

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1951: 20%

"The Constellation Bow Alliance has been destroyed. Although it's not confirmed, Nazag has likely died along with them. It doesn't seem like any but a few who used their escape badges managed to keep their lives."

A scout reported to the four Libra Heirs, a solemn expression on their face.

[Author's Note: Mistake on my part. The four Heirs that were introduced in yesterday's chapters are part of the Libra family, not the Gemin family. Apparently I can't keep my own story straight, \*cries in corner\* The Gemin and Libra family have a very close relationship with one another, something mentioned back in vol 7. Apparently, that relationship is close enough that I mixed them up]

It was obvious that after learning of the claiming of two territories, they would pay a great amount of attention to them. The commotion caused by Leonel wasn't small in the slightest and it was too difficult to hide an army of ten thousand.

"In addition, there's been a change to Leonel Morales' territory as well. A mountain seems to have appeared out of nowhere, and its gone from a territory that's difficult to defend to one that has an incredible terrain advantage. We aren't sure of how this happened.

The four Heirs frowned, looking toward one another. They had only just returned, prepared to press their advantage. They wouldn't be together considering the advantage they had when separated if it wasn't for something extremely important, and that important thing was obviously upgrading their territory.

However, what they didn't expect was that the moment they returned, they would receive what could only be said to be bad news.

They weren't exactly close to Leonel's territory, in fact they were quite far.

The land Leonel had chosen was quite barren and could only be salvaged with the help of several terrain-changing rewards. However, their territory was lush and vibrant, there was a huge climate change between there and here.

Even so, because of the way the Heir Wars seemed to be shaping up, there would likely be a victor decided between the two hemispheres before an overall was chosen between the two behemoths that remained on their feet.

This was almost guaranteed because the moon was currently separated into two super continents, one on the night side and the other on the day side. It wasn't worthwhile to invest in seafaring vessels and the like to cross to the other side if it wasn't absolutely necessary. It would only slow their progress, all for what? To end up in a land they had no information about? It wasn't worth it.

"Mountain? It should be a dungeon reward. There was a dungeon located between Leonel Morales' territory and the Constellation Bow Alliance's. It was closer to the Constellation Bow Alliance's territory, so it's surprising that Leonel Morales got his hands on it first," Hulot said slowly.

Huon and Droet were silent. They were the two with the most understanding of Leonel, they could still remember the first time they met him. He had started off with quite a disadvantage in the True Selection as well, but what had happened in the end? Since then, they had been quite wary of him.

"For him to end up with the dungeon first... Is it a coincidence? From our most recent scan, he seemed to have been alone with his partner for a very long time, that's very much unlike the Constellation Bow Alliance which spread out with numerous groups, covering a large area," Druid supplemented.

"Ah... A-according to the new map, he now has several new outposts in the region, but their placement is odd. They're placed very far from the boundaries of a Bronze-Grade village," the scout said.

The gazes of the four Libra Heirs sharpened all at once, causing the scout to go quite pale.

"How far?"

"Ah... it should be 420 kilometers from his village?"

The four Libra Heirs all stood.

As Leonel has said previously, the details of the upgrades available at the Silver-Grade were kept in the dark. As such, there wasn't enough information to conclude that Leonel had a Silver-Grade village which he had expanded the territory of twice over to 400 kilometers. Given that his upgraded outposts each had a radial range of 20 kilometers, that would explain the extra 20.

However, even though they couldn't deduce this, they all knew that Leonel wasn't a fool despite how disdainful they had been of his threats. There seemed to be only two explanations for this.

The first was that Leonel had received a rare reward that allowed him to extend the territory range of his village. As such, he placed his outposts a large distance away relying on this.

The second explanation was that Leonel was using outposts in place of his scouts, using them to alert him of movement much earlier on. However, this second method felt quite foolish. The price to reward ratio wasn't worth it.

The number of outposts that would be necessary was excessive, it would cost millions at the very least.

"How many outposts are there?"

"There aren't many, less than a dozen."

The four Heirs frowned in confusion.

Even just to cover a circumference of 420 kilometers, you would need at least 260 Bronze-Grade outposts with 10 kilometer ranges. Even if you doubled that, the price was eye watering. What was the point of so few outposts?

"Show us the locations of these outposts."

The scout hurriedly brought forward a crude map that seemed to update in real time. It was less accurate to say that the map was crude, and it was instead just not very detailed. Even so, there were many important points on it.

Huon's pupils were the first to constrict. "This configuration..."

"They're all strategic points," Druid said with narrowed eyes. "Here's the closest water source. Here's a choke point..."

Every time Druid pointed, it would elucidate another important point. When she finished, they all looked up.

It was impossible for someone who hadn't had any scouts to have such a good understanding of the overall situation. The only explanation left was that Leonel's territory had a range of at least 400 kilometers.

Not only that, but after he had claimed Nazag's territory, he had somehow gotten it to 400 kilometers of range first as well.

If this was true, Leonel didn't have a vague outline of the day side. He had a near perfect map of what amounted to at least 20% of the day side, a map that was far more valuable than their vague outlines of 100% of it.

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### Chapter 1952: Trump Card vs Trump Card

"The gap isn't that big. What's most important is terrain, dungeons and challenges, we have a strong grasp of all of those."

"We have a strong grasp of terrain and challenges, as well as villages, but dungeons are more difficult. They're often hidden and don't have any obvious markers, we can only make educated guesses. In terms of range, we have the upper hand. But in terms of details and dungeons specifically, we're definitely on the losing end."

The situation wasn't as bad as they thought. Although they didn't know how Leonel had gotten so much range, there was still a large buffer between them and him. In addition, they had their own preparations.

"But look here, Nazag's territory is gone. That means he's moved it. But why?"

"He's planning on using the fusion method. He used the territory map of Nazag's village first, memorized it, then took it with him. Remember, Leonel Morales is the youngest of us all, he lost 20 years, and he is also the Littlest Nova. He's been behind from the very beginning, he knows this more than anyone.

"So his goal is to focus on just a single territory. This is good for us, we'll always know where he is, it'll be much easier to monitor him. I suggest we assign a team to him. With the shorter range, the maps will be much more

detailed and we'll be able to pay attention to everything he does and respond accordingly."

