

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 1981: Monster in Pretty Flesh

##### 1981 Monster in Pretty Flesh

The distance between the group only continued to close. Leonel took a different direction, his mind flickering with several thoughts. It would be the end of the road if his group was pincer-ed into two directions, so he was constantly ensuring that there wasn't a territory in the direction he was heading.

But just as he expected, within a quarter hour, they had caught up. His calculations were too precise to get something so simple wrong, something that was quite unfortunate in this case.

Leonel had already restructured his army. The moment they caught up, he sent out 100 000 to block. But to his surprise, Keiza waved a fan and the formation suddenly changed.

The tide of beasts, Libra and Gemin family members split. 500 from the left and right surged forward, surrounding the group of 100 000 from the front and back, engaging in a battle a thousand against a hundred times their number. 2000 if the beasts were counted as well.

The reaction was swift and strong.

Leonel's eyes narrowed. It was clear that Keiza had prepared for this possibility long ahead of time. A thousand wouldn't be able to hold back the entire tide of 100 000, obviously. But they were strong enough to protect themselves even against such numbers, and they didn't need to delay for long.

The maneuverability this group had with the help of these beasts was far beyond what Leonel had. This was proven by how easily they had changed formation and swallowed up the 100 000 Leonel had sent out. They didn't have to stop them for long, they only needed to outrun them.

As expected, after delaying the soul constructs, the thousand who had blocked them rushed out, swiftly catching up with the rest of the Libra army and leaving the constructs in their dust. At the same time, the archers turned on the backs of their beasts, raising their bows high and firing volley after volley.

There was already too big of a gap for Leonel's Bow Domain to suppress their Bow Force. But even if he was close enough, they were using real bows and arrows. Unless they had been aiming for him directly, he wouldn't be able to do anything to them.

Leonel's soul constructs were mowed down one after another and quickly lost a tenth of their number.

Leonel hesitated for a moment, but in the end decided not to use the stamina necessary to reconstruct them. Although they continued to run forward and dodge to the best of their ability, they were limited in what they could do against so many archers. It looked like even those not skilled in the bow were firing, something that could only mean one thing: Keiza had outfitted them with bows and arrows just for this occasion.

The army swiftly caught up again. Leonel had no choice but to send out another 100 000 as a delaying tactic. However, this time, they were prepared for the separation, splitting into two as well and rushing toward the front line.

Keiza waved her fan again and the army that had just split into two split once again, dividing into four and curving around, repeating the very same action.

Leonel's change in formation, although he could control the constructs with his mind whereas Keiza had to control them with singles, was simply not as fast. These beasts were relatively normal in strength in comparison to their Tiers, but their speed was exceptional.

In addition, while none of the Heirs Leonel had come across were above Tier 3, these beasts all seemed to be. The weakest were at Tier 4 and the strongest were at Tier 6. Not only were they elite in speed, but even while they were average in strength, their Tier was more than enough to make up for it.

The army swiftly caught up once again in even less time than before. The archers continued to fire backward, but the pressure on Leonel's back was even more suffocating.

"HAHAHAHA!"

The laughter of Huon and Droet echoed through the air. They were told by Keiza to make this process as humiliating as possible, but even without her words, they would have done so anyway.

Back during the True Selection, they had suffered a small loss at Leonel's hands. As geniuses who were rarely challenged by anyone, they had a deep seeded pride. Seeing Leonel run away from them like this, they felt endless satisfaction.

"Keep running! Your Morales family only amounts to this much!"

"You're a disgrace!"

"I heard your father was some monster, how'd he birth such a coward?!"

The words and laughter of Huon and Droet were especially grating on the ears to the Morales, but to the other families, especially the ones that had The words and laughter of Huon and Droet were especially grating on the ears to the Morales, but to the other families, especially the ones that had already lost their geniuses to Leonel's ruthlessness, couldn't help but feel that some of their rage was finally being vented.

The only shame was that if things continued like this, they believed that Leonel would definitely crush his badge in time. There wasn't enough pressure on him to stop him from doing so. But his death could be arranged later, if they could guarantee his humiliation right now, they would gladly accept it.

The only one who didn't seem happy about this was Conon.

He looked toward Keiza with a livid expression, blood still dripping down from his lips. It should have been him!

SLAP!

Conon grabbed the back of his head and looked back with a glare. However, when he saw who had slapped him, he looked down to the ground, gritting his teeth.

"it's your own fault you're in this situation. You're not strong enough to think that your fist can get you through everything, you should learn a thing or two from that woman. Better yet, it would be best if you asked for her hand in marriage."

Conon shivered.

Him? Spending a lifetime with a wife like that?

He felt his heart grow cold.

That woman was a monster in pretty flesh.

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### Chapter 1982: Fool

Leonel's gaze was frighteningly cold. He sat on Little Blackstar's head in silence, his back as straight as a javelin. The only part of his body that seemed to be moving was his fluttering hair. As for the rest, even his eyes weren't blinking.

It had been a long time since anyone had provoked him to this extent. The last time that had happened he was still a disciple of Valiant Heart Mountain. Of course, the words those few individuals had been speaking were far more sinister and disgusting, however Leonel wasn't the type of person to take any sort of slight lightly.

His patience was short, his fuse was shorter.

However, at that moment, he didn't seem to have heard anything. The Libra and Gemin family couldn't gauge his reaction at all, all they saw was a perfectly straight back. Only the Human Domain could see the frigid air he was exuding.

Those pair of pale violet eyes seemed to become the only sight worth witnessing for a moment. But after the fourth attempt Leonel made at stalling the army rushing after him, even the impact of these cold eyes seemed to have been diminished greatly. What good was looking cold and imposing if you didn't have the strength to back it up?

For a Morales to swallow such insults time and time again, running with their tail tucked between their legs, it could only be said that they didn't have any other left.

The Libra and Gemin army swiftly caught up once again. This time, Leonel seemed to throw all he could at the wall. 500 000 soul constructs turned around and rushed toward them. They spread themselves thin, the deepest line only being at three soul constructs deep while many just had two.

Leonel's goal was obvious. He wanted to cover as much latitude as possible so that the Libra and Gemin would struggle to maneuver to the right and left. However, when she saw this, Keiza's lip curled with disdain, her indifference almost palpable.

This time, she didn't change the formation at all. Her fan simply snapped close and she pointed forward.

Roars erupted from the Libra and Gemin army. They seemed to break out into a speed that was just about 10% faster as they surged forward.

