

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1921: Even...

"I..."

The beads of sweat poured down Adrin's brow. If others learned that he told outsiders about this, his death would be practically guaranteed. He wasn't even worthy of having this information, but his little sister had reached a level of status where it was tacitly allowed for her to bring this information back to her bloodline. Due to this, he had benefited.

The reality was that the true name of this principle wasn't even Force Manipulation, it was just that the moment Leonel had said those words, he understood exactly what he was referring to.

This was inevitable. Leonel had deduced the existence of Force Manipulation himself, so he had also, of course, named it himself. He originally hadn't expected Adrin to know what he was talking about at all, but it seemed that he was right to ask.

Leonel leaned back in his chair, patient. Adrin wasn't going anywhere and there was only one path forward for him. There was nothing that the latter could say to get out of this.

"I..." Adrin took a deep breath. "... They call it Dimensional Layering or Dimensional Folding. According to what I know, the true reason we call our progress Dimensions is because of the existence of Dimensional Layering and the principles behind it.

"It's said that worlds fundamentally change after crossing into the Fourth Heaven and gain Force which fundamentally changes the laws of physics, but the reality is that even in its infancy and before a Metamorphosis, Force exists. The trouble is that it exists in Folds of Reality that aren't perceptible. With the way they layer, they can't interact with the real world and worlds at and below the Third Dimension are water to their oil."

Leonel frowned. "There are worlds beneath the Third Dimension?"

"Yes. The First Dimension is known as the Impetus of Creation. Some believe it's God, some believe that it's the Big Bang, some others have any number of other theories and explanations for what it might be. Ultimately, it's just the moment right before existence comes to be.

"The Second Dimension is known as the Impetus of Life. It's said that this is a reality that only the Regulator can exist within. The Impetus of Life is both an instant of time and an infinite strength of time, it both touches a moment in time and all moments in time. It's a single line that wraps around all things that are, have been, or ever will be."

Leonel's gaze narrowed.

"From the very beginning, the Impetus of Creation, Force exists. When the Third Dimension forms, it can begin to slowly unfurl itself. When the Fourth Dimension descends, it matures and fully unfurls itself."

Leonel's frown deepened. "Fully?"

Adrin nodded somewhat nervously. "Depending on the strength of a Force, it will climb onto Dimensional Layers as though it was scaffolding. The stronger the Force, the more scaffolding it needs and the more Layers it will stretch into.

"The process of Dimensional Folding is taking the complex Folds of a Force, untangling it, and layering such that it could be used with less and less scaffolding. This is the best way to strengthen your Force and the only method of making a weaker Force stronger than a more powerful Force.

"The other way of doing it..."

"Is making your body stronger scaffolding," Leonel muttered, seemingly not needing Adrin's confirmation.

Adrin trembled once again before he sighed. This was the difference between someone with talent and someone without it. He had had all of this explained to him, but Leonel didn't even need him to finish.

Indeed, there were two ways of strengthening your Force.

The first was through Dimensional Folding, or decreasing the amount of scaffolding your Force needed to function.

The second was through normal practicing. By strengthening your body, you gave your Force more scaffolding to work with, and thus made it functionally stronger. However, this method required you to have great talent, otherwise, you would eventually run into a bottleneck where progress became impossible.

This was why it was called Dimensions, you were using your body as a proxy for something your Force Manipulation should be doing, and as such, you were missing out on a lot of strength.

And of course, the best results would occur when you did both at once, and best of all when you used the two in a feedback loop of sorts. Leonel had a feeling that leaning into Force Manipulation would open a path to breaking through bottlenecks you would otherwise lack the talent to make it through.

Leonel felt his entire perspective changing. He wasn't strengthening his Forces, he was just bringing them back to their origin. The more of them he understood, the easier he could "Fold" them, and the more of them he Folded, the more of its power he could use with less scaffolding, and thus the more powerful his output would be.

The more powerful the Force he was working with, the more effort he needed to put into Folding it.

Scarlet Star Force was a Ninth Dimensional Force, so it needed all Nine Dimensional Layers to unfurl itself. If Leonel wanted to shrink what it needed, he would have to truly extend himself.

Snow Force was just a Sixth Dimensional Force, so it only needed Six Dimensional Layers to unfurl itself. As such, it took less effort to Fold it.

This was a simplified version, but Leonel felt that he was missing something, that was because despite the fact he was already in the Sixth Dimension, he still felt that there was quite a bit more powerful to extricate from Snow Force.

That was when Leonel's gaze suddenly blazed to life... he understood.

The First Dimension was the Impetus of Creation. The Second Dimension was the Impetus of Life.

What had Adrin said about the latter...? He had said that it was both one instant and all instants, a line that touched all things...

How could a single human body match this level of grandeur?

Thinking of the Dimensional Levels as perfectly analogous to real Dimensions was the wrong way of thinking, they were at most approximations. The more talented you were, the better your approximation, but Leonel didn't believe any normal living being could ever match existence, that was simply impossible.

Ultimately, the body would forever be limited by the Third Dimension. Alone, it could not access the more fundamental Dimensions, even the Regulator could not return to the First Dimension.

While you could rely on your body and affinities as an approximation, the only way to truly match the grandeur of the Dimensional Verse was to Fold your Force was to reach a point where your Force Manipulation reached this untouchable level... a level only the Regulator could exist within... and maybe, ultimately, a level even the Regulator could not reach.

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### Chapter 1922: States

#### 1922 States

Adrin fell into silence. The glow in Leonel's gaze was almost blinding, he could practically see the thoughts flying behind it.

Currently, Leonel was doing something most couldn't fathom. He was restricting his entire thought process and flipping his former ideologies on their heads. While it was possible that Adrin's explanations were limited and incomplete, Leonel felt that they were very close to the reality, so much so that he acted on them almost immediately.

With the shift in ideology, Leonel could almost feel his body becoming lighter and stronger. Even without new comprehensions, he felt that the road forward was clearer and his comprehension of the Runes he had grasped shifted and changed, becoming stronger.

The Ninth Dimensional complete Runes that were within his Innate Node now only represented superficial scaffolding, if he really wanted to make perfect use of them, he had to comprehend them and then shrink them until only one simple rune remained... the very rune that would have been the Impetus of Creation for this Force.

The glow in Leonel's eyes slowly faded, but the sharpness within them didn't vanish entirely.

His gaze shifted, landing on Adrin.

"Tell me what else you know"

"I... I only know the general path, but it's all very vague and I don't have in-depth information about any of it."

"That's fine, just explain."