"Agreed, but we need some other measures as well. Fifth Nova is expanding quickly and he's our most immediate enemy, we can't divert too much attention to a fire so far away and end up burned on this side."

"That much is easy. We failed to use the Constellation Bow Alliance, however I think we'll have to stop holding back. Our advantages aren't as large as we would like, especially with these variables. Less release a few more trump cards."

"Already?"

"The best faction to use given the situation is the Lio family, but a constellation family isn't so easy to make use of even if their leader is a bit dense. This is the best choice."

The four looked toward one another and nodded. This was a trump card they only wanted to use during the end game. Using it now would expose their tracks ahead of time and make it less effective in the future, but sometimes part of a powerful trump card was knowing when to use it, and waiting until the last moment wasn't always the ideal moment.

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As the Libra were scheming, Leonel had already been taking his own steps.

They were very much correct about the fact that he had taken advantage of succeeding in the upgrade challenge to map out another 400 kilometers.

The price was steep, but he valued information over all. What he needed most was the location of his next target, and he had found it.

But first, he used the almost a thousand kill exchanges he had gained from the Constellation Bow Alliance, and that over 10 000 he had gained from another successful Silver-Grade challenge, to call forward more subordinates. The first group Leonel called forward was the Umbra family.

In fact, he had called them forward even before beginning the challenge because he had been waiting precisely for nightfall.

Leonel nodded toward Radlis and nodded. "You have the night. By the end of it, I want to know everything about this super continent. Ignore all challenges, mark down the location any dungeons, and [ want a systematic report of every Heir and territory in this region."

"Yes!" Radlis nodded.

In a flash, he and hundreds of Umbra family members melded into the night.

It was as though they had never been there at all, fusing into the shadows like phantoms. In the depths of the night, they were truly at home.

Back when the Umbra family attacked Earth, they were able to vanish from sight even in the middle of the day. However, Leonel had still waited for night to set them loose.

There were multiple reasons for this, but the main reason was efficiency.

The strength of the Umbra family was several times more powerful in the night, and they could, as such, finish their tasks much faster. It wasn't worth it to trade for them earlier than now as they weren't able to display their true strength for fear of exposing their family's ties to the Three Finger Cult.

As such, much like he had done with everything else, Leonel only revealed his cards at the absolute perfect time.

After this, Leonel waved a hand and dozens appeared before him. To the absolute astonishment of those watching from the outside, every single one of them was a member of the Cloud Race. However, they were all in chains.

Leonel had long since bound their wills to him, with a thought, he could kill them. So long as they refused to follow his orders, their death was inevitable.

Of course, Leonel had done all of this long ago. He wouldn't waste precious time here torturing and convincing.

Leonel waved a hand and removed their chains. He flipped a palm, revealing a communication device. His gaze flickered through it as he read with great speed. This information was none other than what Emna and James had already sent back to him after their half days' effort. Within it, there were a few territories already marked.

Of course, Leonel couldn't rely on the information given by just two people, especially since their original job was only to clear as many challenges and dungeons as possible, information was secondary. This was why he had sent out the Umbra family as well.

That said, this advanced information, as crude as it was, was good enough to send out a few teams of Cloud Race members.

"You few will go here... As for you, here..."

Leonel quickly assigned them.

Without many words, the Cloud Race dispersed. After activating their race's movement technique, they were like wisps of silvery-grey in the night, fast and imperceptible.

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### Chapter 1953: Most Neglected

Leonel's asks of them weren't as detailed as he would like, but the rest would have to wait until the Umbra family returned. For now, this would have to do. They would know to infiltrate to the highest level of management they could.

Although it didn't feel like it, there were, quite literally, hundreds of Heirs participating. With the sheer number of families there were, and how many had completely disregarded his words, this number was actually on the lower end.

However, the moon was small, only about half to three quarters the size of Earth.

Of course, a few thousand people versus a moon of this size still made looking for people like looking for a needle in a haystack. As such, Leonel knew he didn't just need to care for the bigwigs, he also needed to find and crush the smaller players before they could get a foothold.

The reason for this was obvious. As he improved his lead, he would eventually become a threat, and because of his abrasive words, he would become a target, not that he wasn't already a target to begin with. Even if Leonel was nothing more than a smiling face and spread nothing but niceties, they would still want to deal with him.

In that case, Leonel had an obvious ticking time bomb strapped to his ankle, and that was the obvious ending where he was swarmed from all sides. He had a numbers problem to face to begin with, if he had to face so many at once, it would be hard to come out victorious.

In that case, Leonel needed to start placing certain countermeasures in place now. The outposts were only the beginning, he would begin systematically grinding away at all of these enemies one by one.

The Umbra would deal with any small groups they ran into that could be casually dealt with. They were a family of assassins after all.

This first group of Cloud Race would infiltrate the few that could be considered to be at a middle range and destroy them from the inside out.

Once the Umbra returned with a full detailed report, he would send out another group of Cloud Race with the purpose of targeting the largest groups and waiting for the opportune moment to crush them.

Leonel finished assigning the Cloud Race swiftly.

He turned toward the Oryx. "Return to the village, enter the Segmented Cube's pods and rest. There are a thousand total pods. Take turns. After each group finishes, head to the north, east, west, south and their in between cardinal directions respectively. The remaining 2000 of you will stay to guard the village."

With the Segmented Cube, Leonel had a measure to deal with the fatigue pushed onto them by the environment. 15 minutes in the pod was worth a day of rest, but by the time they came out, they would be in pristine condition. Although he only had a thousand of them, or more accurately could only spare the energy to use a thousand at a time, it would only take two hours and a half for all 10 000 of the Oryx to be rejuvenated to their full strength.

"As for the first eight groups, I will leave it to your commanders to decide when to retreat and when to advance. Do not die needless deaths."

"Leave it to me," Elthor said boldly.

Leonel nodded and sent them away. Then, he used the remaining more than 10 000 kill exchanges he had gained from the second Silver-Grade upgrade challenge and summoned a large army of Skies family members.



