

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1851: PCHU!

Leonel's jaw steeled. He realized that without his Ability Index, his ability to remain cold and analytical had dampened quite a measure. It was an odd experience for him as he had had this ability with him for as long as he could remember. Even back on Earth when it was still in the Third Dimension, he could tap into it.

But now, it was entirely suppressed. It was the first time Leonel had experienced such a thing. Even the Dimensional Cleanse trial zone couldn't suppress his Ability Index. Whatever the Spear Domain Ring was, or whatever its origins, it was clearly a step beyond, maybe even beyond what the Regulator could control. That seemed to be the only explanation.

When Leonel realized this, his gaze became icy. He was his Ability Index, not the other way around.

The wolf suddenly stretched out its body, kneeling close to the ground.

Leonel's gaze narrowed. 'It's about to jump.'

He knew that this was a life or death matter. The agility of this wolf and its strength was definitely far beyond the saber toothed tiger. He had already noticed in his journey here that in this place, bigger size equaled bigger strength.

In that case, if the saber toothed tiger could jump across hundreds of meters, this wolf could definitely reach him even though he was so high up.

BANG!

The wolf jumped and Leonel pierced out with his spear at the exact same time. He revolved the only ability he had: his Spear Domain Lineage Factor, and thrust down with a pulse of blinding golden light.

SHIING! PENG!

His spear blade vanished and appeared hundreds of meters below, timing its appearance perfectly and just as the wolf was gathering all of its momentum. In that instant, Leonel's strike downward and the wolf's jump upward combined in strength.

Leonel felt a surging power travel up his arm, threatening to break it, but he grit his teeth and held strong until his feet were lifted up and off the branch he was on.

This time, there was no recovery. He flew up and back with astonishing speed even as the wolf below howled in misery and unbridled rage.

Leonel's blade had aimed right for its most sensitive region: its eyes. Clearly, this beast hadn't expected Leonel's blade to suddenly appear out of nowhere, nor had it expected for its own jumping momentum to be used against it. In that instant, it was half blinded and its jumping spiraled out of control, losing half its strength and causing its body to spin off to the side.

Leonel crashed against the barrier that had caused all of this to happen and nearly lost control of his spear. His inner organs rattled and his bones almost shattered. Luckily, although his other Lineage Factors and abilities were suppressed, his body still retained some of its rigidity, albeit weakened to a great extent. So, he avoided the most devastating sorts of damage.

Even so, he found himself sliding down a perfectly vertical forcefield with nothing but air between himself and a more than 300 meter fall.

Leonel didn't even look back toward the forcefield. He knew that his crashing up against it had also knocked him out of range of using it to propel himself to another tree. So, instead, he looked toward the spiraling wolf and pierced out again.

His strike was cold and precise.

He had realized a few things in this short exchange.

The first and most obvious was that his Spear Domain Lineage Factor was indeed his greatest reliance and it could, indeed, pose a threat to these creatures, no matter how minimal.

Second, these creatures lacked any sort of real intelligence, at least not any comparable to higher Dimensional creatures or humans. At the very least, this was true for the ones he had come across until this point.

Third... he wasn't helpless.

These were things he probably would have realized instantly if his Ability Index and split minds hadn't been locked away. But even so, it was a realization he was happy with nonetheless. As the saying went, better late than never.

Leonel's strike landed perfectly on the spiraling wolf's other eye, blinding it completely as it howled in sheer madness and malice-laced fury.

Its claws and tail lashed out in all directions, just hoping and praying that it could hit Leonel just one good time. It knew that the human that had done this to it was fragile and weak, just one hit would end his puny life.

Unfortunately for it, Leonel had used the rebounding momentum of that strike to land in another tree while it fell heavily into the ground.

Even so, the wolf's claws and tail spun around with such fierce momentum that it left blade marks in surrounding trees without even physically touching them. The prowess of this wolf was simply off of the charts.

Even with his success, Leonel's expression was solemn.

He had put his everything into those two strikes, and had even attacked the wolf's most sensitive and fragile region, and yet he hadn't managed to kill it. Even the flesh of the wolf's eyes were so sturdy that he barely managed to pierce in a few inches, he couldn't even imagine what would have happened if he targeted another part of its body instead.

Leonel braced himself.

He knew why. He was too far away. If he wanted to take this behemoth down before its tantrum called anymore beasts over, he had to get closer.

Leonel ripped off a tree branch and threw it in a direction after coating it with Spear Force.

PENG!

The instant the wolf turned in that direction, Leonel swooped down from the skies, his movements fast and agile.

He landed without the hint of a sound, ducking beneath the swinging tail of the wolf beast and piercing out with his full might.

PCHU!

The eye of the wolf was punctured again, this time by a half foot.

Leonel jumped back dodging out of the range of a claw strike, but even so, the residual force shredded the skin of his chest apart.

Leonel knew that he had been located by the wolf just now, he had underestimated its senses. But even so, he unleashed a roar, thrusting again with his greatest strength.

The golden crown of a spear appearing upon his forehead and his aura caused the wind to still.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1852: Image

BANG!

Leonel was rocked. He was sent flying into a tree with such force that he nearly cut it in half. Even so, he felt that satisfying feeling of his spear piercing through truly tender flesh. No matter how powerful the wolf beast, there was no way that even its brain would be so fortified, right?

The last mournful howl of the beast echoed as Leonel's head swam. He nearly lost consciousness, but he bit his tongue. He couldn't afford to lose his mind here.

Leonel coughed up a mouthful of blood and stumbled once before pushing himself to his feet and nearly falling to the ground again.

'Dammit...'

He had a mild concussion and all the wind was knocked out of him. In fact, he was also pretty sure that he had cracked a few ribs as well, not to mention the

ugly gashes on his chest now. It was lucky, though, that the latter were just skin deep. But even so, in this environment, and considering his body was back in the Third Dimension, this kind of injury could kill him if he didn't deal with it properly.

Wouldn't it be too pathetic if he lost his life to an infection after having already become a Sixth Dimensional existence? Even back in Third Dimensional Earth people almost never died from such things, technology had gotten much too far.

Leonel stood weakly to his knees and thought about running, but he shook his head again in a vain attempt to clear it. He knew that he needed to understand what was going on with that barrier first. Why had it appeared? Why was it there? And why was there not even a single warning?

Leonel rushed up to the barrier and pressed a hand against it. He couldn't pass through no matter how hard he pushed, and the barrier showed no signs of giving in.

Leonel frowned a moment and shook his head again, his fogginess beginning to clear a bit.

