

Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 2001: Kill.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2001: Kill.

Leonel stood in silence for a long while.

Despite his fatigue, his mind raced at a mile a minute, moving through all sorts of scenarios. Nothing seemed to make perfect sense, though. Ultimately, no matter how he sliced it, this was Second Nova's best chance to deal with him, there was no advantage to gain by waiting unless he truly wanted to wait until Leonel was in an even more sorry state than this one.

That meant that there was a better than 60% chance that Second Nova hadn't come here with the intention of dealing with him at all, his original intention was just to probe him, and it might even be potentially true that Second Nova planned on giving up on the Heir Wars in their entirety.

But if he was willing to give up on the Heir Wars in the first place, then why did he participate? Even if he didn't like the optics of giving up without trying, what was the big difference between that and giving up midway?

That seemed to point to the fact that Second Nova wanted to test the Heirs and pick whomever he liked best. But in that case, why did he vanish? If he had decided on Leonel, then wouldn't he be helping Leonel? What was the intention in just leaving directly?

It had to be remembered that each family was limited to two Heirs, but there was a very obvious exception to this, and that was the Morales who had seven Heirs.

This was tacitly allowed by the other families for a few reasons. First, the Morales were already the targets of everyone to begin with. Second, while the others were simply here for glory or to deal with Leonel, the Morales family Heirs were here to fight for the position of Heirs. As such, they inherently could not work together as they were competing with one another.

The other families would obviously step in if it seemed like the Morales Heirs were teaming up, and it would counter whatever advantage they could gain by doing so. It was probably even best to separate the focus of the families by doing this though this would likely place even more pressure on Leonel was one of the main focuses to begin with.

Why was this all so important? It was because if Auran really wanted to help Leonel, he wouldn't just injure him and then vanish. There were many other things he could do even if he didn't participate himself, plus why did he have to test Leonel in the Heir Wars themselves? He had had plenty of opportunities in the last month to meet Leonel privately.

All of this pointed to the fact that Auran had something he wanted to do in the Heir Wars specifically, and whatever that was, he felt that it was more important than even his chances at becoming an Heir. In fact, he might have no intention of becoming an Heir in the first place.

'I'm missing something, what is it... What is it...'

Leonel didn't like this feeling. Usually, when he didn't have enough information, he wouldn't bother to waste time trying to deduce, but this felt different. He felt that this was too important to ignore, and yet he still didn't have the information he needed to deduce the answer, it was endlessly frustrating.

Suddenly, Leonel's gaze sharpened.

There was no doubt that Auran was targeting someone, someone that the Heir Wars made much more convenient to target. Who could that person be? That person had to be someone that was difficult to target outside of this place. That seemed to point toward one of the Heirs of the other families, but why would targeting a Seventh Dimensional existence be so important to Auran?

There were only two explanations. Either this Seventh Dimensional existence had offended Auran in a way that was far too great for him to ignore, or this Seventh Dimensional existence would, in the future, become a world changing sort of threat.

Leonel knew quite a bit about Auran and the other Heirs. Auran was the head of an exceptionally powerful information network, but he didn't sell his

services. This made sense to many people at the time, after all they all assumed that he had built it up because of the Heir Wars.

But if Auran had never had any intention of becoming an Heir, then why did he build an information network he had no intention of profiting from?

That led Leonel right back to the first two explanations... Either to find someone who had greatly offended him, or find someone who posed an existential risk to the Morales family or maybe even the Human Domain as a whole.

Leonel's brows glowed like two torches. He felt his Dream Force shifting, his simulations becoming sharper and sharper.

What if the reason Auran gave up on being an Heir was because he knew that his actions would lose him the right?

How could a Seventh Dimensional existence be an existential threat, they were too weak... Well, how could a Sixth Dimensional existence like Leonel possibly have become a threat in the eyes of the powerhouses of the Human Domain?

The explanation was the same. This Seventh Dimensional existence had to have the ability to gain access to a power that no one else could.

Leonel was a Prince of the Ascension Empire and an Heir of the Morales family. This was unacceptable in the eyes of many as they believed that this was just the Morales family laying claim to the only Eighth Dimensional territory of the Human Domain via unscrupulous means.

Suddenly it all seemed to click and the pieces slid into place.