If the number of Leonel's subordinates were to be counted, the largest number without a doubt came from the Skies family. But as a family that wasn't necessarily the strongest, they obviously didn't have too many Seventh Dimensional experts younger than a hundred years old.

Even so, for a family of that scale, while producing 10 000 such individuals who had entered with the God Path was impossible, they had more than enough of such individuals who had done so with the Conventional Path, and that was all Leonel needed.

This was yet another loophole to take advantage of.

While it was true that fatigue worked more luck it would for Third Dimensional existences in this world, that was only after they stepped foot into this world. This meant that from the moment they were summoned, a subordinate would have a fresh pair of legs and eyes.

A fresh pair of legs and eyes perfect for war.

Leonel soared into the skies. Although he could feel the fatigue settling in already, his gaze was still cold and sharp. Before daybreak, he would claim his third Silver-Grade territory. Tomorrow, the Heir Wars would introduce its first Gold-Grade territory.

As Leonel marched, a group of individuals quickly caught up. With the village soon to be protected by the Oryx, Leonel's brothers had already caught up.

Leonel wasn't taking any chances on this. He would kill two birds with one stone on this expedition. Not only would he claim his third territory, he would take down his second Constellation Family.

The Taur family and Armand had entered his line of sight. He would conveniently deal with a small grudge at the same time.

In an unknown corner of the Heir Wars Moon, a familiar trio had gathered.

They stood by the ocean that separated the two super continents, cold air blowing by. They seemed close to one of the poles, but the water didn't seem intent on freezing over. Despite the fact it was clearly salted, it moved like a rushing river.

These three were none other than Orinik, Rychard and Montero.

"This will be the most neglected region of the Heir Wars, but I believe the Ancestor of Morales will be quite thorough. If we claim the seas before anyone else, anyone who wants victory will have to come through us," Orinik said lightly.

"That sounds nice," Montero said somewhat skeptically, "but the question is how. We won't be the only ones, the Pisc and Quarius families will definitely have the same idea. Also, one of them is tied to the First Nova as well."

Hearing this, Orinik's smile only widened.

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### Chapter 1954: Never Stop

#### 1954 Never Stop

"Stop being mysterious, this is serious," Montero pressed.

However, to Montero's surprise, rather than explaining, Orinik looked toward Rychard.

Rychard stepped to the edge of the rushing tide, his expression unreadable as he looked forward. It was difficult to tell what he was thinking, but he suddenly began to speak a moment later.

"Many people think that the Viola family's Lineage Factor is just related to heaviness. Our Violet Force is indeed quite heavy to everyone but us, it allows us to use less effort to explode with a great amount of strength. The more of our Violet Force we use, the greater the difference between our effort output and the strength resulting from it.

"However, this isn't the true secret of the Viola family. Do you know how old I'll be this year?"

Montero frowned. They had all been checked before entering, they should all be less than a hundred years old. Beneath a hundred years old, one's age didn't really matter very much unless you were still stuck at a low Dimensional Tier. But Rychard obviously didn't have this problem.

Rychard shook his head. "I'm already almost a thousand years old. It took me a lot of effort to reach this point. I was still in Tier 9 of the Fifth Dimension

when I was into my 70s, how could [ make it to the Seventh Dimension before I turned a hundred years old? In fact, with my talent, it probably should have been impossible to ever take that step."

Montero's frown deepened. What was Rychard trying to get at? And why was he saying all of this?

"The true ability of Violet Force isn't heaviness. The description is much simpler, but far more profound. It can be summarized in just a single line:

Increasing output. Whatever you give, you will always receive more in

"The true ability of Violet Force isn't heaviness. The description is much simpler, but far more profound. It can be summarized in just a single line:

Increasing output. Whatever you give, you will always receive more in return for.

"If I want to run at 10 miles an hour, my Violet Force will allow me to run at

12 with no added effort. If I swing to 100 pounds of force, my Violet Force will produce a swing of 150 pounds with no added effort on my part. If I exchange dozens of years of life, I'll receive the equivalent of hundreds of years of training results."

Montero's heart skipped a beat.

If what Rychard was saying was true, how could anyone ever defeat the Viola family? Just what kind of Force was this Violet Force and why was it that he had never heard anything about it before? And with such a Force backing them, why was the Viola family so weak? No, even more importantly than that, why was Rychard so weak?

Rychard wasn't even comparable to the geniuses of the Cataclysm Generation who had stepped into the Seventh Dimension, but the way he spoke about his Lineage Factor it would be hard to say that any Lineage Factor in all of existence could be said to be better.

He was quite vague with his numbers and there didn't seem to be any consistency between them, but even if he only gained the smaller 20% boost he mentioned first, that was game changing. A 20% change in strength, especially in the Seventh Dimension, was huge.

Nothing seemed to make sense about this.

"I understand all your questions already. Why are we so weak? Why am I so weak? Why was my family destroyed not just once, but twice. It's quite pathetic when you think about it"

Rychard looked toward Montero. "If I gave you access to a powerful Force right now, how well would you be able to use it? Take what you have the highest affinity in right now and imagine I gave you the number one Force in that category, what would you be able to do with it?"

Montero's creased brows slowly loosened. Indeed, he wouldn't be able to do much with it at all. Just because you had high Fire affinity, didn't mean Scarlet Star Force would listen to you. In fact, it might try to kill you instead.

Leonel had the highest Scarlet Star Force affinity a person could possibly have and it was still trying to kill him.

Rychard looked away.

"Sometimes I think that some God was playing games with our family, rather than a blessing, this Lineage Factor has been more like a curse. Every step is labor intensive. Whenever I have a small breakthrough and sense an increase in my life, I have no choice but to gamble it away in hopes that I can take another.

"That's how I've made it here to this point. If not for becoming trapped in that Zone for those years, I would have never made the breakthroughs I had to finally reach this point and gain what small understanding of this Force that I have."

Even Leonel could have never guessed that this was the reason Rychard looked far older than he should have.

Rychard had only lived less than a hundred years, but the amount of years he had exchanged just to reach this point made him far older than that. He counted his age not in how much time passed, but in how many years he had lost.

