

## Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 1841: Restrictions |

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1841: Restrictions

1841 Restrictions Not long later, Leonel sat in the midst of the meditating youths of the Radix, Midas and Florer. He seemed to have entirely forgotten about the world around him. Although he was very much present, those who looked at him felt as though he wasn't there at all. Every few minutes, his aura would shift slightly and the mysterious well of Force that surrounded him only became deeper.

Leonel stood in the middle of a world of golden trees, flaming skies and dense rivers of bronze. He walked across the bronze rivers, crossing by the golden trees and feeling the heat of flaming skies above his head.

This was the now complete world, of which he had only seen a portion of before. Last time he was here, there was no ground and no sky, only the trees of gold. But now, the world was truly complete and every step he took felt like he was being baptized by an odd energy.

What was interesting though was that Leonel didn't feel that it was very difficult at all.

The Bronze River should have made his legs heavy, but other than a small slow down, he experienced no other hardships.

The golden trees continuously flooded his body with vitality, trying to test to see where his limits lay, but he continuously broke through them as though they didn't exist in the first place.

The flaming skies above were supposed to burn his skin, to scorch his will through, to raze him down to nothing more than a pile of ashes... but compared to the three other challenges, this one was by far the easiest. He had two Scarlet Star Force Innate Nodes within his body, how could normal flames hope to burn him?

As he walked forward, the bronze rivers rushed with more vigor, the golden trees shone with more vitality, and the normal flames in the skies became something even more sinister than that, but Leonel only continued to walk forward without the slightest pause.

In the outside world, Leonel's once gentle breath became like hurricane force winds. He didn't seem to be trying very hard, and yet all of the air in the surrounding hundreds of meters surged toward him uncontrollably.

Without a choice, the elders could only evacuate the children in the vicinity. They had yet to see such an exaggerated result from meditating on the inheritance, but they had seen somewhat similar results before.

Somewhere deep inside, they had hoped that Leonel's results wouldn't be as successful as theirs, in one part due to selfishness, and another part due to them wanting to maintain their usefulness to him. But after seeing this, they knew for a fact that Leonel was simply on a different level.

Even the two most talented among them, Grey and Magoron took weeks to reach this level, but Leonel had only been here for a few minutes.

Golden flames suddenly took life and danced across Leonel's skin before being absorbed by him and vanishing.

Leonel's hair began to grow out to exaggerated length. Soon it had pooled so much that his body could hardly be seen. It was quite a beautiful sight, just endless strands of filaments exuding a gentle pale purple light. It looked like the hair of a deity.

At the same time, Leonel's Bronze Aura appeared once again, becoming thicker and thicker until it bordered an almost dark mustard to dark gold color. It solidified to the point it looked almost as though Leonel had gotten a harsh spray tan that didn't compliment him well at all. But then it infused into his skin and seemed to vanish entirely.

Just when it vanished, Leonel took another step within the trial world and it appeared again in the outside world, this time rippling outward with wild abandon. This time, however, the Bronze Aura had gained a tinge of a violet light to it, making it look particularly royal and majestic. This violet hue only continued to grow.

Right then, in the depths of Leonel's blood, the faint outline of a sixth set of doors began to form.

Across the universe, in the depths of the Morales family hold land, three mountain sized incense sticks continued to burn with a gentle light as the elders meditate in silence, the commotion of the world seemingly having nothing at all to do with them. Until, all at once, their eyes opened with a sudden forcefulness.

BOOM!

The outline of a nine-layered door appeared in the skies of the Holy Land and the Morales family elders watched with trembling hearts. They had never seen such a phenomenon before, but inwardly they all knew what it was.

The Sixth Door.

The Fifth Door of the Morales family had always been a tightly held secret. No one but their most talented knew that their Lineage Factor had the potential to enter the Eighth Dimension. However, none of them had known that a Sixth Door was possible.

They had no idea where this door was coming from and the aura was far too wild and volatile to lock down its location. But all of them still thought of just a single man. They couldn't fathom it being anyone other than Velasco, that man who broke all laws of common sense on his whim.

Could it be that he had finally found a path to enter that legendary realm? Could it be that he had finally broken the shackles of the Eighth Dimension that had bound this universe? Had he finally beaten the Regular at its own game?

The elders all looked up with shimmering gazes, their hearts practically pounding out of their chest.

At this point, even the restrictions of this Holy Land couldn't block out this aura and it began to leak, enveloping the Human Domain and even crossing the barrier into other Domains.

Leonel continued to sit in silence. In the depths of his bloodline, the Fourth Door and all of its nine tiers were nearly blown off its hinges. A door he should have only been able to open when he entered the Seventh Dimension with his

Metal Body couldn't withstand his blazing aura for even a few short moments, its shackles shattering to pieces.

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### Chapter 1842: Bow Heads

1842 Bow Heads Leonel's aura continued to blaze, the Fifth Door nearly flying from its hinges a moment later. Only then did Leonel's momentum begin so slow before coming to a gentle stop, standing beneath the looming presence of the Sixth Door.

The Metal Synergy Lineage Factor was the only one Leonel knew of that had steps to its progress like this. As a result, it couldn't display its full player until it reached a certain point.

Leonel could still remember hard being able to manipulate Earth Force to change his surroundings when he entered the Void Palace, and that was because back then, he had only opened up the Second Door. How could he manipulate a Seventh Dimensional world, especially one under the influence of Anarchic Force, when his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor was only opened up to the Fifth Dimension?

Of course, things weren't exactly that simple. Despite its supposed weakness, the Metal Synergy Bloodline, especially thanks to its supplemental skills like Metal Body and Divine Armor, matched up well and even dwarfed many Lineage Factors when facing enemies at the same level.

But now, Leonel had blown by the usual convention of the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, awakening it to the Eighth Dimension in just a single step. In an instant, it had gone from one of his weaker Lineage Factors, at least in terms of raw power and ignoring its supplemental techniques, to one of his absolute strongest.

Leonel exhaled a breath, causing winds of such force to manifest that the walls in the surroundings cracked and threatened to collapse the entire building.

