

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1901: Absorption

Elorin's machete pierced forward, his gaze expressionless as he suddenly unleashed his Blade Force. Without fail, such an attack would shred a person's inner organs to mush.

Despite the fact he had just killed someone, he didn't feel very much at all. The exchange was quick, but he had expended quite a bit of energy, all he wanted to do now was to rush forward and end this battle as quickly as possible. Since the Cloud Race was such a disappointment, he would have to do everything himself.

Elorin pulled his machete back, but just as he was doing so, he froze. His blade didn't budge at all, even when he pulled harder.

Elorin's eyes narrowed.

James' head was lowered, but he suddenly shook it.

"Shit, that hurt," James mumbled.

Elorin's heart couldn't help but stir. He hadn't felt his Blade Force being blocked, so where had it gone? It wasn't that easy to trick him, he wouldn't have made a foolish mistake like assuming his opponent was dead without reason.

Suddenly, Elorin released a low hum and his body seemed to vibrate, becoming blurry. Several causalities stacked atop of one another and he pulled, finally, releasing his blade from James' shoulder as he slid backward, extending some distance between them.

To his surprise, though, James' shoulder didn't gush with blood even though the wound showed no signs of closing. If one had to describe it, it was as though he had poured epoxy into the hole in his shoulder, leaving a glistening and clear gap that stopped his blood from flowing.

James shook his head and exhaled. He had to admit that he had bitten off quite a lot this time, but he didn't feel very much fear at all. In fact, he grinned.

His head rose and a malevolent color exuded from his irises, his broad shoulders trembling.

No one really thought about what those with the Energy Shield Ability Index used to form their shields. It seemed to just happen, and most often it was nothing special, just a condensing of neutral Force. However, James had realized that his ability wasn't so simple.

If the Energy Shield Ability Index was broken down, its fundamental strength was in solidifying Force so that it could be used as a defensive measure. A step deeper than that, and it was a Force Manipulation type of Ability Index, with a thought he could force Force to act as he wanted it to. A step deeper than that and he could change the fundamental structure of Force itself to make it sturdier. A step deeper than that and he could change the structure of Force to make it do whatever he wanted it to do.

Neutral Force, as Leonel had long since learned, was the perfect balance of all Forces in existence. No, more accurately, the usual Neutral Force everyone was used to wasn't quite a perfect balance, it was rather Pure Neutral Force that could be considered this absolute perfect balance.

And it was precisely this Force that James had learned to control.

No matter what Force it was, he could assimilate it. He had taken the Tier 4 of his Ability Index to the absolute extreme... Allowing him to...

James pointed forward with a finger and a great surge of Blade Force manifested and shot out in a concentrated beam, more concentrated than even Elorin himself could make it, more concentrated than maybe anyone on Earth could make it.

BANG!

It shattered the sound barrier no more than a centimeter from the tip of his finger, accelerating so fast that it appeared before Elorin before he could blink even once.

Elorin's heart skipped a beat. He pushed his time acceleration to 3x, just barely managing to dodge to the side.

However, as he did, a fist appeared before his face. Elorin realized for the first time that there was no lane to dodge and he didn't have the time to raise his machete.

BANG!

Elorin's face twisted and one of his teeth cracked. His neck spun to the side and his body was sent flying backward, the harsh winds he experienced almost twisting his pristine white tracksuit to pieces.

James landed nearby, looking down at his fist. Even in that situation, he had felt that his knuckles were on the verge of cracking. It seemed that Elorin could use his Ability Index even for defense despite the situation. It was versatile, indeed.

Elorin spun through the air, landing harshly on his feet and leaving two deep trenches in his wake as he was forced to retreat again and again.

James shook his head, then looked down at the wound in his shoulder.

"Do you think that this is enough? Or do I need to let you stab me a few more times?"

Elorin pupils constricted.

ws

"Forget it, if I let anymore of this happen, they'll think I went Hollywood and forgot my roots."

James looked up from his wound and stretched out a hand and a small vortex of Force formed before wildly spreading. Elorin couldn't even react before the spreading dome of energy passed through him, but when he looked down, he didn't seem to be harmed at all.

