose.

"You all can have half a month to prepare and move out. I will prepare everything in the meantime."

The meeting was just as short as the one he had had with the Skies family. At a certain point, when you held enough strength in your hands, things became much easier.

In the past, getting people to follow him was like pulling teeth. But now, Leonel had a solid base for himself, one that made him more than confident in facing and dealing with the world.

*%

As Leonel was beginning to feel much better and even quite confident, his number of enemies still seemed to be multiplying. This only seemed to be more of the case after Leonel began to assimilate one region after another, displaying efficiency the Ascension Empire had never displayed before and putting smiles on the faces of the Ministers of Earth.

In just a week, not only had Leonel assimilated the whole of the Thrusting Skies Sector, but within the Three Pillar Sector, over 60% of the galaxies had had their World Spirits assimilated with Earth.

Of course, the vast majority of this 60% came from the Umbra, Midas, Radix and Florer families which were considered quite powerful in the Three Pillar Sector. As for the remaining

40%, it was essentially entirely under the control of the Viola family that suddenly found itself surrounded by enemies from all sides.

After this was completed, Leonel had a meeting with his grandfather about allowing some to have Earth citizenship. Leonel never asked his grandfather how he could skip over the five generation rule, nor did Emperor Fawkes seem to have any intention of explaining, but the two stubborn men surprisingly worked quite well together.

Leonel granted the Oryx Race full citizenship to Earth. Their current members gained about 50% of the Blessings of Earth, while their next generation of children would gain all 100%.

Leonel also set aside this blessing for the most loyal members of the Etching Metal Organization, although they had yet to come out of seclusion, and also a few select geniuses of the Umbra, Midas, Radix and Florer.

All the while, the suffocating pressure Rychard and the Viola family were experiencing only increased day after day.

Leonel didn't seem to be in a rush to crush Rychard at all.

His first move had caused the death of many of Rychard's elites and crippled him of his allyships with the Chaotic Water Sector and the Thrusting Skies Sector.

Now, Leonel was just silently chipping away at him, sealing off his path to resources, squeezing his business dry, suffocating his lines of communication.

Just two months after Rychard's attempted sneak attack on Earth's territory, he sat in his family's throne room with a tight grip on his arm rests. At that moment, the aura of the throne seemed to be far less imposing.

He couldn't remember when it had all gone wrong..

No, he could. The moment he "killed" Leonel, it seemed that things hadn't stopped going wrong. Although he didn't want to admit it, he was being outplayed by someone. And no matter how much he hated it, that someone seemed to be Leonel himself.

Rychard took a breath, controlling his breathing.

He had gone through too much to lose like this.

Far too much.

Rychard opened his eyes and someone had appeared before him without even his knowledge. However, he didn't seem surprised by the appearance of this person at all.

If Leonel had been there, unlike Rychard, he would have been very surprised. That was because the person standing before Rychard was none other than Orinik, the very same young man that had overseen his selection on Planet Luxnix and the very same young man who had tried to profit off of his and Aina's "death" in the Dwarven Race Zone.

What this young man who probably should have been in the Void Palace was doing here of all places was something maybe only he and the unsurprised Rychard were aware of.

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Chapter 1834: Endure

1834 Endure

"You're here..." Rychard said lightly.

Orinik gently patted down the slight wrinkles in his clothing. He was just as immaculately dressed as dressed, his robes looking like an evolved three-piece suit held together by a few chains of gold and silver. Even so, it didn't feel gaudy or nouveau riche. He carried the air of a refined gentleman, and air that was even sharper than it had been in the past now that he wasn't forced to wear the Void Palace's uniform.

Orinik looked much the same as he had in the past, the only difference being that he now had a beard, which was of course perfectly groomed. What was interesting, though, was that his beard had neat strands of silver hair, a nice contrast to his dark skin. This was odd, though, since he didn't seem to have aged at the same rate as Rychard. He seemed to be the same youth he was in the past.

"If I didn't come, wouldn't you have ruined everything?" Orinik asked lightly.