"The first Dimensional Fold level is the Unfurled State. Usually, it's only attainable by either reaching the equivalent Dimension of your Force's Grade, having an equivalent Dimensional Grade Affinity, forming a Star with it, or by having an Innate Node, though the latter three often come hand in hand. Only when you have full access to your Force can the next step begin."

Leonel listened intently, his gaze focused. It seemed that even if you wanted to take the route of Force Manipulation to make up for your lack of talent, you still had to reach a certain level first.

But then again, there was nothing stopping you from choosing to focus on a Fourth Dimensional Force in the beginning, and then switching to a related Force in the future. That way, you would always be able to keep up with those in your generation.

Leonel didn't know it, but he had just casually thought of something quite profound, the foundation of this thought would result in many changes in the future.

"To step beyond the Unfurled State is something that most will never accomplish in their lifetimes, it takes a certain level of genius to take even half a step out of it, let alone stepping out entirely."

Leonel chuckled. "Is that what they told you?"

Adrin froze when he heard this, looking into Leonel's eyes.

"If it was really so difficult, why would they put so much effort into hiding it?"

I bet if you told 10 people these methods, seven or eight of them would be able to make it out. Whether they'd be able to make it further, though..."

Suddenly, Adrin felt a light of hope. Indeed, that was something they had told him. But if it was so difficult, this sort of secrecy wouldn't be necessary.

It seemed that despite tacitly allowing his knowledge of this matter, they still took the steps to dampen his spirits, and he had fallen for it so easily.

Adrin seemed to relax, the resistance he had had against Leonel seemingly vanishing into thin air.

"Beyond the Unfurled State is what's known as the Layered State.

Depending on the level of the Force, it will have more or less of these Layered States, and also depending on its strength, moving through these Layers will give you varied results.

"The number of Layers is dependent on the difference between your Force's Dimensional Grade and the Sixth Dimension.

"Forces at and lower than the Sixth Dimension all have just a single Layer.

For every step above the Sixth Dimension, there is an additional Layer for a maximum of Four Dimensional Layers at the Ninth Dimension."

Leonel raised an eyebrow. "Why the Sixth Dimension?"

"These are details I do not know... But there should be something special about the Sixth and Ninth Dimensions Respectively, it's likely related to the fact life starts at the Third Dimension..."

"The Fourth Dimensional Layer unique to Ninth Dimensional Forces is also unique as well, and these things are probably related. It's probably more accurate to say that there are Three potential Layers and a Fourth bonus Layer known as the Transcendent Layer... But my sister only vaguely told me about these things as she doesn't understand the details either."

"Either way, the Sixth Dimension is the first hallmark and the Third Dimension is the second."

"The first state is the Unfurled State, the second is the Layered State, and the third is the Impetus State. You are probably right about them fooling me with the truth of the Unfurled State, but according to my little sister, she has only ever heard of Eighth Dimensional existences even getting close to the

Impetus State. And reaching the Impetus State is the requirement to enter the Ninth Dimension..."

Leonel nodded slowly.

Returning your Force to the Third Dimension was technically the theoretical limit of humans and all races in general. The foundation of the body was rooted in the Third Dimension and building began from there, so the Impetus State could be considered the Perfect Stage.

"With the Layered State... it depends. But usually, only absolute geniuses Seventh Dimensional experts would reach Perfection. Of course, reaching Perfection varies depending on the Force in question. Normally, just being in the Layered State at all and taking a step or two makes you elite within the Seventh Dimension."

"If you reach the Half-Step Layered State, or, in other words, take a half step out of the Unfurled State, you should be considered among the 1% of the 1% of the Sixth Dimension. This is about the general difficulty..."

"As for beyond that... It's basically unheard of. They call them the Life State and finally the Creation State, as you've probably guessed. They're related to the Second Dimension and First Dimension respectively."

"There is probably no one who has entered the Creation State. As for the Life State, there is probably only a handful of existences even within the Four Great Families. In fact, if I had to guess, there is probably only one per family..."

"As for the Creation State... The only existences who stand a chance are probably in the Spiritual Race, no other Race stands a chance..."

Leonel's gaze practically shone.

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### Chapter 1923: States

1923 States

Leonel exhaled as he finished restructuring his approach. His Dream World shifted and became more complex, his simulations becoming more perfect as his comprehension of the Dimensions deepened.

At that moment, a surge of Star Force rotated around Leonel, although it seemed like he was still talking to Adrin, with every moment, he seemed to improve by leaps and bounds. Although this didn't cause huge fundamental changes to his overall strength, the bottlenecks that lay ahead of him seem to unlock one after another, loosening as though a zipper being separated.

A sense of enlightenment hovered above Leonel's head and his comprehension of the Sixth Dimensional layer of [Dimensional Cleanse] accelerated until suddenly he grasped it all. He had yet to even practice the Sixth Dimensional Layer, and yet it was suddenly all so clear to him.

At the same time, he caught a faint look at the Seventh Dimensional layer, deducing its earlier portions vaguely despite having never laid eyes on it before.

Leonel's hair fluttered. Despite sitting in place and never moving, Adrin suddenly found it difficult to focus on his figure. Leonel seemed both there and not there at all, as though he had entirely fused into the world. The cognitive dissonance between what his eyes were seeing and what his senses could track made him dizzy. He was forced to blink several times, but even then he couldn't seem to get rid of that feeling.

Leonel didn't notice Adrin's oddity at all, or rather he was simply not paying attention to it as he continued to deduce.

'Vital Star Force... Should be in the Unfurled State...'

Leonel felt that he was close to taking a half step out of the Unfurled State with his Vital Star Force, but he wasn't quite there yet.

This somewhat surprised him. He thought he had made great progress with it, especially after scanning the Mantra and rebuilding his Divine Armor. But it seemed that he had made an incorrect assumption. He still had a small way to go.

If he had to pin it down, if the Unfurled State was separated into Lower, Middle, Perfect and finally Half-Step, he was currently at Perfect.



His Fire Force, in general, was at a Half-Step Layered State, a step above his Vital Star Force. However, his Scarlet Star Force was, once again, at the Perfect Unfurled State. This had little to do with his own advancement and was entirely related to his Innate Nodes. With them, he had practically always been at this level. Of course, that was if he circulated his Scarlet Star Force through his Innate Nodes first.

This went to show just how difficult it was to Dimensional Fold Ninth Dimensional Forces. But now that his approach had changed, Leonel felt that the path forward was much clearer.

What surprised him even further was that his Void Star Force was also in a Perfect Unfurled State. He had formed two Stars with them, so this made sense according to the information that Adrin had given him. But, something felt off.

'The Scarlet Star Force I use from my Innate Nodes is far more powerful than the Void Star Force I use from my Stars... So how are they at the same level?'