Leonel's aura suddenly flourished and his strength took a large leap forward. From Tier 7, he stepped into Tier 8, his Dream Force Stars gaining more runes as they swirled about with a strong, pulsing, silvery light.

'He came here to kill. He came here to kill an Heir of the Morales.'

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Chapter 2002: Who?

Leonel's gaze was exceptionally bright at this moment.

He felt that things had fallen in line, but this still opened up questions for who it could possibly be, and more importantly, why.

Leonel didn't feel that Auran was likely to be a person who acted without cause. In fact, all of his actions seemed to point toward the fact that he was very much prepared for all of this.

Those several broken city cores should be his attempts at testing several hypotheses for sneaking into cities without detection. After all, given the territory maps, Leonel could monitor everything in his territory with great ease, that was why he was so comfortable leaving it behind.

Then there was his information network. He might have already used several kill exchanges to spread them out across the two supercontinents. That was how he knew exactly where Leonel was despite the fact Leonel had a decoy city still sitting in the middle of the continent, and he likely knew exactly where his target Heir was as well.

In fact, this final probe of Leonel before he set off was just a final check to ensure that everything was in line and working perfectly, killing two birds with one stone.

This person was meticulous, intelligent, and most importantly, patient. He hadn't even made a move until almost a week had passed in the Heir Wars, and he was still carefully planning even now. Ironically, due to his true demon blood, Auran was even calmer than most Morales as the Lineage Factor did affect his mind as much as it did the others.

On top of that, he was young, comparatively speaking. Meaning, the Morales Lineage Factor had yet to impact him nearly as greatly as it did the other Morales Ancestors.

What was most convincing to Leonel was that just now, he had gotten the final hit in on Auran, and yet the latter didn't feel the need to prove a point. Leonel knew Auran was holding back and could have made him suffer a loss before leaving, but he hadn't.

This wasn't a rash person who couldn't control his own ego.

Like this, even without understanding the underlying story, Leonel already believed Auran. But the question was... who was Auran targeting?

Leonel's thoughts flickered, his mind settling on one person...

Fourth Nova.

Leonel deduced that Fourth Nova had the highest odds of being the person Auran was targeting. Back then, Leonel had thought that Fourth Nova wanted to sign Aina to a slave contract just because he thought she was a beauty, but what if it was more than that?

Just a few weeks prior to that, hadn't the Three Finger Cult appeared in an attempt to snatch Aina away due to her Blood Sovereignty? What if this was Fourth Nova's goal all along?

Leonel's thoughts flowed incredibly smoothly and he felt his mind making connections that he had never made before. He immediately decided who was the most likely to be Auran's target based on his own biases.

'The second most likely... Third Nova.'

Leonel's gaze flickered with a cold light.

Third Nova had some ties with the Suiard family and had even aided in the collapse of the Stalwart Polearm Faction back then. These were records that Leonel only learned about after reading through the transcripts of the Void Senate gatherings.

Of course, this wasn't immediately obvious through the senate filings, but who was Leonel and how good was his deduction skills? Even if the Suiard family and the Unfettered Blade Party never admitted it, he didn't need their admission.

That timing was also suspicious, because it was also during that time that there was a change to the original True Selection and the geniuses of the Cataclysm Generation were shipped off to the Rapax Nest.

This wasn't in any Senate documents as it was a unilateral decision, but this was even easier for Leonel to deduce for one specific reason: his father.

Why would his father take Rosen Suiard's arm if the Suiard family was not related to this?

This seemed to paint the picture that Third Nova was in bed with the Suiard family, and may have even used this to intentionally target Leonel.

Leonel didn't have enough evidence to further connect this to the Three Finger Cult as the Suiard family didn't seem to have any relations to them. If they had, Leonel believed his father would have taken Rosen's head, not his arm.

Leonel had quite a lot of belief in his father, that much was obvious. But anyone who had seen the rage in Velasco's eyes when he spoke of the Three Finger Cult and the things they had done to his father and Leonel's grandfather would likewise understand.

It was because of this that Leonel placed Third Nova a step beneath Fourth Nova.

A Morales Heir with ties to the Three Finger Cult versus a Morales Heir that was a puppet of the Suiard family. Both were absolutely terrible, but one was still clearly worse than the other.

