

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1931: Question

Leonel stood up with a calm expression on his face. He hadn't said these words for the sake of these people feeling remorse, that would be nothing short of naive. He didn't want anything from these people, in fact, if they folded now and acquiesced to such a demand, it would only disappoint him.

This fury in his belly had to be directed somewhere, and he wanted the target to be solid, not some soft cloud.

He understood human psychology well. Doing something might be impactful, but saying you would do something and then doing it would be doubly so.

He wanted these people to feel suffocated, he wanted them to watch their geniuses with despair clear on their faces, and yet feel somewhere deep within their hearts that it was all their fault from the very beginning.

Leonel swept a gaze over the surroundings. He could see the various responses to his words, some were enraged, some sneered, some didn't bother to hide their disdain. However, regardless of the reaction, he met it calmly, his own confidence shining through.

His eyes landed on Cynthia for a moment before he turned away and moved to return toward his flagship. This woman, he was glad she was unscathed. If she was acting out of some sort of animosity, it would be his mother who put her in her place.

As Leonel clone dissipated, the uproarious laughter of the three Morales Ancestors echoed through the skies.

"You've heard the brat, a month from now, those of you who still dare can make your way to the execution grounds."

Ancestor Alvaro took a step and vanished after saying these words. Like this, the Domain War was cut short before it truly came into being. All those

present knew that things wouldn't end so simply, and that at this point, war was practically inevitable.

These Heirs Wars had suddenly gone from a method of potentially avoiding war to a fight for momentum... Whoever came out on top would have an upper hand when the pot finally began to boil over...

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A day later, Leonel walked into a grand hall holding Aina's hand. He looked up, craning his neck just to catch a glimpse of a ceiling that must have been at least a hundred meters up. He had never been in such a grand place and he had to admit that the crafting specialty of the Morales family truly shone here.

He smiled lightly and looked forward, meeting Patriarch Alejandro's gaze.

Alejandro smiled widely and he seemed to be in a very good mood, a far cry from the mood he had been in recent months. There was a point where he just wanted to leave and start a massacre of his own, but duty and responsibility weighed him down quite heavily.

"Littlest Nova, you wanted to see me?" Alejandro asked. "Ah, and this is Aina Brazinger, I gather? Look at this, Adawarth. Leonel has already found his life partner, and what about you? You're almost double his age by now and still single, what am I going to do with you?"

Adawarth coughed. It wasn't that he didn't like women, but the one he wanted a bit... stubborn. There wasn't much he could do about this, he wasn't as lucky as Leonel.

Seeing that he had done his parental duty of embarrassing his son in front of company, Alejandro laughed heartily and invited Leonel and Aina forward.

"I did want to see you," Leonel said with a smile, bringing out the Segmented Cube and the Spear Domain Ring. "These two things are Heirlooms of the Morales family. My old man is a bit unruly so I can imagine how these things landed in his hand, but I believe that for the sake of fairness, these things should be given back to the family during the Heir Wars. It won't be too late for me to reclaim them later."

Alejandro's brows shot up. Of all the things he had expected, this was the very last.

Leonel wasn't scheming with this move, he truly felt that it was only right.

The only reason he didn't think of doing this earlier was because he had, indeed, started at a disadvantage. The other Heirs had all grown up under the umbrella of the Morales whereas his dad didn't tell him anything about this world until he was already 18, and even then that lazy old man had left him to his own devices.

So, Leonel didn't feel bad for having had them in the first place. But now that the Heir Wars were here, he thought it was only right he temporarily hand them over.

However, what Adawarth didn't expect was for Alejandro to suddenly shake his head.

"While it can be said that these two treasures are Heirlooms of our family, it's probably more accurate to say that they are Heirlooms of your family's branch, this is especially so for the Segmented Cube. The Spear Domain ring has had many owners, but the Segmented Cube has always belonged to Ishmael's Lineage, it doesn't even listen to anyone else."