Rychard wasn't enraged by these words, or maybe it just took more than this alone to enrage him.

"If you can point out to me where I've ruined everything, I would actually very much appreciate it. Even now, I'm not sure where things went wrong," Rychard replied.

"Isn't it obvious to you yet? You've been played."

"By who?"

"By who else? Leonel Morales."

Rychard's gaze narrowed and he looked toward Orinik deeply.

"Explain." He eventually asked.

"You showed your hand too early. You're not as detached from this as you thought. If you wanted a chance for a sneak attack to work, then you should have let him trample all over you during his visit. There are no information networks that are infallible, if they hadn't been specifically looking for signs of your action because you led them like calves to the river to exactly what they needed, things wouldn't have happened like this. Or at the very least, your losses wouldn't have been so devastating."

"And how does the destruction of the Chaotic Water Sector fall into all of this?" Rychard asked.

"This is something we still don't have the whole picture on, but the information released by Shield Cross Stars should be at least semi-accurate. It's just unlucky. They were destroyed before we could make use of them properly, but this is also a favor to us. The variables in Earth's territory are now at a minimum."

Rychard's gaze narrowed. "You knew that they were of the Cloud Race."

"Not completely, but we had our speculations. Regardless, since they weren't part of the cause, they were destined to be destroyed. They were part of the previous world order, they're part of the very system that deserves to be taken down. That Graros character didn't hesitate to sacrifice one of his own sons for the sake of power, what right does he have to be one of us?"

Orinik's expression was placid, but the sneer seemed to be clear in his voice.

"Then what do you want to do, exactly?"

"We wait," Orinik said coldly. "Very soon, Earth won't be able to deal properly with its own internal struggles."

Rychard's gaze narrowed. "Weren't they destroyed?"

"Those four families aren't as simple as they seem. In the Cataclysm Zone, the region I went to was under the control of the Laevis family. There's something very fishy about all of this. Those four families might not be human at all."

Rychard's pupils constricted. "Not human?"

"Not human may not be the correct way to say it. They may not be humans of our Human Domain is a more... accurate statement."

After saying this, Orinik turned and began to leave. "Endure for now. Very soon, you won't have to endure anymore enduring."

Rychard watched as Orinik vanished without a word.

He too had heard inklings of those four families in the Cataclysm Zone. His assumption had always been that it was Zone was a marker of the end times of the Human Domain, a Zone demarking a future where those four families took precedence, a Zone where, much like Terrain of the path, it was created to give them an opportunity to survive.

This assumption seemed perfect to him, especially since the Human Domain was facing threats from other races. The Cloud Race had already infiltrated so deeply and the others were only waiting for their opportunity to pounce.

But Orinik's conclusion seemed to be different. Of them all. for some reason. Orinik seemed to be the most mysterious for reasons he couldn't put his finger on. Although Orinik had come from a family much stronger than the Viola, in the grand scheme of the Human Domain, they were nothing more than ants, being even weaker than the current Thrusting Skies Sector or the former Chaotic Water Sector.

Even so, upon his return, Orinik had elevated the status of his family even faster than he had.

Rychard had been convinced that no one could have gained from the Cataclysm Generation more than he had, but then he met Orinik. And now, Leonel seemed to have returned with a vengeance and had, according to Orinik, been leading him by the nose.

Endure, huh?

He had already been enduring for almost three decades, even a few more months wasn't a big deal to him. All he had to do was be ready when the time came.

Unfortunately for Rychard, Orinik wasn't the only intelligent man in existence. Leonel had known weeks ago that he had yet to destroy those four families completely and he knew what kind of danger they posed.

So why would he let Rychard survive for longer than he had to? Just when Rychard thought that Leonel might try to suffocate him to death, a month later, an all out war erupted, executing a sneak attack Rychard could only dream of.

In a single half night, half of Rychard's territory vanished and another quarter was swallowed up as he commanded a tactical retreat. By morning, only the Three Pillar Galaxy remained.

