

Dimensional Descent

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Chapter 1941: Long Lost

Leonel and Aina's appearance caught the attention of the three archers almost instantly. As bowmen, it wasn't a surprise that they had sharp vision. However, what they didn't know was that compared to Leonel, their sight wasn't worth much at all.

Although Leonel hadn't magically gained the Bow Domain Lineage Factor after becoming a Bow Sovereign as the two existences seemed to be separate, the bits and pieces of it that he did have were perfectly intact, and his deeper comprehension of Bow Force seemed to have a positive impact on them.

Since he knew their location, he had maintained an eye on them from the moment he and Aina left their village for the final time.

The eyes of the three narrowed. They were only scouts of the Constellation Bow Alliance, their only job was to scout the region and find challenges. If they could be cleared, they would do so and return with the rewards. If they couldn't be cleared, they would return with a report.

Given that this was a dungeon, it had to be reported no matter what. It was of the Silver-Grade and had a four person entry specification, but they only had three. They were supposed to mimic the Zones a real territory would have to deal with in real life, albeit more streamlined and less involved.

The three looked toward one another and seemed to make the decision at the same time. There was no other choice, the moment they saw the White Lion Bow in Leonel's hands, there was always only a single choice.

However, they didn't seem to have realized that the choice was never theirs to begin with.

Aina seemed to flicker and vanished.

All three reacted extremely quickly pulling out their bows. However, maybe the greatest weakness for the archers in the Heir Wars was that they couldn't bring their normal set of arrows with them. They had no choice but to use Force in place of them.

What they hadn't expected, though, was for their Bow Force to suddenly stop responding to them at all.

They pulled their bowstrings back, ready to attack, only to realize that absolutely nothing appeared. Their Bow Force fizzled out like the last fumes of a dying flame.

They were so shocked that they almost couldn't react in time to Aina appearing in their midst, swinging her battle ax with the moment of a dying sun.

Crimson Force blazed, their blood boiled out of their control, and fear took hold of their throats.

All three of them placed their bows out in an attempt to block, but Aina with her battle ax seemed to be on an entirely different level. Whether it was their bows or their bodies, they didn't last even a single strike. All three of them found their bodies severed at the waist, their eyes still widened in shock even as they dimmed.

Leonel appeared to Aina's side, looking down coldly. Trying to use Bow Force in his presence? Wasn't that too foolish?

With a thought, Leonel planted the third outpost ten kilometers out from the dungeon and return swiftly. After this, he placed a hand over the three and extracted their souls just like he had for every other. But rather than using them, he simply stored them without the intent to use them.

After a moment, three kill exchanges appeared in the form of three red orbs.

This time, Leonel didn't ignore them and immediately used all three.

James, Emna and Allan appeared. Even after landing, the three didn't say anything, waiting for Leonel's orders.

"Allan, this is yours."

Leonel brought forward a rail gun, an enormous one with a barrel that must have been at least three meters long. However, any engineer who had ever seen such a thing would notice the decided lack of... engineering. In fact, it was overly simple, but that was because it could be. The Magnetic Ability Index that would make it run would all come from Allan.

"There's an output ten kilometers from here in that direction. It has the ability to sense anything within ten kilometers of it. Any enemy that appears is yours to handle."

Allan looked down at the rail gun. It looked under-engineered, but the number of Force Arts backed into it that could help his accuracy and sight were mind numbing. He was the only one of Leonel's brothers who had followed the Force Crafter's path, so he knew well what he was seeing.

"Leave it to me," Allan said lightly, accepting another small device from Leonel.

He raised one hand and the rail gun raised into the air under a mysterious magnetic force. With a jump, he landed on the enormous mechanism's back and shot into the distance with wind-tearing speed.

Leonel nodded and turned toward James and Emna. "The two of you head out."

Leonel tossed a pair of devices toward the two. The Segmented Cube hadn't been working all this time for nothing.

"Clear as many challenges as you can, kill as many as you can, if you find any other territories in the surroundings aside from in that direction, report it back to me."

The direction Leonel pointed to was the direction Allan had gone in. That was the direction he speculated the three Constellation Bow Alliance members had come from and that should be where the rest of the number lied. It wasn't that Leonel was scared Emna and James couldn't deal with them, it was instead a waste of resources because...

He alone was enough.

Emna nodded, working alone was what she did best. As for James, he too had gotten used to lone missions. At the same time, these two were among

the two strongest under Leonel's charge, he could trust them to protect themselves and work alone.

In addition, Emna and James were two who didn't need weapons to be exchanged for them. Emna's weapon was her body, and James had always relied on his Energy Shield Ability Index. They were the perfect two to bring out first.

After a short exchange, Emna and James picked two different directions and rushed off.

Leonel looked toward Aina and nodded.

The two rushed into the dungeon together.

From start to finish, the exchange had taken not even a single minute. Even now, as he pulled the distance between himself and others further and further, Leonel didn't have the time to waste.

Well, there was one small moment of time wasted, and that was when he looked up into the skies with a cold glint in his eyes.

He didn't need to say it again as his previous words were only continuously echoing in their ears by now.

The Constellation Bow Alliance Ancestors had all stood to their feet, their fists clenched and their hearts stuck in their throats.

If they had denied it before, there was no denying it now. They had hoped it to be a trick of the eye, a combination of Bow Force and Light Force, maybe the influence of the Spear Domain Ring, but now there was nothing before them and the truth...

How... How did Leonel have access to that level of Bow Force? That long lost Bow Force?! That Bow Force no human had had access to since the loss of the Bow Domain Ring?!

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Chapter 1942: Earth Dragon

Leonel and Aina sped into the dungeon.

Dark cave walls loomed over them and an almost suffocating stench of earth filled their nostrils. The dampness and humidity made it difficult to breathe, the ventilation of the dungeon not seeming great at all.

Leonel could immediately tell that their target weren't humans, however he didn't seem capable of pinpointing the exact race either, something that made him narrow his eyes. It seemed that Ancestor Hito had gone out of his way to pick more obscure targets just for the sake of maintaining the usual randomness associated with Zones.

First there were the trolls they had faced earlier while claiming the village, now this.

"Thick earthy smell, high humidity, low visibility..." Leonel thought of several possibilities before he narrowed it down to one. "... 76% possibility this is an Earth Dragon den..."

Earth Dragon, while was the official name of this species, wasn't to be taken literally.