Leonel's gaze narrowed as he looked toward his Emulation Spatial Force Innate Node and he noticed the same thing.

First Layered State.

'I see...'

Leonel suddenly understood. The abilities of an Innate Node were more than he had known previously, but this made sense. Not only did Innate Nodes give him high affinity, but they also gave a boost to Force Manipulation.

Without his Innate Node, his Emulation Spatial Force was at Half-Step Layered State, but with it, it crossed the barrier.

As for his Scarlet Star Force, it was at the Perfect Unfurled State, and it inched toward Half-Step Layered State thanks to his Innate Nodes.

'And if I...'

Leonel circulated the Force from his much larger Innate Node and he felt like he was almost burned up.

'As expected... Not just First Layered State, but Second Layered State. It's actually so much more powerful... If only it didn't also want to kill me...'

The gap between Unfurled and Layered was so large that his smaller Innate Node couldn't help his Scarlet Star Force cross even a half step. However, his larger Innate Node was such an anomaly that it crossed not just a half step, but two complete steps!

As for his Emulation Spatial Force, the reason it was at the First Layered State was because Leonel could naturally enter the Half-Step Layered State on his own, and the reason for that was because...

'My Dream Force... First Layered State, already approaching the Second Layered State of Four...'

Dream Force was a Ninth Dimensional Force, and Leonel's comprehension of it had greatly deepened in recent days. If it wasn't for the fact that Dream Force was only a small portion of Emulation Spatial Force, with the help of his Innate Node, he wouldn't just be at the First Layered State, he might already be able to use it at the Second Layered State, and unlike his Scarlet Star Force, it wouldn't be trying to kill him.

It seemed that the Runes on his Innate Nodes weren't useless, they served a real purpose, but in the end he would still have to ultimately rely on himself.

Even so, Innate Nodes were a huge advantage.

Now that Leonel understood Dimensional Folding and how the process worked and wasn't moving around blindly, he could use his Innate Nodes like a guiding light in the dark. Every step forward he took, his Innate Nodes would show him where to place his foot down next.

If he approached things like this, his improvement would be impossibly fast!

In fact, he could already feel it.

Leonel's gaze flickered and the heat around him suddenly skyrocketed.

Adrin inched back in his cell, trying to distance himself, but he still felt as though layers of his skin were being peeled off.

Suddenly, the heat vanished entirely and Runes began to dance in Leonel's irises.

He could now use his Scarlet Star Force at a Half-Step Layered State level relying on his smaller Innate Node.

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### Chapter 1924: A Way

#### 1924 A Way

Leonel's gaze sharpened as he reeled in his Force, controlling it until the heat vanished entirely.

According to Adrin, entering the Half-Step Layered State placed him within the top percentile of Sixth Dimensional existences. However, Leonel didn't know whether this was a measure of the four Great Families alone, or if it was the entirety of the Dimensional Verse.

If it was the four Great Families alone, then it might be slightly more impressive. But if it was the Dimensional Verse as a whole, this likely meant that there were a few geniuses out there who could defeat him within the Sixth Dimension.

Leonel felt that it was more appropriate to lean toward the latter. As he had deduced earlier, stepping into the Layered State wasn't impossible so long as you had the patience and the knowledge, this was why the four Great Families wanted to hide its truth to begin with.

This more than likely meant that while it was rare, it wasn't exceptionally so to be at Leonel's level. The only advantage Leonel had was his larger Scarlet Star Innate Node which allowed him to touch the Second Layered State of Four, but using it was like a double edged blade.

At the same time, Leonel understood that in order to reach the level Wise Star Order had spoken about within a hundred years and save himself from being devoured by his own Innate Node, he would need to reach the Impetus Stage, only that way could he fully control his Innate Node. Beyond that would be the cherry on the sundae.

'Then... How does Weapon Force fit into all of this...?'

Leonel's gaze narrowed as he focused on his Spear Force and Weapon Force, trying to catch a glimpse at something. A mysterious feeling gripping his heart.

Suddenly, Leonel's pupils constricted. 'Second Layered State.'

There was something very special here, though. Observing it with his new perspective, Leonel felt something special. He could suddenly feel the effect his Sovereignty had for the very first time. If before it had been an intangible existence, it now felt like a real force he could move and control.

This wasn't due to him becoming a True Sovereign, if it was, Leonel would have sensed it before. This change had specifically come with his change in perspective.

Much like his Innate Node, his Sovereignty seemed capable of increasing his control and extending his Dimensional Folding ability. This was the most clear with Weapon Forces because from what Leonel could tell, it was reliant on his current Dimensional level.

Because he was in the Sixth Dimension, and his Spear Force was likewise in the Sixth Dimension, under his perfect control, he was granted a First Layered State. Due to his Sovereignty, he was given an entire level more, and thus gained the Second Layered State.

If Leonel entered the Seventh Dimension right this moment and his Spear Force remained in the Sixth Dimension, it would enter the Third Layered State.

If he was in the Sixth Dimension and his Spear Force improved to the Seventh Dimension, he would fall to the First Layered State.

If he moved into the Seventh Dimension with his Spear Force, then it would remain at the Second Layered State.

This was Leonel's general comprehension after some experimentation. He was essentially being forced to balance the quality of his weapon Force with his level of control over it.

The more he suppressed his weapon Force, the greater extent of control his Sovereignty would have over it, and thus the higher state he would be able to force his Force Manipulation into.

However, the obvious tradeoff was that his weapon Force would remain the equivalent of weaker Forces.

This realization gave a whole new meaning to Nelligan's words previously...

What if a Suppressor was an individual who understood this fact intimately and chose to purposely suppress their weapon Forces so that they could gain greater and greater control over them?

If Leonel had maintained his Spear Force at the Fifth Dimension, then right now it would be in the Third Layered State, when he stepped into the Seventh Dimension, it would enter the Fourth Layered State, and then finally, when he entered the Eighth Dimension, he would be able to enter the Impetus State and thus reach the requirements necessary for entering the Ninth Dimension in a single step!

Leonel hadn't known this before... but even though he was now aware of it, he didn't regret his decision to form Sixth Dimensional Spear and Bow Force.

There had to be another way... Leonel didn't believe that this was the only way. He didn't believe that something as fundamental as weapon Forces would be limited to such an extent.

There was definitely a method of both raising your Spear Force to the Ninth Dimension and Dimensional Folding it down to the Impetus State and even beyond. Leonel didn't have any tangible evidence for this, but he believed that such a path had to exist.