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Chapter 1835: Bitter

1835 Bitter Leonel stood on the bow of the flagship, his gaze cold. He had yet to step onto the battlefield, all he had done was direct, and yet he without a doubt had the most blood on his hands.

His commands were incisive, and often outright cruel to his enemies. A tactician who could envision a battlefield that spanned across several galaxies was definitely not one to be trifled with, and that was precisely the kind of commander that Leonel was.

Whether it was on the micro level or the macro level, he took it all into account. He could avoid detrimental battlefields on scales as small as individual cities, and seek out positive battle situations on scales as large as the galaxies themselves with ease.

Usually, commanders would have to delegate tasks, trusting those under them to deal with these small scale matters. But Leonel had taken it all on his shoulders and he didn't seem to be flustered in the slightest. In fact, he seemed to still have time to enjoy the scenery around him as his nigh countless split minds all dealt with individual tasks of their own, sending information across light years.

Rychard sat in his throne room with his hands tightly holding onto his throne's armrests. These days, he seemed to be facing greater and greater issues with maintaining his usual calm.

Before he had met Leonel and Aina, he had always been a calm and calculating individual. It was only after meeting them, and Aina in specific, that he began to lose his temper more and more frequently. And now, as though to rub this in, the moment they appeared in his life once again, it was happening once more.

After a moment, Rychard exhaled a breath. Every few minutes, he received reports of another loss. It was time that he join the battlefield personally. Only like this would he be able to turn things around.

But before he could step foot out of the throne room, he was blocked by a familiar figure.

Rychard met Orinik's gaze.

"You enter and exit my territory with greater ease than even I do. Don't you have a family to manage?" Rychard asked coldly.

Orinik simply shook his head, but it was clear that he wasn't replying to Rychard's question. He was taking a stance on Rychard's previous actions.

"You're asking me to not go and support my family?" Rychard's gaze turned bloodshot.

"Now isn't the time. You'll only be going out there to die. Individual power hardly means anything on a scale like this one unless you can fit all of your assets, family members and allies onto just a single planet. Can you do it?"

"I don't have to do that!" Rychard roared, his voice losing its calmness entirely. "All I have to do is Kill that son of a bitch!"

"While he's protected by a Tier 2 Star Flagship of Shield Cross Stars? Do you like the idea of suicide that much?"

Rychard clenched his jaw. "You said I just had to endure. You said so long as I endured, I wouldn't have to endure any longer very soon. What are your words if not a useless pile of shit?!"

"My words are still the same as they were back just a month ago. Endure. We have miscalculated this matter and Leonel is a stronger opponent than we assumed him to be. Until you realize that the game has changed and some pawns have become Kings, you will lose and continue to lose."

Who would have thought that Leonel was returned now of all times? Not only that he would return, but even manage to steal such a weapon of war? And even worse than that, he would seemingly have returned with strength that was undefeatable within the Sixth Dimension and even have an ability that allowed him to battle against individuals of the Seventh?

Hearing these words, although Rychard's eyes were still bloodshot, he was taking deep breaths.

Indeed, the game had changed.

Their original plans were made taking into account those four families and the pressure they put on Earth. But the moment Leonel had returned, he not only did so with a fierce momentum, but he directly wiped them out, destroying the knife Earth had pointed at their backs.

On top of that, he seemed to now have an information network that placed the happenings of Earth's territory in the very palm of his hand. Almost nothing happened without his knowledge.

"Retreat, Rychard. I've prepared an escape pad for you. Take your closest remaining family members, the most elite of your people, and come with me."

Rychard remained silent for a long time before closing his eyes.

Eyes still closed, he spoke. "This is what you've wanted from the very beginning, right?"

"An ally as strong as you? Of course." Orinik replied lightly.

"We were already allies," Rychard replied. "What I mean is my life line being in the palm of your hands. Everything will be under your control from now on, right?"

"If you want to see things that way, I can't stop you, Rychard. But you should also understand that if you're under my leadership, not only will things run more smoothly, but I guarantee you will get your revenge, very soon, at that. In fact, the "destruction" of your family will only help.