Of course, this also made the assumption that Auran knew of the Three Finger Cult and could even find their tail in this fashion. But Leonel didn't feel that this was a great leap at all.

Leonel had deduced long ago that it seemed that the Three Finger Cult, the Silver Empire and the Morales family had an odd line connecting them all.

Why were the Lineage Factors of the Silver Empire and Morales family so similar? Why were the both seemingly related to demons? Why was it that of all the Ancestors that the Three Finger Cult could have targeted to kill, they would choose his grandfather? He hadn't found any information of the Three Finger Cult being so bold with anyone else.

Then there was the most obvious thing... Auran had demon blood and seemed to be mixed in the middle of all of this. If there was any Morales Heir aware of the Three Finger Cult and maybe understood some of these underlying secrets, would it be him?

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Chapter 2003: Devastating

The third most likely was Sixth Nova, and that was only because Leonel knew the least about him, while the fourth was First Nova. Sixth Nova was an unknown variable while First Nova was the son of the current Patriarch, the latter faced almost too much scrutiny on the daily basis to avoid detection of the masses.

But the real question was... what would Leonel do about this?

Given the strength of Kira and Auran, he didn't think anyone of the Umbra family could follow them covertly, the best he could do was monitor the general situation of the night side supercontinent.

But what if he failed?

Leonel's brow furrowed. Just as he was thinking, several flashes entered the city lord's mansion. He didn't even need to look to know that it was the Umbra family. They were actually a day late, but he didn't berate them. If there wasn't a good reason, they wouldn't be. Leonel had originally expected them back yesterday, but the fact they had only come today wasn't bad news, it was actually good news. It meant there was information to be had.

As expected, after Radlis began his report, Leonel's gaze narrowed. When he got to the end, Leonel's entire perspective shifted.

"Fourth Nova fell?"

Leonel's heart skipped a beat. This could only mean that his deduction was wrong. If the number one threat to Auran could fall to Third Nova's hand so "easily", then Auran would have never had to put in so much effort in the first place. Leonel had a hard time believing that someone as powerful as Auran, and more importantly intelligent, would put so much effort into something that was such a non-factor.

The only explanation was that Fourth Heaven wasn't the true threat, the true threat was Third Nova.

"Third Nova's forces were too overwhelming. He had exaggerated numbers under his wing and they were all of exceptional strength. Fourth Nova didn't even last very long before he was directly kicked out.

"After that, his actions caused a cascade of events. Sixth Nova fell not long afterward, and its somewhat unknown how this happened. Originally, Sixth Nova was stuck between the Spiritual Faith and the Omann Empire, but neither seemed to have been the ones to take him out. He just suddenly vanished and his territory crumbled not long after."

Leonel frowned. Could it be that Second Nova had gone after Sixth Nova? Was he wrong about his intentions all along?

Then again, it might also be a method of protecting Sixth Nova. Aside from him, Sixth Nova was the youngest, and he was most definitely the weakest among them all after the strength Leonel had seen Fifth Nova display.

This wasn't the fault of Sixth Nova, he was just disadvantaged. He had only just entered the Seventh Dimension and most of his subordinates weren't up to par. He faced similar issues to Leonel, more than just himself had been screwed over by the delay in the Heir Wars.

But would Third Nova really dare to kill? At the end of the day, Patriarch of the Morales family was just a temporary position, and one could almost be considered a figurehead.

The ones who held the real power in the family were still the Ancestors. Just by becoming the Patriarch, Third Nova couldn't just hand over the reins of the family to the Suiard family. Even if there were family rules protecting Third Nova, given the fiery tempers of the Morales Ancestor, would he even last a day past a single reckless decision?

That was when Leonel's expression suddenly changed.

That was right. The checks and balances of the Morales family were so impossibly sturdy. There was an underlying threat here that he wasn't seeing, an underlying threat that made Second Nova entirely unwilling to see Third Nova even have the chance.

Leonel's gaze suddenly became frighteningly cold.

Third Nova had made an enemy he wasn't even expecting to have made. Not only would Leonel defeat him, he wouldn't hesitate to kill him.

