

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1911: Painted

Leonel sat on his heels by Elorin, his sigh painted in the depth of his eyes. Seeing Elorin here like this, beaten unconscious by James, he already knew that Old Hutch was dead.

If it was anyone else who had killed Old Hutch, Leonel would have already flown into a rage. He hadn't seen Hutch for a very long time, and during their interactions a few months ago, it hadn't been for very long. However, Leonel still felt that he owed a lot to this man.

As a man of the Fawkes Imperial Family, he owed Hutch due to his sacrifices. This man had given up so much for his duty, and he deserved nothing short of respect, he had done things that even Leonel wouldn't claim himself able to do.

As a man who lived for himself, though, he owed Hutch even more. This man was someone who had mentored him, and although they had never seen eye to eye, he was the one who laid the foundation for Leonel's spearmanship.

Now seeing the man who had killed him, Leonel would have thought that he would be infuriated to the point of killing him outright. But knowing that this was Hutch's grandson, he found it difficult to do so. Although Hutch would never ask him to spare Elorin out of his own duty, that didn't mean that he wouldn't hope for this to happen.

Leonel thought for a moment, not entirely sure of what to do.

A shadow passed by him and James appeared. "He was a tough one."

"From what it sounds like, he went down pretty easily," Leonel said with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, that's because I'm me," James laughed before becoming serious. "His Ability Index is very powerful, if not for the fact that I can completely counter it, things wouldn't have ended so simply. It seems to me that he placed a lot of

effort on learning to control his Ability Index mostly because it was so difficult to use. It also benefited him because his Ability index is so powerful. But once he lost it, he couldn't output even 1% of his power as a result."

"What was his Ability Index?"

James explained it as best as he could. Most of it came from his own instincts so the details were fuzzy, but this alone was enough for Leonel's eyes to narrow in understanding.

A time-based Ability Index... Indeed, Elorin would be quite alone in this aspect. James had done quite well to take his own Ability Index to the extreme, but it also had to be considered how common James' Ability Index was.

Although James was fairly alone, the amount of information he could find on the Energy Shield Ability Index was practically endless. Just for context, even within their friend group alone, James wasn't the only one with it, there was still Milan who had this Ability Index as well.

However, for Elorin, he probably didn't even know what the five Tiers of his Ability Index was. Usually, Tiers were created after observing tens of thousands, usually millions of people with the same Ability Index, only then could an accurate assessment of the Tiers be made.

But with such a rare ability, how could such a thing be possible? Elorin probably didn't even know which of the Tiers he fell into, and he likewise wouldn't know how to improve his Ability Index without fumbling around on his own, and even then it would be imperfect.

For all Elorin knew, he was improving his Ability Index down the wrong path.

With so much on his plate, how could he have time to hone other abilities? Outside of his blade, he had nothing. But in James' Domain, even that was rendered useless.

Honestly, Leonel couldn't think of many who could defeat James, but he could think of many that would have performed a lot better.

The main weakness of James' Domain was obvious: he could sap away atmospheric Force, but that did nothing to the Force inside of your body.

Unfortunately for Elorin, his Ability Index was entirely reliant on observing outside Forces and then executing his next steps based on that.

When James said he perfectly countered Elorin, he wasn't lying.

After a long while of silence, Leonel exhaled and pressed a finger forward, pushing it down onto Elorin's forehead. At that moment, Elorin suddenly reacted and his blade shot out with a great amount of speed. He didn't seem to be awake at all, but his body still reacted instinctually.

Even so, James reacted faster, an Energy Shield appearing between Leonel's neck and the blade.

Without any more fanfare, the blade was stopped and Leonel's finger pressed onto Elorin's forehead. A seed was formed and Elorin was quickly bound to Leonel much like Harmony had been.

Elorin's eyes struggled to open, but in doing so, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. The blurriness in his eyes were too great and he couldn't see anything above him, the sun felt far too bright. At that moment, though, a warm current passed over him and seemed to alleviate the worst of his injuries somewhat.

Elorin's vision finally cleared, but when he saw that it was Leonel who was above him, his expressionless gaze turned cold. At this moment, he didn't see Leonel, he saw a member of the Fawkes Imperial Family, the difference was subtle and yet it made all the difference.

"I would retract that gaze if I were you," Leonel said coldly. "'Not only is your life in my hands, but a person willing to murder their own grandfather like you has no right to look at me or anyone like that for that matter.

"Regardless of what you think the Imperial Family is guilty of, at the very least it's not patricide. Whether you want to or not, I'll make you slave for your whole life for the sake of the cause your grandfather devoted himself to. Maybe then, when you die, you'll be able to look him in the eye."

Leonel's voice was cold and carried not the slightest hint of care. Even facing Elorin's hostile gaze, he was unmoved. As far as he was concerned, allowing Elorin a chance to live was already his act of mercy, he owed him nothing else.

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Chapter 1912: Necessary

Leonel sat in silent meditation, trying to feel the changes to his body. The changes previously had happened far too quickly and he wasn't sure what had actually happened to his body, he wasn't even aware of having become a so-called True Sovereign.

He had heard about True Sovereigns before, but he knew next to nothing about them. He wasn't sure what the separation was, and even after becoming one, he only had a faint inkling.

For example, when his aura had flooded outward previously, it wasn't just that spears had reacted to him, but other weapons were suppressed as well. Previously, Leonel couldn't even influence spears from a distance, they had to actually attack him for him to be able to negate them. But now, he seemed to have an area of effect on not just spears, but all weapons to a certain extent.

It was a mysterious sort of feeling and it made him see through the uniqueness of Weapon Forces all the more. Not only did they seem to have a strong link with his soul, but they seemed to be linked to one another in a special sort of way as well.

Of course, this was the case for all Forces. After all, due to his fire affinity, Leonel could somewhat suppress and control all other fires, though not to such an exaggerated effect. If weapons Forces were Forces, as was natural, then it only made sense for a high affinity in one to have such an impact.

But the oddity of this lied in its connection with the soul. Weapon Forces almost seemed... unique to the person. There was such a huge variety among them that it was almost impossible to account for them all, it was even to the point that two Spear Forces could feel entirely different from one another.

When things were looked at like this, it almost felt weird that a person could use some arbitrary connection to influence others at all...