The archers turned their attention toward their backs and pointed their bows forward, unleashing a rain as the frontline blasted through.

This time, Keiza didn't bother to out maneuver them. A formation as thin as this couldn't possibly stop them, they would slice through it like butter.

Many could only shake their head at the sight, but they didn't know what else they would possibly try in this situation either. When Leonel tried to send out a real formation, Keiza would just out maneuver it. If he sent out a hastily cobbled formation like the one just now, she would just target its weakness and tear through it.

Every time they caught up, the air felt more suffocating, especially as the buffer of the soul constructs thinned out. Three million soul constructs could take up a lot of space, but Leonel had sent out three waves of 100 000 and one wave of 500 000 for a total of 800 000 by now. With just another round of catching up, the archers would be close enough to target Leonel and the few following him on Little Blackstar's back directly.

Those observing within the Human Domain could also see that Leonel was no longer able to help his soul constructs restructure themselves after they had been destroyed. Considering the fatigue between his brows, that could only

mean that his stamina was reaching its limits as well while the Libra and Gemin families were entirely fresh.

To make matters worse, what would Leonel even do if he managed to return to his city?

He hadn't upgraded the walls like Ramon had, so they were just normal Gold-Grade walls that wouldn't last very long. Although he had those protectors, they too wouldn't last very long. His soul constructs were being mowed down one after another, so even if he tried to use that formation again, what good would it be if he didn't have soul constructs to use it with? And even if none of these were issues, did he even have the stamina necessary to use that formation again considering his current state?

The observers knew more than the Libra and Gemin family did, so they knew about the Cloud Race and Leonel's "Taur" family. But they weren't even in the picture currently and were too far away to do anything. A few Cloud Race couldn't turn the tide at all.

No matter how you looked at it, it seemed that Leonel was just trying to stretch out the inevitable.

As though to confirm this, all of Leonel's remaining soul constructs suddenly turned back in unison rushing toward the army in unison.

Huon and Droet were stunned for a moment before their laughter became more uproarious. They could tell that this was a last ditch effort. Although Leonel's previous attempts seemed pitiful, it was still the smartest thing he could have done considering the circumstances.

As for this, it was the most foolish. He had obviously acted in a complete panic.

"HAHAHA! FOOL!"

"IDIOT!"

Keiza sneered without saying a word, raising her fan and unfurling it. At that moment, the army came to a halt all at once and performed 90 degree turns. Half turned to the left and another half turned to the right. They seemed to have completely ignored Leonel as they ran.

They rushed to the side with great speed, circling around the charging army.

Ironically, this tactic had indeed delayed the Libra and Gemin families for the longest period of time, but after they finished rounding the soul constructs... There would no longer be anything separating them from Leonel and the others.

However, if Leonel had been patient, sending out sets of 100 000 at once, the cumulative time he could have delayed them would have been much greater.

Clearly, in his desperation, he had only sealed his fate faster.

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### Chapter 1983: Belief

Noah looked back with a worried glance.

Until now, the so-called "catching up" of the army was only to the back line of the soul constructs. Considering there were over three million of them running in formation, the gap between them and Leonel and the others who were on Little Blackstar's back was actually quite substantial. But this time, after they rounded the formation of soul constructs, there would be no buffer remaining. They would have no choice but to face an assault of hundreds of thousands with just a few dozen people.

The outlook seemed to be incredibly bleak.

When Noah looked around, he saw many worried gazes as well. Until now, everything had gone exceptionally smoothly, everything was under Leonel's calculations and nothing had deviated from the original plan.

They had had many days booked solid with meetings before the Heir Wars even began, all so that Leonel could assure them of his plans and so that they would be ready to execute them at the greatest possible speed.

Of course, the likes of Noah and the others didn't know how rare it was for Leonel to do such a thing. The fact that he had even wasted time explaining himself just went to prove how seriously he had taken these Heir Wars.

But the first time Leonel went off script, the first time he did something that could be considered to be quite risky, they seemed to be suffering for it.

Noah's gaze shifted and his pupils suddenly constricted. The person in his line of sight was Aina. She looked completely calm outside of a bone chilling coldness in her eyes. When his gaze shifted again, it landed on Leonel's brothers... Joel, Milan, Drake, Raj, Arnold, Gil, Allan, and Franco... They too were eerily calm. It shifted again and it landed on James... His gaze was different from the others, but that was only because within his sheen of calmness, there was a hint of... excitement?

Did they know something he didn't know?

No, that was impossible. They had held all of their meetings together. Although it might have been possible for Leonel to have had secret meetings with them, Noah didn't believe that had happened. He had spent much of the last month with all of them, but more importantly than that, Leonel wouldn't do such a thing.

Doing such a thing would be as good as saying he didn't trust the rest of them, but they were already a small group to begin with. In a situation where they faced off against the odds, Leonel wouldn't casually splinter them like that.

Noah realized what it was very quickly...

Belief.

Leonel hadn't said a word. He seemed to have made several mistakes. He had painted them into a corner. And yet these ten individuals didn't doubt him for even a moment.

When Noah looked again, he realized the few that had worried expressions were all the few geniuses of Earth. These were the likes of Karolus, Joyce... Even Jessica who was by his side. Without a doubt, each one of these people were among the few that had spent the least time with Leonel.

'Is it really about time?' Noah thought to himself.

If he was in this situation, would Jessica still have belief in him to succeed? What about Karolus and the others who had the most time with him? He had fought by their side for a long time... but he still didn't know the answer to that question.



Hadn't there also been a two decade gap since Leonel had seen his brothers? Hadn't he even had a falling out with James? Maybe Aina's belief made sense, but what about the rest of them?

Noah suddenly noticed that there was another group with unwavering belief...

Raylion, Apestus, Sael and Emna... These few he knew too little about, he only vaguely understood that they had been a part of an organization Leonel had joined many years ago. They had even less reason to have such belief...

But hadn't they already bet almost 30 years of their life betting on one man?

Those four had started an organization and put their blood, sweat and tears into it for decades all because of one sentence from Leonel. Compared to this, wasn't that something that had taken much more faith?

Noah's heart trembled as he looked toward Leonel's back. He was this man's cousin and he didn't have this much faith, where did it come from? What was the difference? Was it because he was too focused on himself? Were the others seeing something he wasn't?