Worse came to worst, if Leonel interrogated his soul and found that he was wrong, he would simply revive him. But from what it seemed like now, although he didn't have the evidence, Third Nova was tied to something exceptionally sinister.

Auran could have never guessed that just a single probing attack of Leonel, an encounter that lasted no more than a few minutes, would actually give the latter this much information.

As for whether this was a good thing or not... only time would tell.

"After Sixth Nova fell, there was a huge shift in the land. He had controlled a great deal of territory, and with his disappearance after his badge was crushed, all of his subordinates vanished as well.

"The other territories attempted to swallow it up, leading to a whole host of battles, of which it seemed that First Nova came on top. Third Nova had been occupied by his battle with Fourth Nova and didn't receive the information until much later. By the time he marched over, the land had already been divided.

"The only powers worthy of note left on the night side continent are First Nova, Third Nova, the Spiritual Faith, the Omann, the Suiard family, the Ram family and the Pyius family."

Leonel's gaze flickered. Could it be that Second Nova had taken out Sixth Nova to cause this abrupt change? His timing was even so perfect, with Third Nova occupied by Fourth Nova, the one who gained the most advantage was First Nova and Third Nova was late to react...

"What is the Suiard family up to? Why does it feel like you have so little information about them?"

Leonel couldn't help but realize this. Also, he hadn't quite abandoned the idea that Third Nova was tied to them. With one being so active and the other being so silent it felt... suspicious.

"It doesn't seem that the Suiard family has done much, but they are currently preparing to form the first Gold-Grade territory of that continent. Although I can't be certain, it seems that their trust in their Heir is exceptionally high.

They aren't using any schemes or plans. Until this point, they've crushed everything in their path with pure strength.

"It seems like they're waiting for something."

Leonel fell into silence. Something was brewing... He had already expected the Heir Wars to come with a ton of extra baggage, but this single encounter with Second Nova had blasted open a door that he hadn't expected. These Heir Wars and the aftermath would be more devastating than he had imagined.

Leonel didn't know how right he was at that moment.

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Chapter 2004: Entirely

Leonel didn't reply. He tried to think but he felt his mind was growing foggy. After a moment of thought, he realized that it was best if he entered the pod now, if there was another attack he wouldn't even be able to stand straight, let alone deal with it.

After 15 minutes had passed, Leonel stepped out feeling refreshed and invigorated. His eyes carried much more clarity within them and he could feel the changes to his Dream Force more substantially. He had actually stepped into the Second Layered State.

This was a bit of a surprise. Although Leonel had already felt that he was close, he hadn't expected that pushing his Dream Simulation so far would allow him to take such a step. Even so, he greatly welcomed it, though he felt that he had to be more careful.

Dream Force was only a small part of his Emulation Spatial Force. Having such high control of Dream Force while lagging in Spatial Force, while it wouldn't impact him negatively physically, might skew his comprehension of Emulation Spatial Force down an improper path in the future.

Suddenly, Leonel froze. '... No, I've been thinking about all of this incorrectly to begin with...'

Leonel's Dreamscape sparked with greater vigor as his eyes glowed. Now that his mind wasn't fatigued, the benefits of the improvements to his Dream Force

and its positive impact on his Ability Index breathed a lung of fresh air into Leonel's body.

His mind jumped and sparks of lightning connected Force Crafting, the Life Grade and his Emulation Spatial Force, a wild series of connections that seemed completely irrelevant together. But to Leonel, it made all the sense in the world.

'A Force, its existence, is just an exhibit of the Life Grade. Wise Star Order already implied this when he described the existence of Scarlet Star Force to me. The reason its dangerous for my Innate Nodes to be so perfect and complete, and yet for my comprehension of it to be lacking, is precisely because this Force has a life of its own, it has a disposition, a personality of sorts, born from its own uniqueness.

'In that case, why would Emulation Spatial Force be different? The unique characteristic of the Life Grade is that it had left behind its individual parts and become something entirely different. Although it is true that Emulation Spatial Force is formed of Dream Force and Spatial Force, considering it as the sum of its parts rather than something exponentially different will only hold me back.'

Leonel's gaze glowed and the back of his neck glowed with a silvery-gold.

Suddenly, he tapped at the air before him. A wide net appeared before him, but it became clear soon that it was less of a net and more of a grid. This grid of perfect cubes began to bend and warp, it looked almost like a simulation of gravity and the impact great masses had on space and its nodes.