Leonel suddenly remembered how when he first learned Spear Force, he had wanted to find his own path, even to the point where he had refused to learn even the names of the higher states of Force.

Of course, now that he had read through the entire Void Library, this information was impossible for him to have skipped over, but thinking back to that mentality he had had, Leonel quite liked it.

Suddenly, Leonel pierced out with two fingers. The sound of splitting wind echoed, but before it faded, he had already pierced out again.

Swift.

Leonel's brows trembled.

Forceful.

His heart skipped a beat.

Aland of blood rivers appeared to Leonel's back, his change in aura causing Adrin to bite his lips so hard that he drew blood himself, but this blood, under some sort of odd magnetic force, rushed toward Leonel's pointed finger, turning his Spear Force scarlet red.

But this only lasted for a moment before the world fell into complete silence, a melody played by the beating of Adrin's heart being all that remained.

Leonel went through all three stages of his grandfather's spear mastery until the final, ultimate step.

In that final moment, pushing everything to the limit, his Spear Force crossed that barrier, transcending the Second Layered State and entering the Third.

As expected, there really was a way.

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### Chapter 1925: Choice

#### 1925 Choice

A combination of Leonel's personal skill, his personal affinity and likely his Lineage Factor gave him access to the First Layered State. His Sovereignty gave him a step above that, allowing him to enter the Second Layered State.

And, finally, perfecting his grandfather's way of the spear gave him an entire level above that, allowing him to enter the Third Layered State.

If Leonel suppressed his Spear and Bow Force from now on, this would mean that he would be able to replicate the feat of those who suppressed their weapon Forces at the Fifth Dimension, but this time with a Sixth Dimensional Force. This would mean that he would be able to suppress a Suppressor with his Spear Force alone should they be at the same level. In fact, suppression might be too benign a word to describe the level of advantage Leonel would have.

However, Leonel wasn't satisfied with just this alone. If his grandfather's way of the spear was worth an entire State, then if he improved upon it further, there should definitely be more to gain. Leonel had already made progress on the next step, and if he could elevate it to the Fourth Layered State, there would be another qualitative change.

'But then what about Destruction Sovereignty...?'

Leonel tried to access it like he had with his Spear and Bow Force, but for some reason, no matter how much he tried, it was all useless. He couldn't seem to sense it at all, even with the changed state of his mind. He simply didn't have an explanation for it.

Leonel sat in silence for a while before he threw it to the back of his mind, beginning to test his weapon Forces in other ways. He began to fuse his other Forces into it, testing its limits and trying out what differences there might be.

He realized quickly that fusing his Spear Force with Forces he had less control over lowered his ability to Dimensional Fold. Even when he circulated his grandfather's methods, it was impossible to maintain the Third Layered State.

However, it wasn't all bad. Using a higher Dimensional Force like his Scarlet Star Force elevated his Spear Force that it mitigated the loss in control. The ultimate result was comparable and sometimes even faintly stronger than just relying on a Third Layered State.

This made Leonel even more determined to refine his own way of the spear.

A higher Force Manipulation didn't always make you invincible, though it did go a long way. If you faced someone in a higher Dimension, using higher Dimensional Forces, you could still lose.

Force Manipulation was a force multiplier, but it had its limits, limits one had to push to the greatest extent to give themselves the best chance to claim victory.

Leonel suddenly stood to his feet, exhaling a breath. He still had many questions, but his heart felt light.

After some thought, he waved a hand and the chains binding Adrin's wrists unlocked, though the ones on his ankles remained. Once he was done, he

walked away. He had no intention of releasing Adrin anytime soon, but he would allow him to be more comfortable. The information the latter had given him was more valuable than maybe even Adrin himself knew, and it would become the foundation for the nightmare of the four Great Families.

Leonel's gaze glowed brighter with every step he took. These Heir Wars would be fun, he wouldn't let anyone stand in the way of him taking over the Morales family. And very soon, no one would be able to stop him from unifying the whole of the Human Domain and the Dimensional Verse beyond.

A dense purple glow flourished around him.

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Adawarth finished his explanation, looking forward with a light smile on his face. His expression seemed light and carefree without the slightest hint of worry. He had explained this quite simply, but the true danger of that realm wouldn't be felt until everyone stepped within.

"If there's nothing else, then this meeting can be adjourned," Adawarth said with a smile. "The Heir Wars will begin a year from now."

Adawarth's smile didn't waver after he said this, but the eyes of many narrowed. This time was clearly an attempt to buy time, but with the arrogant momentum of the Morales, no one dared to say anything for now...

Except the one person who had nearly ruined everything to begin with.

"A moment.

The words seemed to be a request, but the inflection carried an undeniable weight. At the same time, the voice was soft, soothing and bone melting, and yet carried a sternness that was impossible to refute.

The only person present who could balance such things was the Scorned Queen Beauty, Cynthia Omann.

Seemingly without a need to wait to make sure others were listening, and her eyes half closed, Cynthia began to speak lightly.

"A year is excessive. The Heir Wars will decide the direction of the Human Domain as it faces threats from all sides, too much can happen in this time.



A month is already too long, but I feel that it's the most appropriate given the circumstances.

"Second, you are free to feel indignant for your treatment, but your indignance is irrelevant to me. The facts as they are laid out seem to bear out that the Morales want a monopoly on Earth, whether you claim this isn't your intention doesn't matter, this will be functionally the case.

"I can only speak for myself, but I will be sending participants with the sole purpose of ensuring that one Leonel Morales does not gain control of the Morales family, and should I sense the Morales family pulling strings to ensure his victory, I will act with the appropriate swiftness.

"I see these Heir Wars as the only method of maintaining the decorum of the Human Domain and not crippling a family that has existed since our beginning. I hope you can see those efforts and respond in kind. If the Morales family is truly sincere, you would remove the child's right to participate in the first place. If you do that, the Omann family and the Guild Alliance will withdraw from this affair.

"If you insist on your ways, however, then we can only press forward with this farce and the Morales will lose a young genius.

"The choice is yours."

After she said these words, Cynthia floated into the skies. She didn't seem to move very fast, and yet after a single blink, she had already appeared on her own flagship, disappearing a few moments later.

When an Eighth Dimensional existence spoke, the agreement of others wasn't needed.

Her meaning was very clear.

Accept her demands or the Omann family and their alliance would declare war.

A cloud of dancing lightning began to slowly manifest above Alejandro's head, his temper threatening to flare out of control.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1926: Escalation

The rumbling thunder above Alejandro's head suddenly expanded as he slowly stood to his feet. Arcs of lightning rushed through his pupils, the pillar beneath his suddenly cracking and nearly fracturing.

"Good, good... Good."

