

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1861: Unfairness

The Rapax seemed to sense Leonel almost immediately. It was far too difficult for Leonel to tell what its emotions were, especially without his Ability Index, but the slight hitch in its actions despite the fact it had reacted so smoothly before seemed to suggest that it was actually surprised that a human was coming at him.

This was no normal Rapax, it was coated in golden runes that Leonel had only seen on the most talented of Rapax. In fact, when he thought back, only Rapax of the Seventh Dimension had had these runes. This wasn't to say that only Rapax of that level could have such things, but rather that all those who had had such runes had the talent to enter the Seventh Dimension with their unique path.

What was more important than this, though, was the fact that the Rapax had runes at all. This definitely meant that it had received more than a generic body when it entered this place, speaking to the unfairness spoken about before.

Even so, that wouldn't stop him.

Leonel's figure flickered and he slid by the beasts as though he didn't exist. Not a single one of them reacted to his appearance and to the Rapax's further shock, the beasts treated no differently than one of them, ignoring him and continuing to attack the Rapax.

The Rapax blocked a lunging elephant beast with his spear. At the same time, his tail whipped toward Leonel like a whip. In some sort of weird martial art, it lifted its leg in a violent frontal kick all at once. Without fail, each attack was matched with a viciously sharp Spear Force.

Leonel's pale violet gaze remained frighteningly cold, but inwardly he had confirmed Nelligan's words several times over in just a single exchange.

The Rapax were close combat experts, and they were also practically immune to Soul Force to the point they couldn't be seen with Internal Sight. They didn't tend to use weapons and relied on their bodies instead as they lacked the affinity for it. But if one of them was born to be a spearman like the one right before Leonel, the combination of spearmanship and close combat skills would be exceptional.

And now this was no longer a vague theory in Leonel's mind, but was rather a very clear reality. Every single part of this Rapax seemed to be another spear pointed right for Leonel.

Leonel's Absolute Spear Domain thrummed to life.

"SKREEEE!"

The Rapax released a war cry, seemingly wanting to intimidate Leonel. Rather than pausing, its attack became fiercer, pressing down with a vicious momentum.

BANG!

Spiraling domain of Spear Force, tail and leg met. However, rather than going right through like he had expected, the Rapax found itself in a stalemate. Having underestimated Leonel, he found himself entangled for far longer than he thought he would be, and because it was still dealing with other beasts, it couldn't do much as Leonel's spear snaked forward, its blade appearing between the natural plated armor that covered its body.

The Rapax seemed to enter another odd stance of its martial art. Using the momentum of its rebound against Leonel's Absolute Spear Domain, its leg and tail drew back and pulled its body into a half spin that shrunk Leonel's target.

Leonel's spear passed through, drawing a line of blood through the joint in the Rapax's natural armor, but it wasn't the deep and devastating cut he had wanted.

At the same time, the elephant beast's trunk swung and knocked the Rapax away. Leonel could tell with a glance that the Rapax absorbed this blow on purpose, arching through the air, flipping once, and then landing agilely on its digitigrade feet.

The Rapax hopped once as though it was loosening his body, but this casual leap of his easily brought him ten meters into the air before he landed.

The elephant beast quickly caught up and tried to follow up, thinking it had the upper hand, but with his eyes still locked onto Leonel, the Rapax swung out his spear just once and severed the beast's head.

The elephant beast kept rushing forward as though it was still alive. It crashed through dozens of meters worth of trees before it finally came to a stop.

The other beasts that tried to take advantage of the situation were instantly shredded by the Rapax's own Absolute Spear Domain.

Leonel didn't follow up immediately, calmly meeting what he thought was the Rapax's gaze.

"...You aren't bad... human..."

Leonel's heart skipped a beat. He was a bit shocked because this was the first time he had heard a Rapax speak, or maybe it was more accurate to say that this was the first time a Rapax saying something was properly translated for him.

He hadn't put any effort into learning the Rapax language when he last met them, so it was only right he hadn't understood anything they were saying. But it seemed that this tribulation did the translation for him.

"... It's rare to see a suppressor among the humans, and that armor should be self-made, right? Judging by your spear, you've already conquered five territories already... how'd you Indeed, because he could emulate Force Eruptions, Leonel's clearing speed for territories was actually the fastest, or at the very least, if it wasn't, he should be near the very top. Even this Golden Runed Rapax had only cleared one territory up until now, this was his second and he was about 75% finished. How could he not be interested after seeing this?

Leonel tilted his head to the side until he heard a satisfying crack. He didn't bother to ask what a "suppressor" was, from the context clues he had gained from Nelligan, a suppressor should be someone who restricted their Spear Force in order to first chase perfection.

More importantly, if Leonel hadn't suppressed his Spear Force, he would have been dropped into a tribulation with those with Sixth Dimensional Spear Force. At that point, he probably wouldn't stand a chance no matter how fast he cleared territories... if he could clear them at all, that is.

"I always thought that Rapax were silent warriors, I didn't expect a genius among them to be so talkative. You're single-handedly ruining the image I have for your race, I hope your blade is stronger than your tongue."

The Rapax didn't say anything to this, but his aura seemed to darken.

What an arrogant human.

There was only a moment of silence, and then a rush of wind, before the two suddenly vanished, their spears crossing.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1862: Battle Prowess

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Leonel pressed forward with a furious speed. It was clear that his Spear Force was sharper and his reactions were quicker. At the same time, his strength output was beyond that of the Rapax. After all, he had cleared five territories while the Rapax was still working on its second.

However, the combat style of the Rapax was unpredictable and it flowed exceptionally smoothly. All parts of his body seemed to become a spear, it was to the point where it was difficult to tell whether he was a true spearman or if he was a close combat expert instead.

Leonel's spear separated into six blades, attacking all the vital points of the Rapax at once. The Rapax young man reacted with three of his own, but what was surprising was that his tail also split into three matching Leonel with a total of six.

Leonel's timing was thrown slightly off by this. The Rapax's three spear collided against him first with a purely forward pressure, but the three tails followed up with a more side-swiping momentum. The delay between the two destabilized Leonel's spear and opened up his guard.