There were no obstructions to his sight. He could see to the other side all too easily, which was why he had run into it to begin with. He wouldn't have been foolish enough to do so otherwise.

'It's moving...'

Leonel wasn't sure at first, but he definitely hadn't moved his feet just now, but the barrier was definitely further out than it was originally. Was it here to protect him? Maybe there were much stronger beasts than what he could handle on the other side?

That seemed to potentially be the case considering this was a trial or tribulation of sorts.

Suddenly, Leonel's pupils constricted. On the other side of the barrier, what must have been at least a few kilometers out, he actually saw another human.

Leonel wasn't too shocked by this to begin with. There was no telling whether beasts were the only challenge ahead for him. After all, this was a spear trial,

one for the king weapon of the battlefield. To use it solely against beasts, although this was where its roots lay, was a bit... lacking for its status.

However, the more Leonel looked, the more his shock increased, until his head spun so much that he didn't quite understand how to take what he was seeing.

The youth several kilometers from him ran into the forcefield like he did, but seemed slightly more prepared than Leonel had been. His spear chipped at it first before his body came to a stop. Only then did he nod to himself and turn back.

There was enough distance between him and Leonel that he didn't notice the latter, well that and the fact there were so many trees and obstructions between them. Leonel only happened to have the perfect angle to see this young man.

The young man landed on the ground and brandished a spear that looked practically identical to Leonel's own and pierced out toward a beast before him.

He underwent an arduous battle, not much unlike Leonel. But what was truly shocking was the fact that everything was simply too similar... The Spear Domain Lineage Factor, the Absolute Spear Domain, the crown of spears...

After a long fought battle, the young man finally managed to take down the beast. Without hesitation, he stuck his entire arm into the bloody eye socket of the beast, digging around in its brain until he found what he wanted and pulled out a bloody Beast Crystal. Then, under Leonel's widened gaze, he opened his mouth and swallowed it whole.

His body bulged once before concentrating back down to his original size.

His head suddenly turned in Leonel's direction. He paused for a long while, seemingly scanning Leonel up and down before he gave a bloodthirsty grin, the blood of the beast he had just killed drizzling down his cheek.

Leonel's gaze narrowed as the young man picked up his spear and shot into the distance, his speed clearly much swifter than before.

Even after several moments, Leonel didn't quite understand what was going on. This situation was far too weird.

Leonel's heart shuddered and he realized that he had wasted far too much time here. At any time, a swarm of beasts could be attracted to this location, he couldn't allow himself to get caught with his pants down like that.

He turned back, prepared to run away.

What was obvious to him was that soon enough, if those barriers kept moving, his barrier would eventually overlap with that young man's and maybe even the barriers of other humans that may or may not be here. Obviously, his only opponents this time around wouldn't be human.

He didn't know what it would take to perform to the standard his grandfather of the past had, or even surpass him, but there was no doubt that doing so would require battle with his fellow humanoids.

Leonel's steps suddenly came to a pause and he shot back toward the wolf's corpse. He mimicked the actions of the young man and dug into its eye socket.

He hesitated for a moment. There was no telling if that young man was special or not. Maybe he had a body that helped him digest Beast Crystals like this, or maybe he had a cheat. It looked like he was far more prepared for this tribulation than Leonel had been for some reason.

'I'll take the risk. This wolf had no attributes to begin with and it's not like absorbing Beast Crystals in unheard of...'

Leonel grit his teeth and swallowed the Beast Crystal, knowing full well just how foolish such a decision could be. But as things went, he had minimized the danger as much as he could.

What he did know for sure was that if he couldn't improve his strength like that young man could, his only path forward was death. In that case, he might as well take the risk now.

To Leonel's surprise, the moment the Beast Crystal hit his stomach, his body was flooded with strength. His brain fog, caused by his concussion, completely vanished, the cracks to his ribs healed, and the flesh wound to his chest began to close up.

At the same time, his baseline of strength increased by leaps and bounds and he could feel himself growing more powerful.

Leonel gripped his fists. It seemed that the beasts here weren't just a measure of whether or not he could survive, they were here as stepping stones to prepare him for the later trials.

If he wanted to survive, he would have to hunt them all down.

Brandishing his spear, Leonel dashed forward.

His mind flickered with all sorts of thoughts, but they ultimately landed on just one image...

The image of the ring on that young man's finger...

The Spear Domain Ring.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1853: Queen

1853 Queen

Leonel didn't understand what the existence of that young man and the ring could possibly mean. In fact, he doubted that even if his Ability Index wasn't restrained that he would be able to figure it out. He simply didn't have enough information and everything was a jumbled mess.

What Leonel did feel was correct, though, was that that young man probably wasn't the only one. He had only checked one side and he presumed there was an entire region barred in around him. In that case, there were probably several other regions just like this one.

If he was honest, though, he wasn't 100% certain of this either. For all he knew, they were the only two.

Without his Ability Index, Leonel couldn't calculate something as complicated as how long it would take their two regions to become one, but what he did know was that there was a time limit. This was why he didn't waste time running along the barrier to check his hypotheses. He only had one life and he had to protect it well, and in this situation, that meant strengthening himself as much as possible, and as quickly as possible.

Because he didn't have any Internal Sight to work with, Leonel couldn't just casually blanket hundreds of kilometers like he was used to and hunt down the beasts he was facing one by one, so he had to use other methods.

'This method is a bit dangerous, but it's the best I've got right now... Bait.'

Leonel extended his distance from the fallen wolf corpse after wiping his arm down to the best of his abilities using its fur coat.

Leonel almost cut himself on the sharp bristles of its coat, but thankfully he realized the problem in time and ran his forearm and hand along the grain. At the same time, he made a mental note of this instance.

With most of his advantages stripped from him, he had to take advantage of the ones he did have. His abilities and other Lineage Factors were gone, and his mind wasn't as fast as it normally was, but his memories and skills were still there.

If the flesh of the wolf beast was so sturdy, its protective coat was definitely on another level. He had to find an opportunity to craft something more protective than the nonsense he was wearing right now. He might only have access to Spear Force, but Force was still Force. So long as it existed, he could use it to draw Force Arts.

When Leonel had this thought, he felt his heart shudder.

He had never really thought about the consequences of drawing Force Arts with other Forces outside of Soul and Dream Force, but just now he felt that it should naturally be possible.

No, more specifically, he felt that it would be possible with Spear Force, this was a very clear and distinct difference because Weapon Forces were somewhat different from other Forces.

In fact, in some ways, it acted quite a bit like Dream Force, especially in the way it reacted to Artistic Conceptions.

