

## Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 1937: Mine |

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1937: Mine

Given that the range was just 50 kilometers, there was only two other individuals within range. And when Leonel saw who it was, the coldness in his eyes only increased.

"They're mine," Leonel said lightly.

"Indeed, it is too soon to speak," a sneer came from the side.

This individual didn't speak directly to the Ancestors of the Morales family, instead he only spoke to his own people within an organization known as the Golddark Organization.

The Golddark Organization was an existence that could be considered on par with the Constellation families, or rather ranked amongst the weakest of those 12 families, but far beneath the likes of the Omann, Morales, and Suiard.

They weren't often spoken about because they hadn't produced any extremely powerful geniuses since Ossenna and they were generally regarded as a power on the decline. Though, this could be said to be mostly an illusion.

Rather than saying they hadn't produced a powerful genius in a while, it was rather that they didn't have a participating member of the so-called Cataclysm Generation. And the story behind this tied back to that oh so familiar name: Ossenna.

Ossenna was none other than the overseer of Leonel's True Selection and yet another woman with a grudge against his father, and likewise, his mother.

The one who had spoken, though, was Ossenna's husband, a man several times older than she was. It could be said that Ossenna was tragic in her own way. The only way she could have escaped such a marriage was if she had

managed to entice Leonel's father, but in the end her failure to do so sealed her fate.

All things considered, her husband was an exceptionally powerful man and among the very few candidates slated to become among the next batch of Eighth Dimensional existences, a man who went by Bamun. However, he was a jealous man. As such, after Ossenna's elders cosigned their marriage, Ossenna was forced to give up pretty much everything.

Ossenna, as a result, was thrust into the role of swollen foot pregnant wife much earlier than the others of her generation. She was pulled out of the Void Palace under the pretext of a mission and didn't return until after she had given birth twice.

Of course, these were against the rules of the Void Palace, but these were sorts of matters that were easily swept under the rug if done cleverly enough. Rearing a child was one matter, but giving birth to them only took a handful of years. The trouble was that Velasco had no care for these rules and couldn't be bothered to circumvent them properly, leading to head butting with the Void Palace top brass.

Due to the fact Ossenna was forced into such a thing so early on, not only was she resentful as her potential was cut short, but her children didn't quite match the ages of the Cataclysm Generation. They were too old to be part of the Cataclysm Generation, but too young to be part of her generation. This led to them being relatively obscure, something that left the Golddark Organization, Bamun and her quite dissatisfied.

These Heir Wars were a perfect opportunity, and even better than that, their two sons had landed right within Leonel's range.

"Those two brats are decent," Ancestor Mito said with a sneer. "If that brat was smart, he would avoid them for as long as possible. But I doubt he'll have a choice like that, the commotion he caused in clearing the Bronze-Grade challenge was far too much."

Bamun's gaze blazed. His hatred for Velasco was great. And he knew well that while it seemed like his wife hated him as well, it was a resentment that stemmed from a completely different feeling. Seeing Velasco's son lose to his own would be the ultimate retribution, a sign to Ossenna that their union had always been the right one.

Ossenna's own gaze blazed with a similar ill intent, almost leaning over the side of their flagship just to get a closer look.

It was then that, to everyone's surprise, the moment Leonel glanced at the two on the territory map, he flickered and vanished.

Leonel's speed was unconscious. He moved even faster than he had before, his speed making the elders on the outside fall into complete silence.

His figure flashed, then flashed again. He crossed the 50 kilometer distance in not even half a minute, booming shrieks of shattering sound barriers echoing out from behind him.

At the same time, Aina had made her own move, but rather than moving with Leonel, she had targeted the first challenge within their territory, mapping out the path between three of them before setting off.

The pair of Golddark brothers had been making their way toward the commotion, cautiously paying attention to their surroundings so that they wouldn't miss any hidden dangers or challenges. However, what neither of them had expected was to run into their first contestant.