Suddenly, the Rapax's foot appeared before Leonel's chest, clearly having expected exactly this sort of lapse.

Leonel didn't have the time to block and could only try to twist away. Unfortunately, he was a step slow and a claw coated with radiant gold Spear Force shot across his chest, taking with it a strong impact that knocked the air out of his lungs.

With a grunt, Leonel spun and shot backward at the same time, the armor that protected him deflecting much of the pressure. He realized immediately that had it not been for his self-forged armor, his rib cage would have been slashed to pieces beneath that strike.

Leonel's expression couldn't help but become several hints more serious. He had the advantage in strength, power, speed and even sharpness, but he was actually losing in... combat effectiveness, experience and battle prowess.

The Rapax appeared before Leonel instantly, not giving the latter any room to breathe.

The Rapax's leg soared into the skies, performing a perfect vertical split. Its momentum was so fierce as its ax kick descended that the ground around its plant leg cracked.

Leonel swiped his spear at the Rapax's plant leg, trying to throw it off balance before its kick could land. However, his tail countered before Leonel's spear could even gather up momentum, clashing strongly against the spear.

The ax kick descended swiftly, the Rapax's heel glowing with a blinding golden light like a shimmering guillotine. Even before it landed, Leonel could feel the sharpness digging into the skin of his forehead. He had no doubt that if this kick connected, his body would be split right down the middle.

Without a choice, Leonel used the momentum of his clash against the Rapax's tail to roll off to the side, just missing the downward ax kick by a small hair.

**BOOM!**

The ground split in two and the residual impact cracked the rest. Even so, the Rapax was completely unmoved and he pressed down toward Leonel again, and then again.

The closer to death Leonel came, the calmer he became. Although he didn't have perfect control over his body like he did when he had his Ability Index, he still maintained perfect control over his mind. He realized that he needed to enter that state he had cleared the first territory again.

After he had gained power, he had let his brain take over the heavy lifting again. Since he could win through sheer power, his skill had become less important.

This was actually the first time that Leonel was fighting against a spearman for obvious reasons. A spearman who was also a close quarters combat expert like this Rapax was a whole other can of worms. He couldn't win this by taking this so casually.

The Rapax could sense Leonel's gaze becoming sharper and sharper, so he pressed even harder. His own instincts were sharp enough to feel that something might change if he didn't end things as quickly as possible.

Leonel's figure flickered. He had noticed another weakness of his: movement. With his speed, he had never needed a dedicated movement technique, and that only became more so after his Spatial Force affinity shot up.

But after this battle, he could see that the martial arts Style of this Rapax seemed to be infused with a mysterious movement pattern that allowed him to press his advantage instantly.

The more Leonel saw of it, the more he got used to it, until his cold gaze suddenly went entirely blank.

Leonel planted a palm on the ground, holding his spear in his free hand as he pushed up into a handstand. His hips torqued and he twirled once, spinning out of the way of the Rapax young man's downward swinging spear before bending his elbow and pushing.

He spun through the air and landed behind the Rapax's back on his feet.

Swift.

Leonel's spear shot forward just as the Rapax's tail rose to block, but this time, a mysterious Spear Domain seemed to form around Leonel's spear rather than around his body, creating a vortex of Spear Force that deflected the spear and landed right on the Rapax's body.

The Rapax managed to throw Leonel's spear a tiny bit off course, causing him to miss the vital point between his natural plate armor. Even so, the impact caused the Rapax's back to curl in an awkward direction and his figure flew into the distance, crashing through several trees.

Leonel shot forward, appearing above the Rapax and piercing down.

"SKKREEEEEE!"

The Rapax released a war cry as he forcefully spun his to thrust his spear up toward Leonel. However, at that moment, Leonel met its gaze with a boundless confidence.

"One spear to connect the earth and skies."

The Rapax felt his heart tremble when he heard these words. Leonel's voice seemed to have a magical tone to them that demanded his essence of meaning to be birthed into the world.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1863: Edrym

Leonel's spear seemed to vanish. In its place, a line that connected the skies and earth appeared in its place, descending with the might of a smite from the heavens above.

In that moment, just the smallest tinge of violet colored his golden spear, causing its power to skyrocket beyond realms of normal reason.

When it crashed down, the Rapax realized that there was simply no blocking it. There was simply nothing he could do.

BANG!

Leonel's spear pierced through the Rapax's stomach and into the ground below, a sharp light that would be denied brightening the entire world. The flash was seen from dozens of kilometers away, opening the eyes of all those that looked up.

Leonel descended with a heavy thud, landing over the Rapax. The white furs on his hermit-like armor and hood fluttered in the wind, but not a single thing seemed out of place even after the intent battle.

Although Leonel had defeated the Rapax, he still looked down at him with hints of respect in his eyes. If not for their gap in power and strength due to the circumstances of the trial, it was uncertain if Leonel would be able to win this battle. Though this uncertainty was only due to the fact that Leonel didn't have his Ability Index, wasn't this Rapax restricted in the same way.

Still looking the Rapax in the eye, Leonel bent forward and snatched his spear.

"What's your name?" Leonel asked.

The Rapax didn't seem to want to speak, but Leonel only shrugged. It was only a moment of curiosity. He fused the two spears together and his became sturdier and sharper once again. There wasn't much of a change in its appearance since the first fusion, but Leonel could feel the changes quite profoundly. It had a bit of extra heft to it, its blade was a little longer, and whereas before Leonel had to rely on his Spear Force to pierce the hide of beasts, he could pierce them relying on his strength and the sharpness of this blade alone.

Slowly, the Rapax began to shimmer away and vanish. But in the end, he did finally speak once more, maybe in gratitude for Leonel not killing him even though he very well could have.

"My name is Urah'Kai."

Leonel looked down as the Rapax slowly faded away and grinned. "The name's Leonel Morales, don't dream about me too much. Train hard!"

Urah'Kai was immediately irritated, but it was already too late for him to get revenge. He could only stew in his own frustration. He, Urah'Kai, a genius among geniuses, had actually only managed to receive the lowest Black Grade reward in this tribulation. How pathetic.

"I'll remember you! I'll crush you with my full strength when next we meet!"