Most accurately, they were a type of earth affinity centipede with the legendary ferociousness of dragons, and they were notoriously difficult to handle.

They were adept at causing land fissures and earthquakes, they could easily collapse a cave of this caliber, and they could chew through most metals as though they were nothing but thin films of paper. In addition to this, they could hold their breath for weeks at a time even as newborns, and their body temperatures ran so hot that their roars gave off the illusion of fire breath.

In reality, though, it was just that their digestive system was so powerful after countless evolution cycles of burrowing through the earth that if they opened their mouths up to the world, everything in their path would be scorched.

The good news was that Leonel had an excellent Earth Force affinity that could somewhat counter these beasts. The bad news, however, was that their breath had nothing to do with Fire Force despite the heat, making it difficult for him to counter unless he had some sort of cooling measure.

Of course, Leonel would still be resistant to the heat itself, but there was little he could do from an actual preventative standpoint.

In addition, even his Earth Force affinity might not prove to be as beneficial as one might hope because the Earth Dragons were less focused on manipulating earth as opposed to devouring it.

"Earth Dragons," Leonel said lightly.

Aina didn't need any more explanations after this. While it had seemed that the two had been in here for a long while already, the reality was that they had only taken a single step. Before their second steps even landed, Leonel had already spoken his conclusion. His mind was simply that fast.

In response, their rolls shifted. Rather than taking the vanguard, Aina fell back and allowed Leonel to cross in front of her. She strapped her battle ax to her back and took out a twin pair of silk cloths that danced up her wrists and forearms as though they had minds of their own. At the same time, two gourds she had had by her waist opened up and large amounts of blood began to pool out from her sides.

At the same time, Leonel's body glowed with an earthy, menacing air. A three meter tall construct took form around him, but just as quickly as it appeared, a Divine Armor appeared and slid into place. By the time Leonel had taken his fifth step into the cave, an enormous three-headed, six armed, armor covered behemoth had begun to stomp forward.

Leonel's new comprehensions in Earth Force hadn't just come with mental changes, they also manifested physically.

For example... He could now use his dark gold construct and his Divine Armors at the same time.

Earth Force was an extension of his life. His construct was just as much a part of his as his Divine Armors were. Why did they have to be used separately?

Leonel unleashed a roar as his three Vital Stars appeared to his back. Aina was completely obscured, but that was exactly the point.

He stomped down on the ground once and the earth trembled. The Earth Dragons had yet to be alerted as they had hardly moved very far into the cave. In fact, it was only now that the entrance vanished behind them, locking them into seeing this dungeon all the way through. But before that, the two took the initiative.

Leonel's six arms punched into the ground beneath him, roaring as he lifted as though he wouldn't be satisfied until the whole world was above his head. However, it very quickly became obvious that this wasn't a piece of earth at all and what Leonel had grabbed was actually the head of an enormous beast that must have been at least 20 meters long.

Even so, Aina didn't seem surprised. She reacted just as quickly, the twin silk cloths on her wrists suddenly becoming coated by blood as she launched them both forward.

The head of the Earth Dragon was pierced through and its blood was quickly drained.

Leonel tossed it to the side and charged forward.

He punched walls, ceiling, and the ground.

Every time he did, he ripped out another Earth Dragon, stunning them into place while Aina finished the job.

Despite the fact that this wasn't the normal mode of their team work, their efficiency was no less great. With a combination of his Earth Force affinity and sensory abilities, Leonel was able to find the Earth Dragon before they could launch their usual sneak attacks. At the same time, he clamped their mouths shut, stopping them from using their strongest ability while also crushing the antennas that worked as their sensory organs.

When that was done, it was child's play for Aina to sever their lives, and it only got easier and easier as she accumulated more and more of their powerful blood.

They tore through the levels of the dungeon and eventually reached the final ground floor.

Steam billowed toward their faces, the sheer heat making what should have been the hard ground around them feeling gooey and soft to the touch.

Every step they took left another sizzle as an Earth Dragon that must have been at least 50 meters tall snaked into the air, its hundreds of legs shimmering like steel blades.

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Chapter 1943: Three

PCHU!

Leonel roared, grabbing two sides of a large wound Aina had caused in the BOSS Earth Dragon's head with all six hands. Vital Star Force rushed out from his Divine Armor as he flexed, pulling with all the Force he could muster.

Blood and bone flew as the Earth Dragon was torn in two from head to tail.

BANG!

Leonel landed heavily on the almost molten ground, exhaling a breath with a sharp and cold gaze. He dispersed his construct and his Divine Armor, his breath turbid and steaming.

Aina appeared by his side and he placed a hand on her shoulder, causing a bubble of cool air to descend and envelop her. The steam increased, but Leonel had already moved forward, reaching the final altar of the dungeon and waving a hand.

<Clear Time: 01:38:58>

<Clear Condition: Perfect>

<Clear Reward: Heir-Grade>

Leonel waved another hand, accepting the rewards. For a dungeon like this one, a perfect clear condition would probably relate to clearing all of the Earth Dragons in addition to finishing within a certain time. This was a Silver-Grade dungeon, so although the clear reward was Heir-Grade, it probably wouldn't be too exaggerated.

The reward was twofold.

The first was the point reward which was 270 000 points. The second reward was a one time use item that came in the form of a glass orb with the phantom of an Earth Dragon within it.

From Leonel's understanding, it was a terrain shift reward. He could change one thing about the landscape of his territory within certain limits.

He did a few calculations in his head when he saw this, comparing and contrasting his ideas with the limitations stipulated in the fine print. After a moment, he nodded to himself. It was feasible, though only in part.

What was more important, though, was the added effect that came with implementing this change in the first place. The shaking of the earth that supplemented the change could be both a negative and a positive depending on how it was used.

Leonel thought of some possibilities before storing it away. With a nod toward Aina, the two left the dungeon together.

"Where is it, Alvaro?! Explain yourself!"

The fury of the Constellation Bow Alliance Ancestors seemed to have reached a fever pitch. The only conclusion they could come to after all this time was that the Morales family had somehow gotten their hands on the Bow Domain Ring, nothing else seemed to make sense to them. They had never heard of the so-called "Sovereign" moniker, at least not in regards to weapons. This was a relatively new concept that had only been introduced by some who had heard of it in the Cataclysm Zone.

