

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1961: Fairy Tale

1961 Fairy Tale

Leonel didn't move, standing in silence for a long while. His eyes were getting heavier, but he still pushed his mind to the absolute limit. After a moment, he waved a hand. This time, another wave of about 200 or so Cloud Race members appeared. Among them, there was even the former Secretary Marquisette Maia.

Maia looked up toward Leonel with a cold gaze, but she didn't say anything.

Her two sons were in Leonel's hands, there really was nothing that she could do. While she had planned to enter the special coma-like state of the Cloud Race, under Leonel's threat, she couldn't do this.

"You'll be him until I tell you otherwise," Leonel nudged a head toward Armand's corpse.

Maia took a glance and didn't say anything. But after a moment, her aura shifted and she grew to the point where she was almost an entire two meters taller than Leonel. At a glance, even with further inspection, she looked exactly like Armand without the slightest deviation in look or aura, even her demeanor had become similar to his.

Leonel hadn't expected this sort of accuracy from a corpse. There was definitely something special about the Cloud Race's ability to replicate others, more special than he knew.

Disregarding this matter for now, Leonel sent the Cloud Race members away. They came as Cloud Race individuals and left as giants of the human race.

A plan brewed in Leonel's mind as he watched them leave. The moment he had noticed that the Taur family had not just one, but two villages, another idea began to formulate in his mind. He shifted around some of his original plans and made some small adjustments.

Maia would have originally been invaluable to clearing the coming Gold-Grade upgrade challenge, but in her current spot, she was much more useful to him.

Once this was done, Leonel claimed the now Silver-Grade city, completing his trifecta. Now, it was time to return and rest. By this point, all 10 000 of the Oryx should have gotten the rest they needed.

"Let's go."

Leonel lit the region on fire. He wanted to give off the illusion that a great battle had been fought, but while the Taur lost one village, they managed to hold Leonel off and retreat to their second city. This displayed the strength Leonel wanted to give off while also making his trap easier to hop into.

As of now, no one in the Heir Wars knew that he had Cloud Race pawns on his side, and he would keep it that way for as long as possible. By the time his trap was sprung, he would be able to raze the day side to the ground and march toward the night side. Victory would be his.

Although everyone saw Leonel's actions in impersonating the Taur family geniuses, there was nothing that they could do about it. Even the Morales family wasn't interfering with the event, and if they tried to secretly communicate, the first to notice would be Ancestor Hito. Everything was under their control and cheating at this point was impossible. It would all come down to what preparations their youths had made ahead of time.

Even so, seeing Leonel using the Cloud Race in this way no doubt made the Taur family absolutely furious. All the while, an incomplete and even false impression of the events was relayed to the Libra family Heirs. Their grasp of the situation was limited to begin with, they could only see the aftermath of the event and conclude exactly what Leonel wanted them to conclude...

Upon returning to the village, Leonel entered a pod. When he stepped out just 15 minutes later, those watching were surprised, but they had already seen the Oryx do this. They could only watch with ugly expressions as Leonel gained another huge advantage.

"Recall the troops marching in this direction, both of them."

The messages were sent out swiftly and they began their return. Leonel didn't want the troops he had sent out initially to interfere with the new

"Taur" family. After all, if there was a troop in that area that the Taur, for some reason, didn't touch, it would be exposed as an oddity almost immediately. It was best that he regroup and reassign them.

After Leonel sent out these orders, he gathered Aina and his brothers along with Raylion, Sael and the others as the Skies family took their turns in the pods.

He marked out locations on the map and sent them out. Their targets were the dungeons that had used their now three territories to memorize the locations of. With the fact he had upgraded three regions to the Silver-Grade now, they had not only spawned many more challenges, but many more dungeons as well, increasing the frequency of Silver-Grade rewards.

After sending them away, Leonel used yet another kill exchange to bring out Little Tolly.

By this point, everyone seemed to have realized that Leonel was running out of subordinates. Right this moment, he had thousands of kill exchanges, and yet he didn't use them. Instead, he converted them all into points after bringing out Noah and some other geniuses of Earth. Even when it came to the Cloud Race he had sent to impersonate the Taur family, he only sent them the 500 points they needed to upgrade to the Bronze-Grade then left them to their own devices.

As for the now over 11 million points he had now, they seemed to sit idle, burning a hole in his pocket. However, Leonel didn't seem to notice.

One by one, he took out the items the Segmented Cube had spent the day completing. After handing the Skies family their weapons and armors, he moved one to take out large bundles of what seemed to be simple plates without the slightest hint of engravings.

Leonel's three Stars appeared to his back, Runes dancing across its surface as he leapt past his village walls, appearing in the depths of the mountain range that now surrounded them.

He lifted his hands and controlled Little Tolly with one hand. In the other, he held a Life Grade Force Crafting Quill that could only be described as gorgeous. Although it was formed with an ink blank feather, every time Leonel's wrist flickered and it trembled, golden dust would sparkle down from its body, making it look as though it had come out of a fairy tale.