"You cannot say that I did not give you a chance to do things on your own. I have been completely hands off of Earth's territory and have allowed you to form alliances as you please.

Have I ever tried to direct you or control what you've done?"

Rychard was silent because he knew that the answer was no. At least in this respect, Orinik was sincere.

"You do not have to worry. I have a hatred for Leonel no deeper than yours, and soon, he'll also come to experience what it means to be trapped in a web of schemes he can't extricate himself from. The taste of his own medicine will be especially bitter."

Rychard clenched his fists and his jaw before he relaxed, his calm returned and the crimson fading from his eyes.

"I will follow you."

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Chapter 1836: Trust Me

1836 Trust Me Leonel stood over the war torn Planet Viola with the very same indifferent expression, unmoved by it all.

'He isn't here. ❖❖

These were the only thoughts Leonel had toward Rychard since the start of this war. He hadn't taken the latter seriously at all. But he had predicted that there was a better than 80%

likelihood that Rychard would lose his temper and attempt one final all out assault against him before he perished with the remains of his family.

However, not only had Rychard not done that, he seemed to have vanished without a trace. There were only two conclusions Leonel could see for this. Either Rychard had evolved more as a man that he had initially given him credit for, or someone else had interfered.

Almost as soon as he had these two thoughts, Leonel knew that it was the latter of the two. If he hadn't met Rychard face to face already, he would have thought it to be the 30-70 toss up, where the likelihood of the first option was 30%. But he had, so Leonel knew there was a better than 95% chance that it was the second option.

The real question, though, was who would be able to steer Rychard off of his path of murder and destruction.

Just putting himself in Rychard's shoes, Leonel knew that he would be livid. Rychard had had his family destroyed once, but back then, the Luxnix had

only attacked the main family branch, went meant that almost all of the Viola family's side branches had survived to live out suppressed existences. However, that had happened again, but this time in reverse as Rychard seemed to have escaped with most of his elites.

In one way or another, his family had been forcefully suppressed twice over. Even a monk would find themselves at the end of their rope, let alone someone like Rychard.

To be talked down from a ledge, whoever this person was had to both be highly intelligent and highly respected by Rychard. And, maybe most importantly, this person should be quite likely to have a close relationship with Rychard.

'A woman? Less likely due to Rychard's previous trauma related to these matters. He also didn't have a second throne in his throne room, so he's unlikely to have a wife, or at least a wife he deems to be his equal.

'A respected minister? Also unlikely. Those ministers of his blindly worshipped him and they were almost all exceptionally young. If Rychard said to run through a brick wall, they wouldn't hesitate. Those people wouldn't have the mind to ask him to turn around, and even if they did, Rychard wouldn't listen to them.

'The only explanation then is that this person comes from outside of the Viola family, likely an ally or a friend, probably both given the circumstances. In that case, likely someone from the Void Palace, also likely someone who experienced similar to near identical circumstances as himself in the Cataclysm Zone.

'In that case, there's a better than 60% likelihood that this person is from a background that's not too powerful and also happens to have a World Spirit that gave them an advantage within the Cataclysm Zone.

"Interesting..."

Leonel's gaze flickered and he turned to his right.

"Yuri, what families had the largest sudden boost in recent times."

Yuri blinked, clearly not expecting for Leonel to suddenly ask her such a question.

"... There are a lot. But if you mean the ones who've displayed the most improvement, there's probably only three prominent ones. One is the Viola family," Yuri cast a glance toward the planet below them, "the second is the Eamon family, and the last is the Etazi family."

"Eamon and Etazi? What do you know about them?"

"Not much. They were fairly middle of the road in the past and they're not exactly bigshots now either. It's just that their improvement is disproportionate to the amount of time that has passed. They were formerly in the bottom rung of Seventh Dimensional Sectors, now they're nearer the middle."

"Is that all?"

"There's not much other than that. There might be even weaker families than that that have had larger overall improvement, but no one pays much attention to the Sixth Dimension given the scales of things."

Leonel nodded.