It seemed both obvious and not. Noah believed that Leonel was his better, but it was based on the latter's competency. When Leonel seemed to make a mistake, he felt that that competency had run its course and that Leonel was now at the end of his rope.

He never really stopped to consider that there was something more to Leonel than just his talent.

When you measured people by haves and have nots, you tended to reach very binary conclusions.

Leonel had never been such a person, though. He felt that talent was extremely important, yes. But he also didn't decide a person's value by such a thing. And, quite ironically, when one thought about it, when had Leonel ever thought that strength was the end all, be all?

How many people more powerful than himself had Leonel defeated on his way to his current height? How many impossible battles had he fought? How many miracles had he created?

At that moment, the rumbling of the earth reached a point where it couldn't be ignored. Noah looked back to see that the army had already finished rounding Leonel's soul constructs, they were no more than half a kilometer away, a distance that was practically meaningless.

Leonel suddenly stood to his feet, calmly taking the White Lion Bow out and stretching it to full moon.

His hair fluttered in the wind and the coldness of his gaze descended onto the approaching army.

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### Chapter 1984: Soul Bound

Leonel looked down, with a frightening cold gaze, his expression the picture of calm.

Keiza narrowed her eyes, but after a moment she relaxed. She didn't even put her defenses up. If Leonel thought he could mow her down from such a distance, he was sorely mistaken.

She had already predicted that Leonel would try this. The last thing a person could do in this situation was to take out the Heirs, that way victory could be secured despite a disadvantage. She had already used a similar strategy against the Lio family, so how could she fall for it now? Wouldn't that be too much of a joke?

Keiza's fan snapped close once again and her sedan seemed to sparkle. It was subtle, but it was impossible for Leonel's sharp vision to miss it. Although Keiza wanted to hide it, to her it wasn't absolutely necessary for it to be hidden either. Whether Leonel knew it was there or not hardly made a difference.

However, she didn't know how true this was, because she was never Leonel's target to begin with, neither were either one of the Libra twins.

"You finally want to fight back now?!" Huon's voice boomed.

"Tell you what, Leonel! If you admit the Morales family is trash we can consider letting you go and giving you another chance, how about it?!" Droet added.

Huon laughed, he felt these words said by his brother were truly excellent. His laughter was his agreement. Of course, this "chance" would only be another small head start before they swiftly caught up again.

However, to them, it didn't really matter whether Leonel accepted their offer or not. Their goal only seemed to be to drag Leonel and the Morales family through the mud as much as possible before claiming their victory. They wanted the entire Human Domain to see and witness this moment.

TSSSUUUUU! THWACK!

The arrow was simply too fast. A soldier on the frontlines didn't even have the time to react before their head burst into a rain of blood, bone and gore. His body slowly fell to the side and was quickly trampled beneath the feet of the other charging beasts.

This was the first of their army to have died since the battle began. The soul constructs couldn't shake them in the slightest, but it seemed that the moment Leonel moved, death reigned.

TSSSSSUUU! THWACK!

Another arrow was released and another fell and was trampled.

Every time Leonel pulled back his bowstring, another would die. None of the army knew who he was going to target next, but they all felt a formless pressure suddenly shrouding them. Somehow they knew at that moment that no matter what they did, so long as he decided to target them, they would be dead.

It wasn't just the people who sensed the shift, but even the beasts themselves. Their blood seemed to run colder, their bones and muscles stiffening. Their speed fell. Though it was only by a small factor, to sharp eyed practitioners like them, that slight delay was all too obvious.

Leonel pulled his bowstring again and another fell.

It was just a single man attacking an army of hundreds of thousands. However, it was ironically this that made it so frightening. If it was an all out battle and people were falling left and right, the situation would still be fine. But this oppressive atmosphere where no one knew who would be targeted

next and death seemed to be instant filled each one of them with a seed of fear.

Male or woman, ugly or beautiful, there didn't seem to be a rhyme or reason to his choices.

In the beginning, Huon and Droet still tried to hurl out insults, but they noticed that every time they did, Leonel would release another arrow. It was as though Leonel was firing in retaliation for their words. Every death was slowly being transferred from Leonel's shoulders to that of the two of them.

Their insults quickly became softer and less harsh, until suddenly they didn't dare to speak at all.

Keiza's eyes narrowed. Leonel could obviously kill more than one at once, but he hadn't done so. He was deliberately suppressing them in this way, and by this point, the humans and the beasts had stiffened so considerably that their speed had dropped by as much as 40%.

However, after a moment, Keiza sneered.

Fear only worked when you had your own mind, and the current speed was dictated by the beasts... Beasts under her control.

She waved her fan and a surge of Force came out from her. At that moment, the eyes of the beasts glazed over and they seemed to forget everything but running. Their speed picked up again almost immediately and the distance that had begun to slowly widen began to close once again.

By this point, there was already less than 200 meters between them.

Leonel, though, seemed unmoved. Raising a hand, his gaze suddenly flashed.

The beasts of the fallen Libra and Gemin family members were suddenly enveloped by a strong Spatial Force.

Leonel had realized long ago that the reason Keiza was able to control the formation changes so smoothly was because she was in control of the beasts. Because of that, even after their riders had fallen, these beasts continued to run uniformly within the pack. And as a result, they were well within range of Leonel's abilities.

The beasts instantly went from behind Leonel and the others to in front.

Keiza frowned. What was Leonel going to do with a few dozen beasts? He couldn't be this stupid, could he?

At that moment, Little Blackstar raised his large paws and pressed down with great force. The dozens of beasts were slaughtered unceremoniously.

"Rise." Leonel said lightly.

Keiza seemed to finally understand what was happening. She had the advantage in speed because of the beasts they were riding, Leonel wanted to use his soul constructs to take advantage of this for himself. Like this, it would be much more difficult for them to catch up.

However, when she realized this, Keiza finally couldn't seem to hold her laughter back. She raised her pretty head and laughed heartily, the sound being far too sweet for the sinister intention behind it.

...

In the crowd of those watching, a gorgeous woman wearing a sparkling purple dress that clung to her curves covered her cherry lips with a glass of wine. This woman seemed to be almost an identical copy of Keiza... She was none other than Mistress Gemin, the current Matriarch of the Gemin family and Keiza's mother.

"What a little fool. For someone who uses soul constructs, shouldn't he understand? What good is killing this first if their souls are what are bound?"

...

Leonel raised his hand, suddenly feeling a great resistance against his command. Violet fog billowed out from him, but it seemed to be obstructed by invisible chains that he couldn't shatter instantaneously.