Leonel felt that he had gained another piece of the puzzle toward formulating the next level of his grandfather's spear technique.

'The first is here,' Leonel thought, losing the strands of his other thoughts the moment he sensed a beast approaching.

Unfortunately, in this state, he couldn't focus on more than one thing at a time. But right now, the evolution of his Spear Force was less important than strengthening his body as much as possible, as quickly as possible.

Leonel wasn't ignorant to the fact that this breakthrough would also help his chances in this tribulation, but he was also aware that it was potentially fleeting while there was a very real opportunity for growth right beneath him.

Leonel's gaze sharpened and he descended toward his first victim.

*%

In the outside world, a sort of silence had fallen in Leonel's absence. His disappearance had been silent, and yet it was almost immediately felt, almost as though a safety blanket had vanished. Everyone seemed to realize then what kind of looming presence he had only then.

Even so, life was forced to go on and due to Leonel's preparations, things remained smooth and steady with progress moving quite seamlessly.

On that day, Aina stepped out from her own personal seclusion.

Other than the time she spent with Leonel, she had spent practically every waking minute meditation on the Blood Sovereign tablet. It could be said that her gains from it were no less than Leonel's gains from the Emperor's Might Tablet. The only difference was that rather than being an additional ability of hers, it seamlessly fused into her current battle style, and as a result, her growth felt more exponential than linear.

The first person Aina saw when she stepped out was actually Harmony. She sent a glance toward her with every intention of just ignoring her entirely, but to her surprise, it was actually Harmony herself that spoke.

"Where is he? Why can't I sense him?"

she interacted with the world on her own, she gained names like the "Sword Monstress". It could be said that she wasn't very good at niceties.

"He is currently busy," Aina replied simply. On her hand, though, there was a slight change, and that was the fact that Leonel's Spear Domain Ring was actually now on her finger.

Whether by conscious choice or not, it actually took the place a wedding ring should have had, something that Harmony seemed quite sensitive to.

Harmony sneered. "There's no need to gatekeep his whereabouts. If I wanted to steal him from you, I would have done so long ago. Though I can't promise that my sister will be as nice as me. Since he's not here to tie me down, I'll just leave, then."

Aina didn't seem to react to these words at all. Or, at the very least, her expression didn't shift. Even so, Harmony suddenly found that she couldn't move a single inch and her pupils couldn't help but constrict.

Aina didn't move an inch, and yet Harmony found her blood vessels constricting, her heart beat seemed to forcibly slow and her skin reddened as blood rushed to the surface.

Harmony's body pressed up against the wall as though a noose was pulling her up. She quickly found her feet dangling from the ground and the veins in her neck popping wildly as flashbangs went off in her vision. She seemed to be able to breathe just fine, and yet couldn't seem to get enough air at the same time.

Fear took root deep within her heart.

She had seen Aina many times during her stay here, how could she not? She had already been stuck here for several months. In fact, she vaguely knew that Aina was a target of the Three Finger Cult and had even thought of snatching her while Leonel was gone.

During this time, she hadn't felt a sense of threat from Aina at all, she had just assumed that Leonel had chosen her because she was so beautiful. It only felt right, the most powerful man would be with the most beautiful woman, it was a legend as old as time.

Harmony had never seen Aina do anything but laugh and smile and cling onto Leonel every waking moment, in fact she had felt a little disgusted by the act making sweeping assumptions about their relationship.

It was only now that Harmony knew exactly how wrong she was.

The pressure she was feeling suddenly vanished and she fell to the ground with a heavy thump, her heart finally beginning to beat normally again.

Aina walked away without another word and Harmony could only watch as her back receded.

It seemed that in the absence of the King, there was a more than capable Queen.

Aina's gaze flashed with its own cold light. If others wanted to test Earth because Leonel had disappeared for a short while, they could taste her ax.

At that moment, in the depths of a hidden world, there was a storm brewing.

News of what had happened to the four Great Families had yet to spread back to its normal channels, but this was only to be expected. With every last one of them having been wiped out by Leonel, who would be there to report back?

However, there would, of course, be normal communication between the two sides, the fact that this contact had suddenly stopped abruptly and without warning was bound to raise its own sort of speculation.

Unfortunately, there were very tight constraints on these four families. If there weren't, why would they incrementally release their people like this? As such, it had been impossible for them to send others to check on the situation for a long while.

In an irony or irony, though, Leonel's actions in assimilating so many World Spirits with Earth's had stabilized the region ahead of time.

The good news was that the number of powerful Zones that appeared were less in number and frequency.

The bad news was that the next batch of four Great Family geniuses could exit ahead of time, and these geniuses would be on a completely different level in comparison to the ones Leonel had originally faced.

Leonel's Queen would face her own challenge.

Stepping out from seemingly thin air, a small group of red haired and eyed young men and women appeared in the depths of Earth's wilderness.

"Our base should be on the Moon," one of them said. "We will head there first and question them about the lack of communication."

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1854: Four

The Brazingers only numbered four. Their current head was a woman who went by Sarathana. She didn't seem to have anything particularly special about her. Her looks weren't too poor, nor were they too great. She wasn't too tall, nor was she too short. She wasn't too imposing, nor did she fade into the background. In fact, if one said that she was the leader among the three, it would feel a bit ridiculous, especially since the one who had spoken was a young man.

This young man was actually Sarathana's younger brother, and maybe this was the reason why he dared to speak in her stead at all. His name was Raffyr and unlike his sister, he was imposing and very noticeable for all the right reasons.

He was tall, strikingly handsome, and he had an obvious air of command to him that made him the largest presence in almost any room he entered. But it was maybe due to this dichotomy that Sarathana was allowed to be the genius that she was. She didn't seem very interested in such things at all, so she was okay to allow her young brother to take the spotlight.

The final two were two young men who went by Berrion and Thedan. They seemed quite used to the interaction between the two siblings and didn't find it to be very off putting at all.

They simply took Raffyr's words at face value and didn't think much about it. Even if they wanted to reject, what good would it do with that monstress by his side? She might look unassuming, but they were well aware of how dangerous she was.

The group pulled out a flying treasure, prepared to make their way to the Moon. But what they didn't expect was that the moment they entered Earth's airspace, they triggered a change.

The four didn't make it far before they found themselves surrounded from all sides.

Raffyr's gaze narrowed. He hadn't expected this aggression, and even if he thought it might be a faint possibility, the speed with which they reacted also

felt... too fast. Since when had Earth reached this level and why was it so different from their expectations?