There were five Tiers of the Energy Shield Ability Index. Partiality, Misdirection, Nullification, Reflection and Amplification. As usual, the last Tier was restricted to Savants only.

The first Tier partially blocked attacks, the second could misdirect them, the third could fully nullify them, and the last could reflect them.

With James' level of control, he even directly absorbed Elorin's Force, only releasing it when he felt like it. He had brought Reflection to its utmost limits.

However, this wasn't his limit in the slightest. His ultimate defense couldn't even be called reflection any longer. Instead, it was more accurate to call it absorption.

When he applied absorption on his body alone, any Force attacks would be directly swallowed up by him, unable to cause any damage whatsoever and even allowing him to use it in his next assault.

When he applied absorption in a domain... well...

Elorin's pupils constricted into pinholes. He suddenly couldn't sense any Time Force whatsoever, and without atmospheric Time Force to observe, there were likewise no causalities to observe.

Suddenly, Elorin froze, a fist suddenly appearing before his face.

"Don't look distracted now, I still need you to make this look like it's difficult."

BANG!

Elorin was once again sent flying.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1902: Annoying

James unleashed a concussive barrage, his violent assault practically leaving craters all across Elorin's body. All of the Force in the domain was absorbed by him, fueling his power to the point that he seemed beyond superhuman, nothing Elorin did seemed to be good enough.

Noah, who stood a distance away, breathing hard, could hardly mask the complicated look in his eyes. It felt as though he was watching another Leonel crush him in all aspects he held dear.

It was just Leonel, or even now James. He also had to experience Myghell surpassing him in all aspects as well. Though he didn't know where Myghell was now, and he had done nothing but work hard all these years, he still knew deep inside that he had yet to catch up to him either.

No matter how Noah racked his brain, he couldn't understand what the difference was.

Was his will not great enough? But how much had he been willing to sacrifice for Earth? How much of his life had he dedicated to causes that were anything but selfish?

It just felt frustrating.

He should have felt happy that Earth seemed to have been saved, but instead he felt inferior.

Jessica looked toward Noah's side profile and sighed herself. She wanted to comfort him, but she had tried many times before. This simply wasn't something that an outside force could help with.

*k Leonel's eyes flashed open, a strong vitality rippling out from him. With just a single breath, he felt as though he had been revitalized.

He jumped to his feet, stretching and unleashing a roar. The leaves rustled wildly and the earth quaked, a cyclone of wind spiraling into his lungs. His body felt light and the confidence in his eyes couldn't have been sharper.

Leonel turned toward a certain direction. There, on the other side of his barrier, a smiling youth with bronzed skin stood. It seemed that this youth had been watching him sleep all the while, a prospect that likely would have left most uncomfortable, but Leonel only smiled.

An odd light flashed within Edrym's eyes. Of all the responses he had expected, this was the last one, however what he didn't know was that even with his Ability Index sealed, Leonel's emotional intelligence was still off the charts. How could he not tell what Edrym was trying to do? Unfortunately for him, unsettling someone like Leonel wasn't so easy.

With a thought, Leonel communicated with the orb and released the hold on his barrier, allowing Edrym to walk right through.

Taking it as an invite, Edrym strolled in with a radiant smile. His every action seemed like he was perfectly photo ready, it was aggravating in an almost too obvious kind of way, almost like Edrym knew what he was doing and yet did so anyway as though he couldn't tell that it came off as fake.

"I didn't expect that the anomaly this time would be a human, quite fascinating. Color me surprised, I guess there really are a multitude of variables in the universe."

Leonel's lip curled. "Indeed, so it probably isn't all that surprising to find a creep who likes watching people sleep among so many 'variables', right?"

Edrym laughed. "Sorry if I made you uncomfortable, but you see there's only the two of us remaining so there really was no point in returning to my own territory, this made it more convenient for the both of us, no?"