Leonel raised his brows, he hadn't expected this.

"Plus, I can tell that you've already passed the tribulation of the Spear Domain Ring, so actually, you are its rightful owner now. The only thing you owe the family is a recounting of your experience in the tribulation ground for future generations, other than that you're free to keep it."

Seeing Leonel's surprise, Alejandro chuckled.

"Your father didn't explain anything, right? That's just like him."

Aina giggled to the side, clearly amused by Leonel getting a taste of his own medicine.

Leonel smiled bitterly, but inwardly he actually felt quite warm. He had already decided before that the Morales family would be his, but as things stood currently, he felt more a part of them than anything else.

"If there's nothing else, you can have dinner with us tonight if you would like. My wife has been wanting to meet you."

Leonel smiled to accept, but his gaze flashed instead, suddenly thinking of something.

"There is one more thing that I've been wondering about. Why is it that I feel that the moniker of madmen isn't a coincidence? And why does it seem that this only becomes more true the older a Morales is?"

Leonel had very few data points to reach this conclusion, he had interacted with too few Morales, but everything he did know seemed to point to this one conclusion.

For one, the Morales tended to have very young Patriarchs. If the Heir Wars had occurred at the proper time, they would have been less than 35 years old. In the Dimensional Verse, this was exceptionally young considering even Fifth Dimensional existences in their 70s looked as though they were in their 20s. There was logically no reason to rush this.

Secondly, on the battlefield just a day ago, Leonel had sensed a certain fury coming from the Morales Ancestors and Alejandro that, while could be considered reasonable, also felt somewhat irrational. It was incredibly difficult to maintain such fury for such extended periods of time, but the Morales didn't seem to have any issues with this.

And finally, maybe the reason Leonel thought there might be such a possibility, there was the crimson energy that had seeped into his body the day he awakened his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor.

Hearing this question, Alejandro's brows shot up, looking toward Leonel with a deep gaze.

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Chapter 1932: Only Time...

Alejandro stayed silent for a long while. It would be one thing if Leonel asked this question based on something Velasco had said, but he knew that man too well. And considering Leonel had just tried to give over something he shouldn't have, it was safe to say that his level of understanding toward the family was nearly zero.

This meant that Leonel had deduced this on his own from the outside.

Alejandro wasn't sure if this was impressive or maybe even a bit said.

"... It is true that the Morales have a bit of a temper problem, but it's usually not much of a problem. It used to be much worse, but after a certain age, the elders and Ancestors of the family enter the Holy Land where the incense can calm their minds and soothe their soul.

"The reality is that the ability to assimilate the elements with your body is a... demonic ability. For humans, the root of our affinities should be our Ethereal Glabellas. However, the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor takes root in the blood and the affinity is birthed from Runes that are ground into our bones and flesh.

"This is far more comparable to demons whose affinities are rooted in their bodies."

Leonel's gaze flashed. That was true, now that he thought about it. When Aina refined the Force Pills to refine their foundations, the most important aspect was the flesh and blood of the demons, they had already been the foundation of the strength of demons.

Leonel had never really seen things from that perspective, but indeed, the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor truly did align much more with demons than it did humans.

His mind couldn't help but drift to the Demoness once again and the connection between the Silver Empire's Inheritance and that of the Morales family's. Was it a coincidence? Or could it be that demoness wasn't just referring to the personality of this mysterious woman, but also her race?

How were these things related, though?

Just the timelines alone didn't seem to match up. If the Demoness was related to everything, she would have had to have been there from the start of the Morales family to this point, the same would have been true for the other two founders of the Three Finger Cult as well.

Even someone with a Tier 5 Immortality Ability Index couldn't live that long, Wise Star Order had made it obvious many times that his lifespan was actually quite limited. And even if the Demoness had a Tier 5 Immortality Ability Index that was somehow beyond that of any Savant ever born before and she really had lived for so long, what about the current head of the Three Finger Cult? He was still alive as well. Was Leonel supposed to believe that

two such anomalies were born into the same generation with the exact same Ability Index? What were the odds of that?