At that moment, the head ship of the fleet that had surrounded them opened up and a man wearing radiant golden armor stepped out. His eyes were a piercing blue and his hair fell like a rainfall of gold.

This man was none other than Governor Duke Arthur Pendragon. Or, as most once called him... King Arthur.

"I hate how right that brat is sometimes, how annoying," Arthur mumbled beneath his breath.

"I think you're actually more mad about him ordering you around, right dad?"

Mordred somewhat seductive laughter came from an adjacent ship, twirling what looked like a sleek black wand in her hand.

Whether it was father or daughter, the both of them had auras within the Seventh Dimension. However, what was particularly interesting was that they didn't seem to have broken through using the Conventional Path, but it didn't seem to be the God Path either. Of course, that was because they had broken through using Camelot's magic system.

There was a reason the integration of Camelot with Earth was the ultimate reward of their Mythological Zone, a reward Leonel only gained after clearing the hidden quest and resolving their love triangle. By succeeding in that endeavor, Leonel had planted a seed for the protection of Earth that was bearing fruit now.

Camelot had just needed a little push, and with Leonel's return, they were truly blooming into their own.

Arthur grumbled. Although he had never said it out loud, he had every intention of surpassing Leonel and suppressing him one day, which was funny considering he had started off so much higher than Leonel to begin with. He could still remember all the arrogant things that little boy had done the first time he visited his kingdom.

But now, he, the mighty Arthur Pendragon, was basically just a lacky. How sad.

SHIING!

Arthur unsheathed his sword, a radiant golden light echoing through the world. Without a word, he vanished into a beam of light, his body losing its form as he moved forward at impossible to track speeds.

The pupils of the four constricted.

"Abandon ship!" Raffyr commanded.

SHIING!

Arthur shot by in a blazing ray of light as the four of them didn't hesitate to jump down toward the earth below. When Arthur appeared again, he was standing in the exact same spot, his hand still on his sword hilt.

For a moment, the flying ship the four Brazinger youths had stood upon seemed to be completely normal, but in the next instant, a blade cut as clean as a mirror's surface appeared, slicing it down the middle.

Arthur watched coldly as the four youths fell to the earth below, his aura imposing. However, at that moment, a snort came from his side.

"Show off. You don't get extra points for being flashy, you know, dad," Modred laughed.

Arthur's cool demeanor vanished. He was speechless. Shouldn't daughters look toward their fathers as their superheroes? He actually had superhero-like powers and still couldn't get his daughter to treat him well, where was the justice?

"Follow after them, we can't let them get too comfortable," was the only thing Arthur could say.

"It's too late, they're gone. They were likely prepared for a worst case scenario like this. I didn't even see what method they used to vanish like that," Arthur's son, Lionus spoke.

"In that case, there's only really two options for them. Either return to their world for reinforcements or they're going to meet up with the other three families. Leonel said it's most likely the second. There should be some

restrictions on how easily they can move into and out of that world of theirs. The best they can likely do for now is send a message back,"

Mordred replied.

Arthur almost rolled his eyes at the mention of Leonel again, but he didn't say anything to refute it.

"Anyway, let the others know what's happened. They're here now, so we have to be ready for retaliation, especially when they've found out what's happened to their people."

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1855: Finite

When Aina received the news, her gaze became frighteningly cold. She moved to stand, but it was Yuri who placed a hand on hers.

Aina looked over, her gaze still quite scary. However, Yuri only smiled lightly, seemingly quite used to this. Maybe only she and Leonel could face this look of Aina's.

"I know you want to make them pay as soon as possible, but you also have other responsibilities here, no?" Yuri asked softly.

Hearing this, Aina took a breath and exhaled. That was right. Currently, she wasn't Aina Brazinger. For all intents and purposes, she was currently Aina Morales. She had sworn to herself that she wouldn't change her name until the Brazinger family most wanted her to have it. However, for Leonel, she was willing to forget that vow for a while.

In Leonel's presence, she was allowed to be as willful as she wanted. But in his absence, she had to step into his role. She wasn't as good of a leader as Leonel was, but at the very least, she had to be present. If she went off looking for murder, who would take care of things back here?

"You're right," Aina said lightly before she exhaled a final breath and calmed down entirely.

She looked down at her ring finger. She had put the ring there purposely to remind herself. It wasn't for the sake of being googly eyed and in love, that

was the furthest thing from her personality. It was an anchor to remind herself not to lose herself in her murderous intent.

"Then we'll do things the smart way. Have the Raylion and the others spread out their information network to track their whereabouts, this won't be difficult. Once they gather up support from the representatives they send from the other three families, we'll deal with them all in a single sweep."

This was Earth's territory, and the playground they had just stepped into was in Leonel's backyard. If they thought just a handful of people could overturn the skies and shatter the earth, they would be sorely mistaken.

Yuri nodded and began to do as Aina had said. No matter what, ever since their youth, she had always been Aina's guiding hand. Sometimes it was hard to tell if they were a pair of sisters or mother and daughter, but regardless, they were very close.

"I'll go speak to the others about remaining alert. Since battle could come at any time, it wouldn't be a good idea to lose themselves in training," Aina stood and began to make rounds through the flagship.

Her fists clenched and unclenched before her thumb spun the ring on her finger. Even in its dormant state, the Spear Domain Ring gave her quite a bit of warmth.

*k Leonel dodged out of the way of a claw. His body was covered from head to toe in injuries, but his gaze was sharp and relentless.

All around him, beasts of all shapes and sizes charged. Compared to the past where he would avoid them even in a one on one situation, but it could only be said that Leonel was a madman. This hoard wasn't something he had accidentally triggered, but rather something he had triggered on purpose. And at the moment, he had nowhere to take a step back because there was nothing but the forcefield to his back.

As for why Leonel had chosen to do things this way outside of being a madman, well... he wanted to save time.

With the forcefield to his back, he didn't have to worry about being encircled. To his left and right, corpses of beasts were quickly piling up and adding much more to the blockade. All he had to do now was focus on the beasts right in front of him, beasts that seemed to be getting larger and larger.

After seeing the young man, Leonel had been constantly thinking about how he could get ahead. The young man's Spear Domain Lineage Factor seemed to be on par with his own, his bodily strength was about on par, his weapon was about on par...

So how could Leonel get an edge?

Usually, the answer to that question was just to rely on his Ability Index. His mind was sharper, his reactions were faster and he was simply more intelligent. However, he had completely lost this advantage.

While Leonel still felt he was more intelligent than most people, without the benefit of speed of thought and split minds, the margin was too narrow for it to cause any large swings in any one direction.