Alejandro raised his hands and the skies darkened instantly. Cynthia, who had just stepped on her flagship, paused, though she didn't turn back. Her dress fluttered in the wind, oddly peaceful compared to the raging storm rising around her.

"If you want the Morales family to lower their heads, you're all more foolish than I thought."

Alejandro's voice crackled and boomed, the weather itself echoing his words across the horizon. It felt like in that moment, everyone in the solar system could hear his voice.

"Then wait for war," Cynthia said lightly, prepared to continue moving.

"Wait?"

Alejandro raised his head to the skies, his laughter causing the rumbling black clouds to thicken.

"Since you all dare to come here in an attempt to humiliate my Morales family, why should you ever think of leaving?"

"Warriors of the Morales family!"

Alejandro's voice boomed so loud that even the elders representing exceptional families winced, their ears bleeding beneath the sound and pressure. Their hearts trembled as they realized that the Morales family wasn't all talk.

Roars echoed from the planet below.

Alejandro closed his palm, a mighty spear spiraling with rainbow lightning appearing in his hand. At the same time, the sound of clinking armor echoed and a surge of rainbow lightning seemed to form around his body, forming a radiant armor that sparkled both like rainbow crystals and streaking lightning.

One after another, thousands began to rise into the skies, the clinking of armor filling the skies as Divine Armors of all kinds manifested. Some rumbled like volcanos, others howled like wind, some were as tall as giants, and others stepped through the air as though it was solid ground, radiating dense Earth Force that steadily increased the gravity of the surroundings.

"HA!"

The mixture of those that could rise into the skies and those that couldn't roared out. The white clouds that had clung to the bottom of the pillars dispersed, revealing a land below filled with men and women rushing to heed Alejandro's call.

It was clear at a glance that the Morales family hadn't planned this in advance. Their gathering army lacked any sort of organization or forethought, but it was precisely this that made the hearts of so many tremble so fiercely.

They didn't ask why, they didn't seek understanding, they didn't even seem to care if there was a reason at all. The moment they heard their Patriarch's call, they came out in droves, bloodthirsty lights in their eyes.

What was even more shocking was the fact that even though they should have known that so many powerhouses were coming today, they hadn't been on their guard at all. It was as though they had never regarded the rest of the Human Domain as something to take seriously in the first place, their faith in their Morales family was completely infallible.

It was disregard, complete and utter disregard.

Compared to any words that Alejandro could speak, this spoke far louder than anything else could have. This was the spirit of the Morales family, and the actions they all had taken in the previous generation to suppress Velasco didn't seem to have had any effect on the culture of the Morales family at all.

"Since you all want war, you can have your war right now!"

Cynthia's gaze narrowed as she turned back, a hint of surprise in her eyes.

She was intimately familiar with the Morales family, but it was easy to be madmen when you had the definite upper hand. The fact that they still dared to act like this despite the circumstances made her want to re-evaluate them once again.

However, she didn't get the chance to think about this even more, because a moment later, the Morales family surprised her once again.

BOOM!

An old man with a fluttering off-white robe appeared high in the skies. His white beard fluttered while his head had not a single strand on it, shimmering almost as bright as the lightning that was still flickering about in the dark clouds.

He cast an indifferent glance over the region before his gaze landed on Cynthia, causing her expression to become serious for the first time.

The instant he appeared, two more old men seemed to tear through the void to appear, one appearing behind Amery, and the other appearing behind Nazag. Even so, the Morales Elder in the skies didn't even glance in their direction.

"It's you who wants my Morales family to remove one of our Heirs from contention?"

Cynthia turned and looked up. Her brows smoothed out and her gaze, as placid as a lake, met that of the Morales Elder.

"I've made my stance clear already, is there a need to repeat? I speak for the Omann family, if the Morales want war, they can have-"

"Since when was it the Omann family's place to speak on the affairs of my Morales family?"

The Morales Elder raised his palm and suddenly grabbed out.

Cynthia's pupils constricted. Before the palm even descended, her flagship began to creak and quake.

Frowning, Cynthia gathered up her Force to counter, but shockingly enough, she found it dispersing before she could fully gather it up. Cynthia realized at that moment that she couldn't fight back at all.

Just when it seemed that she would be captured, a surging aura came from a pendant around her neck.

"Aren't you too shameless attacking a junior like this, Alvaro?"

"A junior? So is that the excuse now? A moment ago, she was the speaker of the Omann family, but now she's an insignificant character? Someone will have to pay for this, and if you stand in the way, it will be you, Radrian!"

BANG!

The slowly forming image of Radrian Omann shattered under Ancestor Alvaro's pressure. However, in its place, a swirling portal appeared.

Radrian stepped across the void, raising a wrinkled hand to struggle against Alvaro's might.

At that moment, everyone seemed to understand that the situation had escalated to a point of no return.

Two Ancestors had not only appeared, but were now exchanging blows.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1927: Never Again

BOOM!

Ancestor Radrian stepped out completely, his bent arm extending fully and a rush of Force beat back Ancestor Alvaro's Force and eventually dispersed it.

Ancestor Radrian's expression darkened. "Is this really what you want to do, Alvaro?"

Ancestor Alvaro stood in the skies, the intent in his gaze blazing. With a wave of his hand, he pulled out a bronze spear with a menacing blade.

Almost instantly, the howl of Spear Force sundered the skies, a violent swirl of sharp Force stinging the eyes of all those who were foolish enough to look directly at it.

"The Morales family will not take a step back!"

Alvaro slammed the butt of his spear downward, causing cracks to appear in the air as though reality itself was shattering akin to fragile glass. With a flick of his wrist, he brandished his spear, crossing the distance between himself and Radrian.

Radrian had no choice but to respond in kind, a dozen circular blades appearing around him. Three took form along each one of his forearms, the rest shooting forward and surrounding Alvaro.

A hint of solemnness pressed down between Radrian's brows. No one had expected the Morales to truly take things this far. They had all underestimated the kind of fury they had all held in their hearts the last time something like this had happened.

The previous generation of Morales was too powerful, and their head was even more so. It was widely accepted that if nothing was done to dull their momentum and blades, the result would be the unification of the Human Domain under the Morales family.

In truth, the Omann family had had little to do with what happened back then. With Cynthia being the assumed soon-to-be wife of Velasco, the prosperity of the Morales would be their prosperity. At least, that was what it seemed to be on the surface... Radrian was quite aware that there were many in the Omann family that felt that a genius like Cynthia should remain within their family, allowing her to marry into the Morales would be as good as giving away a future pillar of their family.