Leonel opened his eyes slowly, a dense light shooting out of them. When he saw the state of his surroundings, his gaze narrowed for a moment before he waved a hand. At that moment, a wave of Earth Force took shape and the cracks and damages to the foundation were healed in the blink of an eye.

Leonel took another breath and realized he was breathing far too hard and adjusted himself accordingly. Others might take days, weeks or even months to properly adjust themselves to new strength, but Leonel took only a handful of seconds before it was all reined in.

With a hand, Leonel grabbed at his hair and cut it short once more before storing it and standing to his feet.

Leonel looked toward the inheritance and his gaze narrowed. Whether it was the chalice, the flame or the wood ball, all of them had greatly dimmed. It seemed there was a limit to the number of times these treasures could pass on the full inheritance. Leonel wasn't sure if they would recover with time, or if this was permanent, but there was already nothing much he could do to change things.

Leonel ruffled his hair and turned to leave. He had a feeling that something big would happen quite soon. Unfortunately this time, it was probably his fault. This change would catalyze a lot of things to happen on a faster timeline than he thought might otherwise happen.

This was fine, though. Now he felt even more confident about certain things. Even on a slower timeline, there was no guarantee he would be able to reach this level of strength.

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As Leonel thought, the sudden burst of an aura that transcended anything they had ever felt before coming directly from the Morales family had made many feel as though they were standing on tenterhooks. It only made things worse that Leonel's appearance had completely stabilized the situation in Earth's territory, ruining any chance outside influences had to take advantage of the situation.

The momentum of the Morales family felt too fierce. Not only did the Races outside the Human Domain want to stifle it, but so too did even humans themselves.

As Wise Star Order had said, humans were simply too divided. In such a volatile world, any other race facing this sort of existential crises would have long since come together. In fact, this wasn't just speculation, not long ago, something very similar had happened to the Dwarven Race after their first

Eighth Dimensional world appeared. They had pulled themselves together and fought tooth and nail before succeeding in defending their territory.

And what were humans doing? They had yet to pick out a leader, Earth was on the verge of entering the Eighth Dimension any time now, and it was already obvious that other Races were making their moves, but they were more worried about the Morales family gaining too much power too suddenly.

Within the Etazi family, Orinik sat in a courtyard sipping some tea. To his side there was Rychard and an unknown young man, or at the very least, he was unknown to most of the world as he had only just come onto the scene. He was none other than the current head of the Eamon family, Montero.

They all looked up into the skies when they sensed the aura, their expression frighteningly serious.

They fell into silence for a long while, no one speaking for as much as half an hour until an attendant ran in and respectfully handed Orinik a summary report.

When Orinik finished reading, he passed it to the other two and smiled lightly.

"It seems that this time came sooner than I thought it would. We just need to make a subtle little push."

"What do you intend to do?" Montero asked.

"It's simple, really. The Morales family needs to be knocked down a peg. Leonel Morales needs to be knocked down a peg. Earth needs to be knocked down a peg. There's just one obvious choice: the Heirs Wars."

Rychard and Montero frowned.

Seeing their reactions, Orinik chuckled.

"You two look at the Heirs Wars too simply. This isn't just a stage for the Morales family to pick a successor. Why do you think the Constellation families do not participate? It's because they too know that it means more than just a few juniors fighting it out. If the Constellation families participated, it wouldn't just be a friendly clash to pick out the Heir with the best future potential, it would instead be a Domain War of the Human Domain."

The hearts of the two men skipped a beat.

"So you want to..."

"Well, we don't really need to do much at all, we just need to plant some seeds. Despite the talent of the other Heirs, the one everyone fears the most is Leonel. If the Morales family ends up in his hands, it won't be long before the Human Domain is ruled by them and there are too many who don't want to see that day come."

"... You want to force the Morales family to hold the Heir Wars ahead of time."

Orinik's lip curled. "Just the act of holding it before they want to will be a slap to their face. It will slow their momentum and humiliate them on a world stage. In addition, because Leonel has yet to enter the Seventh Dimension, and lost 20 years of preparation, his loss is almost guaranteed. Once he loses the right to lead the Morales family... Well, haha, I will keep some things to myself for now."

"Will the Morales family bow to such pressure, though?" Rychard asked.

"You're still too naive," Orinik laughed. "There is no absolute power in the Human Domain, even in regards to the Morales family."

"Will they bow their hands? Haven't they done so already once before? Why do you think Velasco isn't the Patriarch of the Morales family right now? You can't really believe he just didn't want such power, right?"

The eyes of the two young men opened wide. The two couldn't help but look toward one another, seeing the clear shock in one another's eyes.

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In a distant place across the universe, Velasco looked up from teasing his wife, his gaze narrowing. In the end, in a rare moment of solemnity, he sighed. However, his sigh had nothing to do with the pressure the Morales family would soon face.

'... That demoness sunk her claws into my son?"

His gaze became frighteningly cold.

He didn't sound like a man that was ignorant of the Silver Empire's inheritance at all. But oddly enough, he didn't seem to be worried about Leonel using it either... and yet he was enraged... no, more accurately annoyed...

As for why, maybe only he and a select few knew.

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### Chapter 1843: Pretentious

1843 Pretentious The Morales family was incredibly complex in structure. One didn't need to be a genius to understand this, just knowing that they had over a billion youths born into the Nova Generation was enough to necessitate this. Also, these were just the number of youths that had awakened at least one of their Lineage Factors and couldn't represent the total number of youths born into this Generation as a whole.

If there were so many born into just a single generation, then it was all too clear just what kind of scale the Morales family was one.

Things only became more complex in recent times due to the 20 year time dilation. Because of the circumstances, the next generation of youths, the Post-Nova Generation, had already been born. Usually, these youths would be gearing up for their own Heir Wars in just another decade or so, but they had ended up unlucky in this regard.

With the Nova Generation having yet to claim its Patriarch, the Post-Nova Generation might never get a chance to. It also didn't help that while the number of Heirs to the Nova Generation was much larger than previous years at seven, the Post-Nova Generation actually had even more, with nine awakening two Lineage Factors!