This conclusion seemed to make sense to them as well. Velasco spent a lot of time venturing outside of the Human Domain. If there was anyone who could reclaim that treasure under their noses, it was him. And if he had done so, who else would he give it to if not Leonel? Wouldn't that also explain why the White Lion Bow had never followed any one of them but so obediently followed Leonel?

The truth was that the bow didn't listen even to Leonel's mother. She had given Leonel the bow hoping that it would acknowledge him in the future, and it was a surprise to her that it did so immediately.

If even Alienor, who probably believed in Leonel the most of anyone in existence, was so surprised, how could the Constellation Bow Alliance possibly accept it with open hearts? In the moment, it felt like they had finally gained an explanation for something that had been tearing into their souls for the longest time.

The Morales Ancestors frowned, not quite knowing what Ancestor Mito and the others were even referring to.

It seemed that every action Leonel took only increased the tensions in the surroundings further. First Ancestor Golddark accused them of being far too ruthless, and now Ancestor Mito and the others of the Constellation Bow Alliance were up in arms.

"Don't pretend to be ignorant! The Bow Domain Ring! Where is it?!"

The eyes of the Morales Ancestors flashed. Was this what they were talking about?

They put together the vanishing Bow Force and the golden Bow Force Leonel used and understood why they had reached such a conclusion.

But the result of them comprehending this was them bursting into a fit of laughter. It was uproarious, arrogant, and filled with complete disregard and unfeeling, uncaring, derision.

Ancestor Mito was so furious that steam truly began to come out of the top of his head. One would have thought that this was a ridiculous exaggeration of an old school cartoon, however the bodies of such experts could react with just as much exaggeration. When an Eighth Dimensional existence was enraged, the environment had no choice but to react.

"Let me ask you something, Mito," Alvaro's voice boomed. "Even if the Morales family had gotten its hands on the Bow Domain Ring... What would it have to do with your Alliance?!"

The booming shockwave of Alvaro's voice drowned out the voices of rage, his own malevolent expression seemingly not losing out in the slightest. It seemed that he wanted to slaughter the Constellation Bow Alliance members even more than they wanted to lay hands on him. There was nothing he abhorred more than hypocrites, and he hated weak hypocrites even more.

If you were going to be hypocritical, the least you could do was not be on your hands and knees asking for handouts while you did so.

"Your families lost the Bow Domain Ring to the Spirituals all those years ago, causing the Human Domain to drastically weaken. Your Tarius family went from a top dog, to a piece of trash with no other choice but to form an Alliance

in hopes of maintaining your former prestige, now you want to come and bark in front of me?!"

"Tell you what, if you dare to take three spear strikes from me right this moment, I might dignify your question with an answer!"

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Chapter 1944: Kill

Ancestor Mito was so enraged by these words that his palm flipped over to reveal a shimmering black bow. But at the same moment that he acted, Alvaro had likewise taken out his bronze spear, it looked as though this was what the latter had wanted from the very beginning. Why did those little brats get to have all the fun? He wanted to let the world see his sharpness too.

"Everyone, let's calm down," an Ancestor by Mito's side pressed down his hand before he could raise his bow and take a step of no return. "This isn't what today is about. Let the kids handle this matter."

Alvaro snorted. Pretentious pricks. If they didn't feel the fire in their bellies anymore, they could just say so and off themselves.

What good was pretending to be high and above it all when all it did was dull your blade. There was a reason the Morales were the strongest, and there was a reason it would stay that way.

Leonel and Aina exited the cave.

There was an immediate choice to be made. They had enough for a promotion to Silver-Grade now, but there was a threat to their side, and it wouldn't be long before they realized that three of their own had died.

This should have been a difficult choice to make, but Leonel didn't seem to pause his steps for even a moment as he shot in the direction of the village.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Despite the loud booms to his back, Leonel still didn't turn back, continuing to run in the opposite direction with Aina. He had left that matter to Allan, and he had already calculated that Allan would be able to hold on. When this matter was concluded, their advantage would only increase further.

Allan stood at the top of the outpost, his eyes sharp beneath his glasses. He held up the massive rail gun, his eyes locking onto a group in the distance as he unleashed another barrage.

Before the shot even landed, his muscles flexed and his hips pivoted, swinging the railgun in a completely different direction as he unleashed another barrage.

No one could seem to enter within a ten kilometer radius of this region without being blasted to smithereens. Most managed to dodge and save their own lives, however the first few had been greatly unlucky, losing their lives almost instantly.

Leonel checked his kill exchange counter. After almost two hours, it had climbed to 11. This couldn't be considered too great or too small.

The moment he and Aina made it back to the village, as they rushed into the central console room, Leonel began to exchange for more people. He brought out his seven remaining brothers, in addition to Elthor, Sael, Raylion and Apestus.

When they appeared, everyone already seemed to know what they needed to do. They rushed to the walls just as Leonel exchanged 20 000 points to complete the improvement to Silver-Grade that he had wanted.

After the moat was formed, Leonel exchanged 50 000 more points and triggered the Silver-Grade Upgrade sequence. He and Aina, likewise, rushed to their positions on the wall, their gazes cold.

"This brat continues to overestimate himself," Mito spat coldly.

His temper was only becoming more and more frayed as he watched a single Allan hold back the young geniuses of his Constellation Bow Alliance. The only thing that gave him some reprieve was the fact there was no way he would be able to hold out for long. Soon, very soon, Nazag would be alerted to this matter and this farce would end.

At the same time, this Leonel would likely bury himself under his own foolishness.

There was a reason there was such a large leap in price between the Bronze-Grade and Silver-Grade Upgrade Challenges. One was supposed to have a large group of subordinates out by now, at least a few hundred.

As time went on, more wild challenges were supposed to spawn, and barbarians of sorts would begin to appear in the wild, making accumulating kills and gathering more subordinates far easier.

Right now, they were just at the beginning of Heirs claiming their first territories, Leonel was the only one with a Bronze-Grade territory in the first place, being greedy and trying to push for a Silver-Grade now was the epitome of foolishness.

There were only 121 in the Bronze-Grade wave, but there would easily be a hundred times that in the Silver-Grade wave, on top of the fact they would all be Silver-Grade threats as opposed to Bronze-Grade threats.

Leonel had already sent away his most powerful combatants. His most powerful ranged specialist was tied down by the Constellation Bow Alliance. And now he was going to try and challenge a wave of thousands with just over a dozen. If this wasn't foolish, what was?