The cry of indignance echoed out, but Leonel only chuckled. This guy had been far too arrogant, he just wanted to knock him down a peg. Of course,



Leonel hadn't realized that he had been just as arrogant, or maybe he felt that his own arrogance was only natural while everyone else were posers.

Leonel retracted his spear and waved it a few times. He gave himself a nod before beginning to draw a Force Art into the ground. There weren't many beasts remaining in this zone, so he would clear them quickly. After he finished off three more, he would fuse his zones and allow the more powerful beasts to start spawning, only then would he begin to target more zones.

Leonel realized what he needed most was a movement technique. He wasn't sure if the treasure zone Nelligan told him about would have one, but he would have to take a look.

After reaching Bronze clearance, Leonel would have certain other advantages that he could take advantage of, so he would have to make full use of them.

As expected, Leonel quickly cleared the region. When this one was counted with his others, that made six, plus the one that Urah'Kai had already claimed and he had seven total. He just had three more to go.

Leonel flashed forward and quickly entered a new zone. He didn't meet anyone as powerful as Urah'Kai immediately and made quick work of the next three territories. All three had been headed by young geniuses who were still working on completing their first territory, so it went to show just what kind of gap there was between the participants of this tribulation.

Although Leonel had many questions, he knew that he would likely have to wait to learn more about them. It couldn't be helped. The best he could do now was put his head down and grind.

Leonel fused his now ten territories. The forcefield that enveloped them rippled once before solidifying. Quickly, a surge of Force rushed through and Leonel instantly began to hear the howls of much more powerful beasts.

This time, Leonel didn't instantly draw a Force Art to attract them over, he wanted to see how strong they would be first.

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At that moment, in the tribulation zone, a pair of young men were meeting.

"Oh, so it's you. I didn't expect our territories to be so close."

In reply, the young man who spoke only received a snort.

If Leonel was there, though he wouldn't recognize who these two young men were, he would recognize their races.

One young man was handsome to an exaggerated degree. There wasn't a single imperfection on his tanned skin. In fact, it felt like his tan was an illusion brought by the delicate bronze energy he gave off, almost as though the sun's rays couldn't help but cling onto him.

His hair and irises shared the same radiant bronze color and it made him look far more like a carved statue than a living being.

There was no doubt that this young man was a Spiritual.

The other young man, the one who had snorted, was exceptionally handsome as well. He had a radiant glass orb in the center of his forehead, but he otherwise looked entirely human...

Except for the two pairs of hands that floated around him. Despite being completely separate from his body, one would be certain at a glance that they were one in the same existence.

This young man was without a doubt a member of the Nomad Race, a race of beings with six hands and yet just two arms...

The young Spiritual smiled and didn't seem bothered by the Nomad's attitude at all.

"In the end, it will always be the six of us. You, me, Alerina, Pririna, Coldar and Urah'Kai, there's no need to fight now. I will see you to decide the champion in the end."

With that, the young Spiritual turned around and headed in the opposite direction, not crossing the Nomad youth's barrier.

But it was clear that there were more hints of amusement in his eyes than respect... almost as though he was a cat toying with a mouse.

"Edrym, I will personally take your head," the Nomad youth said coldly as he watched the Spiritual youth walk away.

In response, though, Edrym only laughed. It seemed that he didn't care in the slightest. To him, he had shown mercy. Wouldn't it be a shame if a genius like Enul only passed with Black Grade awards?

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1864: Problems

Leonel sat on the back of an enormous rhino beast, it must have been the size of a small hill. At first glance, it wasn't even immediately obvious that it was a creature and looked more like a large patch of dried, grey land. However, the aura it radiated was a different matter entirely, especially considering the large crystal orb that Leonel held in his palm.

Leonel looked at the crystal orb that was larger than his own head and laughed to himself. How was he supposed to eat this, exactly? He would just have to hope that cracking it wouldn't cause him to lose too much of its essence.

Casually swinging his spear downward, Leonel shattered the crystal. Almost immediately, the energy began leaking out in all directions.

Leonel sighed. It seemed that he wouldn't be so lucky. However, he didn't give up.

With a large inhale, he tried to suck up everything he could. Without the ability to manipulate Force outside of his Spear Force, this was the best he could do. Surprisingly, things worked out better than he thought they would.

The Force was ripped toward him along with the wind, flooding into his lungs.

Leonel almost choked on the shards as they went down the wrong pipe, but luckily, when they entered his body, the shards dispersed into motes of energy, saving him from an embarrassing death.

"I really am too pathetic without my Ability Index," Leonel didn't know whether to laugh or cry, what a stupid mistake. That was the kind of mistake even a normal human wouldn't make, but he was so used to thinking at the speed of light that he was too confident in taking actions before he even finished his thought process all the way through.

Leonel leapt up and nodded with satisfaction.

He had finally cleared the evolved beasts in his new fused territory, it was about time he went hunting again. The next milestone was a hundred for Silver. He should be one of the first if not the first to reach a Bronze standard, so he had to press his advantage and slaughter his way through a few more territories.

The moment Leonel stepped out from his bubble, he found that there were actually a few options down this path, three to be exact. Two looked quite normal in that they were also large forests with a density of beasts, exactly like all the territories he had conquered until now. The last one however had a different sort of aura to it, and Leonel could see a building in the far off distance, likely located at its center.

Without hesitation, Leonel took this third option. This should be one of the challenging territories Nelligan had spoken about. There were any number of rewards to gain from it, whether it was a new spear or spear technique or an auxiliary treasure that could help you in the tribulation.

Leonel shot inside and streaked through the forest, keeping a sharp eye out for anything dangerous.

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Raffyr Brazinger, the leader in name of the four Brazinger youths, was quite exasperated at the moment.

The instant they returned to this place, a place that, quite frankly, they had all seen as their backyard, they had been ambushed by Seventh Dimensional existences.

Although they were geniuses in their own right, the gap between the Sixth and Seventh Dimensions was far too great. Although this didn't mean that they were helpless against a Seventh Dimensional existence, fighting in that situation would have only ended poorly for them. After all, if they caught up fighting one, what would they do when a second or third involved themselves?