To the Morales family, this was actually a good problem to have. With so many talents, the elders spent their days smiling so wide that their wrinkles seemed to have entirely smoothed out. But to the rest of the world, this was just another item on the checklist of reasons the Morales family had to be suppressed.

Their momentum was too great and it only seemed to be growing more and more everyday.



Orinik was a lot of things, but a fool wasn't one of them. At the very least, he was correct that there was only so much idling the remainder of the Human Domain would continue to do, and Leonel would seem to be the catalyst for many of these things.

The current Patriarch of the Morales family was a man who went by Alejandro Morales. He was the father of First Nova, Adawarth, and a man known for his calm temperament and even keeled approach to things, a far cry from the usual madmen the Morales family placed in power.

It could be said that it was thanks to Alejandro that the Morales family hadn't been dissected by their enemies. His calm approach to diplomacy had eased a lot of the tension and bad blood that had been caused by the previous Heir War.

There was no doubt that he was a well respected man who didn't easily display his emotions on his face, but on this day he had a dark cloud hanging over his head, both figuratively and literally.

Those who thought of Alejandro as a calm, and even keeled man had never met him in his youth. He had been forced to train himself to control his temper because whenever he lost it, a black cloud would appear above him just like this one.

If those in his vicinity were lucky, he would be able to keep it to this relatively small and miniature size. If they were unlucky, or rather were stupid enough to keep provoking him, this dark cloud would spin entirely out of control and destroy everything in its path.

Alejandro had a very rare weather control Ability Index and he had elevated it to Tier 4 which allowed him to create his own atmosphere. This meant he no longer needed to rely on the atmosphere of a planet or a moon to display his Ability Index. At this level, if he lost control of his temper, an entire solar system could be embroiled in a storm, let alone a single planet.

Clearly, he had been so lowkey over these last few decades that everyone had forgotten. What other explanation could there be for them to provoke him like this again and again?

The Morales family had a lot of turnover at the Patriarch position, usually changing every 20 to 30 years at most. This was because their personalities

were very suited to leadership to begin with, they were all much too hotblooded.

Alejandro had managed to rein in his temper because he thought he would only have to endure two decades of this bullshit, come to find out that his position would be extended by another two decades on top of that.

He was already reaching the end of his fuse, and then this nonsense kept coming on his desk again and again.

"FUCK!"

BOOM!

The cloud above his head released a resounding clap of thunder that sent a powerful sound wave in all directions. The window shattered, the walls cracked, the very foundation of the building quaked.

Adawarth, who was sitting across from his father, slowly lowered his palms from his ears. Clearly, he had been prepared ahead of time, although the result was still jarring.

"I don't want to read this shit anymore, read it to me," Alejandro threw over a large pile of leaders and leaned back in his chair with an annoyed expression, bringing out a cigar.

Adawarth shook his head, but eventually still opened up the next one and cleared his throat.

"... Greetings from the Lio family. We are concerned that with the coming Race War, the Morales family will be leaderless while moving into this new era. The position of Patriarch of the Morales family is one that changes the direction of the whole of the human race. It is best if this is no longer delayed as it would only be a detriment to the Human Domain.

"In proving that we of the Lio family are properly invested in this matter, we are willing to send juniors to participate as well. We are committed to"

BOOM!

Alejandro's desk shattered. His fuse was really short these days, he had no patience for any of it.

"Tell them to go fuck themselves. They must really think I'm a pushover. Fuck, let me see that letter, I want to see the hand writing. If I don't kick the ass of the bastard who wrote that pretentious pile of shit I'm going to explode!"

Adawarth could only speechlessly hand the letter over to his father.

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### Chapter 1844: Excellent

#### 1844 Excellent

"I knew it was that bastard Vanuzi. He's the only one of those pricks who thinks himself to be a scholar despite having the IQ of a pile of shit from a donkey's ass."

Adawarth's lip twitched. The world hadn't seen his father's foul mouth in too long, so they had clearly forgotten. But he and his mother were all too well aware, they could only allow the man to rant. So, Adawarth did so until Alejandro seemed to have finally run out of breath.

"We're going to have to do it anyway, dad."

Alejandro looked toward his son with bloodshot eyes as though he could swallow him whole. For a second, he saw a reflection of himself 40 years ago, back when he still had the patience to remain calm.

The apple didn't fall too far from the tree, so Alejandro knew all too well that his son had a temper no less fiery than his own. It was just that the two had bothered to learn how to control it unlike many of the others.

Even so, he felt like he wanted to take a bite out of his son's head right now even though he knew that he was correct. There were certain things that had to be done in the name of keeping the peace. If a family only knew how to move forward and never took a step back, things could easily reach a point of no return.

However, the goal of these people was too infuriating. Holding the Heir Wars no was for no other purpose than to suppress Leonel. Even Sixth Nova, Valor, had now stepped into the Seventh Dimension after so long at the peak of the Sixth. The youths of the Cataclysm Generation were also taking that step one after another.

The only one at a decidedly cruel disadvantage was Leonel.

This was infuriating on multiple fronts. For one, the Morales family had no desire to suppress one of their own. And secondly, these actions were like the world saying that his own son was inferior!

Even if he was inferior to Velasco, did his son not get a chance to at least prove himself before the world decided that he couldn't match up to the former's son? This enraged Alejandro just as much as anything else.

But even a step beyond this, it was clear that the greatest goal here, especially with the Constellation Families insisting on taking part...

Was to kill Leonel.

Even in the case that they didn't kill him, it was to at least knock him down a peg, to crush his confidence, maybe even to do him harm that he couldn't heal from, to cripple him.

This was the underlying motivation of all of this, and they were asking Alejandro to sanction it. To them, if so many families were participating at once, it would be impossible for Velasco to target all of them, not to mention the fact that it would only be the juniors participating to begin with.

Leonel's life wasn't what was truly important here, it was his connection with Earth. If a Prince of Earth became the Patriarch of the Morales family, what that meant and represented was on a completely different level than the current status quo. The Morales family would have every right to move in and monopolize the whole of Earth.