It was all very confusing and even he couldn't piece together what was happening.

"But..." Leonel started, but didn't quite know how to put it.

Did demons have ingrained anger problems? He hadn't personally experienced this, at least not from intelligent demons. The Cobra Demon was actually quite calm and calculating, and Coldar had actually been quite funny when he did speak, although Leonel was pretty sure he still seriously believed that the former swung for the same team.

And also, even if they did, why did it seem based on age?

"There are always consequences for going against the natural order of things. You've probably also noticed the other oddity in our Lineage Factor, that being that it unlocks in stages. Rather than being at a set level from the very beginning like most other Lineage Factors, it requires being unlocked over time.

"There's a reason it's like that, our bodies wouldn't be able to handle it all at once."

Leonel's gaze flickered, this was also true. Though, he no longer had this problem. After assimilating the Silver Empire's Inheritance, he had access to the full range of the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, though... it probably wasn't appropriate to call it that any longer as the synergy it had with the other three portions had created something entirely new that Leonel had yet to fully explore.

On top of that, he had formed a Sixth Doorway that would allow his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor to cross from the Eighth Dimension into the Ninth.

But as things stood now, he had no idea how to open that doorway. At the very least, right now, he felt like he was a very far distance from it.

Leonel had yet to battle with this new body of his because he had to enter the tribulation right afterward. In truth, he was a bit eager to see where his limits lay, but that was a matter for another time.

"... Although we don't know the exact reasons, we can only guess that this is a large part of it."

Leonel felt that this explanation was more than enough.

In Earth's past, there was something colloquially known as Mad Cow Disease. This was a disease caused when humans ingested cow brain, but more accurately, it was caused by a particular fold of protein found within the meat. This disease was named as such because of all of the cognitive changes it could cause in both cows and humans, even to the point of changing one's personality entirely.

If something as relatively simple as a protein, at least compared to an entire Lineage Factor, could cause a thing, then forcing something decidedly not human into a human form-factor was bound to have its own consequences.

Leonel had already seen Lineage Factors casually make changes to his brain on a macro scale through the Spear Domain Lineage Factor. What was happening on a micro scale that he had missed?

But beyond that, the real question was... by completing the inheritance, did Leonel save himself from such a fate? Or did he just cosign himself to damnation?

Only time would tell.

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Chapter 1933: Novas.

The next month flew by fast.

Leonel felt incomparably relaxed. He spent his days in leisure, from the outside it was difficult to tell that he should have been the person experiencing the most pressure.

When the day came, however, he awoke with a sharp coldness in his eyes. He bathed, meticulously cleaning every inch of his body. He ate, eating through tables' worth of food as though he would never be satiated. Then, he dressed himself, wrapping himself in robes of violet and gold.

When he stepped out of the Segmented Cube, he found his Queen with a dignified expression on her face.

Aina wore a long violet and gold dress that clung to her curves and had just a single slit down its right side, revealing a creamy smooth thigh wrapped with a delicate lace garter.

Aina smiled lightly, stepping forward and smoothing out Leonel's chest. Her hair and eyes seemed to sparkle on their own, emitting a gentle light. When she seemed satisfied, she took his arm, and they stepped out together.

The atmosphere was incomparably solemn, not a single sound could be heard despite the seemingly endless pair of eyes paying attention to the situation.

The location was a space above a seemingly barren planet. There wasn't a single blade of grass on its grey body, nor was there a single sign of life.

Above it, there was a platform formed entirely of glass. On this clear platform, a large number of youths stood in pairs. One would have thought that Leonel's threat had fallen entirely on deaf ears.

Surrounding this clear platform, several flagship level ships were in attendance. Any power of the Human Domain worth much of anything was present, even if they had no intention of participating. There were no doubt powerhouses of the Void Palace and Shield Cross Stars present, as for those that couldn't make it, the Morales had made certain that they had a chance to watch. They wanted the entire Human Domain to witness this event.