Under normal circumstances, Raffyr would have taken the risk. After all, the Moon wasn't too far away by the standard of their current means, so if they were attacked in such a fashion, help from their people shouldn't be far away.

However, Raffyr wasn't a fool. The fact that Earth had so boldly attacked made him feel that something was off. And, more oddly, the Seventh

Dimensional individuals that had surrounded them weren't normal. In fact, they could be classified as geniuses. Although they weren't nearly as good as the best the Brazinger had, compared to the batch they had sent out this time under their current restrictions, they were still extraordinary.

Due to these factors, Raffyr and the others had chosen to take the safer approach.

But the moment they had, they found themselves in a dilemma.

The air space of Earth was completely monitored with what seemed like a Force Art on the scale Earth most definitely shouldn't have. They had no idea who could have possibly set up such a formation, but it made escaping Earth through the air nigh impossible.

Due to this, their only option was teleportation, but after a few attempts, they realized that the formation also had very strong restrictive properties. By the time they finally gathered up enough materials to create a formation stronger than what Earth's Force Art could stop, they ran into yet another problem: the path to the Moon was space locked and would require even stronger materials than what they had. Without a choice, they could only change their destination to a settlement of the Adurna family...

Only to run into even more problems.

The team of four had only just vanished and appeared in a distant location within the Milky Way, but not only did they find a planet that was almost entirely barren where they should have found thriving civilization, but Sarathana, Raffyr's elder and most silent sister, suddenly spoke.

"We've been tracked," she said softly.

The other three couldn't feel it, but she could.

A Force Art drawn on a large enough scale to encompass an entire planet was difficult to make perfect unless a much higher Dimensional existence went down in Dimension to draw it.

As such, it wasn't surprising that Earth's Force Art could be circumvented with the use of stronger materials.

However, it was obvious that whoever had drawn it had known this, so rather than fighting the inevitable, they let it happen and tagged the teleportation of the four instead. Now they likely only had a few moments before they were hunted down once more.

It was then that a familiar warp in space occurred and four blue haired individuals appeared.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1865: Naivete

The eight youths fell into silence as they looked toward one another, both of them quite haggard. They looked toward one another and seemed to have a moment of silent solidarity. It was clear at a glance that they had both just come from Earth and had both been harassed in much the same way.

After a moment, the leader of the Adurna family looked around before her face was warped into a frown. This was definitely their base of operations, why was it barren? No... it wasn't barren, it was...

Destroyed.

If Leonel was there, he would recognize this leader of the Adurna family. Although she had grown up, his senses would be too sharp to miss the similarities. This person was none other than Little Nana, the very same little girl that Leonel had saved in the Camelot Zone.

Right now, though, there was nothing about Little Nana that was little. She had already grown into her own, becoming quite a beautiful young woman. In fact, she and her brother beside her were both well into the Seventh Dimension, making them the only two with this level of strength present.

Little Nana's elder brother was also a person that Leonel had met before back when he was first chasing the golden scaled koi fish. He had returned Leonel's favor for saving his younger sister by blocking Simeon and the other two geniuses of the Crudus and Laevis families, and now he had also grown into his own.

"The Adurna family sent two Seventh Dimensional existences?" Raffyr asked, a hint surprised though his words also seemed to be implying something.

It was very obvious to Raffyr that the Adurna family would only do this if they knew something the Brazingers did not, and that was made even more obvious by the fact they had sent Little Nana.

Adrin was only at the level of Simeon and not worth Raffyr's attention, much less Sarathana's. However, Little Nana was a different case entirely, she was a genius even surpassing that of Raffyr's elder sister and had a long track record to prove it.

The only reason the Adurna family was even able to send her out was because she had already been in this world before when she was much younger.

Little Nana's Bind Ability Index allowed her to place restrictions on more than just the physical. As she had grown more skilled, she could even place restrictions on herself, allowing her to fool the eyes of the Regulator and slip by without detection.

However, even while restricted, her current power dwarfed them all, and that would be the case even if she was in the Sixth Dimension like the rest of them, let alone the fact she was in the Seventh.

"We..." Adrin started slowly, "... received a report a few months ago."

"Why did it take you so long to reply, then?"

"We weren't here," Adrin replied, "we were in another Domain and had to come back to shore up things here. But it's clear that we were too late, and I'm pretty it happened to all of us. Someone wiped out our families to the last man. The message only said... Prince Leonel Morales."

"I don't believe it," Nana immediately shook her head.

Adrin opened his mouth to reply, but in the end he shook his head and sighed.

His little sister might be exceptionally powerful, but this was ironically exactly why she had been able to maintain her innocence even to this point. She didn't know what hardship was because everything was too easy, and everyone doted on her. The only hardship she had ever experienced in her life was in the Camelot Zone, and it was ironically Leonel who had saved her from it, so just based on this, the place Leonel had in her heart was exceptional.

What his little sister didn't realize, though, was the fact that even if Leonel had slaughtered them all, he wasn't necessarily in the wrong. Their families were encroaching on the people of Earth...

Of course, things actually weren't so simple considering it was that Lineage that had control over Earth. But as someone born and raised on Earth, it made no difference to Leonel. All he knew was that Emperor Fawkes was his grandfather and that this territory was his.

The reasons the four Great Families had for being here were irrelevant to him. Since they had warred against Earth, there was no doubt that Leonel had lost some people he cared for, so it was only right for him to be infuriated and destroy them if he could.

And since he had managed to come back from that place... given his talent this kind of improvement was almost a given.

However, in Little Nana's naive little world, everyone she loved was always perfect. Whether it was the Adurna family or Leonel, both were in the right, so there had to be something else she didn't know about and the two definitely wouldn't hurt one another.

Having such a naive little girl wield such power... it was hard to tell if this was a good or a bad thing.

"Leonel Morales?" Raffyr repeated this name with a dark expression. However, almost the instant he did so, he regretted it.

Raffyr felt his body go entirely limp and out of his control. He couldn't even look toward the young woman pressuring him because even looking up at this point was like lifting a mountain for no reward other than greater pressure.

"Nana..." Adrin said softly.

Hearing her big brother say something, Little Nana snorted lightly and let the matter go. However, everyone else felt a helpless sort of cold sweat. Raffyr hadn't even said anything bad about him yet, he had only repeated the name in a displeased tone, but it had still caused such a reaction.