This was something the other families could not allow, and as such, Leonel couldn't be allowed to continue pressing forward and growing at his own leisurely pace.

With everything laid out like this, there was little the others could do. If the Morales family was firm in rejecting this, then the one to suffer the most would be Leonel. Those families had taken this approach for the sake of maintaining a faint veil of cordiality. If the Morales rejected, then it was just another step toward shedding all pretenses and they would have to be ready to war with the whole of the Human Domain.

"That doesn't mean we have to roll over either," Adawarth said with a smile.

Alejandro, who was already annoyed, just rolled his eyes.

"Just get to the point, you're so long winded. I swear you get it from your mother!" Alejandro immediately stopped and cleared his throat. His eyes darted around and he only breathed a sigh of relief after he realized his wife wasn't here. He had almost forgotten himself as he lost his temper, that could have ended very badly.

Adawarth raised an eyebrow but just chuckled in the end.

"Since they want to participate, let them participate. But not as supporters, but as Heirs themselves. Since they like to think themselves capable of suppressing our family, I'd like to see what they can do when they're forced to be on a stage with us."

Alejandro slammed his palms on the table. "Excellent."

Firstly, this could be packaged as an event separate from the Heirs Wars although it would functionally still be the Heir Wars. Due to this, the hit the Morales family took to their reputation would be minimized.

Secondly, it would give the Morales family Heirs a chance to completely suppress the Heirs of the other families and crush them one by one, thus mitigating the blow to their reputation even further. In fact, there was even an opportunity to gain reputation.

And thirdly, maybe the best part of all, due to the fact these participating Heirs would have to gather up their own cohorts and supporters now, it would delay the matter for some time.

It would take them a while before they were confident enough to match up their own cohorts with that of the Morales family Heirs.

Of course, this might leave room for the Heirs to be backstabbed, so there was some risk involved. If the Morales Heirs' people weren't trustworthy enough and had ties to other powerful families, it would be easier to suddenly find yourself without any support in the end at all.

This was a double edged sword that had to be baked into this event, or else the other families would never agree. If the Morales Heirs had all the advantages, wouldn't the rest only be appearing to be humiliated?

It seemed that during his reign, the world had forgotten to fear the Morales. In that case, Alejandro would let the juniors remind them first before the old fogies like himself stepped in.

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### Chapter 1845: Arrogant!

The reply of the Morales was surprisingly calm, but the reaction to it was anything but. There was only one word the Human Domain had to describe it...

Arrogant!

The release Alejandro made was quite simple. He accepted the terms of the other families. He said that he would happily welcome the families of the Human Domain to participate in their Heir Wars, in fact he was a bit surprised that none had ever requested to in the past. He felt that the youths of the Human Domain could have learned a lot from their previous generations, and he was happy that they would finally start with the Nova Generation.

These words alone were a clear gauntlet thrown. He might as well have stepped out and slapped each one of their faces individually, and yet he had done it with a genial smile on his face and without the slightest hint of anger in his tone.

However, this was only the very beginning. Alejandro's statement continued.

In commemoration of this change, the Morales family had decided to change things up. They would open up the Heir Wars Zone to all of the Heirs of the Human Domain. Anyone, regardless of background, could sign up to be an Heir. The only requirement was that one had to display strength equivalent to a Sector Ranked Disciple of the Void Palace and had to have at least three Seventh Dimensional existences willing to subordinate themselves to you. The only other catch was that these Seventh Dimensional existences could not be older than 100 years old.

Just these rules alone cut off the path of many people. It had to be remembered that Rychard was already in his 70s when Leonel first met him, and yet he had only been at Tier 9 of the Fifth Dimension. In addition, he had been in what could be considered a family at the very pinnacle of the Sixth Dimension.

So, these rules cut off the opportunity to a lot of people. But from the very beginning, the Morales were only interested in teaching the families capable of pressuring them a lesson.

This wasn't a free for all.

The Heir Wars Zone wasn't just a place of battle, it was also one of the Morales family's greatest resources. This couldn't be casually opened up to outsiders just because.

In his concluding statements, Alejandro said that this would be the first Domain-wide Heir Wars in their history so he hoped that the other families would show their sincerity. As rewards, the Morales family would be putting up not only their various body tempering pools on the line, but they also placed a chance to meditate within their Holy Land as one of their top prizes.

This news alone unleashed a reign of chaos.

Everyone knew that the Morales family body tempering pools were the best in the whole of the Human Domain, and maybe even in the whole of the universe. They were divided into several grades. There were their Common Pools, their Elite Pools, their Divine Pools, and finally their Transcendent Pools.

To put into perspective just how valuable these pools were, just take the Common Pools for example. By soaking in the Common Pool just once a week, one could reach the Seventh Dimension in the Conventional Path in just 10 years while doing no other training.

And that was just the Common Pool!

The Elite Pool could have this same effect in just one year. The Divine Pool could have this same effect in just one month. The Transcendent Pool could allow this result in just a single dip!

The shocking value of such a thing didn't need to be explained. While the Morales family only had just three Transcendent Pools, their number of Common Pools could be counted in the tens of thousands. There was a reason they held nigh untouchable prowess within the Human Domain!

Even so, the Body Tempering Pools paled in comparison to the Holy Land, or more accurately, the Breath of Incense one could inhale within the Holy Land.

Breathing in these fumes would help one enter a state of enlightenment. Although there would be diminishing returns every time one inhaled these fumes, it was said that during the first time, depending on how deep your immersion, you might be able to break through several Tiers at once along the God Path!

This was akin to the difference between Heaven and Earth. Leonel breaking through two stages at once was enough to leave the Umbra family, who had the Three Finger Cult as a reference, in complete and utter shock. However, the Breath of Incense within the Morales family's Holy Land could induce similar results!

Usually, the geniuses of the Morales family would delay their first inhalation for the longest period of time possible. The further they could make it first, the more valuable the first inhalation. There were even records of those with the best results crossing three and very rarely four Tiers at once within the Seventh Dimension!