Silver-Grade walls weren't nearly enough to offset this kind of danger.

However, this wave would leave nothing more than silence.

Leonel stood on the walls as the ground began to quake. Large dust clouds appeared in the distance as the sparse trees began to fall one after another. However, Leonel only calmly held his bow before him, not making a single move just yet.

His gaze was the picture of perfect calmness, his hair swaying ever so gently in the wind.

Menacing creatures appeared in the surroundings. They wrapped around the city, hooting and hollering, their weapons clanging.

"Three..."

The rumbling ground threatened to split as it whined and gave way.

"Two..."

Leonel could see the faces of the front line clearly. Even if he had been in the Third Dimension, he would have been able to. Those menacing tusks, that dripping saliva, those blood-caked machetes...

"One..."

Leonel tapped his waist, bringing out a small orb with a writhing Earth Dragon within.

"Zero."

He dropped it to the ground.

The moment it collided, everything seemed to change. The city, which had been on perfectly flat ground, began to rise up. The jagged edges of a mountainous region began to take shape, the water of the mote spilling over.

The ground quaked and split. What had once been the intimidation of the enemy became their nightmare. Some fell within fissures, others were crushed by falling rock, and yet others found themselves wading in waves of water coming from a moat that seemed much too deep for common sense.

At that moment, Leonel took out three more orbs. These were none other than the three irrigation rewards he and Aina had gained clearing challenges.

As their village rose on the back of a growing mountain, lines of rivers began to appear, flooding the region with more and more water. The creatures that weren't crushed by rock suddenly found themselves being drowned one after another.

The result was absolutely devastating. By the time Leonel and the others stopped rising into the air, the army of thousands had been reduced to a few hundred.

"Kill" Leonel said lightly, raising his bow.

Silence fell over the Human Domain once more. There was nothing to be said, nothing that could be said. It was a sweeping victory.

Leonel, however, didn't seem to care very much. The next order of business...

Crushing the Constellation Bow Alliance.

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Chapter 1945: 10 000

The now Silver-Grade village sat atop of a mountain, hidden deep within its sharp canopies.

This mountain wasn't of exaggerated size. This made sense considering it was a reward from a Silver-Grade dungeon, although it was granted as the highest level prize. As such, the mountain itself was only about 500 meters tall at its greatest point, which was relatively short even for a Third Dimensional world. Even so, it had become a nightmare to attack.

The pathways of the mountain were a combination of crisscrossing rivers and narrow walkways. Attack in large numbers was almost impossible, it was probably easier to just try to raze the mountain to the ground first, but even getting into position to do so was a nightmare as well.

Because Leonel had activated the Earth Dragon dungeon reward before the trial was completed, there was the added benefit of the Silver-Grade walls being reconstructed with the new terrain in mind. This might seem like a small matter, but now there was a wall that snaked around even the unpredictable terrain of the mountain, and around there, there was a much deeper and thicker moat.

The village had become a beacon in all directions, making their location clear and obvious. But at the same time, it became a region that was near impossible to actually attack.

Leonel descended from the walls and waved a hand. In this challenge, they had 13 138 Kill Exchanges. Without hesitation, he used 10 000 of them. Then, he traded in the remaining 3137 Silver-Grade kills for 3 137 000 points as every Silver- Grade kill was worth 1000 points.

The Gold-Grade upgrade would require 500 000 000 points to trigger, so they were still an enormous distance away. However, these three million or so points, added with the 200 000 points he had yet to use, weren't entirely useless either.

Much like Leonel had been able to upgrade the walls after they reached the Silver-Grade, he could now pay to upgrade other facets of the city now that it was also in the Silver-Grade. After pouring another 50 000 or so points into

the Segmented Cube to give it more raw materials, Leonel began to buy the upgrades he had had his eye on.

By now, he had already cleared away all of the raw materials he had bought ahead of time and could outfit everyone with what they needed given another half day or so.

As for the upgrades, he focused on two main things: more outposts and larger territory.

After reaching the Silver-Grade, the range of the city went from a radius of 50 kilometers to 100 kilometers. Leonel doubled that for

500 000 points, then doubled it again for a million points, giving them a 400 kilometers, which was already a 100 away from the range of a Gold-Grade city, which was probably why he wasn't allowed to double it again.

Finally, he bought the highest grade outposts that he could, spending the rest of the over 1.5 million swiftly. Each cost about 100 000 points each, he bought 16 and dotted them around the territory.

The difference between the 50 000 point model and the 100 000 point model was nothing on paper. However, in the fine print, it made it clear that the highest upgrade was linked with the city.

Meaning, when the city entered the Gold-Grade, so would they.

This would allow teleportation function between the outposts, making the doubled price more than worth it.

Of course, for most others, they wouldn't be able to swallow this cost so early on, and by the time they could they wouldn't want to lag behind and waste time accumulating more points just to have upgradeable outposts.

Lights began to flash and one after another, thousands of Leonel's warriors began to appear. Very quickly, it became obvious that not a single one of them was human.

They were the Oryx!

Much like everyone else, the moment the Oryx appeared, they were perfectly organized. They didn't say anything, they didn't waste time looking around,

they simply filed themselves in an orderly line and waited as Leonel handed them their equipment one by one.

Even with the sheer number of them, in just a single hour, they were already finished. Each Oryx was outfitted with their weapon and armor, shimmering with a black luster beneath the slowly setting sun.

The more the elders on the outside saw, the more sure they were.

Leonel had truly planned everything out from the very beginning, he had never left a single thing to chance, and his people were just as prepared as he was.

Watching him as he steadily pulled away, the solemnness of the others only became more and more obvious.

Leonel waved a hand and motes of Force Arts formed in the skies, snaking around until they formed a roaring violet-scaled dragon that soared into the skies. By his side, there was no one else but Aina, the only one worthy of standing by his side.

On the ground below, Elthor stood at the helm of the Oryx army, a massive black saber resting menacingly on his shoulder.

Leonel's brothers and the others stood on the city walls. They wouldn't be participating in this expedition, the city had reached a point where it needed others to stay back and protect it now.

However, they didn't seem worried in the slightest, and why would they be?

Leonel strapped the White Lion Bow to his back.

"We move."

The silence of the Human Domain was heavy. It felt like Leonel wasn't marching toward the Constellation Bow Alliance, but rather toward them, their own homes, their worlds, ready to snatch their hearts.