However, that was just the first layers of oddity.

Setting weapon Forces aside, almost all other Forces existed without human input. Whether or not there were conscious beings alive, Fire Force, Water Force, Wind Force, etc, would have to exist no matter what. Beyond that, the

likes of Spatial Force and Time Force were tied into the very fabric of reality itself.

That said... if all weapon Forces were suddenly wiped from existence right this moment, what would happen?

The answer was nothing.

Interestingly enough, there was one other Force that was exactly like that as well...

Dream Force, or more accurately, its root, Soul Force.

Ultimately, Dream Force was just the root of human consciousness. It didn't need to exist for the universe to exist... right?

Something about that conclusion just didn't sit right with Leonel, but it somehow felt logically sound. If weapon Forces could be erased without consequence, there was no reason for Dream Force to be any different. Both were reliant on the existence of living beings, and the universe didn't need such a thing to function. After all, 99.999% of the Dimensional Verse was void of any life at all, it was clearly not needed...

Even in meditation, Leonel couldn't help but frown. There was something wrong with this conclusion.

If the metric was how little of the Force existed in the grand scheme, then the universe technically didn't need any Force whatsoever because 99.999% of the universe was also empty space. Although there had been a ton of research on Dark Matter on Third Dimensional Earth, there were never any solid conclusions and Leonel had never heard of an equivalent in the Dimensional Verse.

If the metric was instead necessity... you could try to argue that no Force was technically necessary, there were planets and even entire galaxies with center Force concentrations so high that only a single kind could be found.

'Is that true...? Or is it rather the case that other Forces are there but just in incredibly low concentrations...'

Leonel felt that he was going around in circles, he didn't even know what his original hypothesis was, what was he even trying to conclude?

'If I wanted to prove that a Force was necessary or unnecessary, I would need to understand it so fundamentally that... fundamentally enough to create a Theory of the Dimensional Verse, a theory that could explain everything.

"Who am I to say that Dream Force isn't necessary? And by extension that weapon Forces aren't necessary?"

'If I created the Dimensional Verse from scratch and left it to its own devices, could I say with 100% certainty that life wouldn't appear? That seems like a logical fallacy. Given the vastness of the universe, so long as enough planets and stars and solar systems and galaxies appear, life is bound to be formed... and if life is bound to be formed, then Dream Force is bound to be formed... and if Dream Force is bound to be formed, then derivatives of weapon Forces are bound to exist...

"When you frame things this way, isn't Dream Force and weapon Force just as inevitable as any other Force in existence... Who says that there isn't a fundamental law of nature that almost guarantees the creation of life...?"

"Necessary... Necessary..."

The space around Leonel continued to tremble, growing more and more fierce with each passing moment. Spear Force seemed to manifest from nothing at all, becoming extensions of life ripped out from the atmosphere no differently from any other Force. Leonel suddenly found that just like he could use his Mage Core to control atmospheric Fire Force or Spatial Force or Light Force, he was actually also able to find strands of Spear Force as well...

No, he didn't find Spear Force, he birthed it. He made it necessary. By virtue of his existence, by virtue of the fact he was a living being who exuded Dream Force, he necessitated the existence of weapon Forces... he necessitated the existence of Spear Force.

BANG! BANG!

The world quaked and Leonel's aura began to surge.

Leonel still didn't have a Theory of Existence, such a thing was far too beyond him. However, his very thinking itself had shifted, he realized that he had been wrong in his approach all this time.

Mastering the spear wasn't about deducing it like some sort of formula. However, mastering the spear also wasn't about listening to it as though it could whisper its truths to you either.

Even so, Leonel had no choice but to admit that Old Hutch's approach had been far closer to the truth than he had.

From the very beginning, Leonel had treated the spear like some synthetic creation separate from other Forces because it seemed manmade. But now he saw something different, his perspective shifted and he saw Spear Force for what it was.

Necessary.

Spear Force was no less naturally occurring than any other Force in existence.

In that instant, let alone the door to the Seventh Dimension, Leonel sensed the door to the Eighth. Whether it was his Spear Force or his Bow Force, the blows to both felt like they had been blown wide open.

Leonel's body trembled and a shocking pulse of Bow Force radiated out from his body. His Bow Force, which had always been a delicate white color, began to shimmer and change, becoming more and more gold with every passing second until it suddenly became no less resplendent than his Spear Force.

The barrier to Tier 5 shattered, and then the barrier to Tier 6 shattered right after it.

In one single step, Leonel crossed from Tier 4 of the Sixth Dimension to Tier 7.

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Chapter 1913: Hoped

A pillar of blinding golden light shot into the skies, revolving with mighty blades. Spear and Bow Force spiraled about one another, piercing the veil of the skies and echoing across the Human Domain with the howl of blades.

Leonel's gaze flashed open, a sharp golden light echoing in countless ripples before they slowly calmed.

Sitting in silence, Leonel didn't move immediately. Inwardly, he felt as though there was a natural flow to his breakthroughs, one that made them seamlessly stack on top of one another and stream from one to the next effortlessly.

This sounded ridiculous. After all, Leonel entered the Sixth Dimension with [Dimensional Cleanse], he crossed into Tier 3 using Dream Force, then he crossed the watershed of Tier 3

and Tier 4 using Earth Force, and now he crossed into Tier 7 using Spear and Bow Force. It was nonsensical to think that he was flowing from one to the next smoothly, and in fact, it felt quite ridiculous.

However, the more Leonel thought about it, the more beautiful he felt it was.

To Tier 3, he had expanded his views on Dream Force. The Demoness had such a grasp of Dream Force that others just thinking about her existence would alert her, it was a level of control and comprehension that even the current Leonel couldn't hope to fathom, and he couldn't even quite see the road to reaching such a level just yet.

To enter Tier 4, he expanded his views on Earth Force. He realized that Earth Force wasn't some intangible object, and it was actually a fundamental part of life. The human body couldn't survive with the perfect balance of minerals within it, and this was something that could only be carried on by Earth Force. On the surface, Earth Force and its constituents could simply be classified as inorganic, and this would fundamentally be true. However, at a deeper layer, it was more than just that...

And now there was Spear Force and Bow Force. Ironically, much like he had with Earth Force, he realized now that weapon Forces weren't as "inorganic" as he had once thought, and from a certain perspective, they were necessary.