However, in that moment, the coldness in Leonel's eyes seemed to reach its peak.

If the others had paid more attention, they would have noticed that there was indeed a pattern to who he had killed. All of them had ridden Tier 6 beasts. This was his plan from the beginning. Or more accurately, the first of it...

As for these chains.

A vortex of violet suddenly expanded out from Leonel's body.

"[Emperor's Edict]... Shatter..."

Keiza's laughter came to an abrupt stop as a spike of pain traveled up her spine.

Illusory shackles shattered like glass and dozens of beasts arose.

Leonel and the others leapt down from Little Blackstar's back as the latter reverted to his true form and flickered into the void.

"Aina," Leonel said lightly.

"Mm." Aina nodded without much of a word.

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### Chapter 1985: Sundial

Aina's golden gaze began to flicker, a dense red fog coming from her body as she raised her hands. The instant Little Blackstar's form vanished and he landed on Leonel's shoulder even as the latter landed on the back of one of the soul construct beasts, the meat paste the beasts had become were suddenly ripped of their blood.

She didn't seem intent on using these globules of blood immediately. She floated down toward the beast soul constructs along with everyone else, pulling them along through the air.

Keiza's expression finally seemed to change. "Fire!"

Her voice echoed through the skies, the irony being that her previous laughter had yet to finish echoing. However, she seemed to disregard this entirely as she roared out this command.

Before, she was allowing the twins to continue to wear down Leonel with their words, but they had long since entered firing range of Leonel and the others. Seeing that the situation was changing, she immediately chose to forget the mind games and focus on pressing down upon them.

However, when the first volley of arrows entered the skies, they immediately blinked out, the Bow Force that had been coating them vanished.

James landed on a beast soul construct and waved a hand, causing a shield to appear before them. Without their Bow Force, he hardly strained at all to block this volley of arrows. In that moment, everyone had found a beast for themselves and they surged forward.

Right then, the distance that had been quickly closing stopped closing entirely, and then Leonel and the others began to pull away. Leonel had only targeted Tier 6 beasts. In order to maintain the formation, Keiza had to make all the beasts uniform in speed. But that didn't mean they all had the same speed.

Those that were Tier 6 were substantially faster than those that were still of Tier 4. Without the pressure of maintaining the formation of an army, Leonel could obviously allow these soul constructs to speed forward with their true potential.

Keiza's expression darkened.

...

Back in the Human Domain, Mistress Gemin's expression also darkened. This child's actions were only getting more and more annoying. However, outside of this darkening expression, she said nothing else. She had taught her daughter well enough to know that this wouldn't be all she had.

The Morales Ancestors didn't have much of a change from their original solemnity. Of course, this wasn't because they had the same faith in Keiza, but rather because they didn't feel that this changed much. Other than making things more annoying for Keiza, the situation was the same.

Keiza's ambush had already forced Leonel to give up on his millions of soul constructs. His current base only had the protection of a few thousand Skies and Oryx members. Even if they were up to par in terms of talent, which they weren't, this number would be far too few.

No matter how you looked at it, it felt that Leonel was once again just delaying the inevitable.

...

Leonel stood on the back of the beast in silence. Outside of calling out Aina's name, he hadn't said much else. Even now he hadn't explained anything, and it didn't seem like there was much left to explain. Reaching their city and fighting to the death felt like the only option left.

Keiza's looked toward Leonel's back, her expression dark. She didn't care about this maneuver of Leonel's, what she cared about was the loss of face. She had just been laughing, but now her voice was deathly silent. Even a fool could tell she had made a mistake.

What she hated the most was that this Leonel had actually harmed her. When was the last time she had felt any sort of pain? She couldn't even quite recall, how dare he?!

After a split moment, she snapped her fan close. A few lines of the formation separated and Tier 6 beasts rushed forward. She removed their restrictions and had them press forward, maintaining the distance between Leonel and the others without allowing them to extend the distance.

Arrows continued to fire through the air, filling it with volatile Force and fireworks.

Keiza had had a plan, but it would no longer work. Now that Leonel had similar maneuverability, it would be troublesome to use. However, she immediately adjusted her thoughts, pulling out a formation plate. It was in the shape of a circle and looked quite like a sundial. This was the very same teleportation treasure she had used to ambush Leonel and the others in the first place.

She and the Gemin and Libra families were located on the other side of the continent, completely opposite to Leonel's current location. As such, they were also by the ocean, and with Keiza's intelligence, she had likewise taken advantage.

They might not have had a large number of Water Force geniuses, but what they did have was a unique ability to map out large regions with just a bit of effort. By this point, they had already cleared out two Gold-Grade Dungeons not available on the surface and this sundial teleportation device was one of their rewards.

It didn't have many uses. She had already used it once and because of how large scale the teleportation was, meaning the number of people, that is, she



could only use it twice more. She didn't actually want to have to use more than one of Leonel as she didn't know when she would get another, however he was a variable... And she didn't like variables.

Her slender fingers pressed against the device and spun the dial. Instantly, she not only used one of the remaining teleportation opportunities, but both of them.

The army was split into two and they all suddenly flickered and vanished.

One group was small. They were made of the elite of the elite, a number not exceeding 200. They appeared just 50 meters in front of Leonel and his group, though their backs were now facing them. With a kick of their heels, their beasts turned and they charged toward Leonel and his group.

At the same time, about half of the army appeared further ahead at about half a kilometer. They split into two once again and fanned out before beginning to enclose a circle around Leonel and the others.

To their backs, the remaining half of the army continued to press forward, pinching Leonel and the others from all sides.

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### Chapter 1986: Crush Them

The change was sudden and it was difficult to react. Leonel sensed the fluctuations of Spatial Force and realized what was happening, but even he only had the time to fire one arrow before the group of 200 elite were upon them.

Leonel's gaze remained calm, his one arrow killing a frontline elite instantaneously. His body sprawled to the floor and his beast's eyes were coated and covered in blood.

Keiza had no choice but to relinquish control of the elite squad beasts for a few reasons. First, she didn't want to suffer the backlash of Leonel severing their connection again. Secondly, she had to give the elite squad the freedom to maneuver on their own or else their combat prowess would take a hit.

However, it was also due to the fact that once the beast's eyes were obstructed by flesh and blood, it tripped and fell, causing disarray in the first line and ruining the backline.