It might be surprising that the participating youths were only standing in pairs rather than having their entire entourages with them, but this was how every Heir War began. Only by completing tasks would one gain access to more of their allies, and if you failed too soon, you may never get to display your full strength at all.

In the center of these participants, six of the seven Heirs stood, each one with a preselected target. There wasn't a single one of them that didn't look prepared for battle, their gazes sharp and their auras piercing.

Adawarth, First Nova. A bronzed armor covered his body, the maturity between his brows clear for all to see. In these years, he had managed to rein in much of the Stalwart Polearm Legacy Faction under his control, if he had

been given some more time, there was no doubt that he would have returned it to the status of a Party and maybe even a leading Majority.

Surprisingly, though, to his side, there wasn't a member of this Faction, his supposed strongest backing. Rather, there was a young woman, a young woman that was recognizable by all, a young beauty that was most definitely on the Queen Beauty list and someone that Aina would recognize quite intimately. This young woman was none other than Vega Quarius.

The appearance of this woman by Adawarth's side was a huge surprise. The Quarius family was a Constellation Family, and as such had sent geniuses to represent them. But rather than siding with her family, Vega had actually made such a decision.

Auran, Second Nova. He seemed to stand in the shadows along with his partner whose face was entirely obscured. In fact, even Auran's face itself seemed impossible to see. He was without a doubt the most mysterious of the six, but this only made sense as he was known to have the widest information network. Covertiness was the name of his game.

Xavnik, Third Nova. Although his gaze was sharp, there was a confident smile on his face. That interaction he had had with Second Nova all those years ago felt like a lifetime ago. Only he understood his reason for working with the Unfettered Blade Party back then... To his side, though, an inconspicuous and unknown young man stood, shrouded in just as much secrecy as Auran's partner.

Sceio, Fourth Nova. He was without a doubt the most erratic of them all, he had even tried to place Aina under a slave contract many years ago. But, this was in line with his personality. Considering Vega was by Adawarth's side currently but Sceio had been chasing her for a long while, it was clear that scruples weren't something this Fourth Nova had.

Even so, the current Sceio seemed to have undergone a striking change. The transformation was almost perfect... if it wasn't for the fact Vega's Vice Captain was currently by his side as his chosen partner. With that, the Morales Heirs had already monopolized two Queen Beauties for themselves.

Ramon, Fifth Nova. If Second Nova was the most covert, Ramon was the most silent and also the only one of the six that Leonel had never heard of.

Ramon wore a pair of glasses and his appearance was the least confident of the six. However, by his side, there was a valiant woman who seemed to exude all the aura that was needed for the both of them.

This woman was yet another Queen Beauty, making that three. However, she wasn't from another family. No, she was from the previous Nebula Generation, the Littlest Nebula, and was a Morales through and through. Of all the surprises of this day, the appearance of Valorie Morales was maybe the greatest...

Valor, Sixth Nova. The most stoic of the six and also the one to enter the Seventh Dimension the most recently. By his side, a man stood in silence, his eyes half closed. At first glance, it was difficult to tell which of them was the more stoic of the two, and maybe that was exactly why they worked together so well...

This young man was well known as the Sector Ranked Disciple closest to becoming the next Domain Rained... Bruno, his last name unknown.

At that moment, a flagship up above shuddered and a young man and woman wrapped in violet and gold stepped out.

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Chapter 1934: No Words

The difference was striking.

Everyone was prepared for war. As far as the eye could see, there were armors, sharpened blades, gauntlets and pauldrons galore, and yet Leonel and Aina appeared as though they were strolling to a gala.

No matter who it was, even those that would have the intention of directly ignoring him from the very start, they all couldn't help but look.