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Chapter 1962: The Ocean

1962 The Ocean

None had ever seen Leonel Force Craft before. He had left everything to the Segmented Cube until this moment.

From the beginning, most had assumed that Fifth Nova was the most talented Crafter of them all and that Leonel was probably the most talented in Combat. Most didn't understand the intricacies of the Divine Armor technique and as such couldn't make accurate deductions about them, only the Morales family understood for certain that it must have been Leonel who created his Life Grade armor, for others, it was easier to assume that there must be a different sort of explanation.

However, no one had expected Leonel to go from a path of murder to one of Crafting supremacy. His demeanor seemed entirely the same, and yet his actions couldn't have been any different. It felt like his quill had become a spear, carving out everything in its path and crushing all it came across.

Leonel's drawn Force Arts could only be said to be perfect. His Finger Designation left afterimages in the air as his hands danced across the skies.

Leonel tossed a plain plate of silver metal into the air.

Little Tolly snaked forward, enveloping it as Leonel's fingers tapped at the air. The crushing sound of the sound barrier shattering again and again resounded as Leonel's fingers only seemed to become faster and faster.

Little Tolly responded in kind, the plate of metal becoming long and wire-y before folding over itself and stretching out again.

With his other hand, Leonel's Force Arts appeared one after another. They danced in the wind like fluttering butterflies. Each had their own unique expression, breathing life into the surroundings. The weathered grass beneath his feet became more vibrant and the wind smelled sweeter.

In the end, a long, curved bar appeared and the Force Arts shot forward, embedding themselves and sinking into the metal rod as though they had always been one.

With a thought, Leonel planted the curved rod into the ground, perfectly connecting it with the one he had finished last.

As he moved across the exterior of his village, moving up and down the mountainous region and even diving into the long rivers he had created with the irrigation reward, a picture slowly began to form in the heads of those watching.

Leonel was setting up a formation. Not only was he setting up a formation, but he was setting it up alone and without even the slightest deviation in error.

By the time he was finished, the sun had begun to appear over the horizon as dawn presented itself to the world. As Leonel set down the last bar, a ripple spread out in all directions. The formation solidified just as the Umbra family began to return one after another.

Leonel listened to their reports one by one, building up a solid understanding of the day side of the formation. However, there was something that he was quite interested in, so he looked toward Radlis for an explanation.

"No one seems to have stepped foot into the water on the surface, there are no signs of any waterfront villages being claimed, even the Water Force prominent families are taking their time."

Leonel's gaze narrowed. The water was difficult to deal with, it was hard to tell what might be down there. Leonel had thought about expanding in that way specifically because it was difficult, but he changed his mind in the end, it wasn't worth it. The effort it would take didn't end up being worthwhile according to his simulations.

However, Leonel knew that there would be others who had similar thoughts.

Controlling the waterways might become a huge pitfall in the future.

"In that case, that means there are only small groups dealing in the waters currently. I also assume that the Pisc and Quarius families are expanding in that direction.

Radlis nodded. "Yes. Although they didn't start there, they are definitely making a move toward it. It also seems that they've sent small groups, just like you've said. However, their targets are clearing the challenges and dungeons no one else can reach.

Leonel nodded. The Heir Wars were meant to reflect the challenges in the real world. One only needed to look toward Earth to understand how difficult it was for fledgling worlds to deal with oceanic creatures and territories. If Earth hadn't terraformed and built a supercontinent, their trouble after the Metamorphosis would have been countless times worse.

Now, that trouble was being reflected here.

One might wonder why the ocean was so much more trouble than land, and there were multiple reasons.

The first was the obvious fact: humans couldn't breathe in water. Although Force could replace it for a time, that wouldn't be indefinite, it also didn't help that the density of Water Force in the ocean meant that it was practically the only Force available to absorb and you would need special affinity with Water Force to separate out the Forces you wanted from its special brand of neutral Force.

The second was the vastness and the relative secrecy. It was far too large and there were too many secret corners and crevices. Even Emperor Fawkes hadn't managed to find an easy way to deal with the ocean.

The third was strength. Creatures that could withstand the water pressure of the ocean, especially after the Metamorphosis, were all bound to be exceptional. There was no great change in gravity in the beginning, and any changes were slight and gradual. However, such slight changes could result in exponential changes in water pressure in the deepest reaches of the ocean.

In addition, there was another glaring issue that fit into this third category:

Invalids. Emperor Fawkes had wiped almost all Invalids in a single move...

invalids on the surface, that is. Falling Paradise Islands might have caused devastating effects on the land, but in the ocean, given its depth, there was only so much their falls could have done.

This made the ocean a prime location for the fostering of Beast Invalids, and more shockingly than that, Beast Variant Invalids.

It was unknown whether or not Ancestor Hito would actually use Invalids, it was doubtful. But, he would make the difficulty of the ocean reflect real life, that much was certain.

Leonel knew this, and as such, it was on his list of things to monitor despite the difficulty in doing so.