The flow from Dream Force, the foundation of life, and then subsequently toward the comprehension of Forces he hadn't given enough credit in the past... He seemed to be moving toward the extremities of creation and the secret of life, something that left him fascinated, especially since his most fundamental ability was apparently as a Destruction Sovereign.

He didn't believe it was a coincidence and things were flowing as they pleased.

Once the time came, he would relay his foundation by going through [Dimensional Cleanse] as he had before, then he would need to go and get the Seventh Dimensional layer.

He hadn't expected to reach Tier 7 before the Heir Wars even began, but now that he had, this would make things far easier.

'I hope you guys will make things interesting,' Leonel chuckled to himself, standing to his feet.

"Everyone!" Leonel's voice echoed. "Let's go set the world on fire!"

Leonel walked out of his room with a booming laughter, but when he looked outside, he found everyone lazing around.

James, who was snoring on the couch, opened an eye and waved a hand. "Morales territory is how many light years from here? What are you yelling for, let me sleep."

Leonel looked around speechlessly for a moment. Was he the only one with any energy left? Everyone seemed completely spent.

"You guys fought just one war and you're already finished, I'm embarrassed for you," Leonel said, shaking his head.

In response, a rain of pillows flew toward Leonel and he could only laugh and dodge out of the way. Indeed, it seemed that everyone needed a rest, that was no big deal. There was still a ton of time. The conference was only starting around now, and he was sure that the Morales would stall a bit more after that, so they easily had several months before they had to make a move.

"Hm?" Leonel suddenly looked in a particular direction. With a wave of his hand, the doors of the flagship opened up and Noah appeared with Jessica by his side. The two landed on the bow of the ship, and though they were a hint surprised by the sudden opening of the doors, they strolled in nonetheless.

When Noah saw Leonel, he hesitated, feeling a hint embarrassed and another hint complicated.

The last time they talked, Noah had proudly stated that he would remain and protect Earth. However, not even a few weeks later, he had embarrassed himself. Let alone protecting Earth, he couldn't even defeat a single threat. If

not for James, he would have died at Elorin's hands, and if not for Leonel's plans and Aina's direction...

He didn't even want to think about what might have happened... Even his father ended up severely injured after that battle, and what had he been able to do? Absolutely nothing.

Leonel smiled when he saw Noah. "Come in, come in. I was just talking about how lazy these guys are, they can learn a thing or two from you."

Noah smiled bitterly. He knew that Leonel was trying to make him feel better, but someone who was as internally driven as Noah wouldn't be so easily appeased. If anything such an approach only made him feel worse, it felt like he was burdening others with his emotions.

Seeing this, Leonel smiled and didn't say anything like that again.

"We're all just relaxing, you two come and sit."

"I..." Noah lowered his head. "... Leonel, do you mind if..."

"You want to join the Heir Wars? I thought you'd never ask," Leonel said happily. "I was really disappointed when you said you wouldn't join before."

Hearing this, Noah felt the weight on his chest lighten considerably and he gave Leonel a grateful look. The first time the two met, they battled... he had never thought that they would have such a relationship today.

He didn't know if the Heir Wars had his answers, but he truly hoped so.

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Chapter 1914: Waves

Alejandro Morales sat in silence. Compared to the brewing rage he had had three months ago, he was currently the picture of perfect calm. He sat at the very top of a pillar that was at least a hundred kilometers tall. All around him, there were similar pillars, but even the tallest one of them was only 80 kilometers tall.

Although Alejandro didn't say anything, an invisible barrier surrounded him. It was clear that no one else was welcome to sit on his pillar. If one wanted to participate in this gathering, they would have to fight for the lesser pillars.

The dignity of the Morales wasn't something a mere few loud voices could infringe upon.

One after another, powerhouses appeared around Planet Morales. With their sharp eyesights, even from so far above, they could see this set up completely. Many of their expressions darkened, but there was little that they could do. They had already pushed the Morales to this point, it was impossible to ask for more at this point.

One at a time, the organizations and families that had chosen to participate sent forward one representative each. They descended from the skies with dignity and arrogance between their brows, each one very much used to ruling over trillions. They all represented the very pinnacle of the Seventh Dimensional and were existences that functioned as the backbone of the Human Domain.

One of the first was an older woman wearing fluttering green robes. Despite the dignity between her brows, she still had some of the tender lines of youthful beauty that had aged akin to fine wine on her features.

She was Inabella, a powerhouse of the Tier 9 Seventh Dimension, and a current pillar of the Viror family which Leonel had quite some contentious interactions with in the Void Palace.

The fact that she wasn't the Matriarch of her family, but rather an elder with even higher status than that, spoke volumes. She was considered to be an Ancestor of her family, but she had no choice but to greet someone who was technically her junior in Alejandro as though they were equals.

But the unfortunate truth was that in this situation...

They were.

The moment she entered the region of the pillars that pierced the skies like spears, her flight wavered and she nearly fell from the skies. She teetered, clenching her jaw in silence as she tried to maintain her steady flight, taking a breath and walking through the air with her best feigned attempt.

From start to finish, Alejandro never opened his eyes even a single time.

After a while of struggling, Inabella finally managed to land on a pillar that was 60 kilometers tall, landing stably. Although she looked up toward Alejandro with a hint of coldness in her eyes, she didn't say anything as she sat and crossed her legs and began to recuperate.

Those that were waiting on the outside watched this with solemn expressions. Inabella was quite famous in her day and she had also been a Domain Ranked Disciple of the Void Palace.

And yet, she had only been able to claim a 60 kilometer tall pillar. The worst part was that the lowest pillar there stood at 50 kilometers tall.

In this context, 10 kilometers was too small of a gap.

Those families that were substantially weaker than the Viror family had on especially ugly expressions. If even the Viror family was like this, what chance did they stand? They realized that riding the wave to condemn the Morales family wouldn't be as easy as they thought it would be in the beginning. Numbers were quite useless in the face of absolute strength.

After some hesitation, dozens of families chose to withdraw while some became even more selective with who they sent forward.