His every day was consumed by thoughts of revenge, of avenging his fallen family, of finally reaching the point where he could raise their legacy to the

place his Ancestors and all those who had died had hoped and wished for everyday.

The price was heavy, but he didn't plan to stop. He would never stop.

These Heir Wars were the perfect opportunity. If they could win, not only would they be able to get revenge on Leonel, but they would also be able to partake in the rewards the various families and organizations had pooled together. If they could take first place, then the losses his family had suffered would be returned a hundredfold, and when the time came, the Viola family would rise to the height it was always meant to be at.

He had started from zero before, he would just have to do it again.

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### Chapter 1955: Demand

1955 Demand

"... Then what is your plan?"

Montero calmed his heart. He realized that things were spinning out of his control, and he didn't like it very much. But what allowed him to maintain his composure was the fact that although Rychard had such hidden means, and Orinik was somehow privy to it all, was the fact that neither one of them felt outside of his ability to control.

Of course, the three of them were allies, but such alliances only worked when all three had something equal to contribute, if that balance ever changed, it would quickly slip into a master-servant relationship. He couldn't allow his Eamon family to fall into such a situation after they had finally shed the label of Sixth Dimensional family.

At the same time, Montero needed to make sure that his inner thoughts didn't leak out. There was no need to strain the current relationship needlessly.

"One of the discoveries I've made is the fact that my Violet Force isn't just useful on myself and only myself. If I extend it to others, I can trigger sacrifices within them to force changes. Of course, such parties have to be willing or far weaker than me, but this has some interesting applications, especially when you learn to hone on the exchange point..."

"Using my body as a medium, I can force exchanges even between one or more creatures. When I learned this, my progress became faster as I didn't have to experiment on myself any longer, I could master control of my Force in lesser creatures and only used tried and tested methods on myself"

Rychard bent forward and placed a palm of the dark waters. In the depths of the night, it looked quite black, its depths remaining completely unknown.

"In the Rain Galaxy, there's a very special race of beasts known as the Rain Beasts. They're exceptionally weak, so much so that they're usually kept as domestic pets. From afar, they look like little puffs of blue clouds. They have no faces, no limbs, and are basically just spherical furballs.

"They're usually quite hard to find. They like to rest at the bottom of freshwater sources where they can get quite large. Their existence didn't become well known until they started clogging up some important waterways of populated planets. At first they were just directly killed, but this approach led to large floods.

"It turns out that the Rain Beasts are very good at absorbing water, it just takes them a long time. A very long time. However, when you kill them, they release it all at once, and water, though a seemingly benign creation, can be exceptionally dangerous at the right pressures... in the right quantities...

"A Rain Beast that only absorbs a small amount of water is a cute house pet that can be used to stay cool on a warm day or water your plants conveniently... A Rain Beast that absorbs a large amount of water is a natural disaster.

"As they are now, Rain Beasts aren't very useful to use. But after I'm done with them..."

Rychard retracted his hand, looking up and asking a question he already knew the answer to. "How many points will it take to trade for one Rain Beast?"

"They're not even considered Bronze-Grade," Orinik said with a laugh.

"Trading for a prepared resources always costs ten times less than gaining it here. Killing an Heir-Grade threat would provide 100 000 points here, so it only costs 10 000 points to trade for a prepared Heir-Grade treasure..."

"A Sub-Grade threat provides 10 points... A Sub-Grade treasure exchange... Just 1 point."

"How many Rain Beasts do we have?"

Orinik's smile grew wider. "More than we can use."

Rychard's, Orinik's, and Montero's gazes all burned frighteningly bright as they looked toward the ocean. Indeed, they could make these seas theirs.

And the irony of it all? Rychard wouldn't even have these beasts if not for Leonel forcing him to attack the Rain Galaxy back then in his scheme.

Originally, Rychard had gathered as many as he could, prepared to counter the Chaotic Water Sector he believed had betrayed him, and now... They would lead to Leonel's downfall.

To Rychard, he felt that this was all too poetic.

The conversation of these three went completely unnoticed. With all the excitement going on, not a single soul cared to pay attention to three relative unknowns. The Heirs of the Human Domains strongest families were fighting it out, how could they have time to care about three families that had only recently entered the Seventh Dimension?

It also didn't help that it felt like every one of Leonel's actions was taking the attention of the elders by storm.

The choice to challenge the Silver-Grade immediately once again, especially right after the Oryx had fought such a large battle, was baffling. Many couldn't help but comment on the fact that he was pushing his men too far, it would only be a matter of time before they collapsed.

But before this thought could even be properly formed, the sleeping pods of the Segmented Cube left them in complete and utter silence. After 15

minutes, the Oryx exited as though they had rested for weeks, their auras as towering and powerful as when they first began their march.

Many didn't get much time to spend being surprised about this, because the appearance of the Umbra family left those of Shield Cross Stars watching with narrowed gazes.

Cross Elder Avan, who was also in attendance, couldn't help but watch with a frown. He had never seen such perfect assassins techniques, even with his eyes, he couldn't quite keep up with their movements, and after they scattered, because none of them were Heirs, there was no easy method of finding them again.

Just where had Leonel gotten such a force?

But in very Leonel fashion, even this shock didn't have much time to settle down before Cross Elder Avan and many others stood to their feet, their eyes widened in shock.

"One... Two... Twelve... Twenty-four... One hundred..." Cross Elder Avan stopped counting, it no longer seemed to matter.

He slapped his palm down, his rage echoing through the silence.

"Shield Cross Stars demands an explanation! Where did so many Cloud Race come from?!"

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### Chapter 1956: Single One

#### 1956 Single One

From the beginning, Cross Elder Avan had been silent. He was supposed to be a neutral party, and though he had a belly full of both doubt and fury revolving around the matters of Earth, he had suppressed it. For the same reason he had to retreat from Earth's territory—maintaining the facade of neutrality Shield Cross Stars had—he also had to maintain proper decorum here.

However, the moment he gained a chance to apply pressure, the suppressed fury and doubt erupted forth and he questioned the Morales loudly.