The two hadn't done much. Since entering, they had only cleared a single challenge and had been biding their time until they sensed Leonel and Aina's upgrade challenge and began to move in this direction. However, the two didn't know what an upgrade challenge would be like just yet, so they had yet to confirm. Plus, it was so early on that they didn't believe that anyone would be undergoing such a challenge already.

Before they could tell what was happening, though, someone had already appeared over the horizon.

The two instantly recognized Leonel and looked toward one another. The faint excitement and eagerness in their eyes was clear.

"He's mine."

"Fuck off, he's mine."

The two didn't get to finish their little song and dance, nor did they have the time to think of why Leonel was alone rather than with his partner.

Leonel unleashed a roar, three sapphire blue Vital Star Force Stars appearing to his back as his body erupted with a Bronze Aura. His halo expanded and descended down the length of his body, revealing a Divine Armor of jade green and pearly white that exuded a vitality that caused even the cracked and dried grounds in the surroundings to grow rapidly.

The final piece of his armor had just clinked into place when he appeared before the two, dense blue nebulae-like fog coming from the vents of his Divine Armor.

All at once, the Morales family Ancestors and elders stood to their feet.

[Sorry for the uber late chapters everyone, hectic two months ahead like I've said previously. Chapter two coming asap]

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### Chapter 1938: Golddark

Leonel punched out with the momentum of the world to his back.

The Golddark brothers reacted instantly, setting aside their disagreement and punching out in unison to meet Leonel's.

Their fists never even connected. The sheer pressure of Leonel's punch snapped their wrists and broke their forearms in three.

Pain twisted their features as they were blown backward.

Leonel reached out a palm to his side, forming a spear of Emulation Star Force, Bronze Aura and Ethereal Star Force.

The two brothers spiraled through the air, their hearts leaping into their throats. As geniuses of the Void Palace, they made their decision instantly. They had to bring out everything.

They roared in unison, their skin beginning to glow with a dark gold glow as a twin pair of dark golden rivers took shape. The manifestation of the Golddark Lineage Factor roared like snaking dragons, the crashing waves causing the ground to rumble.

The two coated their broken arms in a layer of this molten dark gold and landed heavily on the ground at once. They hadn't been able to trade for their weapons after completing just a single challenge. Even so, they quickly formed a saber for each one of them, manipulating their dark gold rivers. Almost the instant they finished, their eyes widened. Despite their fast reactions, Leonel's spear was already before them.

They both crossed their sabers across their bodies.

CLANG! CLANG!

Their sabers exploded on contact, the integrity of their odd molten Force completely unable to hold up.

Their arms were flung to the side of their bodies, parried away and completely exposing their chests.

With a step, Leonel appeared above them. The two could barely see his eyes through the visor of his armor, but they felt a strong tide of helplessness take hold of their hearts.

The tip of Leonel's spear trembled just once and he pierced downward.

PCHU! PCHU!

Two throats were skewered through.

Leonel didn't show the slightest hesitation, not the slightest hint of mercy, not the slightest pause. He had already given his warning. From this moment onward, every contestant that crossed his path would taste his blade. Since they dared to ignore his threat, he would show them the consequences for doing so.

He landed on the aura, billowing Vital Star Force jetting out in all directions.

A towering pressure exuded from him, one that the Human Domain would maybe never forget. The first geniuses had fallen so soon. It suddenly dawned on them that this would truly be a bloodbath.

"NO!"

Ossenna shrieked. She nearly flew down from the railing toward the glass cube as though she would be able to enter the Heir War ground like this. If it

wasn't because Bamun caught her and held her back, she may very well have succeeded. However, in return for such a thing, Ossenna seemed to have completely lost her mind, lashing out at Bamun with what could only be said to be an intent to kill.

She lashed out with everything she had and Bamun's clothing was matted in blood instantly. Although he wasn't anywhere near dead, or even threatened, as an expert deep within the Seventh Dimension herself, if Ossenna wanted to she could definitely cause harm to him.