It could be said that compared to other geniuses, Leonel wasn't too much more intelligent than them, or at the very least, it wasn't exaggerated. He was probably 0.1 standard deviations ahead of most geniuses, which wasn't a small amount, but it wasn't obscene either.

What stacked this advantage so greatly against his enemies was how many minds he had working at once and how fast he could think. By the time another person deduced using their intelligence once, Leonel would have done so billions of times over. The winner was, then, obvious.

However, without this advantage, while Leonel was intelligent still, his application was lacking.

Leonel realized that if he continued meandering about, his success after this point would be up to luck, something that was unacceptable to him. So, he decided to force the issue and he thought about how one would gain an advantage in this situation.

His Crafting skills weren't enough. Without Little Tolly and his Dream World, what he could make would be limited in use, and without his Ability Index, he would be too slow in making them. At best, he would be able to focus on just a single thing before he was forced to face the other participant or potentially participants in this tribulation.

He needed a different sort of advantage, or at least a method of maximizing the advantage he did have better.

And that was when Leonel thought of it.

This was a finite space. Although the forcefield was moving, it was doing so very slowly and he had yet to see any beasts crossing the barrier, which meant that they were restricted by the same means he was.

In that case, the most important commodity here was actually these beasts themselves!

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1856: A Joke.

Leonel asked himself a very simple question. What was the measure of success in this place in the rawest terms? He was able to find the answer by making one simple assumption: the goal of this first phase was to swallow Beast Crystals and strengthen yourself.

With that assumption made, the answer was obvious. The measure of success was how many beasts you could kill.

In that case, what Leonel had to do was even more obvious: kill as many beasts as he could, and even more ideally than that, kill them all!

This was where the importance of the fact that this place was finite came into place. The fact that there was a finite amount of space meant that there was a finite number of beasts.

And if there was a finite number of beasts, then logically, to perfectly clear this region, one had to kill every last one of them.

So then the question became how could Leonel use his unique advantages to force this end result?

Due to these lines of thought, Leonel ended up in this situation, bleeding from head to toe, still lacking any sort of defenses outside of his own flesh and bone, and wielding a spear so dull it could only rely on his Spear Force to give it an edge.

After finding a good region near the force field barrier, Leonel drew a Force Art with his Spear Force that could mimic a Force Eruption. And now, he was paying dearly for it.

Leonel drew in heavy breaths, but his grip on his spear didn't slacken. After dodging the claw, he stepped outside of the tiger beast's body and his arm clamped it down to his torso.

When the tiger beast tried to twist its head toward him to bite his head off he sent a powerful punch at its long teeth while still holding onto his spear, shattering them.

Blood and tooth fragments rained down, but Leonel had already switched his grip and pierced right through the tiger's eye, mincing its brain to pieces.

Leonel released its claw and sent out a fierce kick, sending the tiger's body sprawling toward the next wave.

Taking a step forward, Leonel pierced out with his spear, splitting the blade six different directions and forcing the second wave after the next back. His crowd control was immaculate as he hacked them down one by one, and his slaughter was relentless.

Leonel realized then that his only advantage wasn't just his Force Crafting. The changes the Silver Empire's inheritance had made to his body were still there. There were still countless more folds in his heart, several more blood vessels carrying oxygen through his body, and his heart was still several times larger than it had been in the past along with having more chambers.

If he could use his mind and spear to force these beasts to fight him one on one or two on one, he definitely wouldn't be the first to tire. It felt like it only took a single big breath for his body to be refueled and rejuvenated.

He continued his relentless slaughter, kicking corpses out of the way from time to time to slaughter more. He fell into a complete rhythm and his blade strikes seemed to paint a picture across the skies, his polearm floating as though it was being carried by the wind and caressed by the sun's rays.

Silence fell and the roars of the beasts didn't seem to echo any longer. The melody of Leonel's spear was all there was.

The greatest shame of losing his Ability Index was that Leonel could no longer rely on Dream Class to execute his grandfather's way of the spear. This was why he hadn't used Swift or Forceful, or any of the other stances he had stored away.

But at that moment, his spear seemed to have become ingrained into his very being. No, more accurately, he had come to realize that the part of his brain that the Spear Domain Lineage Factor had modified to be more in tune with the spear had saved all of these movements within his muscle memory.

Ironically, for the first time, Leonel truly listened to his spear without filtering it through logic and reason, only because he simply didn't have the luxury to. His mind wasn't currently running fast enough to think and scheme in the middle of battle and he had become like everyone else, relying on their instincts and training.

It was just that Leonel hadn't realized just how much instinct he had built up until this moment.

Suddenly, he needed no more than a single strike to shatter the Life Force of the beasts before him.

He walked out from the forcefield, seemingly no longer needing it to his back. His spear became faster and faster, and for a moment, in the back of his head, he faintly laughed at himself. That young man? As skilled as him? Isn't that what he had said before?

What a joke. That young man wasn't even a tenth as powerful as he was.

The radiant spear crown shone with a fiercer and fiercer light.

Leonel pierced out, his spear splitting into three. This time, he didn't even aim for the enormous eye sockets of the beasts before him. And yet, their nigh indestructible coats of fur were shredded like wet paper beneath his blade and he shattered their skulls in a single strike. The attack was so smooth that he didn't even face a hint of backlash facing three of them at once.

Leonel's spear drew an arc through the air. Blood flew and heads spun, mournful cries echoing through the forest.

A bloodthirstiness wafted from Leonel, his blade snaking through the skies like a river of flowing crimson blood. Everywhere he passed, another beast would fall, and then another.

The spear crown upon his forehead grew more and more condensed, the middle spear growing in size.

PCHU!

ROAR!

A baleful cry left Leonel's lips as his spear thrust forward. It felt like a blade strike that could split the ocean's tides, several thousands of miles of deep, black waters as though they were nothing at all.

Everywhere the Spear Force passed, beasts were shredded to pieces.

Leonel suddenly came to a stop and took a deep breath. All the wind for hundreds of meters rushed toward him at its fastest speed, suturing his lungs in an instant.

After that singular breath, his breathing became even and unhurried.

He stood amid hundreds of corpses looking for more beasts when he suddenly realized something.

He had already killed them all.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1857: To Know.

Leonel's gaze flickered as he quickly looked around. He hadn't expected to kill them all so easily. Actually, if he was honest with himself, he couldn't quite remember whether it was easy or not, he had been in a state of complete forgetfulness, something he had never before experienced.

Leonel shook his head. Right now, this was actually a good thing. Leaning on his talent a bit, especially when he didn't have his Ability Index, would be the best way to maximize his chances at victory.