Raffyr cleared his throat as he took deep breaths. Although he was inwardly furious, there was nothing else he could do.



Leonel Morales was a name he knew only because it was tied to Aina Atheleys Brazinger... and even more importantly than that half breed was her traitorous father, Adam Renier Brazinger.

To think that such a person would actually dare destroy their bases... His name had already been placed on a sure kill list, but they hadn't been in a hurry as he wasn't worth that much concern. But now...

Raffyr's gaze flashed with a malevolent light.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1866: Elorin

Raffyr took a breath and calmed himself. He was used to a hierarchy in the Brazinger family, among the four they were most definitely the strictest in this regard. Since their bloodlines practically made them thirst for battle, it was an inevitable outcome. The likes of Simeon was exceptionally rare, if not for his background, he would have never been favored so much regardless of what his Ability Index could do.

Long story short, Raffyr was very much used to swallowing his pride and biding his time. He lacked top tier talent within their family, so he could only do things this way.

"What should we do, then?" Raffyr asked. "Just from our short stint on Earth, it was too easy to tell that their entire system has been overhauled. And now that we've left Earth, returning to our families will be difficult with this being this way."

Earth was their only gateway back to their families, so now that they had been lured away in order to find out information about what had truly happened, there was no going back, at least not with any sort of ease.

No matter how they looked at it, whoever had set them up like this had done so on purpose and also had an understanding of how their system worked. Now, unless they disregarded the risks and tried to rush back to Earth, they would definitely be delayed at least a few more months, extending matters even further.

Obviously, this was the goal of Earth and it only benefited them.

"... I think the first thing we should do is gather the others. We need to leave here quickly as I'm sure you've all already sensed that we've been tagged. Since we've sent people, the Laevis and Crudus definitely have as well. After we gather up, we can decide what the next step will be." Adrin replied.

"It'll be difficult. I doubt the tag only applied to those coming here, so they've been tagged as well. If they chose to flee from their location as quickly as possible, finding them might prove difficult. By then, they can pick us off one by one," Raffyr said solemnly. "Also, there's no guarantee that they sent Seventh Dimension existences like you did, so they might very well be sitting ducks."

The four families couldn't exactly be said to be entirely cozy and buddy with one another, they were more like reluctant allies as they had no other choice. But this was enough for them to not want the unwarranted death of one another.

It felt that given how things were stacked up against them, before they even found the others, they'd already long be dead.

"Your words make sense," Adrin nodded. "In that case we should pivot. If we can meet up with them, that would be for the best, but since we cannot, I think the best course of action is to leave Earth's territory."

After thinking for a while, Adrin came down with this conclusion.

Everyone fell into silence. Although it was an uncomfortable truth, it was one nonetheless. Right now, they all felt trapped, like mice in a trap. If they squirmed about in Earth's territory for too long, they could suffer greatly for it in the end.

"Not necessarily," Raffyr suddenly said with a smile. "Since things have reached this point, I think it's best we move some things forward."

Adrin frowned. It wasn't that he hadn't thought of this, but they didn't have the weight to make such a decision. In addition, with how suffocating Earth's tactics had been, there was no telling how those chess pieces were fairing to begin with.

"We had a good opportunity when Terrain attacked, but everything was ruined by that Leonel Morales so we shut them down before they could act. I think it's

only right that this Leonel Morales now becomes the trigger for the opposite," Raffyr said lightly, shivering slightly under Nana's warning glance.

"I'm not certain that..."

"There's no better time than now, we can't delay any longer," Raffyr cut off Adrin. "Think about it clearly. Our families have been wiped out and all the time we've spent building up our foundation has been wasted. Although we don't have the jurisdiction to know why our families are doing this, its apparent that they have their reasons, correct? If not, why even bother? Why not just wait until Earth enters the Eighth Dimension and send in the geniuses of your younger sister's caliber? What chance would Earth stand then?"

Adrin fell into silence. Raffyr's words made sense, there was definitely a reason they needed to establish a presence first, and he felt that it was likely due to the necessity of not allowing the Fawkes to grow freely...

"If we let things get too out of hand, reversing the situation would be impossible. It's time we activate some trump cards and counters."

Silence fell over them all once again before Adrin took a breath.

He was a fool, he could see the ambition in Raffyr's eyes. His words were logical, but they were underpinned by an insatiable desire to prove himself. It was clear that Raffyr saw this as an opportunity to increase both his and his sister's station in life.

Adrin no longer needed to press so hard, his little sister had already led their branch family far further than he could ever imagine. But he could understand Raffyr's fire because he had once had it as well... before his little sister matured.

He didn't know when that fire vanished, but he had just become okay with letting Little Nana take the reins, he just felt that there were other things worth fighting for.

But now...

"Alright. Let's contact Elorin, then." Adrin said firmly.

\*\*

Deep within Earth's territory, on a planet that was filled with lush greenery and wild beasts, but without a hint of civilization, a young man reclined within a tall tree's shadow. He seemed to be at complete peace, a rusted machete by his side, until his eyes suddenly snapped open, revealing a piercing blue depth.

This young man had features carved from a painting. Eyes as blue as the skies, hair as white and pure as winter's first snow fall, and delicate brown skin that reminded one of gently roasted nuts. Every one of his actions exuded an air of vitality and suffocating pressure.

This young man was Elorin.

The young man who cleared the Zones of Earth the second fastest.

Hacker Hutch's grandson.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1867: Dent

Leonel took a deep breath, causing the surrounding air to rush toward him again. All around him, the strewn corpses of armored knights lay. Though they didn't leak any of their own blood, the cracks and joints of their armor leaked out plumes of Force. Unfortunately, Leonel couldn't absorb this like he could the Beast Crystals, he had already tried.

Up ahead, there was just one knight that remained. His spear was so tall and mighty that it was at least 50% taller than him, who already stood over two meters tall to begin with. On top of that, its blade was of an exaggerated size and shape, taking up an entire third of its body. At first glance, it looked far more like a lance than a spear. The difference was that rather than having a cone shape, it had four blades perfectly perpendicular to one another, almost looking like the extended head of a mace.