A single Tier divide within the Seventh Dimension, especially along the God Path, was even larger than the gap between Tier 1 and Tier 9 of the Sixth Dimension. And yet, this single inhalation could allow such a chance!

The Morales family was very clearly forcing the hands of the other powerful families. They wanted to play games and poke the bear, right? Well in that case, if they wanted to even have the face to participate in these Heirs Wars, they had better bring out the best treasures they had or else they would be laughed out of the room before they even had a chance to catch their breath.

Alejandro had laid down a very heavy gauntlet.

In three months' time, they would hold a conference on Planet Morales to iron out the rules of the Domain Heir Wars. In addition, by then, these families were to have their list of participants and the treasures they would be putting up prepared.

The Morales family had made their move and the chess board seemed to have been flipped.



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### Chapter 1846: Scorned

Leonel, who had just been making his way back to the flagship, paused and looked up. There didn't seem to be anything in the night sky, but he kept looking. Just half a minute later, a blinding flash of bronze light came and Leonel suddenly raised his hand and snagged it out of the air.

"Oh?"

Leonel had never received such a thing before, but he was almost entirely certain that it had come from the Morales family, he could just feel that familiar sort of familial aura.

He quickly read it once, then twice, something he never had to do considering his memory. But the first time he read it, it was for information. The second time, however...

Leonel burst into a fit of laughter, his laughter so loud that it echoed across Planet Radix. He hadn't had a good laugh like this one in a while. The Morales family was indeed to his liking. Even if he hadn't grown up with them, he still felt like he was one of them.

'A conference in three months, huh? Interesting.'

He could feel that the Morales family was buying him time. They could have put the conference in a week from now and it would have still been enough time for those large families to react, but they hadn't done so.

By the time the conference was finished, probably another month would have passed. Considering the complexity of organizing such an event, Leonel wouldn't be surprised if it took even longer than that. Then there'd probably be at least a couple months after that for final preparations.

This meant even the earliest time for the Domain Heir Wars to begin would be about six months from now. It wouldn't even be a surprise if it took up to an additional year, in fact. The Morales family had indeed done its best to give him all the time they could, something they definitely didn't have to do.

From Leonel's understanding, compared to the most powerful branches of the Morales family, that of him, his father and his uncle could be considered to be

the smallest. It should just be the three of them and their wives, making up barely six people.

They had probably been larger in the past, but after his grandfather's death, or maybe even in direct result of his grandfather's death, that ship had sailed long ago.

This was to say that the influence they had on the family outside of their personal prowess was limited and definitely couldn't be compared to the other six Heirs, especially now Adawarth and Alejandro who currently headed the Ruler Faction of the family.

In addition, those other families might think that Leonel was in cahoots with the Morales family to monopolize Earth, but only Leonel and the upper echelons of the Morales knew for certain that this was definitely not the case. To others, it was only natural that they protect Leonel because they wanted those resources, but Leonel knew that they were actually doing this for nothing in return. And yet...

They still stepped out to protect him.

In his actions, Leonel never really thought much about the Morales family. He was so used to the world being against him that he had just assumed the Morales would be plus one to that category. Even when it came to Earth, he was hyper aware that if he ever wanted it to truly be his, he would have to unseat his grandfather.

However, today, he realized that the Morales family weren't so calculating with him. They didn't ask him for anything, they simply protected him because his last name was Morales, they didn't need anything more.

Leonel felt a hint of guilt in his heart when he thought to this point.

Slowly, Leonel closed the letter and carefully put it away.

Leonel tilted his head up to the skies again and closed his eyes, falling into silence.

He wouldn't allow the Morales to be humiliated on his behalf. Since these families wanted to pressure them, he would just have to make them pay a price they weren't willing to.

They all knew that the Human Domain needed to unite against their common enemy, and yet instead of doing so, they were more worried about who would come out on top in the end.

Even though Leonel wanted to take the Ascension Empire from his grandfather, did he ever do anything to harm Earth? Even though he wanted the Morales to be under his rule, did he ever harm his cousins? His actions were always measured and when need be, he stepped out to help even if it was in detriment to himself.

However, it was clear to him that the Human Domain and their powerful families wouldn't be sensible.

In that case, there was only one path forward: absolute power.

He would crush them one by one until they could no longer raise their heads, and he would start with their little prides and joys.

Leonel opened his eyes and his gaze became entirely restrained. At that moment, he looked no different from a commoner youth without the slightest hint of energy leaking from him.

With a step forward, he vanished.

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In the depths of the Human Domain, there was a particular Alliance that was stirred by this, and that was the very one headed by the Omann family... The family who stood maybe in most opposition to the Morales outside of the Suiarf family... The Omanns, the heads of the Force Crafting Guild Alliance.

The Scorned Queen Beauty had been completely silent in recent decades, not making any splashes or movements. She simply silently went about her business and the Force Crafting Guild continued to flourish under her rulership, growing silently more powerful everyday. Even months ago when she received news that her record in the Void Palace had been broken, she hadn't made any movements whatsoever.

However, when news of the Morales family's Domain Conference reached her ears, she casually told one of her attendants to prepare transportation for her on that day.

For the first time in decades, Cynthia Omann, the Scorned Queen Beauty, was going to make a public appearance.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1847: Thank You

Leonel appeared on the flagship again and looked in a certain direction before a smile bloomed on his face.

'Not bad,' he thought to himself.

He had been paying attention when Raylion first took the demon pill. As he had expected, the process was anything but pretty, for all intents and purposes, he had practically died.

However, Raylion was very special for one reason, and that was that his Ability Index was telekinesis.

Leonel hadn't thought about it much before, but after piecing together that Yuri was most definitely a Spiritual, he realized that the Ability Index she displayed was most likely not her real Ability Index. Of course, it had to be remembered that Yuri's Ability Index was also telekinesis, or so it seemed.

Leonel had posited that there were certain Ability Index that humans had that were actually just close replications of the greatest strength of other races. There was also a specific category of soul type Ability Indexes that gave humans abilities ranging closer to what one might expect a Spiritual to have.