Unfortunately, Leonel didn't know anything about Orinik's background, because if he had, he would have recognized the Etazi last name as being Orinik's family name!

"Emna." Leonel called out.

Suddenly, a flash of light appeared to Leonel's left like a bolt of lightning before a young woman stepped out from its midst.

"Yes! mn

"The Eamon and Etazi families... During the expansion, tell the higher ups to focus on the two of them."

Emna's brows raised.

The Etching Metal Organization was, indeed, preparing for expansion so that they could be properly prepared for the coming Heirs Wars. But originally, they were going to focus on the larger fish. This sudden pivot was unexpected.

"Don't worry about it," Leonel said with a wave of his hand. "I have a feeling that there won't be enough time for the organization to expand adequately enough to be useful in the Heir Wars."

Emna's brows jumped again.

Not enough time? The Heirs Wars wouldn't start until Leonel entered the Seventh Dimension, no one would even blame Leonel if he purposely delayed a bit. Even the quickest estimate was a decade, although that was a bit of a time crunch, Emna was confident that as they became more powerful with Leonel's backing, they could do it even half that time if they really went all out.

So why was Leonel saying this now?

Leonel smiled and didn't explain. "Just trust me."

"Okay!" Emna nodded.

When Emna vanished, so too did Leonel's smile. Yuri looked toward his side profile, wondering where the naive boy of back then went.

Even as this conversation came to a close, news of the unification of Earth's Sector spread like wildfire, there was simply no hiding it.

Leonel had only just come back, and yet Earth's turmoil, or at the very least the worst of it, had been suppressed in less than a single year.

The Human Domain was lit ablaze.

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Chapter 1837: Peace

1837 Peace

[Just two chapters today, but I will upload three on Saturday]

Earth's territory had been in shambles for a long while, only for news of its sudden stabilization to spread like wildfire. No one had ever expected that the return of a Sixth Dimensional prince would cause such commotion.

When Noah heard the news, he could only smile somewhat bitterly. He had been back home for a long while already, but he had been entirely focused on increasing his own strength.

He didn't believe that he was powerful enough to force Earth's territory into submission, so he had been trying his best to quickly reach that point.

However, Leonel seemed to have flipped that notion on his head. When Noah last saw him, he was only at Tier 1, and yet he had already wiped out the four families. Now he was at Tier

3 and in just a few months had forced the Thrusting Skies Sector to bend the knee and forced the Viola family out. If Noah knew that Leonel was also responsible for the destruction of the Chaotic Water Sector as well, he might very well have to drink his sorrows away.

He could still remember seeing Leonel that day. Despite having already stepped foot into the Seventh Dimension himself, he had still felt small. Maybe he really was too bogged down by tradition and doing things the right way. Leonel didn't seem to care about what made sense in the eyes of others, he simply acted to crush those who would deem to stand in his way.

Noah could still remember that feeling of weakness after being captured as a slave by the people of that Zone. If not for Leonel, who knows what would have happened to him.

The impact of Myghell had been especially exaggerated. In fact, ever since their return to the Human Domain, Noah hadn't seen Myghell even once, it was impossible to tell where he had gone considering the vastness of the universe, but that was definitely a blight on his heart that he couldn't get rid of easily.

The gap felt almost too large.

Shield Cross Stars had less complex feelings about this matter, mostly because there wasn't anything to feel other than rage. They had been booted out of Earth's territory, and just when they thought that Earth would suffer for their choice, what actually happened was its stabilization. With the contrast between the two states, how could they not be infuriated?

Didn't this paint them out to be incompetent?

What was even worse than this was that more and more everyday, Cross Elder Avan kept getting the feeling that he was being forced to do someone else's dirty work. "Graros"

laughter at his expense still echoed in his mind.

The more he thought about it, the more he realized who benefited the most from the collapse of the Chaotic Water Sector, and the more the image of that annoying, smiling brat appeared in his mind. He didn't want to believe it, he refused to believe it, and yet it would practically wake him up in his dreams.

His temper became so poor that most simply began to avoid him entirely, and things only became worse when it became clear how difficult it would be to get any sort of information out of "Graros".