The nodes began to shift and change, and if one paid close attention, it would be possible to see that Leonel was repeating the pattern of slight distortion around his own body. One after another, a perfect replica of the distortions continued to multiply, again and then again.

Leonel's gaze glowed. His outstretched finger flipped and he suddenly snapped his finger. Right at that moment the golden grid was flooded with a silvery flame. At that moment, the distortions solidified and one perfect replica of Leonel appeared after another.

Soon, the entire city lord manor was filled with clones of Leonel.

Up above the Heir Wars world, few were still paying attention to Leonel in the grand scheme. But when it came to the most important figures, although fireworks were going off on the night side continent, none of them left Leonel for more than a few minutes at a time.

When they saw him break into Tier 8 seemingly just standing and thinking, their pupils couldn't help but constrict. There didn't seem to be anything logical about his breakthrough, only Ancestor Hito could sense the sudden eruption of Leonel's Dream Force. He had comprehended something profound that allowed him to take such a step.

But for Leonel to comprehend something like that right after a battle, and in such a tired state... Just what kind of monster was he exactly? It didn't make any sense.

However, this change shocked them even more than before. The reason for that was simple...

They couldn't tell which one was the real Leonel! And this included Ancestor Hito who had formed this world in the first place. Each clone was so perfect that they all felt like the real Leonel.

They had seen Leonel use clones already in this war, but they had always been able to easily tell what was happening. But now...

Leonel's clones suddenly all vanished, and to their shock, the "real" Leonel, the one they had been locked onto all the while, wasn't there at all. Just when they were wondering where he could have possibly gone, their hearts trembled.

There, by a pillar of the hall, Leonel stood with a light smile on his face. If they remembered correctly, that was the location of where another clone had been just moments before. That was when it hit them.

Leonel had swapped with one of his clones seamlessly and they hadn't even been able to notice it happened.

It had to be remembered that the images they were seeing now were absolutely perfect. There were no details missing, Leonel might as well have been standing right in front of them at the moment. And yet, even as Eighth Dimensional existences, they didn't notice the change, it had been perfectly seamless.

Leonel didn't seem to care despite the fact he knew others were observing him.

He realized his approach had been wrong.

He kept thinking of Scarlet Star Force like it was a Fire Force, it wasn't Fire at all, it was Fire, Star and Light Force, unless he could fuse those concepts in his mind, he had no right to try and define it.

This was also the case for his Void Star Force and his Vital Star Force.

His perspective on the world seemed to shift entirely.

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Chapter 2005: New Path

Leonel tapped a finger at the air again. At that moment, a wisp of blue appeared. In one moment, it seemed like a liquid, but then it became like a gaseous fog, sometimes like that fog was viscous, at other times it was as fleeting as the wind.

Leonel stared intently. He couldn't seem to decide on a form.

After a moment, he waved his hand and let it disperse. He realized after a few seconds that he didn't know nearly enough about Void Star Force to make such a decision, and by extension he likely didn't know enough about Vital Star Force either.

Although he understood what he had to do, taking the actual steps was too difficult. That said...

Leonel tapped the air and a flickering red gold flame appeared. However, he almost instantly understood that it was wrong.

The flickering flame changed, becoming more and more solid. In the blink of an eye, it went from the wisp of a flame to a solid rotating ball. Every time it rotated, an echo of destruction flew out in a wave. It felt far more powerful, but somehow not quite right either.

Leonel's gaze narrowed and suddenly the solid sphere became covered by a sea of flames, one state of solid and another of fire and gas, supplemented by

a hidden layer of echoing silence. It didn't crackle, it didn't pop, a frightening sort of silence enveloped everything.

With a clench of his fist, the Scarlet Star Force became a spear. A solid rod formed beneath the raging flames. A blade formed with a glass-like consistency, one could see right through it. And yet, with just a tap to the ground, the foundation of the city lord manor seemed to be on the verge of collapsing entirely.

'So that means...'

Leonel grabbed at the air with another hand, a dark blue spear forming. However, it didn't seem quite right. It was then it suddenly clicked.