[Author's Note: bad news looms over the horizon. Potentially just two chapters today. As always, will do my best to get no3 out]

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Chapter 1963: Too Late

1963 Too Late

There was nothing much that could be done about the ocean for now. The only method forward was patience and prudence. That said, when it came to the other tidbits of information, that he could do something about.

Leonel summons another wave of Cloud Race members. This time, his orders were hyper specific and targeted. In fact, they felt even more detailed than even the information the Umbra family had given him. Radlis, however, was slowly getting used to working with Leonel. He understood that this man was one who didn't like to explain things. In all likelihood, he had already had an idea of what he wanted to do even before sending the Cloud Race members out.

"Go and rest. After you've recovered, you and the others will head to the other supercontinent. Ignore the ocean for now, but note anything out of the ordinary." Leonel said, before looking up. "It's about time."

With the sun rising on this side, it could be night on the opposing side of the moon now. This was the perfect time for the Umbra family to take action.

Even if Leonel was on this half, he had no intention of neglecting the other.

He had eyes on complete supremacy.

While it was true that his performance until now was already enough to justify his arrogance and boldness, giving the Morales family quite a bit of momentum, he wasn't nearly satisfied enough. As he had said, this was nothing more than the precursor.

Leonel's figure flickered, appearing in the core region of the village. His gaze was sharp and his heart calm. The fatigue was already beginning to

accumulate between his brows once again, but it wasn't nearly as bad as it had been previously. It seemed that he almost took Crafting as a time of leisure rather than an intrusively difficult activity.

Many had begun to pay attention to other things while Leonel was crafting the formation. There were too few who understood Force Crafting truly. It was only those of the Omann family and the Morales family who couldn't take their eyes away, but even then, their relative reactions were far different.

A deep frown marred Ancestor Radrian's brows. The skill that Leonel was displaying didn't make any sense to him. The precision, the meticulousness, even the faint inklings he had grasped toward his potential intentions, they all didn't seem to be something a junior of the Sixth Dimension should have been capable of.

He would just barely be able to accept it if Leonel was the same age as the others, but if his information was correct, Leonel wasn't even 30 years old yet. In fact, he was quite a number of years from that age. How could he do this?

As for the Morales family, they saw things on an even deeper layer.

One would have thought that Leonel had allowed the Segmented to only forge the more complicated treasures like armors and weapons. But hours ago, when he first took out those plates, the eyes of the Morales Ancestors couldn't help but light up.

Those plates weren't just forged of a single metal, they were instead a composite of them, a beautifully refined alloy. But what was especially shocking was that even with their sharp eyes, it took them several hours of observation to realize this.

Of course, they had known that it had to be something special because it was a metal they didn't recognize. With their wisdom and years of experience, how could there possibly be an ore they didn't recognize? But it was also because of that confusion that they realized how beautifully forged this alloy was, so perfect that it made them doubt themselves.

This metal alloy, without a doubt, had reached the level of the Life Grade. It had reached a level where it seemed that nature itself had created it.

When the Ancestors realized this, they also came to understand just what Leonel had planned. He was using a self-created alloy as the foundation for

this formation he was creating, which also meant that this formation, whatever it was, was also self-created.

However, even with this being the case, when they saw Leonel enter the central core of the village, their hearts couldn't help but skip several beats.

This was insane.

That was all they could describe it as. Although Leonel's choice to challenge the Bronze and Silver-Grades were crazy to the majority, that was mostly because many still saw him as a Sixth Dimensional existence back then.

If it had been Armand, or the Sword Deity, or Adawarth who had forced through such challenges, they could still accept it. That was because in the worst scenario, these geniuses could take center stage and force victory using their own power.

But when it came to the Gold-Grade, no matter how you looked at it, it was simply impossible for one to do that on their own, and there was no sudden landscape change that could help now either, and even if there were, given the sheer number of enemies that could be coming... Even if Leonel could somehow manifest another mountain from thin air, it simply wouldn't be enough to deal with them all.

There were already over 12 000 enemies in the Silver-Grade Upgrade challenge. The number to face in the Gold-Grade upgrade challenge would be a hundred times that at over a million! To make matters worse, Leonel would have to face three times that amount!

Right now, even after recalling two troops of Oryx, Leonel only had 4000

subordinates. If he included the Skies family who had recovered by now, that was 14 000. And, even if he included the 10 000 or so souls he had claimed from, that was still not even 1% of the number of enemies he would be facing soon.

As though that wasn't enough, on top of that, he had sent his strongest individual combatants away. Whether it was Aina, James, Elthor, Noah, or the others, they were currently away on the tasks Leonel had set aside from them.

At this point, even the Morales Ancestors wanted to reach through the screen and tell him to stop.

But it was already too late. Leonel brought out his other two city cores and threw them forward.

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Chapter 1964: Worries

1964 Worries

The ground began to rumble. The near immediate commotion was so great that it made Leonel's ears ring. Even so, he walked out from the core of the village calmly.

"Take your positions on the wall. The rest will be left up to me," Leonel said lightly.