The knight rose from his throne as Leonel approached, plumes of Force jetting out from the joints in its sapphire blue armor.

Leonel exhaled one more breath and he had already recovered to 100%, his body feeling loose and limber. He didn't know what reward lay at the end of this castle, but clearing it had taken as much time as it had for him to gather up 10 territories to begin with on top of clearing the more elite beasts. He hoped that whatever he got in return would be good.

All thoughts were thrown to the back of his mind as his gaze became frighteningly cold. With a step, he moved just as the blue knight moved, however his brows couldn't help but jump the instant the latter did.

The blue knight was fast. Extraordinarily fast. Although Leonel had moved first, he had actually attacked a step late. While he had expected some difficulty in the final hurdle, Leonel had thought that the greater part of the challenge was already behind him only because of the sheer number of enemies.

It seemed like he had been wrong.

Leonel realized that it was too late to continue attacking so his stance shifted and his wrists flicked upward, nicking the underside of the blue knight's enormous mace-like lance spear.

Ducking with a bend of his knees, Leonel slid under the violently piercing blade, his feet gliding along the marbled floors of the throne room.

Forceful.

Leonel's spear spiraled through the air, forming its own lance-like construct as his Absolute Spear Domain wrapped around it and collided with the blue knight's chest plate armor.

CLANG! BAN!

The blue knight stumbled just a single step backward, but it had already raised its spear upward, swinging it down as though it was a club rather than a spear, even to the point of using just a single arm.

Leonel rolled to the side, just barely dodging. However, he was calm as he sprung back up to his feet, gliding back to dodge another strike. Inwardly, though, he was confused. Logically, his spear should have done much more damage.

For one, his spear had been upgraded to the bronze grade after fusing ten territories. Secondly, he had used Forceful, the strongest strike he could utilize in such close quarters and with such short notice. And yet, he had only left a dent on the armor.

Leonel dodged again as he sent a look toward his spear. This time, his expression changed a little when he noticed the micro fractures fissuring its body. The good news was that these fractures slowly healed, likely because this tribulation wasn't cruel enough to leave a participant spear-less in the case of an accident. The bad news was that this pretty much guaranteed that Leonel wouldn't be able to break down these defenses with normal means.

He had been through this castle for long enough. Attacking the joints wouldn't help. Only by causing enough damage to the armor itself could he cause a knock down and victory.

Leonel's gaze sharpened as he stamped his foot down hard, unleashing a roar.

The marbled floors cracked once as he launched himself forward. Backtracking wouldn't help him, the only path forward was to push, relentlessly.

The blue knight had exceptional straight line speed, but Leonel had already realized that its agility was lacking and things were only made worse by the heft of its spear. He had to stay close, unleashing barrage after barrage.

Leonel glided around the blue knight, his tactics changing as his eyes glazed over. His spear left countless afterimages in the air, delicate brushes of gold painting the throne room in a nobility beyond anything it had experienced before.

'Faster... Faster...

The white furs that coated Leonel's body fluttered, dancing into the coarse wings as his body only seemed to become more and more agile. His spear danced, clashing against the blue armor again and again.

'Not working... change tactics... layer strikes...'

Leonel's body moved faster than his thoughts. He followed up "slow" strikes with accelerated strikes, giving the illusion that he was layering two attacks into one, and then three into one, and then four.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

'Not fast enough...'

The number of loud clashes began to lessen, and then they lessened again. Eventually, Leonel moved so fast and skillfully that the layered spear strikes echoed as one, making it seemed as though he had only struck out with his spear just a single time.

Leonel's gaze flashed with a blazing light and he suddenly felt his spear techniques evolve. His Spear Domain Lineage Factor shifted, touching upon a barrier that felt far more ethereal than what it had before.

Leonel tried to burst through and just barely failed, however the feeling of euphoria gripped his soul.

This time, Leonel truly only pierced his spear forward just a single time, and yet the blue knight felt as though it had suffered three strikes at once.

BANG!

The armor dented.

BANG!

The dent deepened.

BANG!

The armor was torn through like thin aluminum, Leonel's spear shooting right through like a blazing meteor.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1868: Arrogance and Ignorance

1868 Arrogance and Ignorance

Leonel held out his spear for a long while before slowly retracting it and allowing the blue knight to fall to the ground.

He found that without his Ability Index, his Spear Force seemed to increase by leaps and bound with every battle. He had yet to have a battle where he didn't make a large improvement. Every time he sunk into that state of forgetting everything, he would come out an even greater monster on the other side.

Just now, he felt his spear transcend the laws of the world around it. Before, his spear was able to ignore space somewhat, extending his blade against several enemies at once and even vanishing to attack across large distances.

When he had just entered the tribulation, he could only do so within his Absolute Spear Domain. But just after a few battles, he could extend it well outside and his Absolute Spear Domain had increased in range. Not long after that, he was even able to use his Absolute Spear Domain as less of a defensive measure and even began to use it offensively and change its shape and location, even using it to coat his spear.

And just now... He felt like rather than just attacking across space, he could also attack across time. He had been so focused on layering his strikes in a better fashion, with a faster method, with a greater speed, that he had ignored reason and simply did what felt natural... And then it happened.

Although he hadn't broken through entirely, Leonel felt that it was only a matter of time. With his improvement speed, how many more battles would it take? Maybe only a handful more at this caliber?

Leonel took a breath and exhaled. This time it wasn't because he was tired, but rather because he was sighing. It wasn't that he didn't know that allowing his talent to take over would have such great results, it was just that he was too arrogant to allow it to happen. He had wanted to fundamentally understand what was happening to him.

Maybe deep down inside, Leonel knew why this was. Back then, it felt like too many things were entirely out of his control. The world he had grown up in was suddenly had a calamity descend upon it, his father wasn't who he thought he was, his mother was the woman he had ignored and maybe even somewhat hated all his life, his grandfather turned out to be the man everyone on the planet worshipped, and now he was suddenly forced into killing and maiming just to live, something he absolutely did not want to do.

Leonel was someone who liked to have everything under his control, everything within his purview, even if that sometimes meant offending those that were closest to him... James'

words back then of calling him a sociopathic hypocrite, and then Aina's actions of doing the exact same, was probably perfectly correct.