Back then, something similar had happened. Many refused to allow Velasco to become the Patriarch of the Morales family. Velasco had never cared or wanted the position to begin with, so he had never intended on it to begin with.

However, right on the heels of that, Ishmael, Leonel's grandfather, was killed. The fury of the Morales family after this happened was palpable, but after Velasco slaughtered his way into the Void Palace, the entire Human Domain

was forced into a tumultuous state and in order to calm things down, the Morales had to settle for the payback Velasco had gotten himself.

The choice made back then was one no single elder of the Morales was happy with. In fact, some harbored hatred for Velasco, believing that his rash actions back then had disallowed them the opportunity to retaliate properly. This was because no small number of innocents had died under Velasco's rage back then, if the Morales still pressed forward, reason would have no longer entirely been on their side because many others had suffered.

In the end, the Morales were forced to swallow their pride once, their bellies suffocating a large fire of fury, one that had been suppressed for many decades.

Even so, they had all made one decision back then.

Never again.

The Human Domain had stepped on the lion's tail, but now they were surprised by the reaction. Radrian realized this as he exchanged blows with Alvaro, but it was already much too late. They had miscalculated, and it hadn't been by just a small amount.

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"Shouldn't you be training right now?"

Leonel laid atop of Aina, looking into her eyes with a hardly hidden smile.

"If you want to tap out, just say so."

Aina looked appalled. "Tap out? If one of us is going to quit first, it'd be you!"

Leonel laughed. He had done anything in the past several weeks except mess around and roll around in bed with Aina.

"Very soon, we won't have time to restt, so we might as well take it now, don't you think?" Leonel grinned. "Of course, a quitter like you probably sees this as work. I can let the fair maiden off if she really can't handle it any longer."

Aina legs suddenly shifted and she pushed off her arms, spinning the two of them until she was the one riding on top. Leonel could feel her walls tightening around him. He seemed to realize that if it wasn't for his Metal Body, she

probably could crush him, and this little vixen seemed to want to remind him of this.

Aina smiled a wide smile. "You don't seem to be taking the Heir Wars as seriously as you should. Isn't this your dream, but look at you now."

Leonel didn't seem to be listening as his gaze followed Aina's swinging breasts, they might as well have been a hypnotist's pendant with the way they had his attention.

"My dream? I'm dreaming of something entirely different right about now..."

Leonel mumbled.

Aina giggled, leaning forward and smothering Leonel's face.

"Yup, definitely a dream..." Leonel nodded to himself seriously, wrapping two arms around Aina's waist tightly.

"Look at you, you're like a child"

"I'm getting in the mind state necessary for baby number one."

"You're supposed to be a parent in that case, not a child."

"Says who? You be the adult, I'll be the best friend. Good cop, bad cop, it's a tale as old as the universe itself!"

Aina pinched Leonel's waist. "You want to make our child hate me?"

"How could they hate you," Leonel reached up and jiggled Aina's breasts.

"With food like this everyday, they'll be grinning from ear to ear."

Aina laughed and dropped the subject. It seemed that Leonel had no intention of being serious right this moment, so she decided to help his mind relax. Very soon, there really wouldn't be such an opportunity.

Lowering her lips, she kissed him before he could let another joke fly. How was she supposed to enjoy herself if she was busy laughing?



## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1928: Is That All?

Planet Morales fell into chaos. As Leonel was streaking across the stars, quickly approaching, he had no idea that a war had already broken out on his behalf.

Leonel had already deduced that the Morales' attempt to give him more time would fail, which was why he hadn't decided to stay in Earth's territory and had instead begun to make his way over immediately. However, what he hadn't expected was for this to lead to the eruption of a decades' long suppressed fury.

The Morales family was intimately familiar with human nature. Taking a step back only made others think they had a license to take more.

Last time, the Morales family had had no intention of taking the first step back, but Velasco hadn't cared enough to even fight for it. The result of that were enemies spotting a chink in their armor and taking out a man who had contributed a great deal to their success.

These two things, Velasco's initial indifference, and his subsequent furious tirade, had caused no small amount of dissatisfaction within the family. But that was one matter, and this was another. It didn't matter to them who Leonel was, what Lineage he was from... All that mattered was that he had Morales blood, and a step beyond that, that he was one of their Potential Heirs.

The Morales family's reverse scale had already been poked at once, they wouldn't allow it to be poked out again.

Ancestor Radrian found himself being suffocated. The Morales and the Omann's might both be Crafting families, but their skill in combat couldn't be compared. By the third exchange, Radrian was already on his back foot, by the tenth, beads of sweat were falling down his brow.

The two old men who had appeared to protect Amery and Nazag frowned.

However, almost the instant they twitched, the skies tore apart and two more older men wearing off-white robes appeared, standing above them.

Without a word, they waved their palms and their spears appeared, howling Spear Force raging through the skies. By this point, the others could only be thankful that Cynthia had long since removed the gravity formation, or else their only fate would be to die.

The expressions of Ancestor Suiard and Ancestor Tarius turned ugly. The Morales were truly serious about this.

The both of them acted quickly, hiding their young geniuses behind them.

Suddenly, they regretted trying to make a show of force by sending these two forward instead of a pair of elders. If Amery and Nazag died in this battle, it wouldn't be worth it at all. Cynthia's words about dead geniuses seemed oh so ironic at this point.

"Is there a need for this?" Ancestor Suiard asked coldly, his gaze as sharp as a pair of twin swords.

One of them, an elder who went by Ancestor Ramon, pointed the tip of his spear toward Ancestor Suiard, the battle intent in his gaze blazing.

"The Suiard family has long since been an eyesore. Slaughtering you here would make my blade sing."

As though in response, Ancestor Ramon's spear vibrated wildly, the echo causing both Nazag and Amery to go pale.

Ancestor Suiard sneered. "The Morales family can't afford to do this"

"You have no idea what the Morales family can afford or not. I've been waiting decades to say this, but blood begets blood. I don't know who laid their hands on our brother Ishmael, but the Human Domain hasn't suffered nearly enough for that.

Hearing this, Ancestor Suiard's expression only became uglier.

If this was really the impetus for the Morales family's action, then they had had decades to think about this. In that time, they should have cooled off and let more rational thought win, but the opposite had happened instead.

What kind of trump cards had they prepared for this?

Just when Ancestor Ramon was about to attack and vent the chest full of fury he had suppressed for so long, a sudden change occurred.

BOOM!

Yet another flagship appeared in the skies.

Ancestor Ramon frowned. 'Shield Cross Stars?'

This thought only lasted for a moment, though. That was because on the bow of the ship, there was a boy sitting with his feet dangling among the stars, a boy whose face was recognizable to many by now. That was just an inevitable result when you were a Tier 1 Fugitive.