Looking toward the cobbled together resistance of the Constellations Bow Alliance, the hearts of Ancestor Mito and the others sank.

Leonel had gone from having the fewest subordinates present, to suddenly having the most by far...

What chance did they even stand?

Ancestor Mito gripped the railings of his flagship, twisting the tough metal as though it was made of thin aluminum. "Nazag... We can only rely on you..."

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Chapter 1946: Fireflies

The Constellation Bow Alliance was quite spread out. Although they had sent many, they could only enter in pairs of two, and each family only sent a single representative. However, among the devices they prepared to exchange for once they entered, there were communication devices that would make their coming together much simpler and easier.

As such, by the time the first day of the Heir Wars began to wane, there were quite a number that had come together. When this number was combined with the number they had exchanged for through their kills, they were slowly approaching nearly a thousand members.

However, what was especially ridiculous was that they couldn't Cross into a certain territory.

In the beginning, they had only sent one or two at a time, trying to see if there was a path to sneak in. However, those that were luckier were quickly forced to retreat under a barrage. Those that were unlucky, however... directly lost their lives.

The only option seemed to be to move forward with a larger group, but it was difficult to organize such a thing without a sure leader, and there was only one person who would take up such a role.

As the day waned, Nazag finally appeared. A group of elites of the Tarius family followed close behind him. They seemed to have already been outfitted with all of their equipment, and among this equipment there was what they had lacked the most: quivers and arrows.

Nazag frowned when he saw the state of his people.

Leonel wasn't the only one who could plan ahead. The original intention of the people of the Constellation Bow Alliance was to gather together as quickly as

possible. In the meantime, Nazag would form an elite team and clear as many challenges and gather as many points as he could.

In his absence, his people were meant to capture a village and then quickly clear out the territory, so that when he came with enough points, they could directly challenge the Bronze-Grade and take a step into it as swiftly as possible.

Nazag's strategy wasn't bad, not wasting his time finding and claiming a territory maximized his skill set, and after a day, he had already accumulated several ten thousand points and he was already close to having enough to trigger the Silver-Grade challenge.

In his estimation, by mid-day tomorrow, they should be firmly entrenched and they could begin using their Silver-Grade territory as a springboard to attack other territories, expand, and gather more wealth, resources and points.

Everything should have been perfect, but...

"... Nazag, we weren't able to clear out the entire territory. Every time we try to go in that direction, we're barraged by a long ranged weapon. Six of our brothers and sisters have already died trying. There's definitely another territory over there, but since the plan was to clear the region first, we couldn't make the decision alone."

Nazag frowned before making a prompt decision.

"Everyone gather! Organize yourself! We will attack now, there's no time to waste!"

Nazag had a bad feeling. An enemy that could set up such a thing so quickly wasn't a joke. The fact that six had already fallen on just the first day was also a hard pill to swallow. There were just shy of a thousand of them, a casualty count of six, not even mentioning the number injured, was already too high.

The Constellation Bow Alliance quickly formed up, but before they could even set out, there was a sudden shout.

"Leader! Leader! A large army has entered the range of our territory!"

Nazag's frown deepened. "I didn't tell you to start the Bronze-Grade upgrade yet, what are you doing?"

"No! There's-!"

Before the voice could finish, the darkening skies were suddenly enveloped by a violet brilliance.

ROAR!

A streaking arrow of fire descended from the skies. It was just a single line of red, splintering the black skies in two. Even so, it felt tiny and insignificant... Until it hit the ground.

BOOM!

The fires raged, shooting up into the skies and forming a pillar of devastation before a rain of flames fell from above, immediately turning the surroundings into a hellscape of heat and agony.

Nazag's pupils constricted, and his vision sharpened, streaking across the skies until it landed on Leonel's face. His heart skipped a beat, his gaze shifting down to land on the army of ten thousand.

No matter how hard he thought, he couldn't fathom out Leonel had already gathered so many subordinates. But even more importantly than that, how were they all wearing such armors already?

All of those armors were Silver-Grade at worst. To trade for that, it would take 100 points each, one for the armor, and another for the weapon. That was 200 points per person, for 10 000 people that was two million points! That was simply impossible!

When Nazag saw that many of the weapons and armors were actually in the Gold-Grade, his face went completely dark. Could it be that the Morales were cheating so boldly under the eyes of everyone?

There was already no more time to think.

"Ready your bows! We must use our advantage while we can! Ready and aim! FIRE!"

Nazag had already organized his people for battle. In this relatively flat and dry terrain, there weren't any obstructions to worry about. Even if their village

was burning to the ground, so what? So long as they could get off three or four volleys, this battle would quickly become manageable.

The Oryx were on foot, so their charging speed was relatively slow. In addition, there didn't seem to be any shield warriors, or more importantly, platoons among them. Without a collective effort to shield against their arrows, they would have to fend for themselves. That would cause their formation to collapse and make them easy pickings.

Nazag thought through things swiftly and then lifted his bow, ready to fire.

The first volley launched into the skies like fireflies sweeping through the night sky.

But to their shock, their lights suddenly flickered and vanished as though swallowed into the belly of a black dragon.

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Chapter 1947: Not Worth Anything

The violet dragon snaking through the skies suddenly whipped its tail, causing the few arrows that had been launched into the skies to snap beneath the wind pressure alone.

Nazag's eyes widened in shock. His first thought, once again, was some sort of cheating. This was a world created by a Morales Ancestor, after all, and it was designed to distort their senses from the very beginning. Maybe it could mess with their attacks as well.

However, somewhere deep inside, Nazag knew that this wasn't the case.

He raised his bow into the skies, his heartbeat slowing. After the first volley failed, leaving him and his people stunned, the Oryx were still quickly closing the gap, in just a few more moments, they would be upon them.

Nazag realized that maybe the only way to salvage this situation was to kill Leonel.

"He's about a hundred meters up and three kilometers away. This is a routine shot..."

Nazag took a breath. Reaching into his quiver, he pulled out a radiant white arrow and pulled. His bow trembled once and ancient runes began to light up across its body. A white Bow Force erupted from him, spiraling around his arrow and shifting his hair like the wind.

"Die..."

Nazag released with an exhale.

It whistled through the sky with a harsh sound, gathering momentum as it moved until it seemed to become two arrows spiraling around one another. This was Nazag's most powerful single shot technique, at least the most powerful one he frequently used. It could be considered an excellent probing shot.