Rather than dealing with the methods of Shield Cross Stars, "Graros" simply entered a deep hibernation unique to their race, cutting off his senses from the world and burying his mind. Not only did this make him immune to torture since he couldn't feel anything, it also made probing and reading his mind nigh impossible due to the complex maze that was the Cloud Race's Cloud Figure.

The only drawback of this hibernation state was the fact that ""Graros" could only rely on another member of his race to wake him up as he couldn't do so naturally. But even so, he chose to take this route without hesitation, frustrating Avan to an extreme.

This time, even the reinforced desks couldn't survive his wrath. In just a week, he went through three of them, each one worth tens of times the yearly revenue of a powerful Sixth Dimensional city.

Shield Cross Stars weren't the only ones frustrated, the other Sectors eyeing Earth's next expansion and the remaining territories within Earth's who knew they were next were all frustrated. They had thought that they could just sit on the sidelines and reap the benefits when the time came, but reality was often cruel.

The systematic oppression they faced under Leonel's leadership was suffocating, and the most shocking part was that Earth's core armies never made a single move, still silently improving themselves in the main region of Earth's territory.

Leonel utilized Shield Cross Star's flagship and many somewhat lesser quality warriors to completely rout them, leaving them no chance for retaliation. There was simply nothing to take advantage of, and those that remained within Earth's territory knew that they would be next the moment Leonel finished consolidating everything in the Three Pillar Sector.

However, to their surprise, after crushing the rest of the Viola family's opposition and swallowing up their territories, Leonel came to a full and complete stop.

Those watching from the sidelines felt their hearts go cold upon seeing this.

Nat an h wae T.eanel vniino and nawerfiil hit hic cammand of the hattlefield wae ninlike anvthino thew had ever ceen hefare Vanno ctrateocicte nften let their cniccece cland their judgment and often pressed too hard once they had gained an advantage, not realizing that it only took a single mistake to lose everything.

Compared to others, Leonel had even more of a right to be cocky. He had subdued two entire Sectors in just a few months, why shouldn't he feel arrogant?

And yet, despite having a clear and strategic advantage, and having the momentum necessary to stake a claim onto the rest of Earth's territory, he did nothing of the sort, pulling back and retreating into the darkness in complete silence as though nothing had happened at all...

However, in that silence, what rang the loudest was peace.

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Chapter 1838: And Yet..

1838 And Yet..

Leonel sat in silence, his thoughts unreadable. It was hard to tell whether he was happy or unsatisfied with what was going on around him despite the fact that it was a clear and undeniable victory on his part.

In his mind, though, Leonel was quite unsatisfied. He didn't believe that there was anything to be happy about at all. As far as he was concerned, the

moment he came back, this result was essentially inevitable. Was there a need to be happy or prideful about something that was guaranteed?

It had been about half a month since the collapse of the Viola family and the Etching Metal Organization had already begun to work on Leonel's asks. In fact, a preliminary report on those two families had already been given to Leonel and he had circled one very important thing.

Head of the Etazi family: Orinik Etazi.

It was a simple bit of information, one accessible to almost anyone even without such a large and robust information network. And yet, when Leonel saw it, his lip couldn't help but curl into a sneer.

His relationship with Orinik couldn't be said to have started off with the latter being in the wrong. In the eyes of Orinik, Leonel was someone who had relied on his mother to gain a position that he didn't deserve, and that much was true.

However, after stepping foot into the Void Palace, it was Orinik spreading this information that put the life of not only Leonel, but also Aina and the others in danger. Spreading it wasn't particularly the problem, the real issue stemmed from who he had spread it to. There was deliberate and malicious intent in his actions.

Not long after that, Leonel and Aina entered the Dwarven Race Zone and Orinik once again took advantage of that situation in an attempt to make money off of their deaths, a choice he paid dearly for at the hands of Leonel.

In reality, neither of these two things deserved death. Whether he had malicious intent in the first case or not didn't matter because if he chose to spread the information, it would have reached the ears of those people regardless. At the same time, when it came to the matters surrounding the Dwarven Zone, just because it left a poor taste in Leonel's mouth, didn't mean that it was worthy of death either.