For example, Wise Star Order's and Heira's immortality Ability Index was actually just an ability that Spirituals are naturally born with. Likewise, telekinesis fell into this category as well.

Leonel didn't believe that he was unique. If he could find a method to separate his soul from his body under semi-natural conditions, he believed that other humans could do it as well, they just had to have a certain impetus and a baseline level of talent for it. And, in the case that they succeed, the benefits to their related soul talents would benefit greatly as well.

In truth, Leonel's real hypothesis was even crazier than that. He thought there might be a chance that Spirituals were just evolved humans who shed the need for their mortal bodies.

But he didn't have any real evidence for such thoughts other than some Ability Indexes and the fact he could separate his own soul, so he had only assigned about a 3-4% probability of such a thing being real.

But now that Raylion had confirmed his hypothesis, that 3-4% had increased to about 11-12%.

Raylion looked down at his own hands, an unbelievable power coursing through his veins. As a person with telekinetic abilities, his body had never been very powerful, he could just make it look like it was by using his telekinesis. But right now, he felt like he had been entirely reborn, as though he had risen from the ashes like a phoenix.

Months ago, when he first swallowed the pill, he thought he was finished. His body couldn't withstand the impact and he had directly exploded apart. However, thankfully, a mysterious energy had protected his Ethereal Glabella from shattering along with the rest of his body. From that point on, whether he succeeded or not was entirely reliant on himself.

He was unwilling to give up, unwilling to let his dream go, unwilling to leave Sael behind. She seemed so strong, but she could also be so frail sometimes. She had just finally climbed out from that rut of guilt she had spent years in, he didn't want her to go back into it because of him.

So he had held it together, he had scratched and clawed.

A mysterious energy had perfectly sealed the room around him, so whether it was his Ethereal Glabella, his soul, or the energy of the pill that had shattered his body, it was all trapped in an enclosed space.

Raylion hadn't had much time to think about it at the time, but he realized after he was out of the danger zone that this had been a great help to him. If someone else heard the commotion and barged in, he would likely be finished and never get the chance. At the same time, because the energy was restricted to a relatively small region, he was able to slowly gain the ability to use his telekinesis to reel it in and force it into his control to begin reforming his body.

This was the very first time that Raylion had ever used his telekinesis on an intangible object like energy, he hadn't even known that such a thing was possible until now. Just that process alone had evolved his Ability Index to a level it had never before touched.

If he could control any and all energies with his telekinesis, didn't that mean that he had affinity for any Force he so pleased?

He had never had affinities before so he had been limited in this regard, but didn't he have such a chance now?

Raylion gripped his fists and his body crackled. At the same time, there were small warps and swirls in space that were invisible to the naked eye, but he could feel oh so clearly through his telekinesis. He felt that if he wanted to, he could even rip a hole through the void with his telekinesis.

Raylion was even further shocked by this realization. His body had fallen to the Third Dimension after being reconstructed, but somehow he still held so much power. If he returned to the Fifth Dimension like he had been before, just what kind of power would he hold then? And what if he stepped beyond that?

This was it, this was the power he had been hoping for all this time. No... This was the talent he had been hoping for all this time. This power was just the beginning.

Raylion looked up toward the ceiling, his gaze glistening with unshed tears that he refused to allow to fall. He gripped his fists harder and harder until the droplets that fell were crimson as opposed to a salty teardrop of emotion.

He exhaled a slow breath and stood to his feet. He had to increase his Dimensional level as quickly as possible to allow his body to catch up to his soul.

Raylion reached for the door handle but paused for a moment.

He raised his head to the ceiling and unleashed a mighty roar that shook the room and threatened to destroy it, and yet had no effect on the outside.

Only after this and putting on a set of robes did he return to his normal placid self, opening the door and stepping out into what felt like a new world.

'Thank you, Leonel.'

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1848: Same Level

Leonel faintly nodded to himself.

Right now, Raylion's telekinesis was on an entirely different level whether that be in terms of strength or sensitivity, purely because it no longer had to deal with the barrier of his own body. Right now, his soul talent could truly flourish because it wasn't being forcefully restricted by the limitation of his body.

This was a barrier that all those with soul talent faced. Because the soul was fused with the body, one would inevitably hold back the other. Just by separating them, Raylion underwent a qualitative change. But by also increasing the strength of Raylion's body on top of that, his future potential had been completely re-written and evolved.

The current Raylion, especially due to the fact he had reconstructed his body as a citizen of Earth, had gained an extraordinary amount of benefits that would only continue into the future. As things stood now, Leonel believed that he was only a step or two below the Cataclysm Generation in terms of strength, and if he practiced again and entered the Sixth Dimension, there should be minimal differences between them.

If Raylion took a step beyond and continued to seek out power and entered a unique God Path of his own, then the benefits could only be said to be extraordinary. He may surpass the members of the Cataclysm Generation and never look back.

Raylion wasn't the only one who had benefited greatly. In fact, it was unknown if he was the one who had even benefitted the most.

In Apestus' room, his body was undergoing a great number of changes as well, but unlike the others, due to his Ability Index, Apestus' ability to assimilate and benefit from the demon pills was on another level entirely.

While everyone else needed to restructure their body or improve their foundation, Apestus was just restructuring himself, he was becoming a demon!

This was a fundamentally different thing. If others only gained 50% of what they could from a demon pill, he gained all 100%. He not only gained their

strong bodies, he gained their affinities, their strengths, their abilities, their reflexes, their healing factors... everything!

The best part was that Leonel had purposely picked out demon types that were well suited to him and his battle style. He consumed several blade type demons, allowing him to literally grow swords and claws as extensions of his body as he pleased, and he topped it all off by consuming a large number of Fire Demons.

That session alone allowed him to enter the Seventh Dimension with the Conventional Path, a shocking feat that he never thought would be possible for him, but what was even more shocking was that this was the end of what Leonel had in store for him.

After essentially becoming a perfect fusion of blade and fire demon, Leonel sent Apestus to the Radix family where he was allowed to meditate on the flame within the chalice.