After a minor moment of hesitation, Leonel rushed forward and began plucking the Beast Crystals out from these beasts. During the battle, he obviously hadn't had a chance to do so, so now he had some making up to do.

The more he swallowed, the greater flood of strength that entered his body. His body was like a dry riverbed finally experiencing its first rainfall after countless months. But what was especially odd was that Leonel didn't feel like

he was regaining his previous strength. It both felt like his own body, and yet not like his body at all.

Leonel realized it was incorrect to say that the Beast Crystals were allowing him to regain his former strength. Rather, he was just building up the strength of this temporary body. But this wasn't necessarily a bad thing either. After all, if he was facing other enemies, who was to say that his Sixth Dimensional strength wouldn't be too weak? This way, everyone was at the same starting level.

It took Leonel longer than he thought it would to swallow all the Beast Crystals, but that couldn't be helped considering the sturdiness of these beasts and the sheer number of them that there were.

After he was done, he turned his attention elsewhere. He scanned the pile of beasts before he landed on a three. One was a hawk with a wingspan of over 10 meters, the second was a Komodo dragon creature with thick greenish black scales, and the last was a white furred wolf who, even in death, looked exceptionally beautiful, it was hard to tell that it had died at all, but that was also because Leonel had purposely left its lush coat intact.

Leonel walked over to the hawk and hacked down at one of its large claws, severing one of its legs from its corpse. He held the large appendage that was just over half his height and examined it for a moment. He touched the tough leathery scales that coated it, then flicked a finger at the actual claws before nodding to himself.

He then went over to the Komodo dragon and skinned it before repeating the same process with the white furred wolf.

After he was done, he prepared the rest of his raw materials and cleaned them all in a nearby lake.

Leonel walked to the side of a dead porcupine creature and raked a gaze over its body before he found a perfect size needle and pulled it out. After puncturing a hole in its blunt base, he began to form Force threads.

Leonel was used to using Little Tolly in place of threads, or more accurately, this was the method of Force Sowing his father had taught him. But the most important aspect of the sowing was the fusion, and Leonel felt that if his Spear Force control was high enough, he could replicate the feat.

Losing himself, Leonel didn't focus on the time or anything else. After setting up Force Art protections around himself, he put his all into Force Crafting. The process was a lot slower than he was used to, but it also really allowed him to hone in on his weaknesses.

For example, he wasn't very good at drawing Force Arts without a perfect replica to follow from his Dream World. As such, he was forced to slow his drawing process and really think about every rune he drew. This process actually deepened his understanding and tied down loose ends he hadn't even been aware existed.

His skill as a Force Crafter increased by leaps and bounds and soon, just a few hours later, Leonel felt that he was ready.

He donned his new armor.

The gorgeous white fur of the wolf took center stage, making up most of it. However, in between and hidden in important regions, the black-green scales of the Komodo dragon added a nice hint of accent to the blinding white.

On Leonel's hands and forearms were a pair of gauntlets he had constructed out of the claws of the hawk. Hidden within the flat of his forearm, a blade formed from its claw extended and then retracted. On his feet, there was a pair of boots modeled in the same style as his gauntlets.

Leonel slammed his fists into one another and the sound of a resonant energy formed. Hidden within the armor, gauntlets and boots, a Force Art solidified them all into one entity.

Reaching out a hand, Leonel's spear flew into his palm and he exhaled a breath. He turned toward his forcefield again, he wanted to see how much time there was left before he fused with another cornered off region. But, to Leonel's surprise, when he touched the forcefield this time, his armored hand slipped right through it.

Leonel's gaze flickered. 'Is this the benefit of clearing your bubble?'

This seemed like the only plausible explanation. Leonel nodded to himself as he moved forward and broke out into a sprint. It seemed it was time to truly unleash unholy hell.

Because he had taken his time to build this armor first, there was no telling if others had stepped out before him, so it was about time he unleashed his own killing spree. But first, he had to find one of the other participants.

He wanted to find out exactly what was going on here. Why were there multiple Spear Domain rings? Was there really more than one in the universe? Or were they just participants from past tribulations? Or maybe incarnations created to challenge him but didn't truly exist?

He had to know.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1858: Kill Me

Leonel's speed was much greater than it had been before as he entered the bubble of the young man he had seen earlier. He thought it would be smartest if he entered more known territory. Not only was he certain that there was a person here to target, but he was also of a strength Leonel was confident in dealing with.

Leonel's steps paused for a moment and he turned back, pressing a hand toward the forcefield. The forcefield rippled, but stopped his hand from passing through. It seemed that by stepping into this region, he had locked himself into a cage and he couldn't retreat as he pleased.

That much was fine. He had considered the possibility of this happening which was why he had chosen a known location to begin with.

Turning back, Leonel shot into the distance again, leaping into the trees agilely and vanishing into the foliage. He moved forward without a single hint of a sound, scanning the region quickly with his eyes.

It was impossible to lure out this enemy like he had the beasts of his bubble. Humans might be intrigued by a Force Eruption, but there was a more likely than not chance that if the young man sensed a Force Eruption, given his strength, he would stay quite a distance away from it. He likely wouldn't take the risk if he didn't have to. So Leonel had to find him on his own.

The good news was that Leonel's senses were much sharper after absorbing so many Beast Crystals. So, he cut a straight line through the closed off bubble, paying keen attention. His ears twitched every so often.

Finally, he caught the faint sounds of battle.

He changed direction, gliding through the trees and moving up higher as he moved. Eventually, he could sense the strands of Spear Force gliding through the air and he locked onto a battle occurring about 300 meters ahead of him.

The young man stood his ground as he faced off against two beasts. He was clearly much stronger than he had been when Leonel last saw him, and his confidence and battle style proved this much. However, after observing him for a while, Leonel felt that he was no threat at all.

Without waiting for the battle to conclude, Leonel suddenly leapt forward. He pushed off of the trunk of the tree he stood within with such force that it bent in the opposite direction far enough to nearly touch the ground.

The young man was completely caught off guard by Leonel's sudden appearance on the battlefield, but before he could react, Leonel's Absolute Spear Domain had already shredded the two beasts he landed between to pieces.

The pupils of the young man constricted. He immediately felt the potency of Leonel's Spear Force and it caused him to shudder.

His own Absolute Spear Domain erupted in an attempt to counter Leonel's, but it was shredded to pieces as well, crumbling before his eyes.

Leonel took a step forward, closing the distance.