His eyes narrowed as his arrow seemed to appear before Leonel in the blink of an eye. The entire world seemed to be focused on this exchange, however Leonel's expression was indifferent and unmoved. As he stood on the back of his dragon construct, his pale violet hair shifted in the wind.

The arrow appeared before his eyebrows, but just when it seemed like his head would be penetrated, exploding for all to see, the arrow suddenly crumbled. The Bow Force vanished and the arrow that was left fluttered away in a rain of ash.

Nazag froze, his hand trembling.

Leonel looked down toward him without a word. The deep abyss of those pale violet eyes were suffocating. Despite the distance that separated them, it felt like they were face to face. As Nazag craned his neck and Leonel calmly met his gaze, the difference between them seemed all too obvious.

ROAR!

The Oryx army crashed into the Constellation Bow Alliance's formation. Realizing that their Bow Force had suddenly become useless, they could only use their bows as sticks, relying on their fists and legs to counter.

But what good was it?

Outside of Nazag and his small group that held up well, countering and killing a few Oryx, against the mighty and strong bodies of the Oryx who had recently undergone Hyper Evolution, they stood little chance at all.

Nazag's gaze turned red as his people were slaughtered. Leonel didn't seem to care to raise even a single finger. He simply looked down with the loftiness of a King.

For those on the outside who had watched Leonel meticulously measure every second, ensuring that not a moment was wasted, this was a sharp contrast to his usual tactics. However, it was exactly this sharp contrast that made it all the more glaring.

He was doing it on purpose, he wanted this moment to be burned into their memories. It was a message, a message that when he spoke arrogantly, it wasn't because he did as he willed and didn't comprehend the vastness of the world. It was because he had already prepared, it was because he was already ten steps ahead, it was because he was already confident that others could never catch up to his steps.

"LEONEL!" Nazag roared. "I'll never forgive your Morales family for doing this!"

Leonel looked down indifferently. As smart as he was, he could tell why Nazag was saying this. He could not wrap his head around how any of this could be happening if Leonel wasn't cheating, cheating was the only viable answer he had.

Leonel did not have to acknowledge his words at all, however at that moment, he suddenly raised a hand.

The Oryx, who had flooded forward like an endless tide, came to a halt, retreating just as smoothly. They were a well oiled machine, responding to Leonel's commands without the slightest hitch.

Leonel took a step forward, fluttering down from the back of his dragon construct as his bow appeared in his hand. When he landed, the two armies had already separated, leaving a no man's land. His location was as dangerous as it could be, and yet he was unmoved by it all.

He took the White Lion Bow off of his back, piercing it into the ground. With a wave of his hand, the bow of a fallen Constellation Bow Alliance member shot up from the ground and snapped into his palm with a satisfying clap.

Without a word, he pulled back on the bow string, a radiant golden Bow Force forming.

The instant Nazag saw this, his expression went from one of derision to shock and then helplessness, before it suddenly became fierce. He gripped his bow and lifted it up, roaring as he pulled back the string and released.

TWANG!

Leonel shot an arrow at the same time, meeting Nazag's and dispelling it.

Nazag shot again, but Leonel's arrow crossed the halfway mark even faster this time, colliding with its tip perfectly and shattering it.

Nazag shot again and again, but every time, Leonel's arrow would meet it. It didn't seem to matter how it twisted, how it curved, or which direction it came from.

The aerial assault between the two formed a net of white and gold in the skies, illuminating the dark skies. But as time passed, the golden arc quickly suppressed the white arcs. Leonel didn't move an inch, and his firing speed didn't seem to increase, and yet Nazag was quickly being suppressed and suffocated.

Soon, his arrow could barely travel a few meters before they're destroyed.

Then they could not even travel a meter.

Then not even half a meter.

Nazag pulled back his bow to fire again, but a golden arrow whizzed forward, shredding his bow apart and snapping it into two.

The arrow shot into his shoulder, leaving a hole so large that half of his mangled, beating heart could still be seen.

Leonel did not even look at Nazag, tossing the random bow he had picked up to the side and picking up the White Lion Bow.

At that moment, the white lions of the bow unleashed a mighty roar that shocked the skies.

It swallowed up Leonel's Bow Force, emitting a mightier and mightier aura until it finally unshackled the last of its chains.

The aura of the Gold Grade crumbled and the aura of the true Life Grade weapon burst forth.

Leonel calmly strapped the bow to his back as Nazag looked forward, blood spilling from his mouth.

"I'm not sure why you all thought you were worthy of this bow,"

Leonel uttered lightly. "Kill the rest of them, they're not worth anything."

ROAR!

The Oryx charged, their gazes crimson with endless fervor.

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Chapter 1948: Night Side

The lips of the Constellation Bow Alliance elders trembled as they watched the light fade from Nazag's eyes.

It was a complete slaughter, he never stood a chance. The worst humiliation was that Leonel hadn't even used the White Lion Bow. All the while, it was stuck in the ground by his side and he suffocated Nazag with nothing more than sheer skill.

If he had wanted, Nazag wouldn't have been able to gather up any Bow Force at all. This was the fundamental difference between a fake Sovereign and a True Sovereign. Back then, Leonel could only rely on someone actually attacking him with a spear to crush their Spear Force. However, now, not only were Spears, Bows and Arrows useless against him, he could even extend this ability into a Domain that crushed all opposition.

Nazag might have believed that Leonel was cheating, but the rest of them had all seen the process from start to end with their own eyes. If Leonel had been

cheating, or if the Morales had made his path forward easier, they would have been able to sense it.

There was no escaping it, Leonel had crushed them. Then when their best genius complained, he gave him a chance and then crushed him again.

From the very beginning, the fact the Constellation Bow Alliance used the bow had sealed their fates. This was never their stage, and it was their misfortune to be placed near Leonel. Death was always the only path forward.

Ancestor Mito trembled. His grip on the flagship tightened to the point the metal within his palms turned molten. He had a belly full of fury, but he didn't know where to aim it. He never expected that the Constellation Bow Alliance would be the first major power to be eliminated like this. Even the Golddark Organization still had others inside, though they had already lost their strongest pair.

This humiliation would follow them for a lifetime.

Leonel returned to the skies, landing by Aina side as the massacre below was swiftly completed.

Aina's gaze was placid, however she still asked a question. "Will it really be alright?"