The funniest part was that Leonel knew it. Despite his personality, he was hyper aware of everything and very emotionally intelligent, he couldn't be a leader without such skills. He had just chosen to ignore it anyway, much to the frustration of a lot of people.

Ironically, this tribulation, which was maybe a great challenge to others, was more of a joke to him, at least physically speaking. However, when it came to the truths it forced him to face... it could only be said that maybe this was a different kind of tribulation for Leonel altogether.

Leonel waved his spear slowly. Despite the paced movement, he still left after images in the air, forming a wing of spear to his side.

The afterimages only faded after a very long while. In that moment, Leonel confirmed and consolidated his gains in this battle.

It would be hard to shut off his brain when his Ability Index returned, but since he was shut away from it in this tribulation, he would allow his talent to bloom. He wanted to see how far his Spear Force would grow before he was forced to leave this place.

Leonel took a step forward and the throne of the blue knight shook once before sinking into the ground. By the time Leonel got to the top of the stairs, a platform had appeared. On it, there was a perfect replica of the blue knight's spear, radiating the aura of a Silver Grade weapon, one Leonel would only be able to gain after clearing 90 more territories. Or, rather, 89 after this one.

However, this wasn't all.

When Leonel grabbed the spear, strapping his old one to his back, he waved it around and felt its heft. After a moment, a flood of knowledge entered his brain and he learned about the ability of this spear.

Knight's Charge.

It seemed that rather than gaining a domain with each spear, Leonel would gain an ability instead. Knight's Charge seemed to be the reason for the blue knight's obscene straight line speed. To make up for the heaviness of the spear, it allowed nigh instant distance collapsing. When Knight's Charge was activated, he could accelerate in a straight line, closing up to a hundred meter distance in the blink of an eye.

Of course, the drawback was that stopping was almost impossible. However, that could be mitigated because the distance of the charge could be decided by the activator ahead of time, you just had to trust in your own judgement.

Leonel didn't know how often he would use this ability the way it was meant to be used, but he felt it had great potential in increasing attack potency.

Leonel waved the enormous spear around for a few rounds before he got used to it and nodded himself. Then, he turned and left, he had wasted enough time here.

With that Leonel charoed toward a new territory and then another. It wouldn't be long until he met his next Urah'Kai, and maybe that was exactly what he wanted. He was loving the challenge.

.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1869: Never Enough

Elorin didn't get up immediately, listening to the message in complete silence. It was only after an entire half hour that he stood. As he did so, his body seemed to leave afterimages in its wake despite the fact he wasn't moving very fast.

Suddenly, all of those afterimages snapped into one before the process started again, and then again.

Elorin seemed to realize what was happening and shook his head before waving a hand and dispersing the odd Force in the air.

After a yawn, he patted down his still pristinely white tracksuit that didn't have even a slight stain on it despite the fact he had just been lying in the grass and began to walk forward.

Under some mysterious power, he appeared dozens of kilometers away, but somehow still seemed to be standing in place.

Like a rubberband, his afterimage snapped into the distance, fusing with himself dozens of kilometers ahead.

Every step Elorin took, the process repeated until he stepped into the air, shot through the atmosphere, and began to stroll through the depths of space...

"He's been contacted," Raffyr said confidently. "Things will get started now."

\*\*

On Earth, a silent movement began to take place.

At that moment, a familiar young man walked into an estate with slow and deliberate steps. He stood at just over two meters tall and had exceptionally broad shoulders and large palms. Just shaking his hand would make one feel as though you were enveloped by his aura and presence, if not for his sturdy and unbothered demeanor.

Everywhere this young man passed, servants and passersby would respectfully greet him.

This man was none other than James Bennett, a man who could formerly be said to have been the best friend of Leonel, and the very man who had betrayed him not once, but twice, the first being during their Championship game, and the second being during Leonel's escape from the Royal Blue Fort.

Right now, though, James was no longer the James of the past. At the very least, the Bennett family wasn't the Bennett family of the past. Instead, they had regained their title as Governor Duke family following the fall of the Siegfried family.

James' father's plan had worked.

Over 20 years ago, James didn't know why his father had made him go to the Siegfried family and reveal that it had been Leonel who killed their son, Conrad Siegfried. But time had shown that his father was simply far more shrewd than he was.

Conrad was the very young man that Aina had killed the moment Leonel stepped out from his very first Zone, it was an event that had shocked Leonel awake to the fact that the young woman he had been chasing after for so many years wasn't who he had thought she was. But even Leonel couldn't have guessed that this would be the catalyst for the rise of the Bennett family once again.

Just that seed planted so many decades ago led to the fall of the Siegfried.

Learning that Leonel had killed their son had left the Siegfried quite suffocated. Around that time was also the time that news that Leonel was the Prince of the Empire also spread, so how could a mere Governor Duke family dare to lay hands on him?

Without a choice, they could only swallow their dissatisfaction, but it only continued to brew inwardly, especially after the Siegfried family missed their chance to join the Void Palace during the first round.

Back then, Leonel had brought along many of Earth's geniuses with him to Planet Luxnix, but he had never cared to note that the Siegfried family wasn't among them, but James'

father had pulled strings to make certain that things would happen this way.

Of course, the Siegfried family wasn't the only one that lost their opportunity to join as even James didn't join as well, but this result made it look like the Fawkes family had not only condoned the killing of their son, but were even actively trying to suppress them so that they never gained a chance at revenge.

The general population might see Emperor Fawkes as a God, but the noble families knew exactly how ruthless this man could be, this was the very same man who said that they were free to keep hunting his own grandson and that he would reward him if they could pull it off, this was simply not the type of ruler you crossed, and if you managed to get on his bad side, you had to try your best to get out from under his power.

So that was what the Siegfried had done. They thought they had gained an opportunity to flip the tables during the war against the four families, siding with the Laevis family when they thought they had gained a valuable chance.

But in the end, their choice had ruined them, they were entirely crushed and their family was wiped out...

Things wouldn't have happened as smoothly as this, or they would have at least been able to escape and join the remnants of the other families outside of Earth's territory, but as things went, how could James' father let this opportunity slip by?