In this sea of Seventh Dimensional experts, there were only two in the Sixth Dimension, and both of them were right before their eyes. Leonel hadn't chosen to bring one of his Seventh Dimensional guards. Instead, he had chosen to bring his Queen, his wife, his woman.

Bold. Unrestrained. Arrogant.

As he strolled forward, a radiant halo seemed to form above his head, a suffocating presence exuding from him. Despite the fact that he was clearly in the Sixth Dimension, his momentum seemed to suppress all those around him, but what was even more surprising was that the gorgeous woman by his side carried an air of dignity and majesty that was no less oppressive.

Golden Forces seemed to appear and vanish around Leonel just as quickly. He descended through the depths of space with fluttering steps, this golden Force forming flying doves and gliding butterflies. It was such a magical scene that it took even Eighth Dimensional existences several seconds before they realized that this golden Force was actually Spear Force!

Their pupils couldn't help but constrict. They had never fathomed that Spear Force could be used in this way. It was alive, breathing. It was beautiful and seemed to lack the edge of blood and carnage that a spear should have had, and yet it was no less intimidating, in fact, it was more so.

Leonel and Aina landed on the glass platform, causing it to tremble. Any thoughts of obstructing their path forward seemed to vanish into the air, the geniuses that should have been here to participate and compete with them flowing out of the way one after another.

Neither Leonel nor Aina seemed to spare them a single glance as though their actions only made sense.

At this moment, Leonel's Tier 7 aura had flourished completely, entering the senses of those in the surroundings. However, rather than sneering at such a thing, their hearts could only leap into their throats.

... "A year really is too long, by then I'll be in the Seventh Dimension." ...

Those words should have been nonsense, they should have been something that could be dismissed with the wave of a hand, but the reality made this far from the case. Not even a year ago, Leonel was only at Tier 1, and yet he was already at Tier 7 now.

Leonel appeared within the central circle of Novas. There wasn't a single hint of a smile on his face, his King's Might flourishing in all directions. He had never been more focused in his life, and the result was a pressure more suffocating than anything he had ever exuded before, a pressure which, just like always, seemed to be something only Aina was entirely indifferent to. In fact, Aina's own presence seemed to fuse and multiply Leonel's own, the

resonance between the two of them causing the Force in the air to fluctuate and disperse.

The weaker parties suddenly found that controlling their Force, even within their bodies, had become extraordinarily difficult. The appearance of two Sovereigns was more than what they could handle.

The eyes of the elders and various Ancestors standing on their ships narrowed. Leonel's words from just a month ago seemed to echo in their ears once more.

The Morales Ancestors looked down with sparkling gazes, their blood rushing through their veins and their bronzed skin flushing red like melting metal. Oh how they wished to be young once more.

Leonel's statement couldn't have been more clear. His attire spoke volumes, and it was a statement that was ringing throughout the entire Human Domain.

The others were warriors, he was a King. The others had come to fight, he had come for glory. The others hoped for victory, he had come to pass judgment.

To him, the outcome was already clear.

"Hugo," Ancestor Alvaro said lightly.

There was no need for any more words. Seeing the look in Leonel's eyes, it was clear that he was finished talking. He hadn't even looked toward his fellow Nova brothers even a single time. As his Spear Force continued to form life around him, it seemed that he was all too eager for his blade to taste blood.

Ancestor Hugo stepped forward, spreading his hands out wide as his aura flourished. He was a man who looked like he had a foot in the grave, even his balding head was covered in dark age spots. Even so, when he moved, the world seemed to move with him, the momentum of an Eighth Dimensional powerhouse flowing out like a tsunami.

A dense Dream Force pervaded the region and descended upon the glass platform.

Leonel stood in silence, closing his eyes lightly. Even when closed, he could sense the countless gazes on him. Many were filled with apprehension and

fear, but there was a good number who had unwillingness, rage and fury in their eyes. Without even using his Internal Sight, he could feel the changes in their emotions as though they were being imprinted on his very soul.