By this point, Ancestor Alvaro's patience was wearing thin. It felt like an hour couldn't pass by without another jumping clown trying to apply pressure on his Morales family. When did they become an easy target seemingly anyone could step onto?



Of course, Alvaro was exaggerating by no small amount. Whether it was Ancestor Golddark, Ancestor Mito of the Constellation Bow Alliance, or Cross Elder Avan, not only were they all Eighth Dimensional monsters, each one of them was the leader of a powerhouse faction of great strength. While they weren't seen to be on the same level as the Morales family, they also couldn't be easily ignored, and this was especially so for Shield Cross Stars.

Even so, Ancestor Alvaro didn't seem to give a damn.

"What kind of tone are you trying to use with me?" He practically growled.

Avan's temper was no less fiery. When he heard these words, he reacted like a tiger who had just gotten its tail stepped on. Fire quite literally blazed in his eyes and the surrounding metal of his flagship began to turn red.

Just earlier, when Leonel had arrived with their stolen flagship and descended to the Heir Wars, he had already been stifling his words and actions. But now it seemed the Morales didn't care about poking the bear.

"Do you think the likes of you are capable of policing my tone?! Do you think I won't sanction the whole Morales family for colluding with the Cloud Race?!"

"Last I checked, Cloud Race scum were gallivanting amidst your ranks.

didn't see any of them in chains until Littlest Nova exposed them. Does Shield Cross Stars have the right to sanction anyone?!"

Cross Elder Avan had been ready for a spar of words, but his next volley was immediately cut off by these words. He felt stifled, so much so that his face turned beat red and his mustache bristled beneath his heaving breaths.

However, unfortunately for him, the Morales weren't finished.

"Littlest Nova had to register all of these Cloud Race people before they were allowed to be used, do you think we don't know where they came from? They were all in Earth's territory! Shield Cross Stars was present all the while, and yet it wasn't until you were kicked out that they were exposed.

"Police Force of the Human Domain? What a joke, you can't even do your jobs as well as a junior!"

Avan's chest heaved. "—So you expect me to believe that just because you say so?!"

"Just like you wanted the Human Domain to believe that an Heir of the Morales was a Tier 1 Fugitive just because you said so!? I still haven't sought an account about that matter, how dare you?!"

"You think I'm afraid of you?! Come, come! Come seek your account!"

The bluster and billowing of the two old men made the starry skies quake. If not for the fact that most other families and organizations had sent their Ancestors as well, the surrounding flagships would have already been blown to bits by this point.

However, that was all... bluster and billowing. Alvaro seemed to be daring Avan to do something more than just talk, but Avan seemed to be doing the same thing.

Shield Cross Stars still needed to maintain their neutrality, while Alvaro had already won their spar of words. By this point, Avan's responses were nothing more than the whining of a baby.

The two barked back and forth, but quite quickly, their argument had no choice but to come to a pause as Leonel's army had already appeared in Armand Taurus' territory.

In that moment, the Taur Constellation family gripped their fists. Leonel was truly ruthless, in the dead of night, he marched.

By this point, the fatigue of the first batch of enterers was already setting in.

For Leonel, it was no different. If there was any advantage he had, it was that his Dream Force was especially dense, so it took quite a lot to fatigue his mind, and his vitality was especially great, making it quite difficult to fatigue his body.

Even so, he was reaching the end of his limits as well. He had used his mind to an extreme today, pushing his calculation abilities to the limit to ensure that every step was as perfect as possible. As for his body, it was in relatively better condition. However, he knew he had to do this.

The Taur family was performing well, although not as well as the leaders.

They had claimed a village that was currently still at the Sub-Grade.

However, other than this, their approach was a bit unique due to their size, or more accurately, the village had adjusted due to this.

The Taur family was a family of giant-like humans. For them, being two meters tall was considered short and most would be taller than three meters tall by the time they reached the Seventh Dimension.

For the sake of fairness, the walls of the Taur family wouldn't possibly be the same size as that of other families. They would naturally build their structures much taller.

As such, the Taur family had gained an advantage only similar giant families gained. After claiming their territory, the height of the walls doubled, as did their thickness. While they were still marginally weaker than the Bronze-Grade, it wasn't by a large amount. As such, the Taur family wasn't obsessed with upgrades just yet and focused on using their territory map to quickly find and clear challenges and dungeons.

Thanks to this approach, they not only had villages with defenses comparable to the Bronze-Grade, they had two of them in relatively close distance.

Even so, Leonel didn't split his forces, he charged on just a single one.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1957: Blazing Battle Intent

#### 1957 Blazing Battle Intent

Leonel sat in silence for a long while. He took deep breaths as three silver Stars appeared to his back. They rotated slowly, large amounts of Dream Force seeping into his body. The recovery of his mind was especially so but it was just enough.

His eyes snapped open and he jumped, fluttering down from the skies amidst the stars.

"Attack!"

The appearance of Leonel and the others had already been noted, but far too late for the Taur to make large, advanced preparations. Among those that were still awake, many were simply scouts. As this was the first day and their nerves were sharp, they were relatively quick to react. But the range of a Sub-Grade village was too short and not everyone had the capital to spend on outposts like Leonel.

At best, their warning was just enough for the Taur that were resting to jump from their beds, rushing forward in preparation for battle.

Unsurprisingly, Armand was among them. With every step he took, the ground quaked, a twin pair of battle axes crossed on his back. He stood at just over four meters tall and his muscles rippled like steel cords beneath his tough skin. The veins that protruded along his body were vibrant and a colorful bluish-purple with just the tiniest hints of golden flakes. One could almost see the blood rushing like tides within them, but one could most definitely hear the tsunami-like crashing waves that urged forward with his every movement.

For such a tall person to appear in the human race, their entire physiology had to be properly changed. His bones were like steel pipes, his heart was like a rumbling engine, his nerves fired with great speed, his muscles were thick and powerful...

When Leonel saw this man, he remembered the first time he had seen him.

Back then, his Snowy Star Owl blood had been completely suppressed. Not used to such a feeling, he had lost in their exchange of gazes.