"That much I agree with," Leonel reached for his back and unsheathed his spear from its holster, the white fur that coated his body fluttering in the wind. He took a casual glance toward the spear in Edrym's hand and realized that it was in the Gold Grade, but he didn't seem surprised. He had long since expected this.

Edrym's spear vibrated slightly as he sighed. "I have to say, this is a bit unfortunate. This battle won't be very fair. If it was in the outside world, we could battle our heart's content. It's a shame, I was looking forward to this."

Leonel yawned, expelling his last bit of fatigue as his body slowly woke all the way up. His cells thrummed, his heart pounded and his blood gushed. He felt light on his feet and his spear truly felt like an extension of his arm.

"You know, I thought I was annoying, but that seems to be a standout feature for you all. Tell you what, I doubt your recovery abilities are anywhere near as annoying as that Fiend Demon. If you can last a hundred attacks of my spear, I'll let you get a free shot in."

Edrym paused, suddenly not knowing what to say. If Leonel was going to say something like, should he have chosen a lower number? Also, what did "free shot" mean, shouldn't he have said that he would willingly give up? Was he just trying to toy with him?

What he didn't know was that Leonel was dead serious. Edrym didn't stand a chance against him.

Leonel's figure suddenly rippled and he vanished. When he appeared again, his spear was already at Edrym's throat, causing the latter's pupils to constrict. But rather than dodging, to Leonel's surprise, Edrym didn't move at all, instead choosing to directly counter.

Leonel's gaze turned fierce.

Swift.

Edrym sensed that something was wrong and hurriedly changed tactics, diving to the side.

SHIING!

The sound of blades sharpening echoed through the air, but moments later, a harsh ripping sound replaced it.

Edrym rolled to the side, popping up to his feet and hurriedly retreating. When he came to a stop, he slowly dodged his neck. He felt something moist that caused him to freeze, not quite believing it. But when he slowly brought it to his line of sight, there was a drizzle of bronze-gold blood running down his fingers, dripping down the length of his finger and falling to the ground.

Leonel flicked his wrist and the blood that had coated his blade rushed out, tearing a hole through a nearby tree.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1903: Heart

Leonel glanced at this blood for a moment. He had felt the heft of it weighing down his spear so he had gotten rid of it. That blood would be quite annoying to deal with, not only was it incredibly heavy, but it was sticky and viscous, latching onto the metal of his blade and seemingly trying to corrode it as well. If not for his Spear Force, that would have already happened.

'Interesting.' Leonel smiled.

Edrym had long fallen into silence, the small crater his blood left in the ground resting in the periphery of his sight.

Leonel hopped just once and suddenly shot forward. He didn't have the patience to wait for Edrym to think his way through this existential crisis.

Human, Rapax, Nomad, Cloud, Dwarven or Spiritual, none of it mattered to him. Anyone who stood in his way would taste his blade.

A radiant bronze aura formed around Edrym as he looked up, his smile vanishing, replaced by a steely cold gaze. However, in the face of it, Leonel's smile only brightened.

"Is that your real face? Show me more of it."

BANG!

Their spears crossed once before they separated and went at it again.

Edrym's senses were sharp and he seemed to respond to every one of Leonel's attempts in kind. When Leonel's spear separated into three, his separated into three as well. When Leonel swung the butt of his spear forward, so did he. When Leonel spun his spear and geared up his momentum, so did he. It didn't seem like he was trying to follow the path of the Cloud Race, but rather trying to attack Leonel's psyche.

Even so, Leonel's smile never faded. Suddenly, Leonel's spear split into four, then five, then six, then seven.

Every time Edrym matched him, he took another step forward, edging the battlefield as though he was making sweet love to it. Everything about the smile on his face to the fluid shifts between attacks and defense, between lunges and retreats, between thrusts and slices, was absolutely seamless.

Leonel truly learned how fun it was to fight without having to think. He couldn't see 10, 20 or even a hundred moves ahead like he could usually, in fact he could barely see three.

However, these three moves were like they were ingrained into his very bones, as though he already knew how to react to them without having to deduce at all.

He could entirely focus on the feeling of his blade gliding through the air, the sound of his Spear Force splitting the wind, the echo of a clash of blades. It was therapeutic in a way he had never experienced before, an escape from any and everything.