Bamun's expression was already dark, but seeing that Ossenna didn't seem to have any intention of stopping any time soon, he only became gloomier.

At that moment, an Ancestor of the Golddark Organization stepped forward, tapping the back of Ossenna's neck.

Her vision went white and she collapsed, but her shrieks still echoed in the silence.

"... The Divine Armor..."

"Life Grade..."

The Morales Ancestors couldn't take their lives off of it.

To put this ridiculous matter into context, the only people in their family that had Life Grade Divine Armors were them... Only Ancestors who had stepped into the Eighth Dimension could possibly have such a thing.

The only person who had formed a Life Grade Divine Armor at the Seventh Dimension was Velasco, he was the one and only anomaly, there had never been another. He was the first and the last.

However... Leonel was in the Sixth Dimension!

If others could just forge your Divine Armor for you, this wouldn't be so surprising, they would all just assume that Velasco had been a madman and forged Leonel's Divine Armors for him. In that case, what would be impressive wasn't Leonel's skill, but rather the fact that his body could withstand a Life Grade Divine Armor in the first place.

However, in order to fuse with a Divine Armor, one had to have intimate familiarity with it. This was why you had to forge your own Divine Armor.

Even if you could fuse with a supremely powerful Divine Armor, whether or not you could control it and have the stamina to summon it in the first place was a completely different matter.

In truth, Leonel wasn't even aware of this. If he was, he would have known that his father's suggestion to fuse Evolution Ores into his Divine Armor was completely insane, that was because all this time, Leonel had to sustain a Divine Armor a Dimensional level above his own!

What these Ancestors didn't know was that this was only the tip of the iceberg. This was just one of Leonel's three Divine Armors, and it also happened to be the weakest one by no small measure.

Even so, they were so shocked by the Divine Armor that they didn't even take notice of the three blue Stars until several moments later.

"Those Stars, why do I sense the aura of the Heavenly Body Realm?"

"... This brat... Sure has a lot of secrets..."

Before they could discuss any more, the agitation of the crowd couldn't seem to be held back any longer.

"The Morales family is too vicious!" Ancestor Golddark said slowly, but with power.

Alvaro and the others turned over with a sneer, but before they could say anything, Leonel's voice echoed.

The atmosphere froze. How didn't Leonel's voice reach them so clearly through so many layers of Dream Force?

Ancestor Hito, who was resting his eyes by the side, suddenly sat up, his wrinkles smoothing out as his eyes brightened.

"However many come is as many as you will lose."

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### Chapter 1939: Final Challenge

Leonel seemed to stare into each one of their souls as he spoke. His eyes were almost entirely invisible beneath his visor, and yet just as piercing.

The Morales might have been the first to notice, but one after another, the sharp senses of the other Ancestors caught up and they also realized that Leonel was, in fact, wearing a Life Grade Divine Armor. Their pupils constricted one by one, their hearts freezing over.

He wasn't just as monstrous as his father, he was a step beyond.

No matter how big of a fuss the four Great Families made over bloodlines, it was simply impossible to guarantee the talent of an offspring.

More often, what was important was having a large pool of descendants with a similar concentration of blood. By maximizing the number of such individuals, you would always be bound to have talented disciples.

This was why, despite the fact Nana wasn't from a strong family branch of the Adurna, she was still given the treatment of one of their supreme geniuses. Even those families had a limit to their nepotism and disdain for those of lower stature, although said limit didn't extend beyond those with the same eye and hair color as them.

This was all to say that the power of the parents didn't always guarantee the power of the child. Although there was a correlation, the more powerful the parent, the less likely the child would be able to reach their level even when given sufficient time and more than enough resources.

If such a thing was guaranteed, who would have dared to look down on Leonel? They would have all treated him like a little monster they needed to veer away from. However, not only was this unlikely, Leonel's mother was an unknown variable that could very easily result in a lower bloodline overall.