In reality, it couldn't be considered a loss. Leonel had frowned out of annoyance and Armand had taken it as his victory, maybe rightfully so. It was probably also due to this that Leonel had made the decision to give up the convenience of having techniques to match with his Lineage Factor and abandon the Snowy Star Owl entirely.

Even so, Leonel wasn't the type of person who liked to suffer such a loss.

Maybe even Armand had already forgotten about this matter, after all, so many things had happened since then and Leonel had already proven himself several times over. But as though he had a fishbone stuck in the back of his throat, he had never forgotten this.

At that moment, Leonel surged forward, his army flooding forward with him like a tide of darkness in the night. But very quickly, they lit up the battlefield as though it was midday, sharp flashes of lightning echoing through the skies like ripples of soundwaves.

Leonel's three Stars flickered and vanished, only to be replaced by three blue Stars that were just as vibrant and shocking.

His construct covered his body and his Divine Armor snapped into place.

**BANG!**

He landed before Armand, the ground quaking as he punched out with six fists.

Armand's expression was not good at this moment. He realized that he was outnumbered in a ratio worse than 10 to 1, and now Leonel was appearing before him when he and the few behind him were the only ones capable of changing the situation.

Although Leonel had great numbers, there were no great geniuses among them. Armand could easily face a hundred of them or more at a time alone, and that was only assuming that the rest would try to fight other battles. If there were no other burdens, he was confident in fighting all 10 000 on his own and killing them all.

However, if Leonel blocked him...

"You four go forward! I will deal with him as quickly as possible, don't let our brothers die!"

Armand punched forward, expecting a strong fight, but the moment his fists connected with Leonel's, he frowned. Even when the other two pairs of fists landed on his torso, his frown only deepened.

... Too weak.

Leonel's fists crackled and his forward momentum came to a stop. Even as the Vital Star Force pumped through his veins, he was forced two steps back. If not for the protection of his Divine Armor, his Construct would have definitely lost at least two arms, even his Divine Armor had hairline fractures on it.

Although his Divine Armor was technically of the Life Grade, a Grade that was noted to be the equivalent of the Eighth Dimension, it wasn't truly at this level. Leonel had simply comprehended a new state of Crafting, allowing him to use lower Dimensional materials to display strength of treasures far beyond. As such, when Leonel saw this, he wasn't surprised.

Armand's gaze flashed, his expression turning ferocious as Leonel's eight brothers and several other experts rushed forward to block his strongest backers.

He could end his battle with Leonel quickly. In fact, he was a bit slow, now that he thought about it, as long as Leonel died or was forced to retreat, this victory would be theirs and they would gain over 10 000 kill exchanges on top of that.

However, what Armand couldn't see was that Leonel's expression was absolutely calm. He could practically feel the excitement of the Taur and other families watching, believing that he had overestimated himself.

A smirk curled his lips.

He had crushed Nazag because the latter was an expert of the bow and he was a Bow Sovereign, what chance did he stand? Armand, however, was not only a genius at Nazag's level, but he had no obvious weaknesses against Leonel.

It could be said that this would be Leonel's first true test since stepping into the Heir Wars. The gap between the Sixth and Seventh Dimensions was indeed obscenely large...

But he had only used his fists just now. Since when was he a fist expert?

Leonel's aura flourished. "[Star Fusion: Combustion].

The sapphire blue Stars to Leonel's back suddenly blazed to life becoming more akin to balls of fire than Stars.

At the same time, the Vital Star Force rushing out from the joints and valves of his Divine Armor turned from royal blue to deep crimson as he grasped at the air, a large black rod appearing in his hands.

"Show me why they call you all the Cataclysm Generation. The last time I fought one of you, I was greatly disappointed."

Leonel's battle intent blazed.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1958: Aura

#### 1958 Aura

Two giants stood across from one another, their auras blazing. Leonel's black spear pulsed with dense black fog, rising like a tide and forming a twin pair of menacing blades. At the same time, Armand pulled his twin axes from his back, the veins along his forearms pulsing.

Leonel's Force rippled with a dense crimson. Armand's skin seemed to redden, a white steam coming off of him as his heart seemed to rev up like an engine.

The two moved at once.

**BANG!**

The ground cracked, rippling Force spreading out in all directions. Despite their size, they moved like wisps of wind. For most, the only way to keep track of them was to follow the trail of white and red. The colors intertwined, connecting and separating, spinning around one another and separating, sending one flying, and then the other reciprocating.

Armand's gaze sharpened and his blood continued to heat up. After the first exchange, whatever excitement he had had for this battle had waned. He had a poor habit of being lazy. He couldn't seem to get up to do things unless there was a great battle in store for him. Not only his actions, but his face seemed to reflect this. He cared too little about many things.

However, after the second exchange, and the third, and the fourth.

His eyes began to slowly redden. His muscles grew a size and a pair of horns began to slowly manifest from his head. It seemed that with every exchange, they would grow another inch, and with them, his strength would rise explosively.

By the time they had grown to just over two feet, Leonel's combustion was being quickly suppressed.

Even so, in that moment, the two of them suddenly laughed, a booming laughter that rumbled like thunder and struck like lightning.

BANG!

Leonel was sent reeling backward as Armand spread out his arms, his aura towering. The shimmering, but faint image of a creature loomed behind him.

When it appeared, his body expanded by double its original size, his aura continuing to climb.

On the outside, the Taur family elders sighed a breath of relief. In truth, they were quite helpless. Armand was the most talented junior to be born into their family in a very long time, maybe ever. But his laziness was a real problem. He should have been spoken about along with the likes of the Sword Deity and Bow Deity, but he couldn't be bothered.

This state of his... This was the first time they had seen it in a very long time.

They were surprised that it was Leonel who could bring this out of him, especially since, with their sharp eyes, they could tell that Leonel wasn't nearly enough to threaten him, at least not with the power he was using currently.

However, Armand could sense something familiar from Leonel, a familiar sort of arrogance.

It wasn't that Armand was lazy, it was rather that he didn't feel much was worth his effort. He wasn't interested in recognition, nor was he interested in accolades. His position in the Taur family had already stabilized the day he was born, so what was there to strive for? In fact, he was only participating in this battle because his elders had made him.