Unfortunately, the damage was minimal. These few had just turned around to face Leonel and the others, and as such their speed hadn't hit a great height just yet. Due to this, they had more than enough agility remaining to react and dodge out of the way.

Even so, this small delay still gave Leonel some time to analyze and react.

"Raj," he said plainly.

Raj slammed his chubby hands together, his large cheeks rippling. The seriousness of his gaze was piercing as the ground rumbled.

Leonel knew first hand that the hardest Force to manipulate in a powerful world was Earth Force. It had been one of his greatest limitations back when he was at Void Palace. But... This wasn't the Void Palace, Raj was in the Seventh Dimension, and he also wasn't the same as before. He had fought many rounds with the Perfection Stone and he had meditated on the Earth Force Mantra for more hours than he could remember.

**BANG!**

The earth rippled and suddenly hardened. Spikes of shimmering diamond and crystal collapsed and fused out from the ground before surging up and ripping through the disorganized group of elites.

Blood rained down from the skies above and Leonel led his small group to charge up the side of these crystalline spikes.

They burst out from the curtain of blood, leaping over the small troop of elites and landing dozens of meters away.

The soul constructs dashed forward, but up ahead, the encirclement of warriors had already solidified. It seemed that Keiza was already prepared for this possibility. Not only was there a blockage ahead, but the elites would likely recover quite quickly as well.

Leonel slowly put his bow away, retrieving his black rod. Dense, dark fog billowed from its body, rising like a tide and forming a menacing blade on both

ends. Despite the movement of the beast beneath his feet, Leonel seemed completely stable.

"James, Raylion." Leonel spoke calmly.

James swung the large shield that protected their backs forward and expanded it, his gaze flashing with a strong light. Then, he pushed it forward with all his might.

At the same time, Raylion raised his hands. A powerful telekinetic force took shape and fused with James' forward momentum. Like a mighty battering ram, the shield smashed into the front line of warriors.

The Libra and Gemin family didn't remain idle. They roared themselves, sending forward the strongest strikes they could muster in short order. However, to their shock, James' barrier only trembled one or twice before it stopped completely.

The speed with which James could move his barriers depended on how thick they were. Usually, to make a barrier this thick, he would have to give up on its agility. However, with Raylion supporting from the back...

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

In unison, Raylion and James' eyes flashed. The forward momentum of the barrier tilted, the bottom leaning forward and its top leaning back.

After throwing the frontline off balance and clearing them. Many couldn't stop themselves from rolling up the energy shield, their beasts thrown into disarray as their bones snapped and cracked.

"Drake," Leonel said lightly.

Drake pulled a pair of pistols of his holsters, raising both of his hands up as what looked like crosshairs rotated in his eyes. A blazing intent pumped his heart as he began to shoot. Every time someone was thrust over the energy shield, he fired.

One shot. One kill.

Leonel brandished his spear with one hand and used his free hand to scratch Little Blackstar's head. The latter seemed to wake up from his slumber and vanished from Leonel's shoulder.

Leonel shifted to the side of the formation. At the same time, Joel mirrored his actions. Both of them took hold of their polearms, their battle intent soaring as they swung out.

Around the edges of the energy shield, enemies tried to wrap around and target the sides of their formation, but they didn't have the momentum to make any strong headway. Every time one managed to make it around, they would find the end of Leonel or Joel's blade, their bloodied and mangled corpses being left in their wake.

It hardly seemed as though Leonel and the others had slowed down at all. The gap that had been about 200 meters had only shrunk to about 180 or so. Although it was still somewhat closing as some loss of speed was inevitable, it was nowhere as fast as it should be.

Leonel gave out command after command and the army of Libra and Gemin were being shredded to pieces. His voice became like the call of the reaper, the collapse of the guillotine, a suffocating, omnipresent pressure.

He didn't need to speak at all to relay these orders, and yet he had done so. Every time that soft, calm voice echoed, dozens would fall.

Even so, the distance continued to close and the fatigue of the small group was only continuing to accumulate.

Daylight seemed so close and yet so far away. The line of enemies was too thick and there was only so much Leonel and Joel's polearms could do. The moment they slowed to a certain point, being swallowed from all sides was the only result.

Keiza's eyes flashed. "It's about time you four took action. Crush them."

The two pairs of Libra family twins' eyes narrowed, slowly retrieving their weapons. Indeed, it was about time to end this.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1987: Meaningless

Huon and Droet, along with Hulot and Druid, surged forward. However, what was odd was that although they both seemed to be running hard, only one of each twin suddenly sped forward, their speed so fast that they overtook their own beasts and caught up with Leonel in the others in what felt like an instant.

Leonel didn't turn back, but he could already sense the change.

He knew what this was. The twins could share their strengths between one another, in exchange for one being much slower, the other could become much faster in an instant.

At that moment, Huon and Hulot pulled at their waists, taking out a pair of rope darts. The rope twirled around their bodies before piercing forward with a fierce momentum.

Keiza had been observing all the while. She had realized that although Leonel was constantly handing out orders, there were some among the group that he didn't give orders to. At the same time, these few he didn't give orders to also seemed to have the worst expressions and reactions to the situation.

She was a person quite used to playing with and manipulating the minds of others, how could she not sense this crack in Leonel's armor? As such, the moment she ordered the four forward, she told them exactly who to target.

Most of Leonel's group seemed to just be along for the ride, and even with Leonel's small victories, their expressions remained solemn. These sort of weak links deserved to be poked and prodded at.

The rope darts whistled through the air, their speed faster than any whip and overtaking even an arrow in the blink of an eye.

Huon's dart appeared before Joyce while Hulot's appeared between Karolus' brows. The harsh whistling stung their eyes and they couldn't seem to react in time.

At that moment, Noah unleashed a roar, leaping up and swinging down his saber hard. –

**BANG! BANG!**

A strong reverberating impact traveled up Noah's arm. He wanted to use the momentum of the clash to return to his beast and continue speeding forward, but the twins seemed to see through him. Their rope darts turned from a feeling like a piercing arrow to becoming as lithe and gentle as flowing silk. They wrapped around Noah's saber and pulled.

Noah noticed the change instantly and wanted to pull back, even ultimately choosing to abandon his saber, but it was too late. That split moment between their twins' pull and his release slowed his momentum far too much.

He fell well short of his beast's back, landing heavily on the ground, weaponless and suddenly surrounded by enemies.