The Skies family and the Oryx were already in position. However, the way they took up their positions could only be said to be odd. Along the walls, there were only enough positions for a few hundred of them. With what could only be described as precise organization, they formed lines behind these positions, only one stepping up and onto the wall at a time. At the same time, at the end of the line, a sleeping pod was lined up.

These first few hundred in the first batch positioned themselves behind railguns that reminded them eerily of the one Allan had used previously to hold off the Constellation Bow Alliance. However, these somehow seemed more... complete.

Despite seeing this, the worry on the brows of the Morales family elders only deepened. What were a few hundred railguns going to do? Even if it was thousands it wouldn't be enough.

These beasts were created to not have consciences. They didn't care about how many of their allies were dying and they only felt bloodlust. Their only thoughts were of rushing forward as quickly as possible and reaping as many lives as they could. Even if a hundred thousand fell, another hundred thousand would be right there to replace them, even if it was the last hundred thousand. They had no concept of morale or momentum, normal war tactics simply wouldn't work.

These upgrade challenges were designed to mimic the real life patterns of Invalids. There was simply no simple way to deal with them, and lining the walls with a few guns just seemed foolhardy.

These upgrade challenges were designed to mimic the real life patterns of Invalids. There was simply no simple way to deal with them, and lining the walls with a few guns just seemed foolhardy.

The only saving grace was that if the upgrade failed and the walls fell, Leonel could at least run away, but that would also unleash these millions of Invalids on the continent. At the same time, that would ruin all of Leonel's progress and his advantages would vanish into thin air.

At this point, even those who wanted Leonel to fail didn't say anything. They didn't feel there was a point, the outcome felt inevitable. However, whether this was an outcome that Leonel wanted or not was what they were on the fence about.

Now that they thought about it, maybe Leonel had sent his most powerful combatants away on purpose, what if this was another scheme of his?

This worry had resulted in them remaining silent. It seemed that Leonel's previous successes had left their scars, even at this point, many were hesitant to make their final judgments.

As Leonel stepped into the air calmly, his expression indifferent and his coarse linen shirt and pants ruffling in the wind, his confidence seemed to be palpable.

The ground continued to rumble as Leonel continued to rise into the air, a simple silver-gold platform of Emulation Spatial Force becoming his seat as he flew several hundred meters into the air. He closed his eyes, seemingly unable to sense the rumbling ground at all. However, his lips slightly parted.

"Fire," Leonel said lightly.

His voice was soft amidst the rumbling, and yet it traveled to each one of their ears. The few hundred on the walls gripped the handles of their railguns tight, swinging them forward.

A black sea of enemies appeared not even a kilometer away. Their roars and clanging weapons grated on the ears, a suffocating heat and bloody scent quickly rising through the air. They seemed endless, felt boundless...

And then the first railguns fired.

Sparking lightning howled and solid rays of golden-yellow lasers streaked across the air, their projectiles hidden within.

The first volley connected with the front line, causing a rain of blood and gore to surge into the skies. Just a single ray seemed to take out dozens before it was eventually blocked. After a collective volley, thousands had fallen.

The railguns swung once more, lightning sparking once again as they fired.

The loading process seemed smooth and seamless. Once again, another few thousand died.

However... what was a few thousand to several million? And to make matters worse, after just two volleys, the "marksmen" were already pale. Most would only be able to withstand just a single more volley, while all of them only have a maximum of four to give.

The situation seemed helpless, and yet Leonel's voice descended calmly.

"Swap.

The lines shifted forward. The first group fell back and rushed to enter the resting pods and a new marksman stepped in on each railgun. Renewed and rejuvenated, the firing continued at the same rhythm, not a single beat was missed.

By the time the army had closed the distance by half, almost ten volleys had been sent and over 50 000 had died. There was no doubt that Leonel's approach was effective, but it still felt like it wasn't nearly enough.

But it was at this moment that Leonel slowly opened his eyes. They didn't seem sharp. In fact, they seemed almost dull and lifeless, almost as though his attention was elsewhere.

Down below, the army was only a hundred or so meters away from crossing the first line of his formation and he was ready and prepared.

Three silver Stars appeared to Leonel's back, slowly rotating as large amounts of Dream Force rushed into his body, replenishing his mind and soothing his soul.

Then, one after another, familiar valiant souls began to appear on the battlefield. Donned in violet battle armor, they seemed prepared to face the world.

Even so, when they appeared, the hearts of the Morales family elders sank. If Leonel had done something else, anything else, they would have still had some hope. But they had already seen this trick before, it had already been pushed to the limits when Leonel had to take on his most recent Silver-Grade upgrade, what good would it be here?

Despite this, Leonel couldn't seem to sense the worries of anyone else.

Two more Stars appeared to his back, Runes beginning to dance across its surface. The temperature sky rocketed as the twin pair of red-gold balls of fire appeared.

At that moment, one after another, the eyes of the soul constructs below suddenly began to blaze with fire as well...

Scarlet Star Force.