With a slight shift, the foundation of the dark blue Force became an amorphous blob, rotating like a blackhole. What was odd was that the center felt completely malleable. However, just before one reach the core, it was entirely solid, the suction force became so strong near it that everything, even the air itself, solidified.

If one had paid attention, it would have been clear that this was simply the inversion of what Leonel had done with his Scarlet Star Force and it suddenly slipped into place.

BANG!

Suddenly, Leonel's Void Star Force Stars and Scarlet Star Force Stars appeared on their own, their Runes rotating to life.

Leonel's irises began to glow, one with a fierce red gold glow, and the other with a fierce blue black. His hair fluttered, despite the fact he had only just entered Tier 8, his aura surged once again and he entered Tier 9. His aura seemed to want to soar past that, but there was simply nowhere to go.

His Force spilled over in waves, the city trembling again and again.

Leonel couldn't seem to hold back. He raised his head to the skies, unleashing a roar.

The waves of the ocean near his city rose like a tsunami. However, just when it seemed that it would swallow his city whole, it seemed to have crashed into an invisible dome. It was sent flying back with even greater speed, splitting the

ocean tides into two to the point the barren bottom of the ocean could be seen for dozens of miles.

Leonel's palm flipped over as a spear appeared in his hand. The blade rod expanded and a menacing blade formed.

With a step through the air, Leonel appeared high in the skies, thrusting out his spear. His blade tip vanished and he seemed to have pierced out dozens of times in a single instant.

Leonel's stance shifted and his spear swung. A beautiful spear dance overwhelmed the skies. Every time Leonel moved, the clouds above would split, after several moments, a gorgeous pattern appeared within him.

The wind moved with his breath, space bent to his movements, time paused with his sight.

A complex Force Art continuously grew beneath his feet. It seemed to respond to his spear dance, forming gentle strokes with his soft movement and thick gauges with his powerful eruptions.

Leonel felt like a god upholding the skies. There didn't seem to be a division between the air he thrust through, the skies above and the earth below. Every time he attacked it was as though his blade covered everything in the plane, and soon the beautiful pattern appearing in the clouds above also began to form on the ground below.

The Morales watching this spear dance felt their spears hum. Those with the Spear Domain Lineage Factor couldn't even control themselves as their spear crowns appeared above their heads, their irises flickering with raging Spear Force that wanted to howl into the skies above.

Their hearts moved with Leonel's every swing, their breaths caught in their throats.

It had all clicked for Leonel at once. It was all connected. Indeed, the Life Grade had always been the guiding lamp. The moment he had thought that his Force Arts would be the secret to the next evolution of his spear, he had been correct. He just hadn't known what the foundation would be...

But now he knew.

Leonel's gaze sharpened as his spear pierced into the skies. His entire being moved as one, the clouds above and the ground below glowed, the Force Art beneath his feet suddenly expanding to the point that it dwarfed the city below it.

The spear howl seemed to be heard throughout the Human Domain, it tore through the canopy, forming the maw of a dragon as it soared, striking through the starry skies above.

It was the kind of strike that would be indelibly marked in the memories of all those who saw it. It was a statement bolder than arrogance, louder than words, timeless and ageless.

It was the strike of a new path of the spear.

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Chapter 2006: Over 20 Years Later

The hearts of the various Ancestors palpitated. That strike... That strike...

Why did they feel like it was so dangerous?

It was the kind of strike they were confident they could deal with, but it was also the kind of strike they felt that if they were too casual with, they would be forced to suffer a small loss. It could most definitely draw blood. How was that possible?!

At that moment, Leonel's words from a month ago echoed in their minds once again. Indeed... If they had allowed him to step into the Seventh Dimension, where would the suspense be?!

Right before their eyes, Leonel had gone from Tier 7 to Tier 8, and then Tier 9 just 20 minutes later. It should have taken years to cross barriers of the Sixth Dimension. Leonel had given the others a 20 year head start and most of them had only barely stepped into Tier 1 of the Seventh Dimension! Watching a man go through two Tiers in not even an hour... How could they accept this?!

What made it worse is how Leonel broke through. This confirmed to them all that it was simply impossible for him to have taken the Conventional Path. Leonel had obviously used comprehension to breakthrough, and that wasn't

possible with the Conventional Path which was entirely about tempering the body. He would have needed to consume some resources before he could break through, but they had all been watching him, he had clearly not consumed anything.