She was obviously referring to Leonel's ruthless methods. He truly seemed intent on killing every genius he came across, even the Heirs.

In the past Heir Wars, Heirs always survived, firstly because of the Morales family rules, and second because there were mechanisms in place for them to give up ahead of time and be transported out. This was a measure provided this time as well. The difference was that Leonel didn't give them a chance.

He killed the Golddark brothers before they even realized the kind of threat they were facing, and he spit in the face of Nazag's pride, placing him in a position where his only thoughts were of clawing back his dignity.

However, those that came to support the Heirs were fair game. This was supposed to be a measurement of the charisma of the Heir. Who would be able to gather up subordinates who knew that their lives would be in danger, while their leader would never have to face death himself? But now it had become the burial ground so many geniuses had fallen to.

"I want them to be enraged, I want them to retaliate. I want them to be so infuriated that they lose all logic and reason. That way, once we step foot out of here, I can unify the Human Domain in a single bound."

Aina's gaze flashed.

She had wondered why Leonel had been so serious from the very beginning.

It turned out his goal was never these Heir Wars to begin with.

Leonel was a person who took his preparation seriously, yes. He had always taken his two Mantras, Respect and Persistence, to the absolute extreme.

However, it was also because of this preparation that he tended to be lackadaisical and casual in his execution.

This time, it was different though. From the moment he opened his eyes this morning, there was an unconcealed sharpness around him. Even James didn't dare to joke around at this point, and everyone had their best brought out of them.

Leonel's demeanor had become like a guiding light in the dead of night.

Everyone was in lockstep, they could subtly feel the kind of momentum that was brewing.

This wasn't just the Heir Wars. This was the start of the Domain War.

On the other side of the Heir War Moon, most of the participants were oblivious to the looming threat. The sun was still high in the skies on this side as it had started off in the dead of the night. The disadvantage was that claiming villages in the dark was far more difficult as many had buffs during this time to their alertness. At the same time, there were far more creatures and barbarians spawned in the wild.

However, it could be argued that these two changes actually made those who were spawned on the night half of the Moon far luckier. Only Leonel had been focused on claiming a territory as quickly as possible. Most were more concerned with gathering points, clearing challenges, and completing kill exchanges.

With the added number of spawned creatures that could be slaughtered, the size of groups on the night side had surpassed that of the day side.

Of the seven Heirs, four were located on the night side, while three were located on Leonel's half of the moon.

Adawarth had already gathered over a hundred subordinates. Although this number paled in comparison to the near thousand that the Constellation Bow Alliance had, it had to be remembered that the Alliance had only gathered this amount because they had multiple Heirs participating, while Adawarth was on his own.

What was curious, though, was the fact the Heir performing the best on the night side wasn't Adawarth the First Nova, but rather the Third Nova, Xavnik who had suddenly exploded with a great potential.

Almost the moment they entered, several Heirs seemed to have betrayed their families, rushing toward Xavnik's location. By the end of the first day, they had already built a coalition of over 2000.

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Chapter 1949: Loopholes

Xavnik's actions should have gotten far more praise than they did. He, almost rightfully, thought himself to be leading the pack. He had taken advantage of an obvious loophole in the rules, but taking advantage of this loophole wasn't simple.

Those that participated needed to come from prominent families, and he also had to convince not just the participants themselves to follow him, but even the powerful elders behind them that following his steps was in their best interest.

With the fact that the Morales family were quickly becoming the public enemy of the Human Domain, especially as Leonel continued his slaughter, how could such a thing be simple? In fact, it was so difficult that it bordered on impossible. Pulling this off, especially given the short time that was given, was a feat of feats.

Not only had this allowed Xavnik to accumulate a large number of subordinates in the shortest period of time, but he had also claimed three

territories already. Although they were all still at the Sub-Grade, this was done on purpose by him. He didn't want to grab too much attention too soon.

His goal was to covertly gather up enough points and resources to push all three territories to the Silver-Grade by the end of the second day. By then, he would be leagues beyond anyone else. In fact, the only ones aware that he had gathered such an army beneath him already were those who were watching from the outside. From the perspective of those on the night side, everything was normal...

On the day side, the two other Heirs outside of Leonel were Fifth Nova, Ramon and Second Nova, Auran.

Interestingly enough, Ramon had taken a very similar approach to Leonel, just much slower. When he found a village, he and his partner, Valorie, got to work. After clearing the village, work that Valorie seemed to take charge of practically alone, Ramon entered the center console of the village and brought out a Workbench and a Force Crafting Quill.

He had made the same decision as Leonel. Trading for individual treasures was too expensive, he would Craft his way out.

While he worked, Valorie used the territory map to find challenges and clear them quickly, even entering a dungeon on her own. This valiant woman seemed to have a spear that was unstoppable, nothing could seem to last even a single strike and she swept through everything she came across.

By the end of the first day, they had nearly a hundred subordinates as well, and each and every one was outfitted with Gold-Grade armors and weapons. Then, in the dead of night, they directly challenged the Bronze-Grade upgrade.

As for Auran, his approach seemed to be the oddest of them all. He completely ignored the villages despite the fact that he had come across two unclaimed ones on the first day. He and his partner seemed to vanish into the shadows, making their position hard to lock on even for those watching.

In fact, if it wasn't for the fact you could find whichever candidate you wanted to check on with just a thought, even they might have already lost track of him.

However, it was also due to this that Auran was easy to forget, especially with all of the other fireworks. As such, many only checked on him every few

hours, not having the patience to give him their full attention, and it was because of this that no one seemed to have a grasp of what he was doing...

The Heirs weren't the only ones of the day side, half of the Constellation families were also present. Of them, the Lio family and the Gemin families were performing the best.

The Lio family were entirely focused on the brute force method. They had placed their two best geniuses, Conon and Gunter, on the same team. Both had only recently entered the Seventh Dimension, but their strength made many veterans shrink, their power output splitting and trembling the earth.

They had by far the smallest group at not even a dozen, but this wasn't due to their lack of kills. Outside of Leonel, Adawarth and the cumulative efforts of Xavnik's coalition, they likely had the most. However, they had converted all of these kills directly to points, first outfitting themselves with their best weapons and armors long since prepared, and then, strangely, pairing themselves with beast companions.

Beast companions fell under a unique category. They could be exchanged for using both kill exchanges or like treasures, it depended on the individual's choice. But what was interesting was the Lio family first traded in all of their kills for points, then traded for their beasts.