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Chapter 1965: Real

1965 Real

At that moment, the demeanor of the soul constructs completely changed...

no, it was more accurate to say that it felt as though 10 000 Leonel's had appeared at once, all powerful and all equally as real.

All at once, they raised their palms and 10 000 bows appeared. These weren't soul constructs or creations of Emulation Spatial Force. They were real, tangible bows that could have only been forged by the Segmented Cube. Although each one only exuded the aura of the Bronze Grade, when they entered the palms of the soul constructs, they suddenly became the weapons of a King.

They drew their bowstrings back at once, their backs straight and their gazes sharp.

The instant the first line of army crossed the formation line, they fired.

The speed of firing for Leonel and his soul constructs was far faster than any volleys the Human Domain had seen until now. Scarlet Star Force tore through everything in its path, burning everything it touched. The violent destruction made any previous carnage look like nothing more than a joke.

Every time another troll fell, a slight ripple would pass through the formation, resurrecting their soul. After a small moment, two balls of fire would flicker to life in their eyes and they would suddenly become completely different people.

It very quickly became obvious that Leonel wasn't using his soul constructs as usual.

As time passed, the worry that weighed down the hearts of the Morales Ancestor was slowly becoming lighter and lighter. They stood in a daze, their eyes locked onto the youth sitting cross legged in the skies.

Very few knew that Leonel had Scarlet Star Force. The matters that happened that day in the Rapax Nest had been practically ignored by the members of the Cataclysm Generation and not much of this had spread.

Coupling this with the fact that Leonel had been within the Void Palace when he displayed much of these abilities, and the wider Human Domain was even more in the dark.

It was impossible to see even a top three Force in any given category, but Leonel had already made use of the number one Water Force and the number one Fire Force. What was even more shocking than that was the fact that this Scarlet Star Force was on a level that made even the hearts of the Ancestors tremble.

Was this power a Sixth Dimensional existence should have?

Eventually, the line of defense was overwhelmed. The flood of enemies was simply too many, Leonel's bows alone, even ten thousand of them, couldn't counter them completely. However, Leonel's expression didn't change in the slightest, the same dull, glass-like look remaining.

In that moment, his soul constructs tossed their bows to the side and flipped their palms to reveal spears. Each one of these spears was of a different caliber, and yet revealed absolutely shocking auras one after another. Not a single one of them was short of the Life Grade.

So many powerful spears could only come from one place, and that was when a shocking realization shook the Human Domain.

No matter how powerful the Spear Domain Ring, one could only use a single spear at a time. However, somehow, Leonel had completely shattered this concept. The resonating howls of thousands of Life Grade spears shook the earth and dispersed the clouds above. It felt like the army of millions wasn't the coming tide, but rather the group of soul constructs standing in silence ng thar mires cnrad

The Morales Ancestors looked toward the old and wrinkled man and were stunned to see a bright smile on his face. Even amongst the Ancestors, there were hierarchies, and Ancestor Hito was without a doubt amongst the most senior and most respected. Ancestor Alvaro had been a toddler when he first saw this man, and he was already an Ancestor back then. He was simply on a completely different level.

Not once had they ever seen this old man smile, and here he was, grinning from ear to ear.

"... This formation is a stroke of genius. We will probably never understand its intricacies without also comprehending the Lineage Factor that Littlest Nova is using to give it such strength, but the general gist of it is clear.

"It disperses and amplifies Dream Force, its function is that simple and can be summarized in just those few words. However, what's especially ingenious about it is the fact that this Dream Force isn't casually constructed Dream Force, nor does it come from the atmosphere.

"If I am correct, Littlest Nova's original Ability Index doesn't allow him to project Dream Force. Instead, he's using this Formation as a proxy for his mind and his soul, blanketing the entire region and treating the entire region as his limbs.

"Dream Force seems like an enigmatic concept to most, but that's only to those who had no affinity for it. Do you know why Dream Force is so dangerous? Why coming into contact with it is a life changing and often

ending event? It's because Dream Force is an unruly child, it simply flows at it pleases, finding vessels that it wants to invade.

"When this Dream Force is ownerless, one ends up in an endless cycle of memories. However, what if it was owned? What if this Dream Force was under the control of another? What if this owned Dream Force ran into an easily manipulated and malleable Soul Construct?

"Those soul constructs are no longer who they once were. For all intents and purposes, they are Littlest Nova.

"They are more real than any clone in existence has ever been."

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Chapter 1966: Another...

1966 Another...

Through these "clones", Leonel could extend his affinities. It felt like his Mage Core had multiplied over several thousand times, allowing him to call down atmospheric Force from thousands of locations at once. With his Stars as an anchor, it further allowed him to extend the ability to use Scarlet Star Force to each and every one of his soul constructs.

However, even this was only the tip of the iceberg. It felt that rather than controlling his clones, he was rather controlling extra limbs of his. With those souls as the mediums, all of Leonel archery skills, all of his spearmanship, all of his Mage and Knight abilities cascaded forth, crushing everything they ran into.