But for some reason... He suddenly felt excited.

Leonel clapped his second and third pair of hands together, causing a resonating shockwave to spread out in all directions. To his back, his three Stars suddenly became five, a pair of dark blue Stars pairing with his three radiant bright blue Stars.



Armand swung both of his axes downward without the slightest hint of mercy in his eyes. A bloodlust leaked from his body. He seemed to have forgotten about everything, even his fellow family members. All he wanted was battle.

The wind kicked up and Leonel's Absolute Spear Domain suddenly manifested. However, it was decidedly different from usual. Rather than a simple radiant gold, it carried a dark blue heaviness to it.

Armand found his twin axes slowing before he even made contact.

Leonel's smile seemed to have vanished and all that was left was an abrupt coldness. What excitement and pleasure that had been on his face seemed to have been entirely suppressed.

"[Star Fusion: King's Might].

Leonel's aura erupted once against, the dense crimson becoming an even denser violet. It felt as though a King had descended, the spear crown on his construct's three heads growing in size and magnificence.

His spear pierced forward, vanishing through the void.

Armand's heart skipped a beat. He hurriedly reversed the flow of his Force, something that would have shredded apart the body of almost anyone else, but he seemed to do it with ease, blocking with all his might.

BANG!

Armand stumbled a step back, but Leonel had already retracted his spear and pierced forward again. At the same time, the motion of his second and third pair of hands shifted, a large accumulation of Void Star Force appearing in the skies like surging flood dragons that descended with a deathly momentum.

Swift. Swift. Swift.

Leonel's spear seemed to have changed entirely, its magnificence on full display. It felt as though he had just been toying around before. His previous attempts had entirely lacked the same elegance, the same oppression.

Forceful.

BANG!

Armand's block was nearly thrown back entirely, his back bending at an awkward angle. The excitement blazing in his eyes only seemed to be increasing. His muscles pulsed so quickly that they seemed to vibrate. He dug his heels in the ground, his horns turning red under the heat his body was giving off.

ROAR!

Holding his axes, he punched out, meeting the twin flood dragons of Void Star Force. He seemed to completely ignore Leonel's spear as it approached and pierced into his chest.

BANG!

He was sent flying backward, his body arcing as he oriented himself in the skies and landed heavily.

Suddenly, his expression changed. Leonel's aura had changed once again.

Before the eyes of everyone, the two dark blue Stars began to quickly accumulate Runes, its aura growing.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1959: Emptiness

#### 1959 Emptiness

When Armand looked up, he could seem to see Leonel's gaze. Despite the armor, despite the construct, despite the rippling obstructions of Force, he could still feel it.

It was a gaze of dominance, a gaze that demanded submission, a gaze that wanted to crush the pride in his heart and force it into obedience.

An absolute defense circulated around Leonel. An absolute offense graced the tip of his spear. And with a step, a flawless synergy seemed to be formed.

The blade of his black spear grew and dwarfed Armand's blades in the blink of an eye.

"Kneel."

It was just a single word, just a single syllable, just a single breath. However, the world seemed to change colors.

When the tip of Leonel's spear appeared before him this time, Armand saw that it was bathed in a violet light as well. Sometimes, the essence of a spear technique didn't need a long phrase behind. Often an emotion didn't need a long explanation attached to it. Leonel's spear seemed to embody this, and it demanded surrender.

The unwillingness bubbled up from deep with Armand and his battle intent quickly turned to fury.

**BANG!**

At that moment, the shimmering image behind him solidified and grew with a towering majesty. The form of a golden minotaur stood. Its horns shimmered like two gems, its body looking as though it was carved of the most precious gems.

All at once, the Taur Ancestors rose to their feet, the excitement in their eyes practically boiling over.

Armand's body grew yet another size, the veins coursing throughout his body pumping. In the past, there were only faint flecks of gold, but now, they radiated a dense golden energy as though liquid gold was coursing through his body.

Armand roared and swung to meet Leonel's blade.

Their weapons collided and the world fell into silence for just a moment before everything seemed to be unleashed all at once.

The ground beneath and around them was blasted apart, a large crater spreading out. The air snapped and crackled, and the region for countless kilometers was lit up by colors of gold and violet.

Leonel felt a powerful resistance, but so too did Armand. The faces of his construct and Armand were practically nose to nose. They leaned forward, even somewhat crossing over their own weapons as if they would rather headbutt than exchange blows with their blades.

However, at that moment, Armand's blades gave way.

Leonel's spear descended, slashing across his chest as though it was nothing more than wet paper. He severed flesh and bone as one, cutting into his lungs and heart.

Armand collapsed to a knee, coughing up a mouthful of blood, and then another. The intent to battle was still blazing in his eyes, the golden idol to his back making that intent clear. But even with his usual healing factor, the wound refused to close.

Leonel looked down toward the cracked battle axes in Armand's hands.

They were excellent weapons, but unfortunately, they were only of the gold grade. After their first few exchanges, they had already shown signs of cracking and fracture. Although Armand had tried to protect them with his Battle Ax Force, how could his weapon Force be superior to Leonel's despite being in the Seventh Dimension?

Leonel felt that it was a bit unfortunate. He could have stopped when he sensed Armand's axes giving way, or he could have used a weaker spear from the beginning, but he had refused to do so. These Heir Wars weren't about his own selfish desires to do battle, his goal here was bigger. He was already indulging enough by fighting Armand alone and not teaming up with Aina to finish it quickly in the first place, he couldn't indulge any more than that.

There was a moment of silence as Leonel met Armand's gaze.

"Good battle," he said plainly.

Armand looked up without a word. Even though he was on a knee, he barely had to, his increase in size having been enough that even while down, he was almost the height of Leonel's construct. At that moment, he could have crushed his badge and escaped, but seeing the slaughter of his clansmen around him, his eyes dimmed. For the first time, his battle intent waned somewhat.

The tip of Leonel's spear trembled once and Armand's head was severed from his shoulders.

The Taur family fell into silence. Veins popped across their forearms and foreheads, the heat in their surroundings rising as their bloodlines thumped.

The sound of their hearts, especially as they resonated as one, felt like rumbling and collapsing earth.