His style was absolutely suffocating, his spear came from any and everywhere, until it suddenly began to come from any time as well. His rhythm shifted, and his perfectly paced blade suddenly slowed by a small margin, causing Edrym to miss time a block and overshoot his target.

Leonel's blade snaked through and pierced through his collarbone, pulling back just as Edrym swung back to counter and thrusting forward with a strike that was twice as fast as any of his other strikes, piercing the other side of Edrym's collarbone.

Any normal human would experience both of their arms becoming useless at this point, but Edrym only clenched his jaw, a mysterious power brandishing his spear with the same ease as he had previously. The bronze aura around him grew and the heaviness of Leonel's spear seemed to increase.

Leonel looked down at his blade. It was becoming unruly and difficult to control.

He slid back, dodging out of the way of Edrym's counter and slipping it. He took a strong step forward, ducking under Edrym's thrusting blade and closing the distance. He made a move to raise his spear and end the battle, but at that moment Edrym's gaze seemed to blaze with life.

The blood that coated Leonel's spear became hundreds of times heavier.

Leonel had so much of his weight leaning forward to complete his attack that it was too difficult to stop the momentum, especially given its suddenness. Leonel hadn't considered the possibility that a Spiritual could control their body parts outside of themselves, it was too easy to get caught off guard when you couldn't think of millions of possibilities at once.

Edrym's knee drove up with an incredible amount of force and Leonel seemed to present his jaw to him.

A sickening crack echoed and Leonel felt his brain rattle. The heaviness of Edrym's blow was nothing compared to the heaviness of his body. If it wasn't because Edrym had to hurriedly take the opportunity and couldn't grab a hold of a solid foundation, Leonel's head would have likely exploded like a watermelon with that single exchange.

Leonel's teeth cracked and his jaw broke into at least three pieces.

His head was driven upward as though Edrym was trying to rip it from his shoulders with that single knee.

Edrym took a step back to stabilize himself and prepared a second attack immediately, retrieving his spear while Leonel was still in a partial daze and piercing right for his heart.

Leonel's brain continued to rattle around in his head, but a faint voice in his head told him that if he didn't get a hold of himself immediately he would die here. Falling into a daze in the middle of battle was the greatest taboo. If it wasn't for the fact their true strength was suppressed here, these last few split seconds would have already been enough for his life to be severed.

However, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to. Without his Ability Index, he couldn't take forceful control of his body without active participation of his brain, and right now it might as well have been mush.

'Just move, just move to the side, something, anything!'

The roaring echo of Leonel's soul seemed to reverberate through the dimensions, a burst of a violet aura pulsing to life around him.

Suddenly he could see, but it wasn't through the blurriness of his eyes, but rather through the tip of his spear.

As Edrym thrust forward with victory in his eyes, Leonel's spear seemed to move as though it had a mind of its own, being guided not by his hand, but rather the will that pulsed from his heart.

PCHU!

Edrym froze, looking down at his chest, the butt of Leonel's silver grade spear jetting out of it.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1904: Reward

Leonel dropped to the ground, a surging pain that started from his face radiating out to the rest of his body. He wanted to clench his teeth, but doing that only made things worse. He didn't even realize how many micro expressions relied on the stability of his jaw until this very moment.

He looked up and watched Edrym with a sharp gaze. Since he could control blood from outside of his body, then there was no telling if such an injury

would be enough to kill him. For all Leonel knew, unless he could attack Edrym's soul directly, he wouldn't gain victory.

Luckily, things weren't so exaggerated. This didn't seem to be Edrym's choice either. The moment the tribulation sensed his 'death', it was over. His body began to shimmer, his spear falling to the ground.

"I haven't lost yet!" Edrym suddenly roared, realizing what was happening. By now, his casual demeanor had vanished and he was absolutely furious. It wasn't to the point that he looked like a madman, but he definitely couldn't hide his real thoughts anymore. "Dammit!"