The Siegfried's family's deeds were reported by none other than the Bennett family, which eventually led a family of Tier 5 officials who had fallen from grace to regain their standing as Governor Dukes, a path that was made easier due to their legacy and the past.

When this had happened, it had been the happiest day of James' life. He had thought that now that the Bennett family had finally regained their honor, he would be free, he could finally live the carefree life he had always wanted to, he could sleep with as many women as he wanted, drink until he couldn't see straight...

Maybe even rekindle his friendship with the person he missed the most in the world, apologizing on his hands and knees if he had to.

But how could things ever be so simple? How could he not have seen that to his father, returning to the status of Governor Duke was just the beginning? To him, nothing was ever enough... Now that they had climbed one peak, he wanted to aim for another...

Today, James' father had called him in once again.

James entered his father's office, feeling the same suffocating pressure he always had. The man now had on a stern expression, the smile he had worn the day he regained his great grandfather's honor long since wiped away.

"It's time," James' father, Governor Duke Bennett spoke evenly. "In three days' time, half of the Slayer Legion will rebel, launching an attack from within the capital."

James' heart skipped a beat.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1870: That's It

Leonel took a deep breath. Truthfully, waving this lance spear around was much more troublesome than the enemies themselves. No beast he crossed seemed to be capable of lasting even a single strike. The value of holding a Silver Grade spear while facing what Leonel assumed were Bronze Grade threats in the eyes of this tribulation was undeniable.

As time passed, Leonel realized that reserving Knight's Charge was actually a foolish decision and his skill in wielding the spear increased with every exchange.

Rather than relying on his own strength to gather up momentum, he would execute Knight's Charge in short bursts, cleverly applying it to accelerate his attack speed and potency while keeping his attacks entirely unpredictable.

Knight's Charge didn't seem to have any limitations on it at all, there was no cooldown, and it didn't take anything out of Leonel's stamina, making him realize just how valuable these treasure territories were. The only limitations were that once a distance had been chosen, the charge couldn't be stopped, that there was a limited range of about a hundred meters, and finally, it could only be used in a straight line directly ahead of Leonel.

When Leonel made this adjustment, he began to shred through opposition and the rate his stamina drained at was even less than it had been before. This led to an exaggerated result where it didn't even seem like he was sweating as he battled.

This time, Leonel faced off against Cloud Race man. He had faced off against quite a number of other races by this point. In fact, as Nelligan's words had made quite obvious, by this stage, most humans would have either been eliminated or have chosen to withdraw themselves, so this outcome was unsurprising.

What was more surprising was the fact that Leonel was still here. The Cloud Race man had thought he had gotten a lucky break to come up against such an easy opponent for his 10th territory, even to the point that he didn't bother to scan Leonel initially. But after a few exchanges and finding himself on the backfoot, he realized that he had underestimated Leonel greatly.

What shocked the Cloud Race individual the most was the fact that Leonel didn't seem to be trying very hard, as though he was probing something.

Gritting his teeth, the runes within his Cloud Figure shimmered to life and a wave of strength fell over Leonel. Very quickly, everything about his combat style was downloaded and stored. Eventually, the Cloud Race man seemed to gain the upperhand, even somewhat suppressing Leonel.

'Interesting...' Leonel thought.

The abilities of the Cloud Race were extraordinary. When taken to the logical extreme, and paired with their incredible mental capacities, their battle style could practically allow them to predict the future just by using the model they had of you in their mind.

One of the very first dreams Leonel had ever had for his Ability Index was to be able to do this, but even until now, he hadn't been able to accomplish it, and that was despite the fact he had gained the ability to scan people with his Dream World.

And yet, people of the Cloud Race could just do so naturally and without any trouble whatsoever.

'There's a secret here, and that secret should be hidden within the weakness of this ability...'

Leonel's battle tactics suddenly changed and he began to incorporate Knight's Charge once again. His battle style became entirely unpredictable and erratic. However, what was fascinating to him was that this didn't throw off the Cloud Race young man. Leonel began to overwhelm the Cloud Race young man not because he became unpredictable, but because his strength simply far outstripped the latter.

'No, let's change tactics...!'

Leonel pulled back his strength and changed tactics again. But, once more, he began to be suppressed by the Cloud Race young man.

'Fascinating... Is this ability really flawless?'

Leonel's gaze flickered and it landed on the dancing runes within the Cloud Race young man's Cloud Figure. Maybe the craziest part about this race's ability was just how non-invasive and nigh undetectable it was. If not for Leonel's own sensitivity and deductive abilities, he would have even been able to tell that Captain Wimword had scanned him in the first place.

But then again, Leonel's own Dream World was almost undetectable as well.

Leonel had a feeling that by analyzing the Cloud Race, even if he couldn't gain their ability, his comprehension of Dream Force would definitely touch an all new level.

By this point, the Cloud Race young man was infuriated. He could tell that Leonel was just toying with him, but there was absolutely nothing he could do about it.

"DAMMIT! FIGHT ME!"

Leonel blinked and slipped to the side of a wild spear attack.

"Oh, so that's your weakness," Leonel suddenly said.

The words were simple, but they somehow felt like the whisper of the reaper to the Cloud Race youth. He shuddered in fear but the tip of Leonel's spear had already collided with his chest, shattering every bone in it. He couldn't even hold onto the spear in his own hands as it had been ripped out by Leonel.

Before he could even land, his body began to vanish. Clearly, his spear had already been claimed by Leonel.

Leonel turned and walked away, slaughtering the last of the beasts in this region. He didn't even bother to absorb their Beast Crystals because by this point, these lowest level beasts had no effect on him.

"It's still a bit surface level, though. Relying on an enemy to lose focus isn't the way to go, but it is a look into how they operate. There should be other methods of restricting and countering them. There should be..."

Leonel's gaze glowed. He had it, that was it.

'12 more territories until I reach the Silver Grade since this guy gave me ten including this region...

Leonel finished clearing the region swiftly. But when he stepped into his next target, his gaze sharpened.

He sensed another member of the Cloud Race, but this one made the other look like a toddler in a play pen.

Their gazes met and silence echoed.