Soon, a new batch came forward. They were much more prepared for the sudden pressure in comparison to Inabella, but even so, their performance wasn't much better. In fact, not a single one managed to reach the 60 kilometer pillars, all of them accumulating along the most numerous 50 kilometer pillars. In fact, some of them still overestimated themselves, falling to the ground below red-faced and embarrassed.

While none of the failures died, they had no choice but to walk at the pace of a mortal to leave the area of the suppression, only to become the scrutiny of everyone above. Witnessing others being embarrassed to such an extent only made others less and less likely to participate.

It took a very long while before the next 60 kilometer pillar was filled, this time by an older man. This was a gentleman that would be very familiar to Leonel. He was an elder of the Thrusting Skies Sector, Malstar Skies.

However, to everyone's shock, Malstar's toes only tapped the 60-kilometer pillar for a split second being he pierced forward like a streaking arc of lightning, appearing on a

70-kilometer pillar and exhaling a slight breath.

Inabella's eyes snapped open and her pupils constricted. Malstar and her should have been on the same level, how could he possibly land on a pillar higher than herself? Although he had used a lower pillar for leverage, Inabella had experienced that pressure herself. If it was so easy, she would have done it herself. The only explanation was that Malstar was stronger than her now, at least in movement technique.

Malstar didn't seem to notice the expressions of everyone else, landing on the pillar with a calm expression and sitting in silence.

Inabella frowned, but she could do nothing. Trying to reach the 70-kilometer pillar now, and likely failing, would only make her lose face. She had no choice but to swallow this. There were enough that had failed that while Malstar's performance was shocking, it wasn't enough for attention to be turned to her inadequacies.

As for Alejandro, he likewise said nothing, not even opening his eyes. There weren't any rules. If you could figure out a loophole, more power to you. He couldn't be bothered to give a damn.

At that moment, several powerful pressures came from above, new groups descending in waves.

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Chapter 1915: Silence

The vast majority that descended could only take up 50-kilometer tall pillars, however as time passed, more and more powerful existences began to make their presences known.

After Inabella, a group of organizations appeared swiftly, all three of which were actually prominent religions taking their place on the 60-kilometer pillars. There was the Evergreen Religion, the Zoltene Faith, and the final was the third largest religion of the Human Domain, the Star Faith.

The Star Faith was quite mysterious in that they didn't worship a person, but rather a Force. Their belief was that the most fundamental Force in existence was Star Force, acting as the foundation of all things. Unsurprisingly, their people tended to have exceptional Star Force affinity as this was believed by them to make these individuals the harbingers of the universe's will.

The numbers of the 60-kilometer pillars were swiftly filled much like the 50-kilometer pillars before them. And then, slowly but surely, powerhouses that could occupy the

70-kilometer pillars began to appear one after another.

Smaller families of the Constellation Bow Alliance fell into this category. The Hawk family, the Hood family, the Elven family...

Not far behind them were the families that upheld the spearmanship. These were the families that mostly made up the Stalwart Polearm party. Among this number, there were quite a few that preferred weapons like the glaive and halberd as well... The Croft family, the Sterling family, the Diablo family...

At that moment, the howl of a sword echoed over the horizon. The sudden change caused many that were focused on reaching their target pillars to waver slightly, the strong surge causing their pupils to constrict.

At first, many assumed that the Suiard family was making the appearance, but after some thought, they felt that it was simply impossible. There was no way that the Suiard family would allow the Morales family to casually change the narrative. If they were going to appear, their current attempt would be far more forceful than just this.

The Sina family.

An older gentleman with long, fluttering eyebrows appeared over the horizon. He cut through the air like a sword, a formation of blades hovering around him as he sliced through the pressure as though it was nothing more than a thin wind.

BANG!

He landed heavily on an 80-kilometer pillar, his sharp, sword-like gaze landing on Alejandro who continued to sit unmoved on the 100-kilometer pillar. There weren't even any

90-kilometer pillars to make use of, this was already the furthest he could go unless he was willing to battle it out with Alejandro.

The Morales had clearly done this on purpose, making it so that 80 kilometers was the highest would diminish the prestige of all the highest level families. The Suiard family was definitely on a far higher level than his Sina family, but wouldn't they have to obediently pick out an 80-kilometer pillar?

The older man sneered, his aura flourishing. However, he did nothing and he remained silent. He felt that it was beneath him to speak to a junior like Alejandro. In his youth, he was collectively known as the Twin Swords along with a current Ancestor of the Suiard family. That Ancestor was known as the Light Sword and he was known as the Shadow Sword, both literally and figuratively.

The relationship of the Sina and Suiard families weren't exactly like master and subordinate and was much more complex than that, but even setting such a thing aside, just his status alone was far beyond just pettiness.

After releasing his aura to make his displeasure known, he said nothing else and sat in meditation. He wondered if Alejandro would be able to remain so nonchalant in a few more moments.

The appearance of the Shadow Sword seemed to have unleashed an avalanche onto Morales territory.

One after another, the constellation families began to appear one after another, each one carving paths toward the 80-kilometer pillars.

The Gemin family family, the Libra family, the Taur family, the Tarius family, the Pyius family, the Cornus family, the Cancer family, the Ram family, the Virgo family, the Quarius family, the Pisc family, the Lio family...

The uproarious laughter of Vanuzi Lio echoed through the skies, dispersing the clouds and causing the narrow pillars to sway from side to side. Many of the weaker existences were forced to grit their teeth and unleash their Force to forcefully stabilize themselves.

Behind the Constellation Families came the number one religion of the Human Domain. Their representative was a young woman with thick and large sleeves that hid her hands in a clasp of prayer. A halo hung above her head and it seemed very much real, it didn't seem to be a gimmick or even

something forcefully created by Force. Even if it was, she was simply too beautiful for others to lambast.

This young woman was known as a Demi Goddess to their religion, a young woman with Spiritual blood running through her veins...

This was the Spiritual Faith, the strongest religion of the Human Domain and one that worshipped not a person, nor a Force, but rather an entire Race. This was a religion of people who believed that the Spirituals were elevated humans and that only by seeking their guidance and cleansing oneself could you transcend oneself could you transcend humanity and become a Spiritual as well.

If the strongest factions of the Human Domain were to be listed, there was no doubt that the Spiritual Faith would be among them although they were often neglected.

The Morales, the Suiards, the Constellation Alliance, the Guild Alliance, Shield Cross Stars, the Void Palace, and finally... The Spiritual Faith.