Due to these reasons, Leonel had never really given Orinik much thought after he had gone through so much. He wasn't interested in dealing with such things anymore and he had bigger fish to fry. But to his surprise, Orinik insisted on becoming one of those bigger fish.

Leonel flipped through the documents in just a few moments before setting them down. There was absolutely nothing special about them, but this was only the first round. It took time to lay down proper networks and communication paths, he didn't expect anything more than this at this stage.

'It should be about time that Anastasia finished. I'll see what I can find out about the Silver Empire's inheritance before the tribulation descends.'

"When are you going to let me go?"

The voice knocked Leonel out of his state of focus. He looked to the side to find that Harmony had come to the bow of the ship.

"You want the serious answer?" Leonel asked.

"Obviously." Harmony said, annoyed.

It could be said that a large part of why Leonel was able to crush so many armies with relatively average talent was because he used Harmony like his sharpest blade, sending her to all the most troublesome areas.

She had done her job well... not that she had much of a choice.

"Okay. You can go after I destroy the Three Finger Cult."

Harmony's pupils constricted. The murderous intent coming off of Leonel in waves suddenly made her realize that if it wasn't for the fact he owed her sister a favor, he really wouldn't have hesitated to slaughter her in cold blood.

After a moment, Harmony exhaled a breath. "You have no idea what you're dealing with. Even your father hasn't succeeded, let alone you."

Leonel's aura receded and he chuckled as he stood to his feet.

"I don't know why that old man's dragging his feet, but I guarantee it has little to do with you all. There are larger things at play. I dare to say that no one in the universe can look my old man in the eye."

Harmony frowned. Wasn't Leonel too confident about things he knew nothing about?

But her skepticism made sense. She had heard all sorts of disparaging remarks about the so-called "cowardly" Velasco from the Cult. In fact, the

higher ups seemed to go out of their way to be certain that everyone knew how little they respected him.

"You're talking nonsense."

"Am I?" Leonel stretched out his hips, his lip curling into a smile. "In that case, why don't you ask yourself the same question in reverse."

After saying this, Leonel turned and left, leaving Harmony quite stunned.

Indeed... Velasco was just one man while they were an entire organization. What pride was there in saying he couldn't take them down? Wasn't the real question to ask why it was that after all these years, they hadn't been able to kill him?

Also, it wasn't as though Velasco's location was unknown. He had spent nearly 18 years, almost two decades, in the same spot, living in the same house, sitting on the same couch. He was entirely casual about his actions, and if he could figure out a method to enter a Third Dimensional world with his strength, with the resources of the Three Finger Cult, why couldn't they?

And yet, they hadn't even made an attempt to kill him in that time as far as Harmony was aware...

During those two decades, Velasco couldn't practice, he had no Force to absorb, no higher energies to meditate upon, no method of improvement... But they still did absolutely nothing to him.

Harmony's gaze snapped back just in time to see Leonel's back view vanishing. For some reason, she felt as though her heart was pounding out of her chest.

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Chapter 1839: Symbiotic

1839 Symbiotic

[More chapters on the way, just got a bit of a late start today... *cough*]

Leonel entered the Segmented Cube and didn't disturb Aina. Instead, he went right to Anastasia to see what she might have found out about the inheritance until now.

Quite frankly, he was quite curious. It wasn't just about the inheritance itself, but also its method of transferring its benefits. Leonel had only been in contact with a third of the inheritance for a small while, and yet it had permanently altered his heart size and shape without him even noticing. Methods on that level were far beyond Leonel's understanding.

Even when it came to the tablet, Leonel could feel the transformation process, and there was even some pain involved, especially when the light and dark halves of his Northern Star Lineage Factor fused into one.

For such sweeping changes to occur to him without even taking note of it... it was one part astonishing and another part somewhat scary. What if instead of benefits, the inheritance had been malicious? What if instead of improving the function of his heart, it added a permanent defect to it? Or what if it removed his heart entirely?