Edrym's bronze gaze blazed as he looked toward Leonel. By now, the latter knew that he likely looked ridiculous. He couldn't even hold his own jaw up, a combination of saliva and blood pooling out under no control of his own. However, he still withstood the pain, closed his jaw, and grinned a bloody smile.

"Babye, have a nice trip."

Edrym's gaze turned malevolent, but Leonel's smile only grew brighter. It was only after Edrym vanished that he coughed, shaking his head. He had actually almost died in such a foolish way. Without his Ability Index, Edrym's speed of thought was naturally faster than his own just because of his Race, that made falling into traps a troublesome eventuality.

This was probably how others felt when they fought him, being several steps ahead of your opponent meant that even if their raw strength was greater than your own, much like Leonel's was here, your chances of winning were likely greater.

It was funny, all this time Leonel had been learning of the benefits of truly just relying on nothing more than his talent and instinct in battle, only for the end result to smack him in the face.

Leonel struggled to his feet, shaking his head.

He reached down and picked up Edrym's spear, fusing it to his own. At that moment, the world around him shifted and everything was surrounded by a blazing light. Leonel could feel that the pain wreaking havoc in his body was slowly vanishing. By the time he couldn't see anything remaining, the pain was entirely gone.

When he appeared once again, he stood in the depths of the Spear Domain. Up above, black lightning crackles and beneath him, black gravel crunched. However, when Leonel looked around, his eyes widened.

This was no normal region of the Spear Domain Ring, it was the highest peak there was, that very same distant peak he had seen the first time he stepped foot into it. However, where there should have been a spear, there was nothing at all. In addition, on the other side of the mountain peak, there was nothing at all, a vast nothingness that branched into countless paths, all equally filled with nothing.

Leonel was quite surprised by this. He was absolutely certain that whatever was at the peak of this mountain should have been the spear that suppressed all others, but there was nothing here at all. But beyond that, he was certain that there should have been spears that encircled the mountain completely, so why was there nothing on the other side at all?

Leonel turned around, but just as expected, all of the spears that he was used to were still there. This was definitely his Spear Domain, and those empty spaces...

Leonel's gaze flashed and he suddenly realized that his thinking speed was back. No matter how he flipped the problem in his mind, it seemed that there was only one answer. The missing paths must be in the rings of those enemies he fought in the tribulation. The only way to complete it, and likely the only way to find the spear that should be on this mountain, was by fusing them all.

Leonel shook his head and sighed.

He had no idea where those people came from. There should only be a single Spear Domain Ring in existence. If Leonel continued with that assumption, then it should be that the enemies he faced were displaced through time rather than displaced through space.

This didn't feel impossible. After all, the Spear Domain ring had the ability to send his consciousness back to fuse with a Primitive Man's. The tribulation was the same, just a displacement of consciousness, so it seemed to fit.

Also, the Spear Domain Lineage Factor itself seemed to have some faint connections with time, although Leonel had his own theories about that. He

felt like any Lineage Factor, affinity or Ability Index taken to its absolute extreme would have some influence on Space and Time Force.

But regardless of whether he was correct or not, there was not, what was of core importance was the fact that the Spear Domain should have the potential to do so.

But the question was why?

To find the best Spearman across eras?

That didn't seem right either because of what he had heard from Nelligan. At least in Nelligan's case, his people seemed to interact with the tribulation in a linear fashion. It felt weird that the Spear Domain Ring would displace itself across time, just to allow it to continue to be passed on normally. What was the point of that?

Leonel's frown deepened. The more he thought about it, the more entangled and nonsensical it all seemed.

'Forget this, where are my rewards?'

Leonel was a bit worried about what might be happening back on Earth, so he wanted to take his rewards and leave as quickly as possible, but he was beginning to worry that there were no rewards at all. If there were no rewards, what was the point of the tribulation? Just for the right to keep the ring? That would be weird, and more than a little annoying.

"Hm?"

Suddenly, Leonel understood something.

Could the reason he was brought here to begin with be the reward itself?

Leonel looked toward the paths of darkness ahead of him and he felt a mysterious feeling.

'I see...'