Leonel blinked, clearly not having expected to see such a shit show. This wasn't even his real body, it was just a clone he was using to direct the flagship. His true body was still having a grand time, though whether it was a clone or his real body didn't make much of a difference, after all both were being controlled by the same mind.

"The hell...?" Leonel mumbled.

The current Leonel really looked out of place. He was shirtless, wearing nothing but a comfortable pair of sweatpants. He couldn't be bothered to conjure up anything more complicated for a clone, but this only made things all the more shocking.

Leonel's appearance, however, especially for those who thought that he had every intention of stalling and buying as much time as possible caught many off guard, almost more than the fact he dared to appear with a stolen flagship of Shield Cross Stars.

Cynthia's gaze drifted over, her expression unreadable.

Alejandro, who stood in the skies among crackling lightning, also turned over. In fact, even the various Ancestors looked over, after all, this young man was the spark that had started all of this.

Leonel blinked. He wasn't one to be shy, but this situation was truly quite weird to him.

Coughing lightly, he smiled. "Did I come at a bad time?"

The expressions of many became weird. Of all the responses they had expected, this was definitely the last. Leonel looked slightly uncomfortable, but outside of that, he didn't seem to feel the pressure of the situation at all.

Adawarth smiled bitterly. "Little bro, you really did come at a poor time."

"Oh? What happened?"

The conversation echoed across the battlefield, the rumbling of the Morales family warriors unable to suppress it entirely. It made sense for a Seventh Dimensional expert like Adawarth to be able to do this, but Leonel being able to...

"Well..."

Adawarth looked around. Leonel's appearance seemed to have caused a small lull, but this couldn't be helped. The entire surrounded were still quaking due to the appearance of such a large war vessel, it was difficult even for Eighth Dimensional existences to maintain perfect balance currently.

"... It's like this..."

Adawarth decided it wouldn't do any harm to explain. He still wasn't a fan of the Morales doing this, although his blood also boiled.

Leonel's brow raised after he listened to Adawarth.

"Is that all?"

Adawarth frowned, not quite sure how to respond to that.

"A year really is too long, by then I'll be in the Seventh Dimension. If we held the Heir Wars then, it wouldn't have any suspense. What fun would that be?"

Leonel's smile was like the summer breeze, his hair dancing gently in a wind that seemed to be of his own creation. The carefree confidence he exuded seemed to sweep away all auras but his own.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1929: Different

Arrogant.

For many of the older generation here, this was the very first time they were seeing Leonel. But that smile, that casualness, that indifference in the face of what should have been insurmountable pressure... They had seen it before... And he looked so similar to that person that their images could practically be stacked atop of one another and fused into one.

For some reason, seeing Leonel's nonchalant smile, the fury in the eyes of the Ancestors and Alejandro abated, their gazes sparkling.

Ancestor Alvaro's wrist trembled once, sending Ancestor Radrian flying back with quite some speed toward the Omann family's flagship. Then, he raised his head to the skies and laughed uproariously, his laughter echoing all throughout the battlefield.

In truth, the Ancestors of the Morales family weren't entirely on board with this. Setting aside the fact that they were still quite furious, Leonel's words just now might have helped them vent somewhat, but the issue was that it could easily backfire.

If Leonel actually won, or performed well enough, then his words now would gain them back quite a bit of face. However, if Leonel said all of this just to lose, and in terrible fashion at that, then it would only be worse for the Morales family from then on.

Starting the war right here and now was preferable for multiple reasons.

For one, there was the matter of momentum. Scheming and planning was just as important in war as the charisma of one's leaders and the heart of one's warriors. The morale of the troops was an often forgotten staple of victory, only the most foolish of commanders would treat their armies like numbers on a sheet.

Right this moment, the momentum was on the side of the Morales. If they chose to take a step back, gathering up the fire they had in their bellies currently would be very difficult.

The second reason was even more obvious, and that was because they could deal a decisive blow to all of their enemies right here and now. There were three Ancestors present, three men that these families would ache to lose.

And beyond that, there was Cynthia, a talent the likes of which only Velasco had ever been able to suppress.

If she was crippled or even killed, this was a blow that the Omann family would find incredibly difficult to deal with. The one thing the Omann family lacked was powerful combat power, if Cynthia grew to the point of her Ancestors, one would be hard pressed to defeat her without dozens at the same level.

On the other hand, if Leonel won despite the odds stacked against him and became the new Patriarch of the Morales family, things would change.

The war felt inevitable at this point, but the momentum they would have in this latter case would be even more than what they had now, not to mention the fact that they would also gain the support of Earth at the same time.

While that might not be worth much now, in the future...

The gain in morale and momentum, not to mention the suppression of the other families, would result in nothing but benefits. If this future was guaranteed, it would definitely be the preferred path, especially since if Leonel became the Patriarch, that lone wolf Velasco wouldn't be able to be so casual with his actions any longer and he might finally return like he should have long ago.

Truthfully, it was only because Velasco's movements, whereabouts, and current strength were so unknown that these families chose to be so bold.

Some thought he was beneath Cynthia after spending so long on Earth and thus wasn't a worry at all. Some thought he was at best equivalent to Cynthia, making him a slight worry, but nothing much in the grand scheme.

Very few knew his real strength, if not because of the event that occurred in the Void Palace, these people would have been even more casual.

Humans were forgetful creatures.

The Morales Ancestors didn't know if Leonel realized these truths or if he was just speaking like a normal hot blooded youth. If it was the latter, it was acceptable enough, he had proved himself to be a Morales. If it was the former, however...

This boy was no less arrogant than his father.

"Boy, do you know what you are asking for?" Ancestor Alvaro looked down with a smile. He was one of the elders who disliked Velasco greatly, but he didn't seem to transfer that dislike toward Leonel at all.

Leonel looked up and smiled, but he didn't seem to feel like answering. He had made his stance quite clear.

Ancestor Alvaro nodded once and his gaze suddenly became malevolent, a suffocating pressure falling down toward Leonel.

"Will you win?!"

The voice cracked like thunder and rumbled like an earthquake. Those in the distance who thought that they had put enough of a gap between themselves and the battlefield suddenly exploded back in retreat once again, coughing up large amounts of blood.

Despite the fact that the voice was aimed toward him, Leonel's smile didn't fade.

"Winning is all I do."

Leonel's voice was much softer than Alvaro's, but it was just as clearly heard, riding the waves and projecting to the world.

Ancestor Alvaro's malevolent expression slowly faded and he nodded one final time.

SHIIIIING!