Every time another enemy fell, yet another warrior would be added to the total.

They rose up with flickering crimson flames in their eyes, marching forth with a deathly momentum.

From time to time, hundreds of railguns would fire at once, taking out dozens more each. Even when Leonel's "clones" were enveloped by a strike, they would ripple once and collapse, only to reform and begin their slaughter once again.

Without having to worry about crushing allies, the Skies family and the Oryx released volley after volley, draining themselves and then retreating to the back of the line before the process started all over again.

Any projectile that could drain a Seventh Dimensional existence in just three attempts was bound to be supremely powerful. Because Leonel wasn't worried about their recovery, he had gone all out. Even the current him could only fire those railguns a dozen or so times before he had nothing left, that was why he hadn't bothered to execute the Crafting of more than a few hundred.

All of a sudden, it wasn't Leonel's combat prowess that was on full display, but rather his Crafting. The danger he posed to those of the Human Domain skyrocketed. This was an individual who was not only highly intelligent, he was likewise highly talented and powerful. On top of that, unlike his father who could only be described as a head strong loaner, Leonel seemed to be an exceptional leader who was willing to rely on others to execute his orders.

He was nothing short of a monster.

Leonel gasped for breath, his dull gaze regaining its sharpness as his platform of Emulation Spatial Force wavered. He truly looked like he had nothing left to give, but by now, there were only a few thousand Gold-Grade threats remaining and his army of soul constructs had already grown to millions. Even if Leonel could no longer control them, dealing with the rest was like using a steam roller to crush an egg.

Leonel landed on the ground, his chest heaving. Every breath he took seemed to cause a hurricane-like event, the rushing wind falling into the endless abyss that was his lungs.

The good news about having such great vitality was that reaching this point of fatigue was almost impossible. The bad news was that when he did, recovering was far more difficult for him than it was for most.

Even so, Leonel looked forward as a wave of gold spread across his territory, their range increasing from 400 kilometers to 500 kilometers.

By this point, what once was the light of dawn was already beginning to wane as evening approached. The battle had taken quite a period of time and many changes could have taken place in this time. Even so, Leonel dragged his

body into a pod and didn't exit until an hour later, the equivalent of four days of rest.

At this moment, his soul constructs still stood in silence, like wisps of violet in the wind that could be blown to dust at any moment.

'They'll last at most about 15 or so hours. That's enough time.

Leonel took a deep breath.

The strength of his soul constructs would only be able to mirror his own strength when they were within his formation. However, outside of his formation, they would revert back to their original combat strength.

That said, this wasn't terrible for multiple reasons.

Firstly, that majority of them were Gold-Grade now, making them quite effective and powerful. Although they couldn't match up to the Heirs, they were stronger than many subordinates, or at least on par with many of them.

Secondly, while it sounded nice to be able to perfectly control them as though they were his limbs, doing so drained a great deal of his stamina. If Leonel let them fight on their own, the stamina he would save was

€Nnormous.

Leonel's figure flickered and he entered the core of the village. In truth, it could no longer be called a village now, it was well and truly a city, and the core of it reflected that. The ceilings were tall, the pillars were thick, and now Leonel could sit upon a throne to investigate the changes to the core.

As expected, his outposts had upgraded and now had the added function of instant teleportation. This would save them a great deal of time and effort.

Leonel now had over three million kill exchanges burning a hole in his pocket. That many Gold-Grade kill exchanges were worth 30 billion points.

Though this was short of the 500 billion points he would need to upgrade this city into an Heir-Grade one, it was still a substantial sum.

Without hesitation, Leonel attempted to use a billion points to expand his city limits from 500 kilometers to 2000. However, he realized instantly that there was a blockage.

The first blockage was to his back, about 600 or so kilometers away, or about 100 kilometers from his border, there was the ocean. According to this system, he wasn't allowed to expand his territory limits into the ocean without an underwater territory.

The other blockages, to his sides and toward the front, were other territories.

It turned out that the reason he had been able to see the location of the second Taur territory was because its owner, Armand, had already died. As such, it had been ownerless at the time. But he couldn't just steamroll territories with his own by buying more.

Even so, Leonel grinned, he had found another loophole.

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Chapter 1967: 80%

1967 80%

During that attempt to expand territory, the failure points were clearly noted. Although it was only for a brief moment, and the option to expand had already been greyed out, just how good was Leonel's memory, exactly?

Although the Umbra family had already given him the location of the most important territories, they happened to be the largest and most prominent.

In the end, there were only a few hundred Umbra family members that had come, given the scope of the Heir Wars, it was difficult for them to get everything.

Of course, the Umbra family had far from just this many Seventh Dimensional existence beneath 100 years old, but convincing them to bring out a few hundred in the first place already took quite a bit of convincing.

One had to remember that the Umbra family was meant to be a weak Sixth Dimensional family, having just a single Seventh Dimensional existence was already a big deal, let alone a few hundred. It had to be remembered that back then, even their "Patriarch" Silam Umbra, wasn't even at Tier 4 of the Sixth Dimension yet.