There was also one more matter, the key to all of this... The Velasco line had already produced three such geniuses in quick succession. Although Montez was considered to be a tier below Velasco and Cynthia, he was still someone that wasn't to be trifled with. Then there was Velasco himself, and more importantly, the father of the two of them.



The odds that this would continue and produce another genius in Leonel should have been next to zero. Every family line went through peaks and troughs, one could just indefinitely extend into infinity. And yet... That seemed to be exactly what had happened here.

They had made a mistake.

Leonel flicked his wrist, dispersing his spear and allowing his Divine Armor to sink into his body. He looked down at the two corpses before him and his gaze flickered. With a swipe of his hand, he stored the two kills they represented but didn't use them immediately, he seemed to have other thoughts in mind. In addition, he gained an additional 1 000 points.

Unlike the Spear Domain Tribulation, after kills in the Heir Wars, Leonel gained the points or progress of his fallen enemies in this regard. These thousand points should have been from the challenge that the two had cleared, but they had stored it rather than using it on anything.

Leonel assumed that many who entered without a plan would make this sort of choice, but in his eyes, it was the epitome of foolishness. It was akin to sealing away hard cash in a safe in your basement rather than properly investing it. As the Heir Wars continued, the value of your points would only continue to plummet. The only thing that would maintain the same value were kill exchanges.

The points you had now would never be worth as much again, so hoarding them, waiting for some perfect pie in the sky moment was nothing short of foolish.

After this, Leonel shot back toward the Bronze-Grade village. He had already memorized the map and knew where all the challenges were, so returning wasn't a pressing need, or so many thoughts. But he had his own reasons.

Leonel immediately swapped in the thousand points he had just gained for more raw materials and tossed them all to Anastasia.

At that moment, Aina had displayed her own speed, already returning with three challenges completed. She appeared before Leonel in a flicker and began speaking without delay.

"Two challenges were a simple battle with a Bronze-Grade threat, both gave 1000 points each, ten times more than what you would receive for battling

them in the wild and killing them there. However, they don't count for a kill so they can't be used to exchange for subordinates."

Leonel nodded and let Aina continue.

"The final challenge was a city upgrade challenge. It allows us to double the size of our territory and gain Silver-Grade walls without upgrading to the Silver-Grade first. I didn't challenge it because it would take me too long to finish on my own, not worth it unless we do it together."

Leonel nodded again. Then, he took the 2000 points Aina had come with and exchanged them for yet more raw materials.

"Let's go, that's a worthwhile challenge."

Aina was already moving. Leonel swiftly appeared by her side, the two shooting through their territory with great speed.

Soon, up ahead, the two saw a floating glass orb. Within it, there was a floating wall of what looked like concrete, a Silver-Grade upgrade. However, it was likewise a Silver-Grade difficulty challenge.

Without hesitation, the two entered together, appearing before a village with Silver-Grade walls but Bronze-Grade threats.

With a tacit understanding, Leonel leapt into the air and brandished his bow while Aina rushed forward with the ax he had created for her out of Emulation Spatial Force.

They both took a deep breath at the same time and suddenly roared, a heavenly resonance of Force forming between the two.

Leonel's gaze sharpened as he pulled his bowstring back.

One arrow to connect the earth and skies.

He released, a streaking heat piercing down and leaving a blinding pillar of golden light in its wake.

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### Chapter 1940: Well Oiled.

Leonel and Aina swiftly swept through the challenge once the gates collapsed. Although they didn't gain any kill exchanges, the value of the rewards weren't to be scoffed out.

Having Silver-Grade walls ahead of time meant that they could access Wall Upgrade ahead of time, which meant they could form a half-step Gold-Grade wall before even facing the Silver-Grade Upgrade Challenge.

But to Leonel, this was less important than the doubling in territory size. Although it was said to be double, mathematically, it was much more than that. Increasing the radius of their territory from 50 kilometers to 100 kilometers meant that so much more would be within range.

The two split up. Leonel returned to the village to use the upgrades they had gained while Aina had set her sights on the last three challenges that were within their current territories.