Unlike the others, they took deep breaths and didn't say a word, but the red in their eyes, their growing horns and the quaking of their flagship painted a completely different picture.

The echo of Leonel's words seemed to descend once more. The words of a King couldn't be retracted, and exceptions couldn't be made for them.

Others might have thought that Leonel might spare Armand for the sake of a good battle, or because he had never wanted to be there in the first place, or because he felt a sort of resonance with him. But...

Leonel had never had any intention of doing that.

As many came is as many as he would kill.

He looked up into the skies as though he could see the gazes of those that must have been paying attention to him right this moment. His momentum was undying. If it wasn't obvious already, it was as clear as day now. He had come with the intention of fighting against the world.

On just the first day, Leonel had killed not just one genius of the Cataclysm Generation, but two of them. These geniuses that should have been fighting it out for the final, ultimate glory, were unceremoniously slaughtered with the Human Domain as witness.

The words of Leonel Morales were never and would never be spoken with any sort of emptiness.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 1960: Interesting

1960 Interesting

Every action Leonel took seemed to remind him of the words he had spoken back then. Every genius that fell caused another pang of regret to light their hearts, another surging pain and unwillingness coursing through their veins.

It was at that moment that some began to realize that Leonel had done this on purpose. Every time he killed, they would be reminded of their words, reminded of what could have been, reminded that everything that was happening now was their fault.

Whether they acknowledged that in the future and didn't blame Leonel himself was entirely unknown. However, what was certain was that they would know the truth in their hearts.

Armand had never wanted to enter the Heir Wars to begin with, it was they who had made him, they who had ignored his wishes. He could have been home right this moment, lounging as he normally did. But now he was lying in a pool of his own blood.

"Ruthless, too ruthless." Ancestor Golddark said coldly. This time, he didn't bother to seek an answer from the Morales family, he only said this to stoke the flames. His Golddark family wouldn't be the only one to suffer, and if there was an opportunity to retaliate, they also wouldn't be alone.

However, when he glanced over at the Morales Ancestor, all he saw was pride in their eyes and sneers on their lips. This group of madmen didn't seem to give a damn.

"Gather up," Leonel's voice called out as he lowered his gaze from the skies.

"We'll begin the Silver-Grade upgrade now"

"Yes!"

The Skies family members took deep breaths, but they weren't nearly at the end of their ropes yet. They had had overwhelming numbers, and though they had to team up for victory, this had helped them to save quite a lot of energy as well. They were prepared.

They reformed their teams and gathered up. With Silver-Grade threats on the horizon, they would once again have a tough challenge ahead of them, and this time Leonel didn't have any terrain changers to use to his advantage. Even so, their numbers, with the support of his brothers, him and Aina, should be enough.

The upgrade challenge was triggered and the battle ensued. As expected, it was far more challenging than the first time around. The Skies family

members, at least the majority of them, were only about as strong as Bronze-Grade threats, as if they could fight such an existence one on one.

Only about 10% of them were as good as a Silver-Grade threat.

The Oryx were different in this regard, which was why they were such a surprise to the people of the Human Domain. This relatively unknown race of people were mostly Silver-Grade threats with about 10% of them being Gold-Grade threats.

This aside, given the circumstances, it was unsurprising that the challenge was tough. This time, it was Leonel and his group that was at a disadvantage in number. Not only were they disadvantaged in terms of numbers, but they were also weaker overall.

If Leonel's earlier actions had seemed insane, this was even beyond just that.

His eagerness to gather a third city to complete the fusion was excessive, this was especially so given the fact that if he was struggling so much with a Silver-Grade upgrade, there was absolutely no way he would be able to deal with the Gold-Grade upgrade challenge anyway.

Not only would the numbers they faced in the Gold-Grade upgrade challenge be at least a hundred times more than the around 10 000 of the Silver-Grade, because it was a fusion path he was taking, it would be three times more than even that. On top of that, they would all be Gold-Grade threats!

By this logic, it made no sense for Leonel to be pushing the limits like this.

He shouldn't be able to enter the Gold-Grade anytime soon anyway.

However, at that moment, Leonel took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

When they opened again, the fatigue within them was clear, but the determination was even clearer. These next few steps would be the ultimate deciding factor.

Three silver Stars appeared to Leonel's back once more and he roared into the skies. If one was standing to his back, it would be possible to see a silvery-gold glow shimmering through the back of his neck.

At that moment, one after another, countless troll beasts appeared in the skies, each valiantly wearing a coat of violet armor.

Dozens, then hundreds, then thousands, then over ten thousand.

They had hardly settled down when Leonel's aura rose again. Roars echoed across the skies as one Earth Dragon after another began to appear, their enormous bodies blotting out the skies. They, too, looked exceptionally valiant donning their own violet armor, their presences menacing as their hundreds of blade-like legs pierced down from the skies above.

Leonel huffed and puffed, veins popping up across his forehead.

At that moment, he used a kill exchange and summoned Little Blackstar. The little guy was only about three feet long, but he seemed to instantly become the center of the battlefield.

"Crush them," Leonel said lightly.

He threw everything he had forward. It was maybe only now that those watching understood that Leonel hadn't run out of trump cards just yet. In fact, the only new ability he had displayed just now was the summoning of a beast creature they had never seen before. The little mink looked unremarkable, but the moment he entered the fray, he didn't kill in batches any smaller than ten.

Under the control of Leonel, Silver-Grade spirit constructs crashed against Silver-Grade beasts, monsters and trolls.

The pressure against the Skies family members was alleviated instantly. With Leonel's spirit constructs taking the frontlines, their job couldn't have been easier. They looked for vulnerable creatures and killed them while they were occupied.

Strikes of lightning spread across the battlefield and the battle soon came to an end.

Leonel took deep breaths, his body seemingly reaching its limits as well. His mind couldn't help but wonder. This sort of feeling was created using nothing but Dream Force, that he was certain of... What was the secret behind it? And could he replicate it?

Leonel claimed the city after spending millions to expand its region to 400



kilometers as well. His gaze flickered for a moment when he saw what the territory map had to offer.

'Interesting;