This meant that Leonel could only work with what he had, which was also why it had felt to Radlis that Leonel was working with information they hadn't even given him. That was because all this time, Leonel had been piecing together a picture of the day side based on several sources. The Umbra family was only one of those sources, and now he had gained another.

There was another matter to consider as well. The Umbra family was already currently on the night side, gathering up intel. It had been over a quarter day since Leonel saw them last. With how fast things were moving, there had most definitely already been changes to the information they had given him. This was a huge boon.

"Excellent. Expand to the greatest limit," Leonel confirmed.

At that moment, a whooshing sound extended and Leonel's territory expanded an extra 100 kilometers toward his back, an extra 200 to the east and west, and finally, the largest change, an extra 600 to the north. It was unsurprising that there was such a large gap to the north as that was the direction of both the former Constellation Bow Alliance and the Taur family.

It was ironically his own territory, the one he had sent the Cloud Race to impersonate, that had stopped him from expanding forward.

That said, it was also because he had sent the Oryx to clear out several regions in all locations that he had this much room to his left, right and back as well. His preparations had given and taken to them.

In addition to this, Leonel had learned something else. Apparently, it was only by upgrading to the Heir Grade could he forcefully assimilate territory.

However, that wouldn't help with the ocean. Essentially, he would be able to claim the entire supercontinent if he reached the Heir-Grade.

But even for Leonel, he knew that this was pushing it. He had just given everything he had to clear the Gold Grade. Although he could rely on his more powerful people like Aina, James and the others, it would truly be a tall mountain to climb.

The Heir challenge was different.

Firstly, the enemies would still mostly be at the Gold-Grade, however there would be around 10 million of them rather than just over a million like before.

In addition, rather than being a random tidal wave, they would be led by 100 Heir-Grade Generals designed to mimic Variant Invalids.

They would be an organized army and threat, and their commanders would be at an Heir level, it wasn't something that Leonel could take casually, even if he made great preparations.

'It should be about now... The timing is right.

Just as Leonel had this thought, the flash of several teleportations took shape as figure after figure began to appear within the core throne room of the city. Once again, Leonel's timing was immaculate.

At this moment, James, Emna, as well as Aina, his brothers and the others had all returned. None of them seemed surprised that Leonel had cleared the Gold-Grade without them. This had always been the plan.

Leonel turned toward them and nodded. "Tell me about your gains and then go rest in the pods. We will move out again within the hour.

James and Emna came forward first, the two of them had been away for the longest and had the most accumulated gains. At the same time, they were the two in most need for rest, so it was only right that they came forward first.

Between the two of them, they had accumulated over 50 million points, a shocking total. This would already be enough for one to challenge their Gold-Grade upgrade. While compared to Leonel's current almost 30 billion it wasn't worth much, the fact that they had gotten so much just clearing Bronze and Silver-Grade challenges and dungeons spoke volumes about how much effort they had put in.

That said, Leonel was less concerned about the points and more concerned about the rewards themselves.

It was a Silver-Grade dungeon's reward that had given Leonel the advantage in clearing the Silver-Grade upgrade condition without many subordinates.

He couldn't neglect such rewards.

Leonel quickly shifted through the rewards they had gained and made several calculations. Between the two, they had cleared about a dozen dungeons each, most of which were Silver-Grade. Although they didn't always get the

Heir-Grade reward due to various circumstances unrelated to their combat strength, they had gotten it the majority of the time as well.

'A tunnel reward... A Silver-Grade instant pass reward... A territory protector reward... A wall collapsing reward... A territory masking reward...'

Suddenly, Leonel's eyes lit up. 'This could be useful, very useful...

He had seen another potential loophole and this could change a great deal of things. If he was correct and used this reward appropriately, he should be able to extend his territory into the ocean, but even he wasn't certain if this loophole would work with 100% certainty.

'There should be about a 80% chance... Worth it to try!

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 1968: Decision

1968 Decision

Leonel plucked the reward and rolled it between his fingers for a moment.

Then, with a thought, he pushed it toward the core of the city and agreed to accept the change.

After a wild bout of vertigo, everyone opened their eyes to smell an air that was decidedly more humid, refreshing and... salty. Even from here, they could hear the sounds of the crashing waves. Without even looking out of the city, they could tell that they had all suddenly been moved to the oceanside.

Leonel didn't flinch after this happened, he had already expected it. Without hesitation, he pushed forward a second reward and accepted it as well.

The ground rumbled and the sound of heavy rocks crashing into the ocean resounded. Many who didn't know what was going on rushed to the city walls and their eyes widened as they felt that the city was about to fall right off a cliff and into the raging waters below. However, just when it seemed that this would happen, the city stabilized and became rock solid.

Waters rushed in from the side and the moat that had surrounded the city before was filled instantly with a rush of heavy salt water. It felt like, in that moment, the city was enveloped by the embrace of the ocean.