Noah's gaze sharpened and he roared immediately. He didn't hesitate at all to activate his Ability Index and soar to over five meters tall, his skin glistening with a crystalline color as he hardened it. He leapt backward with as much strength as he could muster, punching out twice, then thrice.

The twins' gaze narrowed but they had already succeeded. Their rope darts soared to the skies but entirely backward. At the same time, their twins, still stuck trying to catch up, threw their own rope darts forward.

The ends of their rope darts wrapped around one another and locked into place across hundreds of meters of air. With a tug, Huon and Hulot pulled Droet and Druid through the air.

With one swift motion Huon and Hulot used the drag to pull back from the strongest impact of Noah's punches as the latter's saber clanged to the ground. At the same time, they sent Droet and Druid forward, the two of them appearing before Noah's in the blink of an eye.

**BANG! BANG!**

The two twins kicked out against Noah's chest. He might have been more powerful in this state, but he was also a much bigger target.

Noah felt his skin crack and his organs rumble. He took heavy steps backward, blood already leaking from his lips after a single exchange.

Droet and Druid's rope darts untangled from Huon and Hulot's. The instant they landed on the ground, their wrists flickered, their rope darts whistling through the air with a harsh whistle. One targeted Noah's heart while the other targeted his knee.

Keiza watched this from the distance with a cold smile gracing her cherry lips. Her Sedan continued to move forward at a smooth pace, almost as though she didn't care about catching up at all. She was content to watch her chess pieces move across the board, this was what thrilled her.

It didn't matter what move Leonel made now.

Would he ignore Noah? Sure, he could do that, but then the fragmentation between him and the discontent half of his subordinates would only increase. That would only make it even easier for her to take advantage of these problems.

Would he turn back to save him? Even better. Then he could forget about charging out of this encirclement entirely.

Keiza had only just finished this thought when a little black mink suddenly flickered into existence, landing on Noah's shoulder.

"Yip! Yip!"

Noah tried to block, but he suddenly stood in shock as the rope darts phased through his body as though he wasn't there at all. His body only slightly rippled and he felt a breeze of cold air as though a draft had suddenly come by.

Droet and Druid pulled their rope darts back, their eyes filled with hints of surprise. What had just happened?

Keiza raised an eyebrow. 'Shadow Sovereign...? A little interesting, but meaningless. The trap is already prepared to close.'

As Droet and Druid were somewhat in shock, Hulot and Huon had already jumped back into the fray, their rope darts spiraling toward Joyce and Karolus once again. This time, there was no Noah to cover for them.

Karolus' body erupted with a strong Spatial Force, the space around him cracking like glass as he punched out. Space coated his knuckles, but the instant the rope dart met his attack, he was sent flying backward.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1988: - [Bonus chapter]

Joyce's expression changed as well. She was a fist expert, but without having her feet beneath her, the strength she could muster was limited.

Seeing Joyce in trouble, Franco had long since moved. Just when it seemed her head would be pierced through, he had jumped from the back of his beast onto hers, reaching out to grab the rope dart out of the air.

Hulot sneered, her usually pretty features looking quite sinister at the moment. Trying to grab her weapon? Did he have a death wish?

Franco's body shuddered as he made contact, his entire arm going numb. He was blown backward, his body landing amidst their running beasts and rolling onto the ground.

"Franco!"

Joyce leapt down without hesitation.

Suddenly, it wasn't just Noah who was caught in a no man's land. Joyce, Karolus and Franco had all been knocked from their beasts, stuck in the midst of two charging armies.

As though this wasn't bad enough, the small troop of elites they had left behind had swiftly caught up and were now bearing down as the first wave.

Keiza smiled, swirling the wine glass in her hand. She and her mother took a long sip at the same time, their hearts filled with the sweet feeling of victory. What they liked the most was to watch their enemies writhe beneath their fingers, unable to extricate themselves.

Leonel's expression was frighteningly cold. He had been occupied with the charging army and couldn't easily extricate himself. By the time he could, the damage was done.

His spear whipped outward, a light roar clearing the surrounding five meter space as he turned back without hesitation. Whether it was for his cousin or his brother Franco, how could abandoning them ever be a choice?



By this point, Druid and Droet had recovered from the shock of Noah's survival. They flicked their wrists, one of them targeting the little mink and the other targeting Noah. So long as they fused their attacks with enough Force, phasing through them wouldn't be so easy.

As expected, Little Blackstar had no choice but to leap forward, brandishing his little claws as he sliced down with several Dark Force scythes to block.

Noah prepared to take on Droet strike, but he suddenly coughed. The damage of the previous kicks he had taken head on were taking their toll. But then, not only had Druid and Droet kicked him, but they had amplified their strength through Huon and Hulot, he couldn't gather up any strength without his entire body shuddering.

He could only watch with despair as the rope dart approached. But right then, his despair turned quite savage.

There was little he felt that he could control in his life right now, but he could at least die without being a coward.

He roared out, his body expanding to 10 meters. Ignoring the pain, he punched out with everything he had, his momentum overbearing.

Even so...

**BANG!**

Noah's entire right arm shattered and he was sent flying back.

Leonel swiftly caught up, catching Noah as his body shrunk. At this moment, his expression wasn't just cold, it was frighteningly dark. The air rippled around him, combusting and collapsing.

The group couldn't possibly continue forward without Leonel. The moment they saw that he had turned back, they did so as well. They were his brothers, and then there was his Aina, how could any one of them leave him behind?

The army bore down from all sides, clamping until there was no direction to go. Whether it was forward, backward, to the left or to the right, there was nothing to see but a sea of Libra and Gemin family members.

The night air was suffocatingly humid. The blood and sweat of countless warriors made it heavy and difficult to breathe.

There were no steps left to take. High up, the Morales Ancestors could only sigh. Though it was valiant that Leonel hadn't hesitated to turn back, it seemed that this choice had actually sealed his fate.

Keiza waved her fan gently, relishing in the breeze as her sedan slowly caught up. The foul stench of blood and sweat didn't seem to ruin her appetite at all, in fact it only seemed to make her wine taste all the sweeter.

Her beasts rose her sedan into the air, giving her an excellent view. Seeing Leonel and the others encircled in this fashion, her smile only became brighter.

"No longer running?" She asked lightly.

Leonel didn't respond. He seemed to be checking on Noah, but there really was nothing to check. While his life wasn't in danger, for now, his ability to fight was likely shot. At least that was the case before Leonel palms began to glow with a strong Light Force.