Of these powerhouses, three had arrived. But in keeping with the humble nature necessitated by her religion, the Demi Goddess didn't fight for a higher place, simply gliding to a position on an 80-kilometer pillar.

At that moment, though, the situation seemed that it was finally about to change.

An unexpected ship appeared over the horizon and an even more unexpected person stepped out.

The young woman was gorgeous beyond words and perfect beyond description.

Cynthia Omann, the Scorned Queen Beauty, stepped through the air, fluttering down with gentle steps.

The entire world seemed to fall into silence.

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Chapter 1916

Cynthia fluttered down like a fairy, her presence among the only ones that could match and even faintly suppress the Demi Goddess. Even with her age, it was impossible to find a single flaw, and even with her somewhat negative title of Scorned Queen Beauty, not a single soul thought less of her. However, it was unknown if this was because she was simply that perfect... or if it was because the man who had tainted her reputation was so entirely irreproachable.

The story of the Scorned Queen Beauty was one that had set the Human Domain ablaze all those years ago.

Velasco had ruined his fair share of beauties in his youth, and had infuriated even more families and organizations as a result. Whether it was the backing of the beauties themselves, or the backing of the young men who had lost the race for her, it could be said that he had enemies everywhere. If it wasn't for his absolute strength, even the Morales family would simply be unable to protect him.

Even so, compared to all the others, the Scorned Queen Beauty was an especially tragic one.

If there was any female counterpart to Velasco, it was Cynthia Omann. She was unmatched by all except Velasco, even the likes of Montez couldn't last more than a handful of exchanges with her. Ever since they were born and grew old enough to walk, most were entirely unable to mention Velasco without mentioning Cynthia. Even when Velasco ruined his first segment of beauties, no one batted an eye, assuming that he would end up with the pure and perfect Cynthia in the end regardless.

Some were enraged with Velasco for forcing Cynthia to deal with such humiliating rumors about her future husband's lack of discipline, and no small number of battles had been triggered as a result of this.

Even so, Cynthia had never said anything about it, silently waiting. And then, that day seemed to have come. Everything was prepared, the perfectly matched couple would finally come together...

But it never happened.

Before the wedding was meant to take place, Ishamel Morales died.

What happened in between is unknown, but by the next time others heard of Velasco's wife, that title was no longer attached to Cynthia, but was rather attached to an unknown and somewhat ordinary genius of the Void Palace, an inconspicuous young woman from a Sixth Dimensional family, Alienor.

The Human Domain entered a state of uproar and the title of Scorned Queen Beauty was born.

Seeing her fluttering down now, though, no one thought that this was a tragic beauty. This was a woman half the powerhouses of the Human Domain wanted, a beauty that most didn't even dare to have such thoughts of.

Cynthia's body came to a pause in the air, her lovely blue eyes scanning the region for a moment. Her expression didn't seem to give anything away, and despite the fact she was already within the range of the suppression, her body didn't so much as sway. If it was not for the fact her robes clung to her curves just the slightest hint more, it would have been impossible to guess that she had entered range at all.

Suddenly, Cynthia extended a slender finger and tapped at the air.

WHOOOSH!

Alejandro's eyes snapped open instantly, but it was already too late.

A complex formation that had once been invisible suddenly appeared before the eyes of everyone.

Cynthia pressed a finger down and touched a rune. At that moment, all iterations of that rune shone with a bright light, shimmering like miniature suns.

A surging aura rose from Cynthia's lithe body, causing harsh winds to pick up. Those still sitting on their pillars and even many spaceships hovering around Planet Morales trembled.

Countless faces paled and even Alejandro's brows shot up.

This wasn't the aura of a Seventh Dimensional expert... She had already entered the Eighth Dimension!

Cynthia dragged her finger across, shifting the position of the runes ever so slightly.

BANG!

The formation crumbled, bursting into a rain of shards of light. In that instant, the pressure everyone had been experiencing vanished.

Cynthia floated forward through the shards as though she hadn't done a thing, landing on an 80-kilometer pillar without a word and taking a seat.

Alejandro's lip couldn't help but twitch. She could have taken an 80-kilometer pillar just as easily with or without destroying the pressurizing formation, and yet she had chosen this path anyway. The wrath and pettiness of a scorned woman knew no bounds and Alejandro knew better than to say anything. Even Vanuzi Lio, who would usually be laughing at the Morales family's misfortune at this point, didn't dare to say a single thing.

Alejandro exhaled a breath, and here he thought that the only one of that generation who could have possibly reached that level already was Velasco... It seems that it was not a coincidence that they're always attached at the hip in their youth.

Shaking his head, Alejandro smiled bitterly inwardly. What happened next would be far more annoying because of the actions of this scorned beauty.

Almost as though on cue...

BOOM!

A warship double the size of a planet appeared over the horizon. On the bow of the ship, several white robe fingers stood, the echo of sword howls sweeping over Planet Morales.

BOOM!

Another warship, just as large and just as looming, appeared. On the bow, men and women with bows striped across their chests stood in silence, the howl of Bow Force echoing over the planet.

"Go."

Two young men glided forward. Compared to the others present, they're clearly out of place and were without a doubt members of Leonel's generation.

The Bow Deity, Nazag Tarius.

The Sword Deity... Amery Suiard.

The goal of the Tarius and Suiard families was clear and obvious, and Cynthia's actions had allowed it to happen. The Morales had sent forward a junior that was young that 99% of those there, so they would send a pair even younger than that.

Not only would this clearly knock the Morales down a pair, it would make their attempt to protect Leonel feel far more glaring than it should have.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1917: Real

The two young men seemed to ride a wave of weapon Force, landing on their pillars with a bang. Despite the seniority of those around them, their visages were the picture of indifference. It was clear at a glance why they were chosen to carry the future of their families.

Alejandro didn't bother to close his eyes once again and he had long since regained his composure. He angled his head to the skies, seemingly waiting to see if anyone else would appear.

This was unlikely, whether it was the Void Palace or Shield Cross Stars, they were both committed to neutrality, and everyone else of note was already present. Plus, the Void Palace wasn't made up of families and organizations like this, while Shield Cross Stars, although they were, were very invested in not placing any sort of nepotism front and center for obvious reasons.