This move was clever because the cost of their beasts was less than that of what they received for the kills. However, the question was why would the Lio family be trading for such weak beasts to begin with?

Obviously, the more talented the beast, the more it cost. For their beasts to cost so little, they couldn't be very talented at all...

But when the elders on the outside saw these beasts, their eyes widened.

These beasts were indeed not talented, they could even be said to be inferior. The amount of effort it would have taken to raise them to the Seventh Dimension simply wasn't worth the return... And yet...

Each and every one of them was the middle Seventh Dimensional Tier, Tier 4 at worst, Tier 6 at best.

Even the strongest participating Heir was only at Tier 2. The hundred year limit on age was devastating, and each step taken in the Seventh Dimension

could be counted as its own watershed, let alone if you were crossing Tier 3 to Tier 4, or Tier 6 to Tier 7. These gaps were enormous!

But now the Lio family had taken advantage of their own loophole in the rules to bring out such powerhouses for cheap. It was clear and obvious that they had invested a great deal. For the cost it would have taken to raise beasts of such poor talent, they could have raised dozens of geniuses with just decent talent to that level, hundreds maybe.

The approach of the Gemin family, though, was just as clever and resourceful.

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Chapter 1950: Fusion

The Lio family's methods were already excellent.

While the age limit of humans was 100 years, the age limit of beasts was the exact same. If they weren't, then wouldn't that mean that these families could just send any Eighth Dimensional beasts they had in? They had obviously planned for this long ago. Just looking at the beasts, it was clear that they wouldn't be able to live much longer than another two or three years, a price paid for such fast improvement, which was also likely why they hadn't used such methods on humans.

As for the Gemin family, they paired themselves quite oddly.

Usually, the Gemin family geniuses would be born in pairs. When their women released eggs, their special Bloodlines, once said egg was fertilized, would cause them to split into a Yin and a Yang. This would produce twins that were almost identical in every aspect, but not quite identical.

These twins would be the perfect battle partners and could communicate across exaggerated distances...

This was why it was so weird, initially, that rather than pairing these Yin and Yang Twins together, the Gemin family had sent in two pairs of geniuses, pairing two Yangs and two Yins. One pair of these twins were ones that Leonel had intimate familiarity with as they had entered the same Selection Village as him back then... Huon and Droet, Huon being the white haired and dark-skinned Yin Twin, and Droet being the black haired and white skinned Yang Twin.

However, in this case, they were separated, matching with Hulot, a Yin Twin, and Druid, a Yang Twin. Hulot and Druid were a pair of sisters, while Huon and Droet were a pair of brothers. The two could be considered cousins, with Hulot and Druid being in a middle generation between the Cataclysm Generation and Velasco's Generation.

When the two pairs entered, they split once again. But rather than meeting up with their partners. They picked a point and fanned out.

Using their communication abilities, they built territory maps between the two of them larger than any city, far larger than even Leonel's one. In just a day, they had mapped out the entire day side, finding all currently occurring challenges and taking down all those nearby them.

If there was a number one group in terms of challenges cleared, it was no doubt the Gemin family. The number of points they had accumulated had already long entered the hundreds of thousands and their understanding of the situation was excellent.

As for how they had done this, they used their Internal Sight like radars.

Because they could connect while disregarding the distance, their Internal Sight connected like a singular line across hundreds and even thousands of kilometers.

Then, by pouring their Soul Force to reinforce the strand of connection, they could send subtle waves into the surroundings, mapping it out like radio waves. Although the maps weren't in striking detail, they didn't need to be. This alone was enough for them to know the location of every challenge, every dungeon and every village on an entire half of the moon.

After this, they picked the most prime location on the day side, a village with the best natural resources and defenses. In addition, this was a village that started at the Bronze-Grade from the very beginning!

After claiming it, they used the kill exchanges they had gathered to gather up dozens of subordinates. Then, giving them the location of the dungeons they had already mapped out, they sent them out, only leaving a small number to protect their territory.

The most shocking part about their strategy was that as they brought forward more and more of their family methods, their ability to scan the region got

faster and faster, even having teams dedicated to updating them with the new spawns.

Although their start was relatively slow, their efforts seemed to be quickly snowballing, and it was only increasing in speed.

It was safe to say that there were others performing quite excellently although Leonel was still in first place. If he couldn't continue pushing forward at this pace, he would be quickly surpassed before he could take advantage of the lead he currently had.

But knowing Leonel, how could he allow such a thing to happen?

Even as the Oryx completed the rest of the slaughter, Leonel entered the center of the Sub-Grade village with Aina, his thoughts dancing.

500 000 000 points was incredibly steep, and the prices beyond that would only become steeper and more exaggerated to the point that they might take years to accumulate. There was no simple method to accumulate so many points, grinding was the only option. However, there was another path to advancement, and that was fusing cities.

By combining three city cores of the same grade, you could trigger an upgrade challenge. The drawback was that the upgrade challenge would be more difficult as a result, the enemies would be marginally stronger, and much more numerous. It would be akin to triggering three upgrade challenges simultaneously.

Leonel had already decided that this would be his right, but the when was difficult.

He simply didn't have enough subordinates, especially compared to these families who had billions of descendants per generation. As a result, he needed to not only end these Heir Wars before they had enough time to accumulate too many kill exchanges for him to handle, he could also only have just a single large territory because he couldn't adequately defend more than that while also maintaining pressure on his enemies.

Still, the question remained, would he fuse three Silver-Grade cities? Or would he fuse three Gold-Grade cities together?

Leonel shook his head, there was only one choice. With a wave of his hand, he spent all the points they had just accumulated and triggered the Bronze-Grade and Silver-Grade challenges back to back.

With an army of ten thousand ready and prepared, they steam rolled through the both.

<Would you like to take the city core? This action cannot be undone.>

<Yes.>

After this, there was only one path left, and that was to find another Silver-Grade city core to fuse into his own.

As Leonel was making his choice, the Gemin were communicating. Since they had mapped out the entire day side, they had long since found Leonel's territory, but they hadn't taken action just yet. Their original plan after seeing how close the Constellation Bow Alliance and Leonel were was to allow the two of them to fight it out and let them reap the rewards as they focused on other things.

But very soon, they would receive news of their destruction as the scouts assigned to that region swept through once more...