These latter reasons were why Leonel chose to be cautious. If even his senses were useless in checking and monitoring the changes of this inheritance, then diving head first into it might very well be a mistake that he would never be able to extricate himself from.

"Any news?" Leonel stepped into the lab to find a floating little girl.

"This inheritance is quite amazing. If what you said about the Silver Empire being a hotbed for demons was true, then this inheritance is probably the reason they were able to do it.

Just taking on this inheritance would practically make someone immortal. Just the benefits of slowing your heartbeat alone would extend your life by as much as 10%."

Anastasia didn't even look toward Leonel as she spoke, her gaze somewhat vacant. But Leonel was used to this. Unlike he who had to physically use the tools of the lab to get the results he wants, Anastasia was the lab and the lab was her. That vacant look in her was just her exercising her control over her surroundings, and that was made even clearer by the tools and flickering screens in the surroundings.

Leonel didn't seem too surprised by Anastasia's words, though, most of these were his guesses already. Plus, even back on Third Dimensional Earth, the benefits of strengthening the heart and lowering one's resting heart rate were well documented.

"Anything groundbreaking?"

"Everything is about what you would expect. The three parts of the inheritance come together to cause a qualitative change to the body, however the wood part of the inheritance caused the most obvious changes. More valves to the heart, larger sides, more folds in the lungs, more blood vessels, etc.

"The fire part of the inheritance allows you to swallow Fire Force and turn it into strength and vitality that support the wood part.

"The metal part allows you to transfer this vitality from yourself to other objects, namely metal objects, and if you're clever like the Radix family, metal Crafts.

"One part makes you a vessel. Another part strengthens the vessel. The last part allows you to share the strength of your vessel.

"No matter how you slice it, it's an auxiliary Lineage Factor designed for the express purpose of support, but what's odd is that it's not obvious at first glance what it's trying to support. The fire part makes sense, but the transfer to metal objects part feels entirely arbitrary."

"Why does the fire part make sense?"

"Fire has and always will be the foundation of life. It was the first invention. Without its existence, without its warmth, there wouldn't be life as we know it. It could be said that it's even more fundamental in this regard than Life Force."

Leonel frowned when he heard this. It sounded like some nonsense you would read in a book, or some legend about a man like Prometheus. But the way he saw it, the root of fire would always be destruction. It was designed to burn, to combust.

Warmth came not from fire, but from the stars, and stars were decidedly not flames, they were nuclear reactors that took advantage of the exothermic output of volatile chemical reactions. Life could exist without fire, in fact

existence might be better off without it in some respect. But it couldn't make do without stars.

If Anastasia had said the same thing about Water Force, he would have tended to believe her a little bit more. But for Fire Force...?

One just needed to look at the number one Fire Force in all of existence to understand. How could the embodiment of destruction be the number one Fire Force in all of existence if Fire Force was the representation of life?

It didn't compute.

"... if I had to guess why metal was chosen, it's likely because its root is Earth Force. Earth Force is a great stabilizing Force and it can ensure balance. This ties in with the transferring of vitality quite well as well, as it won't allow your body to become overloaded with Life Force that you cannot handle. As such, it allows you to offload some of that weight to another vq y y y y 8

object."

Leonel's gaze narrowed.

'Metal as a stabilizing force... Hold on, Earth Force isn't necessarily entirely disconnected from life. There are real minerals and metals within the human body that have to reach a certain level to maintain one's health.

"Tron, zinc, copper, magnesium, sodium... the list goes on and on. Earth Force is probably even more important to survival and Life Force than Fire Force could ever be? That sort of symbiotic relationship between organic and inorganic..."

Leonel's body trembled and he seemed to have comprehended something. His Bronze Aura triggered outside of his control, but the dazed look in his eyes made it clear and obvious that he didn't notice at all.

Leonel's aura rose like a gentle tide, a far cry from the sudden burst he had experienced at the Umbra family.

Even so, he crossed a major threshold, entering Tier 4.

No data found.