"It seems like everyone is here," Alejandro said lightly.

Although his voice was soft, it easily traveled to everyone.

"The purpose of this gathering is to discuss the finalized rules of the Heir Wars, however..."

Alejandro's gaze flashed with lightning, the clouds above darkening.

"The Morales family and I, as their Patriarch, would like to make something very clear first.

"First, Earth has never been our target. The secrets of the Morales family are beyond your understanding, and if you think that the hot blood that runs through our veins is capable of taking advantage of a fledgling world which is yet to be capable of standing on its own two feet..."

CRACK! BooM!

Arcs of lightning flashed across the skies, a suffocating BOOM echoing through all their hearts and pressing down on their hearts.

"... Then you're assigning too much of your inferiority toward us."

Alejandro's gaze flashed like lightning.

"Second, the Morales family and I don't give a damn whether you believe us or not. We have never needed your acknowledgement, nor will we ever need it. If you think you've forced our hand by causing this change in the Heir Wars, you're nothing short of mistaken, and in the worst case, foolish.

"We do not need subliminal messaging, nor do you need to read between the lines with us. There is one and only one reason for these Heir Wars..."

"... And that's as a reminder to you all that the dignity of the Morales family cannot be infringed upon.

"For the sake of the Human Domain and the dangers that it is facing, we've decided to keep this small reminder on a stage the younger generation can claim, but this is the one and final warning we will give you all.

"If you insist on pressing forward, thinking that numbers will oppress us and force us to take a step back, we will see what happens first..."

"Whether the Morales will destroy the Human Domain first, or if outsiders will. Feel free to take your pick, and while you're at it, be sure to understand your limits."

The crackle of thunder continued to echo and Alejandro's voice had gone from a light whisper to a booming cadence. Those from lesser families couldn't help but pale considerably.

They had always heard that the Morales were a group of madmen, but never had they expected that they would rather war against the whole Human Domain than lower their heads.

This was the final line the Morales were drawing, there wouldn't be a second.

Alejandro grinned a malevolent grin, suddenly unable to control his true self. The pressure of so many families sitting around him made his blood boil, his Spear Force threatening to rage out of control. Even an Eighth Dimensional expert had appeared, how could his blood not be alive?

"If it's up to me, I hope you don't know what's good for you. My blade has been sheathed for too long."

At that moment, a figure rose up from the ground, landing by Alejandro with a light cough and patting his shoulder.

Adawarth smiled lightly. "Sorry, everyone, my father's temper has been the best recently. His words are correct, though, it's best that we keep this to the younger generation, the patience of the older is much more limited."

Adawarth swept a gaze across everyone present.

"Truthfully, those words were the main reason we invited you all here. The Morales truly do not fear anyone and we do not change our plans for the sake of the pressure of outsiders. I, as the eldest brother of the Nova Generation, speak for my brothers when I say whether you all participate or not, makes little to no difference. Our real competition was ourselves to begin with.

"The rules of the gathering will be the same as it always has been and you all can experience what every generation of Morales has experienced. If you do not like the rules. feel free to complain, though those complaints will likely fall of deaf ears.

"If there's nothing else, I will go about explaining what these rules are. After I am finished, we'll construct an official list of participants that cannot and will not be changed after we all leave here today.

"Anything?"

Adawarth seemed to gain the initiative back for the Morales family. At this point, if anyone asked for rule changes, it would seem as though they're

asking for leniency compared to what the Morales family juniors usually experienced and they would only end up humiliating themselves.

But at the same time, if the Morales family's rules weren't strict enough to begin with, then exposing these rules after so much bloviating now would only give rise to them to smack their own faces.

At this point, everyone had to put their best foot forward with failure costing them endless humiliation.

Adawarth's smile, though, seemed to make it clear that he was quite confident in this regard.

"Good. Then I'll begin to explain now.

"As always, the Morales family's Heir Wars will take place in the War Zone, a space constructed and reset every generation by Ancestor Hugo. The main fixture of this world is that for its residents and the general world, time moves 100 times faster than normal.

"Although this space is virtually constructed, the danger, injuries, and death...

"Are very much real."

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 1918: Door Frame

Leonel leaned on a door frame, his expression hard to read.

On a bed with, a young girl slept soundly. Well, he still saw her as a young girl, anyway. In reality, her age was probably almost double his by now. However, considering her naivete, he really couldn't look at her any other way.

This young girl was none other than Little Nana. It had been years since Leonel had seen her last even if he disregarded the over 20 years he had missed out on. She had grown into a woman now, but her mind didn't seem to have changed very much.

Leonel's emotional intelligence was quite high, but when it came to real psychological theories, his understanding was limited. This was why he had

left the raising of Candle and Vice to Wise Star Order despite the inherent danger that came with it.

Back then, Nana hadn't even been 10 years old if he remembered correctly, but she had gone through something that could only be said to be traumatic. It wasn't too surprising for her to carry lingering scars from back then, and the fact that she still seemed to be obsessed with him only went to further prove this.

Yes, he had saved her life when all hope had seemed lost, but that didn't seem like enough for a woman who was almost 40 years old now to still be clinging to him, especially when he was certain that Little Nana's life was filled with blood and carnage.

It was just odd.

Nana's pearly blue eyes suddenly snapped open and she shot up, her head snapping from left to right until she suddenly noticed Leonel standing at the door. Her gaze lit up for a moment, but when she noticed the sternness of Leonel's expression, they dimmed almost immediately. She looked down as though she had done something wrong and she found it difficult to look up again.

Leonel sighed, moving toward the young woman and taking a seat at the edge of the bed.

"Nana, you understand that we stand on two opposing sides of a war, right?"

Leonel had thought a lot about how he would approach this conversation. The smart thing to do would be to toss Nana into a dungeon along with anyone else who had survived and call it a day. However, he couldn't bring himself to do so.

Nana's small mouth opened a few times, but nothing came out.

"Not everything will go your way, sometimes everyone works inside the grey and there are no heroes or villains. The ultimate choice with what you do with your life depends on you.

"You have parents, you have a family, you have many who care for you... There will probably come a time where I won't be able to be so lenient. Do you understand me?"

Nana still couldn't seem to make a sound, so she nodded, her tears falling like a string of crystal beads.