At that moment, the sound of a howling sword Force also rose. Amery, who stood behind his Ancestor, looked toward Leonel with his same indifferent glance.

He slowly unsheathed a sword, the howling only becoming louder and louder as he pulled it from its sheath.

Ancestor Alvaro looked toward this with an indifferent gaze. If Leonel couldn't deal with this much, then there wasn't much of a point to allowing him to participate in the first place. In fact, seeing this, it was Ancestor Suiard who frowned, but it was already too late to stop him. If he did, he would be dampening his own family genius' momentum.

"All you do is win? I seem to remember different."

Amery's sword fully unsheathed, a howling Sword Force splitting the air in two as he surged toward Leonel.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1930: Belong

The sword howl caused many to narrow their gazes. Even amongst the weaker older generation, they felt the need to take this attack seriously.

They couldn't fathom how someone in the Sixth Dimension could possibly deal with such a strike. In fact, they didn't know many Seventh Dimensional existences in Tier 1 that could deal with it, not without ending up in a sorry mess, that is.

However, Leonel's smile didn't fade. In fact, he didn't even move.

A shadow seemed to appear from Leonel's side.

James seemed to come from nowhere. Placing a foot on the rail of the flagship, he reached out a palm toward the coming sword blade.

Many frowned when they saw this, did this young man want to lose his hand? But something most couldn't have expected occurred.

**BANG!**

James' fingers clawed downward, grabbing the golden Sword Force and squeezing down.

The sound of shattering glasses echoed as the Sword Force dispersed into a whirlwind, the bits and shards echoing into the distance.



Many stunned gazes landed on James. His hand was uninjured, there wasn't even the slightest scratch on it. It seemed that he had casually dealt with it without even the slightest discomfort.

"How rude," James clicked his tongue. "What are you doing attacking a clone like that? If you're mad, wait till you're face to face. Doing things like this just makes you seem petty."

It was only after James said it that everyone seemed to realize that the current Leonel lacked something. This wasn't something others could normally see through, but with the number of Eighth Dimensional existences here, there were no small number of them that could see the difference. Fooling the eyes of such experts was especially difficult, especially when they knew what they were looking for.

It was no wonder they couldn't sense Leonel's exact Tier. Most had assumed that he was speaking nonsense when he said that he could enter the Seventh Dimension in a year. But if his clone was powerful to the extent of fooling so many eyes, then what about his real body?

But even more importantly than that... Amery was a genius that many knew of. In fact, he was well known as the first since Velasco and Cynthia to be at such a level. So who was this young man who could resolve his attack with a hand?

Just as many were lost in thought, another figure suddenly appeared. It was a young woman with a body filled with hidden and explosive muscles. She appeared by Leonel's side with a hint of fury in her eyes, her hair fluttering with Blade Force.

Emna reached a finger forward and tapped at the air.

At that moment, a blade howl the likes of which didn't seem to lose out to Amery in the slightest appeared, concentrating on her fingertip with a radiant golden light.

Amery's eyes narrowed, however an instant later, his pupils constricted.

Without hesitation, he unsheathed his second blade, taking a step forward and swinging.

**BANG! BANG!**

Amery's arms trembled and he was forced to take a step back. His eyes widened and released a low roar, his aura flourishing as he resolved the attack. Even so, he was forced to take yet another step back.

James winced. "Oof, that's a little bit embarrassing"

Amery had attacked Leonel, and yet the result was one of Leonel's men resolving it with ease, and a second one of Leonel's men forcing him back.

For someone who had such an undefeated legend, if this wasn't embarrassing, then nothing else could be.

The worst part was that no one seemed to recognize who these two people were. They were complete unknowns and only one of them seemed to have the aura of Earth, something the powerhouses were only now becoming familiar with. That meant that using Earth as an excuse didn't seem to be enough...

Emna didn't seem satisfied, and wanted to attack again, but before she could, Leonel raised a hand.

Seeing this, Emna didn't hesitate to take a step back, her obedience making the striking difference all the more obvious.

Ancestor Alvaro nodded inwardly. It seemed that there was a difference between Leonel and his father after all. While they were both extremely arrogant, Velasco was not a leader and never had an interest in it. Leonel, however... It seemed that he was quite capable.

"You remember different, hm?" Leonel smiled. "Funny words coming from someone who couldn't withstand a few arrows."

Amery stabilized himself, his gaze still tranquil as he looked up toward Leonel.

Amery stabilized himself, his gaze still tranquil as he looked up toward Leonel.

"But I don't really feel like rehashing the past. Since everyone is here, I think that there's something far more important to talk about, don't you think?"

"What compensation do you all plan to give me?"

The eyes of many narrowed, the atmosphere falling into silence.

"Hm? Nothing?" Leonel chuckled. "Feigning ignorance is fine if your goal is to only seem more like a worthless bunch of elitists, even more so than your actions today would suggest. None of you find it funny that the geniuses you're sending forward to participate in the Heirs Wars wouldn't even be here to participate if not for me?"

"The Morales family shares my blood and they don't hesitate to step out to protect me. But what are the rest of you worth to me?"

By this point, it was all too obvious what Leonel was referring to. Faced with this, there was little they could say.

"It's funny. I should have returned a hero, but the first thing that happened to me when I returned to the Void Palace was an interrogation and pressure to hand in a method that was mine to begin with."

"Fine, that much is fine. My research and results could be game changing for the Human Domain, I might be inclined to help out if the feeling was reciprocated. But not long after that, Shield Cross Stars came to arrest me as though I truly was a fugitive."

"As though that wasn't enough, I'm also now suddenly a ticking time bomb that needs to be dealt with just because I have Fawkes and Morales blood coursing within me."

Leonel's smile suddenly faded, a dense violet fog exuding from him and enveloping the flagship.

"My patience is very limited and my temper isn't good."

"I'll tell you all right now, since you don't want to acknowledge the fact so many of you owe your lives to me, I'll keep count of the debt myself. I don't have a need for your pity."

"I'll collect those debts back one by one. If you dare to send your geniuses in, I'll dare to kill them. If you send in one, I will kill one. If you send in ten, I will kill ten."

"As many come is as many as you'll lose. Consider it as a repayment of your debt."

"Your lives belonged to me to begin with."

Leonel rose to his feet.

These people thought that he was some sort of live target that they could casually hunt. It was only right that they came to understand how he saw things, that they came to understand the reality of things.

He wasn't the prey, they were. He wasn't the hunted, they were.

He was half Morales but no less of a madman.

[There might, potentially, be no third chapter today. If there is one, it will be much much later. I will try my best, sorry everyone. This month and next month will be quite hectic for me]