When Apestus left, he did so with only a third of the inheritance, but with his body having undergone yet another qualitative change.

Not only did he have the body of a blade-fire demon, but he could now swallow flames to strengthen his body and vitality. Due to his foundation as a blade-fire demon, his skill in this third of the inheritance was even beyond that Midas family of the past by an extraordinarily large measure.

He felt so invincible that he roared up into the skies, laughing beside himself.

Sael had also benefited greatly from a third of the inheritance, namely the Florer family's third, the wooden sphere.

It had to be remembered that Sael had a unique Ability Index. She underwent a mutation of sorts when she entered a battle state, gaining a floral battle armor more dangerous than even many metal forged armor.

If Leonel had to describe it, Sael's Ability Index was similar to his Divine Armor, but executed with plants and vitality as opposed to metal and vitality. Just with this alone, she was exceptionally powerful. She had become the most powerful combatant of the Etching Metal Organization, and that was even with Emna being present.



After fusing with a third of the inheritance, her strength increased by leaps and bounds and she felt that her capacity to create more and more powerful armors with her Ability Index had increased. In fact, her Tiers began to plummet as well and she nearly fell out of the Sixth Dimension entirely, but the tradeoff was far greater strength than she had ever personally experienced.

Much like Apestus, she doubled dipped with benefits. After she had improved her Ability Index, Leonel sent her to Earth to gather up any evolved plants she might be able to increase her own strength with. By the time the months came and time ticked by, she actually returned as an expert of the Seventh Dimension, her aura causing the cocky Apestus to look on with the first serious expression he had made in recent days as he had been too busy grinning ear to ear previously.

Even with all of this being the case, though, the one who benefited the most was, without a doubt, Emna.

All on her own, Emna had been very close to forging her own path, and that was without any sort of external resources to aid her. She simply relied on nothing other than her own talent.

For her, Leonel did a few things.

First, he sent her to Old Man Hutch. Although Leonel hadn't believed in the old man's path of the blade, he believed that it would be useful for others. Plus, this was the first time Emna was facing a master with talents comparable to her own in the blade and she gained a lot.

After she returned, Leonel handed her a Perfection Stone. Then, she disappeared for months.

No one knew where she went and she seemed to have vanished off of the Earth entirely.

But when she returned, no one could withstand the pressure of looking her in the eye. It felt as though one was staring at the sun, and if they did so for too long, their pupils would be shredded to pieces.

Emna had perfected her path and finally stepped into the Sixth Dimension. Of them all, she was the only one with power comparable to Leonel and Aina at the same level.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1849: Prepared

Leonel, obviously, wouldn't neglect his brothers. But the changes that he could make to a talent of Earth already within the Seventh Dimension were minimal.

However, what he could do was greatly improve their foundations and affinities by allowing them to swallow demon pills.

His brothers had their own thoughts on things and Leonel didn't underestimate the progress they had made on their own. He no longer tried to guide them, he simply gave them resources and they used them as they deemed fit. Leonel had quite a lot of trust in them and he believed that they would give him a pleasant surprise when the time came.

He gave them all Focus Crystals which could help increase their affinities. Then he scheduled time for everyone to use the Perfection Stone.

Now that there was only a small amount of time remaining, Leonel reminded them to train hard, but to also think of rest. When there was only a month remaining until the Heir Wars, he wanted everyone to focus on relaxing first, and worry about everything else later.

With everything on the right track, Leonel prepared to enter seclusion himself to wait for the tribulation to begin. But before he could, his cousin came to visit him.

Leonel smiled. "Noah, I'm glad you're doing alright."

Noah smiled a bit bitterly, but he still shook his head. "I should be thanking you and saying that. It's good that you made it out of the Zone, I wouldn't know what to do with this guilt if you hadn't."

Leonel laughed. "It's not that big of a deal, that Zone wouldn't be able to hold me for long anyway. So what brings you here?"

Noah's expression turned serious. "I wanted to tell you personally that I won't be able to help you with the Heir Wars. I've committed to staying on Earth and dealing with anything that might come. Imperial Grandfather can't always take

action personally for reasons that I'm not sure of, but I trust him enough that I know he has good reasons.

"I'm not as good as you, but I still have an obligation to Earth and its people first."

"Oh, is that all? Why do you sound so solemn, I understand," Leonel chuckled.

Despite Leonel's demeanor, Noah sighed in a hint of relief on one end, but a hint of bitterness on another. Somewhere deep inside he wanted Leonel to want his help, but Leonel's confidence in moving forward without him left him feeling complicated.

Noah shook his head. His thoughts right now were childish, they were both grown men now, and although their relationship had started off a bit rocky, it could be considered to be in a good place now.

Noah hadn't had many true friends growing up, but Leonel could truly be considered one now.

Noah nodded heavily. "Then I'll stay here and protect our Empire on this front, and you can go out there and show them who's boss."

Finally, Noah smiled, a rare thing from him, but a genuine thing nonetheless. He felt like a weight had been taken off of his shoulders.

Leonel grinned. "Of course."

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Leonel saw Noah off and finally got some time to himself. Now that everything was set, he felt a bit odd. He wasn't used to being so... prepared. Things usually came flying at him from all directions, and he was forced to deal with them while more things were coming in overhead.

It could be said that a Leonel with preparation time was exceptionally dangerous. Too dangerous.

Leonel closed his eyes and entered a state of meditation. He calmed his breathing and allowed his mind to rest for the first time in a long while.

Leonel didn't know how long had passed, but when he opened his eyes again, he found himself sitting on an elevated platform in the depths of a force. When he tried to stand, the platform vanished and he was gently deposited onto the ground.

"It started just like that? Not even a hint of warning either."

Leonel looked down at his hand and he found a familiar wooden spear in his hand. It was the very first spear he had ever gotten from the Spear Domain ring and one he thought had long since been destroyed. It was the somewhat crooked and hand-crafted wooden spear of the primitive man.

Leonel looked down at himself and he found that he was almost naked outside of a beast skin skirt that allowed a decidedly clear draft up and between his legs. He could feel his manly bits dangling about in the wild. Clearly, whoever crafted this beast skin skirt had no sense of modesty.