Seeing that the situation wasn't good, the young man pierced forward with his spear, trying to catch Leonel off guard and make him pay for his nonchalance. However, Leonel simply tapped them with a finger, his Spear Force suffocating the young man's.

The young man's spear was blown to the side as Leonel's own thrust forward, nailing the former right in the collarbone and pressing forward until he was nailed to a tree.

The young man roared out in pain and tried to swing out with his spear in vain, but Leonel's hand grabbed its polearm with one hand, released his grip on his own spear, and then used it to grab the young man's throat, suffocating the rest of his pained outcry.

In just a few exchanges, the young man found himself weaponless and restricted. He couldn't even move an inch without the spear through his collarbone making his body shudder with pain.

When he looked at Leonel's face, there couldn't help but be a hint of defiance on it that masked a lingering fear. He had seen Leonel before, but back then, he had been very confident in his abilities. It had only been about three quarters of a day, how had someone who had been his equal become so powerful?

No. it was simply impossible for someone with Spear Force this powerful to have shown the kind of weakness he saw from Leonel earlier, nor was it possible for there to be such vast improvement in the span of a day, it didn't make any sense.

Leonel was about to begin questioning the man before him, but to his surprise, he felt an odd pull from the young man's spear. Subconsciously, Leonel felt that if he touched his spear to the young man's spear, it would upgrade to a new level.

Leonel tucked this information into the back of his mind and released his grip on the young man's throat slightly.

"What is your name?"

The young man was trying to decide what to do at this point. If he struggled, he might just die. But if things ended like this, so would his tribulation. He hadn't even cleared his bubble yet, this wasn't even enough for the lowest tier of clear. When he went back, his Spear Domain Ring wouldn't even acknowledge him and he would have to pass it to someone new. This was simply far too frustrating.

However, when he heard Leonel's question, he was a bit surprised. Why was he asking this?

The young man forced himself to calm down. Ultimately, he was a genius among geniuses, there was a very obvious reason he had been able to get to this step. Even in this situation, he hadn't fallen to despair just yet.

He didn't really want to answer Leonel's question, but maybe there would be a chance to find an escape route if he delayed.

"My name is Nelligan Trudeau."

Leonel frowned, he didn't recognize that name or family...

"Nelligan, where are you from?"

Hearing these words, the young man suddenly understood. His astonishment was painted all over his face.

"Oh... you're from one of them. I can't believe I actually lost to someone from one of them, my dad's gonna kill me!"

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1859: Cheating

Nelligan hadn't shown a hint of despair all this time, but the moment he seemed to have deduced something, it felt like his world was crumbling. He spoke about losing to Leonel as though he tried to snatch candy from a baby and actually ended up failing.

Leonel frowned. From one of them? What was that supposed to mean?

"One of them? What does that mean?"

Nelligan stopped flailing about and looked Leonel dead in the eyes. He didn't seem like he was going to say anything at all, until Leonel suddenly lightly touched the spear pierced into his shoulder.

Although Nelligan didn't make a single sound, his jaw still set. It was clear that he was clenching his teeth quite hard, but he tried his best to hide it. Unfortunately, even without his Ability Index, something like that couldn't escape Leonel's attention.

"I'll ask again. What does that mean?"

Nelligan sucked in a cold breath and shook his head. "Go fuck yourself. If you don't know, then tell you. You tell me, what would you choose between dying and your family? You're not going to get anything out of me."

Leonel frowned. He didn't understand what these words were supposed to mean. Why did giving this information to him place Nelligan's family in danger?

Leonel looked into Nelligan's eyes, but he already knew that it was a futile effort. Of all the emotions he had seen Nelligan display, none of them had been fear, even when Leonel could have taken his life with a single stroke. It was clear that Nelligan, although weak, was someone with backbone.

"What a load of horseshit..." Nelligan mumbled beneath his breath. "... Since when did those places have someone capable of suppressing their Spear Force to this extent..."

Leonel thought about just taking Nelligan's spear and leaving. If there wasn't any information to be gained, then this was all worthless. He felt that it wasn't necessary to kill someone, taking his spear and kicking him out would be enough. But then Leonel realized something else.

"Alright, I'll let you go on one condition. Tell me everything you know about this tribulation. If you don't, or I catch you lying to me, your family can wait for your corpse."

Nelligan didn't seem to be as opposed to this, this wasn't a big deal. But then he lamented the fact that he had actually lost to someone who had no idea what was going on. Nelligan assumed that Leonel must be the first to trigger the complete tribulation, or else he wouldn't be so clueless.

To make matters worse, since Leonel was so clueless, then that meant that he had gained an idea of what to do by observing him back then. If not for Leonel spotting him before, he would have no idea that he could ingest Beast Crystals in this world.

Nelligan really felt like kicking himself. This was worse than dropping a weight on your foot or even shooting it, he might as well have nuked his entire leg off. He had basically created the man who kicked him out of this tribulation.

"This is the complete tribulation, it's different from the three sectioned tribulation as it will only appear once."

Leonel's gaze narrowed. Nelligan had corrected a thought he had almost immediately. He had assumed that there would be three of these tribulations

exactly like this one. What had triggered this? Could it be what happened that day he lost consciousness in the Void Tower?

"What's the goal of this complete tribulation?"

"Territory conquering. You're already doing just fine," Nelligan said, his saltiness clearly evident in his words. "By clearing all the beasts in your territory, you gain the right to leave it and attack another. If you defeat the ruler of that territory, you get their spear and can upgrade your own. In addition, your territory will fuse with theirs. This will cause stronger beasts to begin to spawn, giving you a better shot at absorbing stronger Beast Crystals and benefiting more."

Leonel's irises flickered.

"How does this end? What are the levels of completion?"

"Clearing one territory is the basic pass and can grant you the Black reward. Ten for Bronze, 100 for Silver, a thousand for Gold. As for how it ends, that depends. Usually it's when there's only one participant remaining, sometimes it's when there's been a stalemate for too long, at other times it's when all of the remaining participants have decided to accept their rewards and move on. It's possible for you to leave right now if you wanted and just accept a basic pass."

"There are that many participants at once?"

"No. Humanoids aren't the only ones who command territories. There are special territories with King Beasts and there are some with powerful and unique spears in control of them that can spawn warriors. Any combination of these works."

"Humanoids? It's not just humans?"

"... Of course not. In fact, humans are probably the minority in this place."

Leonel's gaze narrowed. Nelligan's words seemed to imply something. It was likely that the people in the know about these matters were more likely than not, not human. It seemed that once again, the Human Race was lagging too far behind.

"What else aren't you telling me?" Leonel asked.