"Interesting, interesting," Keiza smiled, seemingly indifferent to Leonel's disregard. What good was acting cool and aloof when you had lost before the eyes of everyone? "Indeed, you have the capital to be calm. Even for me, I can't stop you from crushing your badge and giving up right this moment. Though you might lose face for wagging your tongue harder than your fists, losing a bit of face is definitely better than dying."

Keiza nodded to herself. At this point, Huon and Droet didn't even bother to pile on. Nothing they could say could ever be as sinister as what this woman's venomous tongue could conjure up.

"But, it is a shame. I was looking forward to what a whore's spawn could do. I didn't expect you to be so pathetic."

Keiza tipped her wine glass over the side of her sedan with an expression of disgust. The blood and gore didn't seem to bother her, but these words seemed to have left a disgusting taste in her mouth. No, it wasn't the words, but rather the mention of that person.

"I should have known that a woman only good for enticing the husbands of others wouldn't have any redeeming qualities, but it's as the saying goes, we all have our vices. Your mother's vice just happens to be far more disgusting than most others."

The more she spoke, the deeper the disgust on Keiza's face seemed to become. It was as though she was recalling everything she hated in an instant.

"I can't stand the look of his face anymore. Kill him or get him to quit and run with his tail tucked between his legs. I can't be bothered to care anymore."

"... About here should be good."

Leonel spoke lightly as he stood to his full height, fresh blood falling from his blade as though it couldn't be tarnished.

"What did you say—" Keiza sneered.

**RUMBLE!**

The ground began to tremble and a formation suddenly rose out from the ground, forming a dome over the surroundings.

Suddenly, those watching from the outside all had changed expressions. That location... Wasn't it where Leonel's original city used to be?

At that moment, a realization overcame them. Leonel had added his formation separately, it wasn't part of the city. When he used the city relocation reward, it had only moved the city itself, not what was around it.

In this battlefield filled with dried ground and rubble, buried beneath it was a perfectly pristine formation.

Leonel finally looked up after Noah could breathe smoothly without his aid. However, his gaze carried a fiendish air. Crimson flickered in his eyes, a demonic aura billowing out from him in waves.

He met Keiza's gaze for the first time since the chase had begun.

"I'm going to enjoy killing you."

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1989: Ash

Keiza's heart skipped a beat, her pupils constricting. However, after a moment, she slowly managed to calm down. She realized what was happening and made the same deductions as everyone else a step quicker.

She didn't know a lot about this formation. Although she had been monitoring Leonel all this time using Libra family twins, the level of clarity their methods could bring was limited. While they could cover very large regions and their methods were difficult to detect, there was a tradeoff that came with that as well.

Even so, she knew enough to know that this formation was the formation that Leonel had used to clear the Gold Grade trial, and also further knew that he needed soul constructs to make use of it. Even though many had died in this battle, they were ultimately just a drop in the bucket, they weren't nearly enough to turn the tide.

In addition, she had seen through this formation's obvious weakness: it only worked within the bounds of the formation itself. Even if Leonel had some other trick up his sleeve, it would only take a slight step out to deal with this situation.

That didn't even mention the fact it greatly drained Leonel.

Not only was their army stronger than a three million strong Gold-Grade tide, Leonel was already feeling hints of fatigue. How long could he possibly use the formation?

All of these matters made Keiza sneer, but right then, all she saw in Leonel's eyes was disregard. He looked at her not like an enemy, not like a beauty, not like a peer, but rather like a lamb on a chopping block. She wasn't just an annoyance, she was an inferior life form. Despite the fact she had the high ground, it felt as though she was already being trampled beneath his feet.

Leonel took out three cracked city cores and pressed them together at the same time. One had failed a Silver-Grade upgrade while two had failed a Bronze-Grade upgrade. Taking the Silver-Grade upgrade failure as their core, they combined into a new Bronze-Grade village core.

Before anyone could wonder what Leonel was doing, he had already swept through and accepted the Silver-Grade upgrade challenge.

Keiza's expression changed. That was impossible. According to the rules, an upgrade challenge couldn't be triggered when there were a number of enemies within a certain distance of your territory. She couldn't understand how Leonel could even accept the upgrade when it shouldn't have been available in the first place.

But even so, what was the point of this?

A realization overcame Keiza but it was already too late.

Leonel's finger flickered and just as the tide formed, a bolt of lightning descended from the skies, killing them all. He had activated a Silver-Grade instant clear reward.

Suddenly, outside an encirclement of thousands, 12 000 soul constructs appeared, each one of them with flickering red-gold flames in their eyes. A demonic aura rose into the skies, a vicious momentum causing the dark clouds above to roll and rumble.

It was only 12 000, not even 10% of the number here, but their pressure was even greater.

At that moment, they all extended their hands and a spear appeared in each one of their palms. Some were long and wirey, some were scaled, others were short and stocky... all of them exuded a different sort of aura, but they were all, without fail, of the Life Grade.

Leonel's body trembled just once as a blinding Bronze Aura rose from him. His halo descended and his body was coated in his second tier armor. However, rather than billowing with radiant blue fog, a violent torrent of red gold flames billowed out from its vents.

Everywhere he stepped, the ground crumbled to ash, large pits forming beneath him.

**BANG!**

The red-gold flames erupted from Leonel's back, forming a large pair of overbearing wings.

"Don't move."

Leonel's words were calm, but the air seemed to crackle and pop as he spoke them. It took a while for others to understand that he wasn't referring to his enemies at all. Instead, he was talking to his allies. His meaning was clear...

If they moved, he couldn't guarantee that they wouldn't die too.

Leonel suddenly flickered and vanished. A heat wave rippled across the battlefield as his wings of Scarlet Star Force trembled just a single time.

This wall of heat crashed into the wall of enemies around him. The weak among them were immediately burnt to ashes, rows of several hundred fell in droves, the residual heat alone being far too much for them to handle.

However, what was even more shocking was that they weren't even Leonel's target to begin with. He appeared before Huon first, his palm stretching out for the latter's head.

"HUON!" Droet roared, sending his rope dart forward with the greatest strength he could muster. The sound barrier boomed and the air whistled, a large accumulation of spiraling Force appearing before Leonel's forehead.

However, Droet's rope dart seemed to meet an impenetrable barrier an entire meter from Leonel. Then, under his astonished gaze, the rope dart trembled and then fell into a rain of ash.

Droet's eyes widened. That rope dart... it was a top of the line Gold Grade treasure, how could it possibly just...