Leonel slowly opened his eyes once more, a rippling ring of violet sweeping out from him. When these Heir Wars concluded, no one in his generation would dare to look at him with such a gaze.

WHOOSH!

All of the youth vanished at once.

When Leonel opened his eyes, he found himself in a wilderness, but the region was quite poor. The soil wasn't rich, and was in fact quite cracked and lifeless. The air was dry and hot with a sun beading down from above, it didn't seem like there had been any rain in months.

Looking down at his clothes, he wore nothing but a simple linen shirt and pants. If he wanted access to what he had been wearing previously, he would have to likewise complete tasks.

Leonel looked toward Aina who was by his side, wearing clothes just as simple and yet looking just as beautiful.

"Let's go," he said lightly.

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Chapter 1935: Village

Aina nodded and followed after Leonel who shot into the distance. He didn't hold back on his speed at all, leaving trails of Spatial Force, Light Force and Star Force in his wake.

The Heir Wars was the final test of the Morales, and it was treated and designed as such. Not only were your preparations being tested, but your skill was being tested. In the beginning, what you had done in the outside world was almost meaningless and would only begin to snowball as the Heir Wars continued. The only thing you would have access to is your original and raw strength.

Leonel suddenly reached out a hand. At that moment, a bow began to appear in his hands. At the same time, a golden battle ax appeared before Aina, one that she didn't hesitate to grab.

The linen clothing fluttered in the wind as they appeared before a small village.

The walls that protected the small village were made of bundled wood that looked as though they would be better used in a small fire. It was barely 30 or so meters across in diameter and it seemed to already be in a state of lockdown as though the appearance of Leonel and Alna had already been expected.

Leonel exerted strength in his feet and shot into the skies, appearing high in the trees and surpassing them. Just when it seemed that he would fall back down, a spatial platform appeared beneath his feet and he pulled back the string of his bow.

At the same time, barefoot and all, Aina whipped by an afterimage of his that was still on the ground. In a blink, she had already appeared by the gates of the small village, her gaze cold.

On the outside of the Heir Wars, everything seemed to have changed. The barren moon below had become lush and vibrant. At the same time, the glass platform began to flicker, subtly moving. At that moment, it became obvious that it wasn't a platform, but rather a perfectly glass cube that one could see through perfectly.

At that moment, however, the glass cube flickered, images of all sorts appearing. An odd Force Art seemed to make it possible for the glass cube to function as any individual's personal entertainment station. Even so, almost everyone focused on the exact same thing at the first sign of choice...

Leonel.

Watching him break out into a sprint immediately, the silence was loud. There was nothing wrong with this choice, but there was nothing right about it either. In addition, it was oddly confident for someone who was in the Sixth Dimension.

The challenges and enemies of the Heir Wars were all set to a Seventh Dimensional standard. They had all felt that Leonel was foolish to begin with,

taking another Sixth Dimensional existence in with him instead of a Seventh Dimensional one was the pinnacle of foolishness.

That said, if he could leverage the statement, he could come out on top, but he would have to target the appropriate challenges first. Running around like a headless chicken wasn't the right way, he hadn't even properly scanned his region yet.

The eyes of the spectators narrowed further when Leonel summoned weapons from thin air. He shouldn't have any treasures on him right now, which meant he manifested those.

The cube transmitted all information, including auras. Sensing the Emulation Spatial Force Leonel was using, their gazes narrowed.

"A coincidence?" Someone mumbled.

Leonel and Aina had barely crossed ten kilometers when they came across the village. But those that were sharp realized that Leonel had run in a perfectly straight line without even the slightest deviation.

This realization was shocking. In order to take into consideration the larger number of participants and the relatively small arena, Internal Sight and abilities of the like were extremely suppressed. A normal Seventh Dimensional existence would barely be able to sense around 20 meters around themselves. Someone who specialized in sensory perception could probably hit around 100 meters, and only an absolute genius in the field would be able to approach half a kilometer to a kilometer.