The mountain range they had been hidden within was completely gone and they found themselves on soft, sandy land. If not for the fact that this was a simulation and not completely analogous to real life, there was no way such a heavy structure could exist on such fragile land.

At the same time, they had been right near a cliff face which had now crumbled and collapsed, lowering their elevation and causing a rush of ocean water to tide in. Their city was now half perched on sand and another half in the ocean, and with their moat, they felt a step away from being entirely submerged.

In order to accomplish this, Leonel had done two things. The first was that he used a territory moving reward. Since it was just Silver-Grade, it only allowed him to move his territory to anywhere within his territory's range, however given the size of his territory to begin with, that gave him access to over half the supercontinent!

Then, he used yet another terrain change reward, but this one, rather than being used for mountains, was instead used to direct waterways. Its original purpose was to create a source of water by extending it from a primary source. So, Leonel used it on the ocean and extended it into their moat.

Only underwater territories were allowed to expand into the ocean. Well, was he not technically underwater now? His city limits had been entirely submerged in ocean water.

Even if Leonel was just trying his luck, using these rewards like this still only benefited him. Although he had abandoned the mountain range, attacking his territory like this was even more difficult because you could only send an army from a single direction now, in addition to the fact the moat was even heavier.

But it seemed that Leonel wouldn't have to worry about only having this to gain. When he saw that his territory map now extended into the depths of the ocean, he almost couldn't refrain from grinning ear to ear.

The ocean was vast, just as vast as any one of the supercontinents, so Leonel wasn't anywhere near close to mapping it all out. His territory should have extended 2000 kilometers from his city now, or rather, however far it could go

before it ran into other territories, but territory distance was counted differently within the ocean. There seemed to be a 100 times reduction.

Leonel wasn't surprised by this. On land, territory only had to account for two dimensions, but with the water, depth had become very important.

Now, his territory map wasn't flat, but it also had to incorporate a distance down to the greatest depth of the ocean. But even then, because he had

2000 kilometers, to 20 kilometers in this case, in perfect detail, the things he could see were almost too much.

The ocean's depth ranged from five kilometers to 20 kilometers. This was far deeper than a moon of this size should have had, but it was likely that Ancestor Hito had done this on purpose.

Challenges and dungeons appeared at all depths and because of the difficulty in reaching them, they were far more tightly packed. In just this 20

kilometer range that Leonel could see, there were already over 200

challenges and over four dozen dungeons. Half of those were Bronze-Grade, about a quarter were Silver-Grade, however there were over 40 Gold-Grade challenges and almost 10 were Heir-Grade! At the same time, there were over 15 Gold-Grade dungeons and five Heir-Grade ones!

To put this into perspective, the land had yet to even spawn Gold-Grade challenges and dungeons. Only now that Leonel's territory had become Gold-Grade would it start to. This was completely game changing.

As though this wasn't enough, Leonel had also spotted the territory of several Heir-Grade oceanic beasts as well, each one of them was worth 100

000 points so long as they were killed.

"This is a huge treasure trove. If others tapped into this, all of the effort I put into getting ahead would be completely crushed. I expected this possibility, but it's even more exaggerated than I assumed.

Leonel narrowed his eyes.

He was very much correct. Right now, the Pisc and Quarius families were behind, but once they entered the ocean, their advantages would sky rocket

with great speed. In just a few steps, they would go from the bottom ranks of Constellation families to amongst the top ranks.

Even so, the advantage that Leonel had was even greater. Who could afford to buy 2000 kilometers worth of territory right now in exchange for 20

kilometers worth of information?

Beyond that, he was even planning on pouring all 30 billion points he had not into underwater outposts to extend this range.

The Gold-Grade underwater outposts each cost 10 million, and each one had a range of just one kilometer, but if 20 kilometers of space had this much information, how much would 300 kilometers have?

Leonel didn't care about points right now, there were only a few things he could spend them on to begin with.

However, if he managed to monopolize a large number of Heir-Grade dungeons, the rewards he gathered from them could put him so far ahead that the Heir Wars would become meaningless.

If the Silver-Grade rewards for these dungeons were already so useful, what could the Heir-Grade ones do for him?

Leonel's expression flickered.

He had a decision to make.

He currently had over 3 million soul constructs that would only last for a few more hours. He knew that they wouldn't be enough to conquer the supercontinent, but he did know that they would be enough to wreak havoc...

He was very understanding about the strength of the Heirs. If the Gold-Grade upgrade was a million, that meant that very soon, the Heirs would be able to deal with it. And if he made such a large commotion, he would attract public ire even sooner, not to mention make it even easier for them to deal with it by giving them a reason to band together.

If he could separate out this army of three million, it would be one thing. But they were soul constructs held together by his Lineage Factor, he had to be

there to direct them and he couldn't move his formation freely to use clones as a stand in...

The other option was, of course, to press his advantage and claim as many Gold and Heir-Grade rewards as possible, so that when he was eventually ganged up on anyway... They wouldn't stand a chance.

Leonel fell into his thoughts. He couldn't afford a misstep.