For one's comprehension to be so strong... Could even the likes of Cynthia and Velasco compare?

Velasco wasn't even 30 years old when he entered the Seventh Dimension, just like Leonel. However, what no one realized was that Leonel didn't even know what Dimensions were until he was 18 years old whereas Velasco had been born and raised in the Morales family. It was simply impossible to compare these two things.

He had to die.

...

Leonel lowered his spear, his gaze still sparkling. He had never unleashed such a powerful strike before, it felt good. With that strike alone, he had reached the Fourth Layered State, just a step away from the Impetus Stage. It had to be remembered that the Impetus Stage was the requirement for entering the Ninth Heaven, to even approach such a state was absolutely game changing.

However, Leonel wasn't complacent.

For one, to unleash that attack, he needed to complete his spear dance. Right now, his methods were imperfect so he first had to draw the power of several strikes before converging them into one. The process of drawing the Force Art currently shrinking beneath his feet right now wasn't small. At the moment, it took over 10 000 strokes of his spear to reach this perfect state.

In battle at his level, that would take several minutes to achieve, around five minutes or so. This wasn't very long normally, but a lot could happen in a battle, the most obvious of which would be his ritual being interrupted. And obviously, a person who he needed to use such a strike against would be more than capable of interrupting him.

The second problem was that this was the Fourth Layered State for a "mere" Sixth Dimensional Spear Force. If he improved to a Seventh Dimensional Spear Force now, he would only be able to touch the Third Layered State with

this spear dance. And Leonel had no intention of holding back his Spear Force just for this.

There was good news, though.

When he began his spear dance, each and every one of his spear strikes was at the limit of the Third Layer, individually more powerful than almost any other technique he had. This meant that while he was accumulating, it wasn't as though he couldn't threaten his opponent. In fact, he would be likely to shred an enemy to pieces before he could even unleash the final attack.

But then there was more bad news. Leonel wasn't quite sure how to translate this to his bow.

With his spear, he could use his spear dance, but with his bow he could only stand in place and draw his bowstring, he would be a sitting duck. When would he have the time to stand around for five minutes in battle without attacking?

For the first time, his spear had actually surpassed his archery at least in this regard.

Luckily, there was more good news.

There were two paths before him to improve now. The first was simplifying the Force Art, the second was strengthening it. Decreasing the number of lines for the former, and potentially adding layers of complexity for the latter.

In addition, this was just one spear dance, Leonel felt that he could create more with differing aspects. This one was particularly overbearing, it was like a beast rampaging within its cage and pulling against its chains, roaring when it finally made its way out.

If he could create several spear dances, each with their own unique flare, he could one day enter a state of battle where he never had to step out of his spear dances at all, he could glide from one spear dance to the next, seamlessly using them.

If he reached such a state, it would be almost impossible to interrupt a spear dance because he could just flow into another. If it was himself flowing from one to the next, he wouldn't lose any progress. That way, he could

incrementally complete one spear dance at a time until he had gathered so much momentum that he could bulldoze his opponents.

In fact, maybe one day he would even be able to fuse the final strikes of his spear dances into one, creating an ultimate attack that was simply unblockable.

Leonel's spear trembled once and he took a breath, exhaling.

He looked down at the heavy black rod in his hands. In the past, just trying to catch it had crushed his fingers, but now he could hear it roar.

Just now, Leonel had finally sensed the Domain of the black rod and he couldn't help but grin.

Over 20 years ago, he had given up the Shadow Sovereign Lineage Factor and chose to protect an unborn child.

20 years later, things seemed to have come full circle. Who could have known that he had had Shadow Sovereignty in the palm of his hands all the while?

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Chapter 2007: Good Timing

Leonel's gaze shifted to the Force Art slowly shrinking beneath his feet. He realized that he probably had one more strike in him if he did so now, but it would only be about half as strong as the one just now.

'Depending on the situation in battle, I'll have to adjust that. Whether I grow more efficient at releasing it all at once, or hold back on the first strike so that I can have a second. Either way, I'll just have to keep those thoughts tucked in the back of my mind.'

Leonel subtly nodded to himself and stepped down from the skies.