Leonel nodded lightly. "I have no choice but to keep you here. If you can escape, that will be up to your skill, but it won't be aided by me."

Leonel stood to his feet and walked toward the exit of the room, but even after he made it to the threshold, Nana still hadn't done anything. He sighed and shook his head, that could be considered to be Nana's last chance of escaping. Here, with just the two of them, overpowering him wouldn't be all that difficult for her, especially considering her Ability Index. But she was still too indecisive to act.

Leonel left and closed the door behind him, sealing it with a powerful Force Art.

His current morality was hard to pin down, maybe even for him. But he simply acted as he pleased. He felt gross taking advantage of a little girl's trauma to gain an advantage over her, so he had given her a chance. Since she didn't want to take it, his conscience was clear and his heart was light.

With long strides, Leonel entered the dungeon of the flagship. As a war machine designed to be used by the highest echelons of the Seventh Dimension, it was unsurprising that their dungeons were incredibly robust. It would probably be difficult even for an expert of the Eighth Dimension to escape, though very much possible. As for those beneath that realm, there was likely no chance at all.

Soon, Leonel stood across from a chained Adrin. He was in a much less comfortable position than his little sister, but Leonel did not feel the need to treat him very well just because of who he was related to. The two of them owed each other nothing, in fact, if there was anyone who owed the other anything, it was Adrin who owed him.

Leonel pulled up a stool.

"Why don't you tell me what you know about the four Great Families," Leonel uttered with a smile.

Adrin looked toward Leonel with a pair of piercing blue eyes. His wrists were chained above his head and basically the only thing keeping him alive was the

steady stream of Force being pumped into him through them. Even if he wanted to starve to death, he couldn't.

On the bright side, these dungeons were so rarely used that they're practically spotless.

"No answer?" Leonel chuckled and didn't seem to mind.

The souls of the four Brazingers that Aina was torturing were still there. He could go and retrieve them any time and there would be no escaping for them. This meant that he would get information he wanted one way or another.

Leonel had already gained a lot from Simeon, but the problem was that the latter's standing was too low. He wondered if Adrin would know more or not.

"I heard that you four families have quite the feud with my Fawkes family, and even my Northern Star Lineage, it could be said that we're destined to be enemies, no?"

Adrin's pupils constricted.

"It's quite embarrassing, four families that are so powerful, still scared of two Lineage Factors that barely have any remnants remaining, do not you think it's a bit embarrassing?"

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Chapter 1919: What Do You Know?

Adrin's expression darkened.

"You have no idea what you're talking about. You have no idea how cruel those two Lineage Factors are, how much harm they've caused to the world. They don't deserve to exist!"

Adrin realized that his emotions were more easily agitated than they should have been, but he shrugged this feeling off quite quickly. His people had died, the status of his sister was unknown, he had been chained like a beast, and now he was being interrogated by someone with the most annoying smile he had seen in his life, he had the right to be pissed off!

"Mm," Leonel pursed his lips and nodded, "the Northern Star Lineage Factors can get quite sinister, and controlling the dead after their death is definitely quite horrible, I can see how you could reach that conclusion.

"I don't really see how that's any worse than epigenetics and public torturing and executing innocents just because you think they fell in love with the wrong person, though. If you ask me, the tools of those Lineage Factors might seem cruel on the surface, but their evil is ultimately decided by the person controlling them.

"But for you all... what's your excuse, exactly? You just really like your blue hair? God forbid you end up with black hair, that would make you far too normal."

Adrin grit his teeth, his eyes going red, but he didn't know how to respond. He knew that Leonel was referring to what happened to Aina's parents, but the Brazinger family wasn't the only one that had done such cruel things. In order to keep their Bloodlines pure and within their control, all four families had done horrible things in the past.

"Nothing to say? Interesting," Leonel nodded again. "What confuses me though, is that you know the Emperor's Might Lineage Factor is in my hands, and yet you still want to resist.

"That's a bit silly, don't you think?"

Adrin shivered from head to toe.

He had never seen that Lineage Factor in action, but he had read and heard enough about it. It had a huge taboo attached to it and struck fear in countless races. He didn't want to end up like one of those puppets, being forced to smile, nod and dance for the man who had killed him in the first place for all of eternity.

Suddenly, Adrin snapped out of it, shaking his head from side to side vigorously. He grit his teeth and eventually sneered.

"Nice try. Just because you have the Lineage Factor, doesn't mean you understand its secrets. It took countless generations to create those techniques, I don't believe you have them.

"The tablets have..."

"You mean this?" A golden tablet appeared in Leonel's hand. "Interesting, so you do know about these. Then do you know what's the difference between this and this one?"

Leonel brought out the Silver Tablet right afterward.

Adrin's trembling grew to the point he began to hyperventilate. The fear buried in the depths of his heart was so great that he couldn't even look at the tablets anymore, closing his eyes as tightly as he could.

It would be a fate worse than death to end up in Leonel's hands. He couldn't

"Hey!"

Leonel's voice echoed with a mysterious power, snapping Adrin awake.

"If you understand the kind of situation you're in, then answer my questions obediently. I don't have the time to baby you."

"IL... This..."

Adrin's chest heaved. Leonel had forcefully stopped his panic attack with a shout, he didn't even know how to process that.

"The Silver Tablet, what is it." Leonel asked coldly, his smile vanishing. He had suddenly gone from someone hoping for answers, to someone who was demanding them. The change caused the air to be caught in Adrin's throat and the pressure forced him to answer almost immediately.

"I... I don't know."

"You don't know?" Leonel raised an eyebrow.

"It... I only know that it's an opportunity that happens here."

"Here?" Leonel frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I don't know, I really don't know... my standing in the Adurna family is lower than you think, even Simeon has a higher standing than I do, it's just that his needy talent placed him near my level. If not for my sister, I would not even be as powerful as I am now, at least not so quickly."

"What do you know about it?"

"They're... They're gateways. No, they're keys... I'm not sure, it's one or the other, or both."

"Gateways...? Keys...?"

"They're shortcuts, right, shortcuts. All I know is that they're created with a strong concentration of Time Force and Dream Force."

"Time Force and Dream Force?"

"Yes, it's the strongest Force in all of existence, Infinity Force... The only Force that can match it is Anarchic Force..."