Upon returning, Leonel used the upgrades. The village wands expanded, grew taller and much thicker. At the same time, they changed from mud walls to walls built with thick cement blocks, rising to just over ten meters in height.

Leonel began to go through the upgrades one by one, adjusting his calculations. His pupils flickered back and forth and he went through an obscene amount of information in just a few seconds.

Unfortunately, not all of the rules of the Heir Wars were known in full detail ahead of time. Well, the rules themselves were, but some small details like these and upgrades weren't hashed out ahead of time, otherwise Leonel would have long memorized them and not even wasted time.

"Most valuable upgrades are double height, double thickness, and the addition of the moat. Of these, the moat is most important because this region has no water whatsoever and the land is especially dry. It's also very flat and doesn't have many terrain advantages..."

One might wonder why Leonel was worrying about water. At this stage, he could last months even without food, water or sleep... normally, anyway.

Unfortunately, much like how he felt the need to sleep regularly in the Cataclysm Zone, this region had an added suppression that forced others into a similar state. Soon, food and the like would become necessary.

For now, the speed of choosing a barren land trumped the future potential troubles that it could bring. However, this wouldn't last forever, so Leonel was already thinking of methods to deal with the issue. And, as he had deduced, because of the gamified nature of the Heir Wars, there would be plenty of methods of dealing with this.

"The total needed for these upgrades is about 20 000. Plus what we'll need for the Silver-Grade upgrade, and that places our needs at around 70 000 points right now. There's no easy way to gather that quickly, we'll have to change our strategy after clearing out the region and look for some dungeons or bosses. If we're lucky..."

Silver-Grade challenges were rare at the start of the Heir Wars. The only way to get them to appear and thus gain more points per challenge was to upgrade to a Silver-Grade territory, or to explore the wilderness and hope you stumbled across one by luck. Leonel wouldn't waste time on the second, and the first was obviously out of reach due to the lack of points for a Silver-Grade upgrade to begin with. So, everything came full circle.

Leonel shifted his attention from the upgrade list and scanned the new territory map.

"Excellent."

With a flicker, Leonel vanished and used the same strategy as Aina. He picked out three challenges and carved out a path between them. He would start with the simple ones first and leave the more complex ones to last. If the more complex challenges could be completed quickly by him alone, he would move forward and do so.

If it required the two of them, he would return to the territory and work together with Aina to clear the challenge. If the both of them ran into such a challenge, they would clear both before rinsing and repeating.

The silence in the Human Domain while watching this scene was palpable. Leonel and Aina's movements weren't even the most entertaining, but they were so precise and well-oiled that it was suffocating in its own right.

In just half a day, the two had cleared two dozen challenges while the next closest group didn't even have a dozen despite the fact many were working in groups larger than just a pair by now.

Leonel and Aina were supposedly the weakest, they were in the smallest group, and yet they were leagues beyond.

After all the challenges in their territory were cleared, Leonel and Aina gained 22 000 points and several other rewards. The many rewards were mostly related to territory upgrades, including irrigation systems, farms, carefully bred animals and the like. Leonel's favorite, however, were the three outposts they had gained.

Outposts could be placed on the outskirts of their territory and they gain an additional 10 kilometers of range to their territory map.

Leonel planted two and took the third with him as he and Aina headed toward the final challenge within their territory.

As for the points, rather than using it on the village, Leonel used 10 000 to trade for Aina's battle ax and another 10 000 to trade for the White Lion Bow, and finally the remaining 2000 points on more raw materials.

The members of the Constellation Bow Alliance could only seethe when they saw this, there was nothing they could do.

Ancestor Mito's gaze turned malevolent, but he calmed himself. Soon, the bow would return to where it was meant to be. Now that he had brought it out and set such a challenge, it was only a matter of time.

Nearby the dungeon Leonel and Aina were headed toward, three members of the Constellation Bow Alliance had already appeared and scouted out before preparing to return with the information to the main group.

But how could Leonel not know what was happening within his own territory?