"For the rules, that's really all there is. The rest are little details. It would make no difference if I told you or not. If I tried to list them all, you'd be here all day and you'd only fall behind the others."

"Then what about the competitors?"

"If what you mean to do is ask for my advice, then I advise that after you claim ten territories, you cut your losses and accept the Bronze Reward."

Leonel frowned. "Why's that?"

"For one, the Bronze Reward is already enough for you to rule over your little corner since you come from one of them. And secondly, if you try to push for Silver, claiming 100

territories will definitely put you in their line of sight, you'll already be lucky to not run into them after claiming 10."

"Who's them?"

"The other Races, of course."

"Why should I fear the other races? Aren't they suppressed just like we are in this place?"

Nelligan looked at Leonel and shook his head.

"In this place, we're all stripped down to our baseline and left with nothing more than our Spear Force. You think about it, humans versus the other races, who has the higher baseline?"

Without our Lineage Factors and Ability Indexes, we're screwed. However, their abilities are too ingrained into their very bodies to be completely suppressed.

"The Rapax will always have exceptionally strong bodies and no amount of suppression is going to remove the metal that coats their bodies. The Cloud Race's shifting ability is ingrained into their very person. Although they can't shift in this place, they can still analyze all of your abilities and counter them with a change in the battle style.

"And the worst cheaters of them all, the Spirituals, still have souls separate from their bodies. While their bodies are suppressed, the suppression to their

souls is much weaker because it needs to be. After all, your real body is in suspended animation right now, it's your soul that's occupying this puppet body for you to use. If it was suppressed too, everything that made you, you, would be gone and then there wouldn't be a point to these trials.

"Some of those bastards can use their affinities and even portions of their Lineage Factors..."

"You think about it, what chance do humans stand, exactly?"

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1860: Resounding

Leonel fell into silence. This was, indeed, a troublesome issue. But if what Nelligan said was true, then technically, shouldn't he have such advantages too? After all, his soul was also separated from his body. So why was it that he hadn't sensed anything special?

However, when he thought back to what Nelligan had said, his frown deepened. According to what he had said, this tribulation world was still able to suppress Spirituals, it was just that the suppression wasn't perfect. The Spirituals were still able to take advantage of their affinities, which likely meant that they could use Forces outside of just Spear Force.

The Spear Domain Lineage Factor made this ability exception. Those with this Lineage Factor were able to fuse all Forces with their Spear Force, their spear was a perfect conduit or vessel for their other Forces.

To keep this matter simple, if the Spiritual could use other Forces here, they were exceptionally dangerous.

The trouble here was that humans and Spirituals weren't of the same race. Although Leonel had had a hypothesis that they shared the same root, he had yet to be able to confirm this.

Plus, even if they did, they had branched out in their evolution enough that this fact might not even matter.

Essentially, humans stored their affinities within their bodies and the changes that occurred within them. Spirituals, however, carried all of their DNA within their souls. The greatest difference was that as long as their soul was intact, a

Spiritual goal rebuild their Ethereal Glabella, but if Leonel's Ethereal Glabella was ever destroyed, he would be finished.

This was all to say that from what it seemed here, Leonel didn't have the same advantages even though his soul was separate from his body. He couldn't even sense his greatest affinities: Dream Force and Fire Force.

"Wait..."

Leonel's gaze suddenly sharpened.

He definitely couldn't sense Fire Force, but was it true that he couldn't sense Dream Force? In fact, hadn't his Spear Force felt like an extension of his Dream and Soul Force when he used it as a replacement when he drew the Force Arts that formed his current armor?

Suddenly, it all clicked for Leonel at once.

He couldn't access any of his other talents, but there was one of his talents that was firmly rooted in his soul: his King's Might Lineage Factor.

From the very beginning, it was the only one of his Lineage Factors that did elicit changes in his body but rather did so to his soul. While the Lineage Factor itself was currently suppressed, what wasn't suppressed was the Dream Force affinity that came with it.

Leonel realized then that he didn't have an advantage similar to that of the Spirituals, it was just far less obvious, and it was difficult to tell how he would be able to apply it.

It had to be remembered that Leonel was incapable of projecting his Dream Force out of his body. It was only after he gained Thaela's Innate Node that he was able to. But now, he obviously didn't have access to it any longer.

This meant that just like before, Leonel was fairly limited in what he could do. Outside of drawing Force Arts using his spear as medium, it would be difficult to use it in other ways...

After a moment of silence, Leonel's mind flashed with a few thoughts and he nodded to himself, his confidence soaring.

This was a tribulation of the spear. He didn't care what advantages they had, so long as their blades weren't as sharp as his own, they would lose. It was that simple.

"Go." Leonel said coldly.

He snatched Nelligan's spear and pulled his own out of the latter's shoulder. With a thought, the two spears fused and what was left, although still of low quality, was still much better.

The crooked wood was now as straight as a javelin, the blade had lengthened, and Leonel could feel its sharpness with a touch of his finger.

Nelligan opened his mouth to say something but just shook his head in the end as his body began to fade away. He could tell that Leonel had no intention of listening to his advice. In fact, Leonel had already begun to draw something in the dirt.

It didn't take Nelligan long to realize that it was actually a Force Art.

Just when he thought it was futile, a surge of Force came forth from the surroundings. The last thing Nelligan saw was a horde of beasts rushing over.

**

Not long after Leonel cleared Nelligan's territory, he left to another, and then another. Back to back to back, he cleared a total of five territories and his speed was only increasing.

Leonel realized that he had to maintain this pace until the specialty territories began to appear. The later he was to enter a territory, the fewer beasts there would be remaining, and the fewer Beast Crystals he would be able to consume to increase his strength.

Although one could gather territory by stealing the spear of someone who had already conquered many, doing things that way would be like leaving power on the table because you wouldn't be able to absorb strength someone else already had.

Leonel's steps came to a pause and his eyes narrowed. By now, his armor had evolved several times and he looked not much different from a hooded

hermit wrapped in white furs and blackish leather. Even so, his movements were just as agile and even far swifter than they had been before.

Up ahead, Leonel caught sight of a Rapax, its oblong shaped head glistening with a blackish-silver metal-like carapace.

This was the first non-human individual he had met, and the difference felt particularly striking. For one, he could see that the Rapax's spear was already upgraded, which meant that it had already conquered other territories. But more importantly than that, it too was fighting several beasts at once without the slightest hint of fatigue.

Even so, Leonel stomped a foot onto the ground, not hiding his presence in the slightest as he barrelled forward. He didn't just want a victory, he wanted a resounding victory.