This was only proven by the state the others were in. They were entirely focused on slowly scouting out their territory and feeling out their surroundings. The only one who had acted as Leonel had was... well, Leonel.

"He can't be..."

Many frowned.

All challenges were set to the level of the Seventh Dimension. Leonel and Aina rushing toward the village like this and not taking a detour...

It was clear and obvious. This was their goal from the very beginning.

Aina swung her battle ax with a naked abandon. From the skies above, Leonel had already released his arrow.

In perfect sync, her blade and his arrow descended at once.

The gate was shattered into a fluttering mass of raining wood chips.

By the time this happened, Leonel had already released his second arrow, and then the third.

Two troll-like beasts standing at two meters tall appeared to the left and right of Aina instantly, each one exuding the aura of a Tier 1 Seventh Dimensional existence.

Aina's feet pivoted, her hips torquing as he battle ax descended from the skies and toward the head of the first. Leonel's arrow appeared in that instant. Their Forces resonated and the attack strength suddenly exploded forth. The troll couldn't even react before it was split in two, the two halves of its body seemingly imploded as they were crushed to pieces by the residual strength.

The blood seemed to avoid Aina entirely almost as though it was too scared to blemish her.

Her second swing flowed from the first one and Leonel's third arrow appeared just as quickly. The two, blade and arrow, seemed to become attached to one another by a mysterious force, amplifying and strengthening one another.

PCHU!

The second troll beast was shredded to pieces.

Aina and Leonel were entirely in sync. From start to finish, not even five minutes passed, but the village had already been cleared.

The Human Domain fell into silence.

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Chapter 1936: Headquarters

Leonel descended from the skies, landing by Aina. The two walked into the central building of the village and found a floating cube.

Leonel grabbed forward and claimed the cube. A ripple spread out.

In order to summon people, you needed to kill. Aina and he had cleared about exactly 37 people, not having allowed even a single one of them to escape. However, these 37 people, or rather trolls, were also worth points.

This was to say that kills could always summon people or be used as points, but points could not.

Leonel gained an additional point total for claiming the village, an additional multiplier for being the first, and yet another multiplier for difficulty and speed. For this lowest level primitive village, he went from 10 points to 100 points instantly.

<Set as headquarters?>

Leonel confirmed without hesitation. This region actually wasn't all the great. It lacked resources, the trees were quite sparse, the land was dry, but he didn't seem to give a damn.

He gained another 100 points for being the first to establish his headquarters. Then, without even taking a pause, he converted all of their kills to points.

Calling the trolls Tier 1 existences was incorrect. Rather, it was more accurate to call them Sub-Grade Threats. The ranking system for the Heir Wars went Sub-Grade, Bronze-Grade, Silver-Grade, Gold-Grade, Heir-Threat. The rewards were 10, 100, 1000, 10 000, and 100 000 respectively, not including any multipliers.

Simply put, this allowed Leonel to gain an extra 370 points instantly. Like this, he now had 570 points, and he needed exactly 500 to upgrade this village from Sub-Grade to Bronze-Grade. No one even had time to react to his absolutely insane choice before the village flashed with a blinding light and expanded.

"Ready?" Leonel turned to Aina.

"Mm," Aina nodded. She didn't seem to have shed even a single bead of sweat.

The two moved at once and then appeared on the growing walls of the now Bronze-Grade village. Rather than being formed of the bundles of wood, they instead became strong mud walls dug into deep trenches. But at that moment, enemies began to appear over the horizon, charging over. Every one of them was a Bronze-Grade threat.

However, to even more surprise, rather than working together like they had before, Leonel and Aina separated, Leonel taking the North and Aina taking the south.

Aina appeared by the pile of 37 troll bits and pieces. With a raise of her hand, the blood rose into the skies and began to burn with a blinding light. At that moment, all the energy and potential the trolls had ever had were forced out all at once, 37 phantoms appearing to her back.