Leonel shook his head. Did he get transported into the body of another primitive man?

No, that shouldn't be right. He was definitely in his own body, he would be able to tell the difference. It seemed that he was just transported to an odd time.

But what was the most peculiar was that all of his strength had vanished. He couldn't access the abilities of his metal body and his skin's defenses weren't much different from a normal man. Whether it was speed or strength, he was within the realms of a Third Dimensional man now. In fact, other than his mind being somewhat sharper, his Ability Index seemed to be restricted as well.

Leonel looked around, wondering when the other foot was going to drop. Where was the danger? The challenge? The enemy he had to face?

But even after several seconds of standing around doing nothing, nothing came.

"So this tribulation isn't a challenge like the Emperor's Might tablet, for example. It's more like a Zone?"

Leonel frowned.

The trouble was that he didn't have his silver dictionary, and none of his treasures were with him. And, with his Ability Index all but gone, he had no way of sensing the rules and restrictions of this Zone via normal means...

Leonel looked in a certain direction and moved toward it. Since there was nothing to go off of, he couldn't just stand in place and do nothing.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1850: Unexpected

Leonel found himself feeling quite uncomfortable. Using his eyes and ears like a normal person, not to mention continuously turning his head from left to right was annoying him. He never had to put so much effort into paying attention to his surroundings. Ever since the Metamorphosis had descended, he had been able to escape such a "mundane" fate.

Unfortunately, he had no choice but to do so now. Without an understanding of where the danger may or may not be coming from, and while being in a completely unknown environment, not being at least this cautious would be a death wish.

Leonel's step suddenly came to a grinding halt and he ducked behind a tree for a moment before scampering up its side as though doing his best to impersonate a squirrel. He swung himself up and landed lightly, his eyes darting above before he suddenly froze in place.

Without hesitation, Leonel leapt onto a higher branch, moving as far up as it would allow him before swinging to a tree to its side that happened to be taller and moving up even further.

At that moment, what had been subtle rumbling became deep and resonating. As Leonel held his breath, the shaking of the ground became more pronounced and the tree he was perched within began to sway back and forth more fiercely, threatening to knock him off of his perch.

Even so, Leonel held on tightly, his lips sealed tight and his chest not moving in the slightest. At this moment, he didn't even dare to breathe as the creature passed below.

When it finally entered his sight, Leonel's pupils constricted.

The beast couldn't have been more generic. It was just a saber toothed tiger. But that wasn't the problem. This saber toothed tiger was five meters long and three meters tall. To make matters more astonishing, its every bound was several hundred meters, a distance that would definitely have been further if not for the thick trees around it. But even more astonishing than that was its weight.

With the way it moved, so quickly and so agilely, one would have never expected it to land with such force. The entire forest ground seemed to quake beneath its movement.

The saber toothed tiger zipped by Leonel, not noticing him. But its aura continued to linger in the air, coating Leonel's skin with a faint sheen of sweat.

Leonel's senses might have been dulled without his Ability Index, but his instincts were still there, instincts he had been honing ever since he unlocked the primitive man's life and experienced what he had experienced.

He knew with just a glance that in his current state, he didn't stand a chance against that saber toothed tiger. If he had allowed it to sense him, he would probably have lost his life right here and now.

Large beasts weren't something that Leonel had ever seen before. No, more accurately, he had never seen them outside of that Zone. In the Dimensional Verse, creatures, no matter how powerful they were, fell within a normal range of size. Little Blackstar was a prime example of this. It wasn't until that Zone he had seen a creature with a wingspan of dozens of meters.

Regardless of why this was, this place definitely had creatures that were not only extraordinarily powerful, but also exaggerated sizes. Battling them would be incredibly difficult, especially when restrained to this stick they called a spear.

At some point, if the creatures reached a size that was too large, even his most powerful of strikes would be nothing more than papercuts to them. To make matters worse, if they managed to keep the kind of speed that saber-toothed tiger had even as their sizes increased, he might as well pack his bags now and go home.

Leonel's gaze sharpened. After making sure that the tiger was gone, he leapt forward, moving from tree to tree. He hoped that it would be somewhat safer up here, but he had no way of knowing that for sure so he kept a sharp

lookout. For all he knew, a bird with a 50-meter wingspan might swoop down at him at any moment.

Leonel had no idea where he was going, but he just kept moving forward. He assumed that the first thing he should do was gather information, but he had no idea where to start. In the end, he decided to keep moving until he at least found a water source. If his body was in this state, it likely wouldn't be long before he needed food and water, so he might as well get the hard stuff out of the way immediately.

Leonel came across several more behemoth-like creatures. Even the smallest of them would stand to his height of over two meters tall even while on all fours. The biggest of them were entire heads or two taller than the saber toothed tiger.

He unceremoniously dodged every single one, his expression becoming more and more solemn. He had yet to come across a creature he had any confidence in defeating, and he also hadn't seen the point of this trial yet, nor had he found a water source.

**BANG!**

Leonel suddenly crashed into what felt like an immovable wall. He had been scanning his surroundings with the utmost diligence, not missing a single thing, only for him to suddenly run into an invisible forcefield.

Leonel was so caught off guard that he fell out of the tree he was in, catching the attack of a creature below.

Leonel's brows jumped as his nose began to bleed from the collision. But that was the least of his worries as he fell toward a wolf that was over seven meters long and twice his height.

Quickly trying to regain his bearings as he fell through the air, Leonel threw a vicious kick at a nearby tree trunk, just barely managing to get a solid hit on it that sent him flying toward an adjacent tree.

He grabbed onto a tree branch and swung himself upward, a cold wind just barely nipping at his ankles.

Leonel didn't need to look to know that it was the wolf that had swiped a claw at him just now.

His heart leapt into his throat. He felt like someone was messing with him. How could a forcefield come out of nowhere? And what the hell was it doing in the middle of a forest?!

No, more importantly, how was he going to survive the blood thirsty wolf below him?