Leonel fell into silence.

"How does Infinity Force relate to Breaking Force?"

"... Infinity Force is all Forces, and all Forces are Infinity Force, just the same way Anarchic Force swallows all Forces."

"So this Silver Tablet gives access to Infinity Force?"

"It... It's silver so it only gives a portion..."

"There are gold "shortcuts" ?"

"I'm not sure, but even if it was gold it would not give perfect access to Infinity Force, Infinity Force is too powerful to be used by any creature..."

"What are the abilities of this Silver Tablet, then?"

"It should be able to help you to progress faster, it breaks bottlenecks for you and can give you enlightenment in exchange for energy. However, the silver tablet only works up to the perfection of the Seventh Dimension... It can also act as a second life so long as you are beneath the Eighth Dimension..."

Leonel looked down at the Silver Tablet. It seemed that shortcut was, indeed, an appropriate name. He had known about this ability of the Silver Tablet, in fact he had made use of it before. It was thanks to it that he went from Tier 1 to Tier 9 of the Fifth Dimension of his Metal Body back then. Without it, he would not have been able to win that fight against those Sixth Dimensional powerhouses that were targeting Earth.

However, he hadn't used it since then because relying on it made future breakthroughs much more difficult. Luckily, absorbing those demon Force Pills had allowed him to perfect his foundation and deal with the lingering issues.

He was hesitant to use it again for those reasons.

"... What do you know about Force Manipulation?"

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1920: Tell Me

Adrin trembled when he heard this question, looking toward Leonel with a wide gaze. Force Manipulation wasn't something widely spoken about, it was a secret even more closely held than the existences of the Emperor's Might and Northern Star Lineage Factors.

Of course, the reason for this was because those two Lineage Factors were considered taboos, and as such the legend of them was spread only for the sake of disparaging the families that had once used them. But even so, this was the reality.

Most beneath a certain standard only stumbled onto Force Manipulation through anecdotes and countless years of training. However, the true and systematic methods were only held in the hands of a very select few, and maybe only the Spirituals could boast having any sort of methods that was anywhere near complete.

Leonel's gaze narrowed when he saw Adrin's reaction.

In truth, he had guessed much of what Adrin was thinking of right now, and there was a very simple reason for that. In the Cataclysm Zone, he had seen all sorts of treasures that could be exchanged for, even to the point of laying eyes on the Emperor's Might Golden Tablet, but not once had he seen anything even remotely refer to Force Manipulation.

On the one hand, it was possible that the Zone was just incomplete. It was a Zone, after all, so it was possible that it wasn't a supremely perfect representation of reality. With something as hard to emulate as Force Manipulation, it made sense if it wasn't all that easy for it to be replicated. If Zones relied on Dream Force to build everything, it would eventually have a limit.

It had to be remembered that Dream Force was a Force itself, obviously. It was one thing to emulate other Forces at lower resolutions or weaker states, but if it was tasked with emulating other Forces at their very best, which is exactly what Force Manipulation represented, it would no doubt reach a bottleneck it couldn't pass through, a bottleneck that would only become more stringent the more powerful the Force was.

This explanation had been good enough for Leonel to accept back then, good enough that it didn't bother him too much. However, there had always been a second explanation lingering in the back of his mind... And that was that Force Manipulation was a secret.

While it was impossible to stop geniuses from stumbling onto methods to better control their Force, so long as there was a tacit suppression of information about such methods generally speaking, disallowing the sharing of such methods, it would be fairly easy to suppress.

Leonel had always had a theory brewing in mind, one that he only confirmed further as he gained more split minds.

The difference between humans and apes of Third Dimensional Earth were only partial percentages of DNA. If you dropped an ape in the middle of a forest, and did the same with a human, their difference in intelligence wouldn't be meaningful enough that their quality of life would be drastically different.

What truly separated humans was the ability to communicate. Thanks to this evolution, humans were able to stack their small advantage in intelligence through the generations. With each small advancement and individual made, large numbers of the race benefited, until eventually humans pulled so far ahead of animals that they painted the illusion that they were infinitely more intelligent.

When you take that advantage, and you suffocate it, what would happen?

The result would be what was seen with Force Manipulation. You would have sporadic geniuses here and there, but with no ability to communicate and share insights, all advancement would stall with the end of said genius's life and then the next genius would have to start all over.

It was akin to Isaac Newton never sharing his invention of calculus and everyone having to deduce it on their own. Imagine a world where instead of

calculus having been an annoying middle to high school level subject, it was instead a thesis one aspired to.

The difference was akin to night and day.

The question, then, was why... But that answer was even more obvious.

Force Manipulation was force multiplier, not in the sense of energy, but rather a general sense. The only way for those born with weaker talent to catch up to those with stronger talent was through Force Manipulation.

With the selfishness of the Four Great Families, how could they possibly allow those beneath them to have a chance to rise up?

The cobra demon that Leonel had faced was the perfect example. He had been an exceptionally weak demon to start, and the Forces he used weren't particularly impressive either, but he was so powerful that Leonel, even given all his talent, couldn't last even a single exchange against him and had to be eaten alive just to stand a chance.

This was what Force Manipulation did.

One's raw talent was almost entirely decided by their bloodline and lineage, it was something that could be easily controlled and assessed. While Ability Indexes were a potential variable, it was likewise difficult to maximize them without Force Manipulation and could have their effects dampened as a result.

The obsession the Four Great Families had over maintaining their lineage and purity was clear and obvious, and now there seemed to be a more tangible reason why.

The trouble was that Force Manipulation relied on inspiration and intelligence, two things that were far more difficult to control for. Even for families at this level, accounting for the complexity of the human brain was almost impossible.

Suddenly, Leonel's gaze flickered as a spark flew in his Dreamscape. He suddenly remembered how cheap the Dream Force items were in the treasure exchange... could that be a coincidence?

If there was one variable that perfectly correlated with intelligence, it was Dream Force affinity.... Could there be a power that was attempting to undermine the Four Great Families through the use of Dream Force?

Leonel's finger tapped at his knee as he fell into deep thought. Things were rarely ever so simple, it would be foolish to draw such a conclusion now. With that thought, he looked up.

"You clearly know something, so let's not waste time, okay? Tell me what you know."