Leonel's hand landed on Huon's forehead. Not once did he look in Droet's direction the entire time, it was as though he had already expected them to be able to put up no resistance at all.

**BANG!**

Huon's head exploded like a watermelon, but even the rain of blood and gore didn't last long before it was burnt to ash. Without the protection of Huon's Force, his flesh had no ability to protect itself in Leonel's presence.

"HUON! Droet roared, his gaze turning bloodshot. "I'LL KILL YOU!"

The words had hardly left Droet's mouth when he registered that Leonel was already before him. The world felt eerily silent at that moment, all he could hear was a high pitched whining.

He looked down at his chest, only to find that an arm had already ripped through him and pulled his heart out, burning it to ash.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 1990: Shameless

Hulot and Druid's eyes opened wide. While they were also geniuses of the Libra family and were stronger than Huon and Droet, this was only because the two of them were older. They fell into a middle generation similar to Valorie and the Golddark brothers, and as such had had more time to acclimate and grow within the Seventh Dimension. However, in terms of talent, they were both inferior to those two of the so-called Cataclysm Generation.

Seeing the two of them die like this, and so directly, their gazes couldn't help but turn crimson at all. Although nothing was set in stone, they had known for a long time that Huon and Droet would likely become their husbands despite the love they clearly had for Keiza. But now they had been made widows before they would accept such a reality.

Their fury rose like a tsunami, but it seemed that they hadn't noticed that today, they already finished their role as the hunter. From this point forward, they were nothing but prey.

Leonel appeared in the skies above Hulot, his foot stomping down just once.

**BANG!**

The sole of Leonel's feet and Hulot's back didn't even properly connect. A wave of heat and wall of wind seemed to fuse into one, descending down with the density of a mighty pillar as she was drilled into the ground.

A strong aura of destruction caused Hulot to spit up a mouthful of blood. Her skin of Force quickly resisted, but she could feel it being peeled away inch by inch. If that Destructive Aura touched her, even without experiencing it personally, she knew that she would become nothing but a pile of ash just like Huon and Droet before her.

"Hulot!" Druid screeched. "What are you all doing?! Kill them all!"

There were hundreds of thousands of them and yet they were all frozen by one man, how could they be any more pathetic?

Druid rushed forward, her steps becoming akin to a floral dance and her rope dart spinning around her body like the body of a voluminous dress.

The army had been shaken by the flap of Leonel's wing. Ever since the first wave of destruction, they hadn't stopped. It felt like they weren't facing flames at all, they were facing the fiery abyss of hell, a place where you could only be chewed up, but there would be nothing at all left to spit out.

Even so, they had no choice but to follow Druid's orders. They roared out, swarming toward Leonel, but at that moment, the soul constructs that had been completely immobile suddenly moved. The ground shook as they took a step and thrust out together. In that instant, with just a single attack, over 10 000 of them had fallen.

Leonel struck out with his palm, meeting Druid's attack head on.

BANG!

She crashed into the ground below as Leonel kicked downward once again, driving Hulot even further into the ground. He didn't seem to have registered that she was a petite woman at all. His mind projected nothing but a meat bag.

Druid surged into the air, a large amount of Water Force breathing life into the surroundings and seemingly trying to fight back against Leonel's Scarlet Star Force.

Leonel's head tilted in her direction. His eyes seemed to shine through the visor of his Divine Armor, the indifference of his expression palpable.

"You're annoying."

[Emperor's Edict] activated and Druid's Water Force was snuffed out as though it was a weak flame.

Leonel appeared before her, punching out just once. His fist didn't even connect with her skull, but it shattered into a rain of brain matter and bone. It



was as though anything that entered a meter radius of Leonel was only destined for one path...

Death.

Leonel landed on the ground, his heel driving into the back of Huon's head. The last sight she saw in her life was the endless darkness of earth.

Leonel took a step forward.

His gait wasn't fast at all. Everywhere he passed, more and more warriors seemed to be roaring and rushing toward him. But without fail, every time they came close, they burst into a rain of ashes. However, he didn't spare them a single glance, his gaze entirely focused on Keiza.

Keiza's chest heaved, but she barely managed to maintain a calm expression. If it wasn't for the bead of sweat falling down her brow under the heat, one would have thought that she was completely unruffled.

She felt around for her badge and only sighed a breath of relief when she felt it in her palm. Knowing that she could crush it at any time put her completely at ease.

"What? Are you very angry?" Keiza sneered. "What good is your range? Will it change your mother? Her actions? Everyone knows the truth already. Plus, after today, everyone will know how shameless the Morales are. You just blatantly allowed him to break one of the rules of the Heir Wars, do you think this is victory? I've already crushed you, and once I leave this place and enter the real world where you can't twist and bend rules to your will, I'll crush you again."

Keiza's sneer deepened. She seemed to want to wait until Leonel got closer, she wanted Leonel to try and approach her only to fail in the end, she wanted to see the despair on his face as she disappeared and he could do nothing about it.

At the same time, she wanted to humiliate the Morales family. How dare they cheat? This was the only explanation she had for Leonel seemingly breaking one of the rules by activating the upgrade challenge in their presence.

However, Leonel's expression didn't change in the slightest. His speed remained the same, his slow walk forward feeling like footsteps grinding against her heart.

Leonel closed the distance between the two. Not a single person could seem to stop him.

By the time he could probably reach out and touch her, the remaining of the army had already turned to run, only to find themselves being mowed down one after another by Leonel's soul constructs.

"Go on. Crush it," Leonel said lightly.

Keiza suddenly trembled. Why did he sound like that?

"Do it. CRUSH IT."

Leonel's voice suddenly came out in a roar and Keiza reacted as though she had been commanded. Her palm subconsciously squeezed, the fear on her face clear. However, when her eyes opened, they couldn't help but widen. She... She...

She was still in the same place.

"No... No! HOW CAN YOU BE SO SHAMELESS!?"

She couldn't believe it. The Morales family were bold enough to flaunt their rules like this? So easily? Without the slightest care for the reaction of everyone else?

Where was her mother? Why hadn't they stopped this farce yet?! Why was she still here?!

"SAVE ME!"

Leonel suddenly grabbed her hair and drove his knee into her face.

Keiza entered a daze. She felt the world spinning. Her nose bones entered her face and her front row of teeth all shattered.

However, she didn't even have the luxury of flying back, her hair still firmly in Leonel's grip.