At the same time, without even looking, Leonel raised his own hands, the souls of the trolls being plucked out of the air outside of their control. In that instant, the King and Queen duo had turned 37 Sub-Grade threats into 74. To make matters more shocking, in Aina's hands, although they would only last a short while, they could now output Bronze-Grade strength with explosive power.

Silence reigned. Watching two Sixth Dimensional existences treat Bronze-Grade threats as though meat to a grinder was something that was difficult to comment on. The thoughts had gone from believing that Leonel must be suicidal, to suddenly choking on air.

After seeing this, however, the tension in the hearts of the Morales Ancestor slowly vanished. If things were like this, then there truly was no need to worry any longer. All they had to do was lean back and watch the show.

It was a bit amusing watching a Morales Heir use the bow so efficiently. Just glancing at the sternness on the faces of the Constellation Bow Alliance, Ancestor Alvaro couldn't help but burst out into laughter, breaking the silence.

"Look at your face, Mito! Did you eat a pile of shit on the way here?!"

Ancestor Mito's expression darkened, but he didn't say a single thing. Thinking about the fact the White Lion Bow was in Leonel's hands, how could his expression not be like this? A Morales who didn't even care to use the spear, how unlucky.

"You're laughing too early," Mito sneered.

The Bronze-Grade trial was wiped clean. The death total this time was 121, instantly giving Leonel and Aina 12 100 points instantly. If it was up to Leonel, he would upgrade to Silver-Grade instantly, but unfortunately the price for an upgrade was 50 000 points this time, a huge leap. It was clear that the Bronze-Grade was a gimme, the rest would be far more difficult.

Even so, Leonel had clearly already expected this.

The rate for exchange was simple. People were exchanged with kills, and as for items you had placed within the exchange ahead of time, they were graded on the same scale. Luckily, because they were your items, they were on a discount.

Sub-Grade items only cost 1 point, Bronze-Grade only cost 10 points, so on and so forth. Heir-Grade items were an umbrella grade for all top tier treasures that fell off of the scale. This would include the Segmented Cube and other things.

The issue with this system was that when you summoned your people in exchange for points, you would also have to trade for their items. If you had trade for your treasures, and that of your thousands of subordinates, just how many points would you have to waste just outfitting your people with the capability for combat?

The answer was too much.

However, there was a very obvious loophole: all raw materials were counted as Sub-Grade regardless of their true in-real-life grade up to 100 kilograms.

Leonel spent 10 000 points and summoned the Segmented Cube. With a flash of light, it descended from the skies.

Then, using every bit of his remaining 2170 points he traded for just as many materials.

All materials used in the trials had to be registered ahead of time, whether that was people or raw materials. As such, hiding items wasn't allowed.

However, using the Lab Setting of the Segmented Cube to use these raw materials to church out treasures was very much allowed. And, setting the

blueprint for these treasures before the Heir Wars so that he didn't have to waste time crafting for himself right now was also very much allowed.

Leonel tossed the raw materials into the Segmented Cube and left the rest to Anastasia.

Taking Aina's hand, they walked into the center of the Bronze-Grade village again. It looked much different this time. Rather than a dilapidated hut, it was a somewhat simple hall.

Leonel made it to the center and looked at the rotating cube again.

There was another reason he forced the upgrade ahead of time, and that was because of the unique property of territory at the Bronze-Grade and above: a territory map.

Even Leonel's Internal Sight was greatly suppressed here, 10 kilometers was about his limit. But this moon had thousands of miles of circumference, it was far too inconvenient.

However, a territory map gave you a perfect bird's eye view. At the Bronze Grade, this range was 50 kilometers in radius, five times that of Leonel's current range. In that instant, all of the challenges and opportunities appeared before Leonel's eyes.

It wasn't just the challenges that appeared... but also the people.

Leonel's gaze was frighteningly cold. The Heir Wars truly began now.