In the past, he still had to rely on his Emulation Spatial Force to step into the air, but he could now do it on his own. Aside from those with flying Ability Indexes, he was probably the only one of the Sixth Dimension who could do this without relying on Force itself, but rather a comprehension of Force.

This, though, made it clearer to Leonel the kind of gap that existed between the Sixth and Seventh Dimensions. He still remembered a time he could just barely battle against those of the Fifth Dimension when he was still in the Third. But now this small gap had actually caused him so much trouble.

From the Sixth Dimension onward, every step was fundamentally different and world changing.

Flying was an ability only those who used the God Path and had stepped into the Seventh Dimension could perform. There was something metaphysical that changed in a person's being.

Leonel had stepped into that realm just now relying on his comprehension, but others had undergone this change with their bodies. When this was put into perspective, the large gap between what seemed to be just a single step made much more sense.

On the ground, Radlis shook his head. He had just stepped out from a pod himself as these last two days had been really taxing for him, he didn't expect to see Leonel entering Tier 9 right before his eyes.

It had to be remembered that not even a year ago, he had witnessed Leonel going from Tier 1 to Tier 3 right before his eyes, and now he was already in Tier 9, right after he had already stepped into Tier 8.

It would be easier to accept if he had taken the Conventional Path, but this was very clearly not that. His aura was too powerful and his momentum was far too stifling. Radlis had never met anyone in the first Tiers of the Seventh Dimension with a stronger aura than Leonel.

By the time Leonel had landed, his light smile had vanished into the same cold expression he had carried for much of the Heir Wars. He could allow the time he had just wasted to go because he had exchanged it for more strength, but in general he didn't want to waste anymore time.

Now that he was in Tier 9, he had much more confidence. The only unfortunate part was that he didn't have the next layers of [Dimensional Cleanse].

To Leonel, the actual process of going through Tiers didn't necessitate [Dimensional Cleanse], but the breakthrough process did.

In addition, Leonel had yet to fully comprehend the Sixth Dimensional Layer of [Dimensional Cleanse] either. He had done so for the Fifth Dimensional Layer, allowing him to pass it on to others, but he had yet to even actively practice the Sixth Dimensional Layer, let alone comprehend it.

He simply had too much to do and he was always busy. If not for his sharp comprehension, making it to Tier 9 in such a short time would have been nothing more than a good joke.

Leonel slotted this matter to the back of his mind. It seemed like just as he had with the Fifth Dimensional Layer, he would have to practice it last minute.

That said, that didn't mean that he had no idea of how he might proceed forward. After all, [Dimensional Cleanse] was clearly very closely tied with the Universal Cycle Comprehension and methods of the Cataclysm Zone.

This meant that the next step likely involved taking his Stars and crossing from the Heavenly Body Realm into the Natural Light Realm, then to enter the Seventh Dimension he would need to shatter them and enter the Cosmos Realm.

If that was the case, even if he wanted to, Leonel wouldn't be able to practice the Sixth Dimensional Layer of [Dimensional Cleanse], that was because he still hadn't gained enlightenment on the Natural Light Realm.

"Radlis, continue to monitor the situation on the night side continent. I'll provide the points. I want you to build a bridge of outposts between the edge of our territory and the opposing shoreline. Use those outposts as your method of quickly returning here. I want a report every six hours. You can connect it right here..."

Leonel pointed out several things on the map and then relayed a few more orders. After he was done, he sent Radlis and the other members of the Umbra family away.

Outposts could only be set up such that some part of their range was within a range of territory you already owned, so Leonel had no choice but to waste the points needed to build an entire bridge across the ocean just for the sake of this convenience. But right now, information was extremely important to him.

In addition, given the fact that the outposts would be hidden under the ocean's tides, the likelihood of them being found was minimal, and even if they were found... So what?

He really wanted to see who would dare to attack him casually right now.

Leonel's gaze flashed with a fierce light.

At that moment, several teleportation signals were received and flashes of light rippled out as those Leonel had sent out to clear the challenges and dungeons began to return.

Leonel nodded to himself. This timing was good. He would take the time to maximize the rewards they had gained first before heading out to hunt more Heir-Grade threats.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2008: Huge Deal

The first thing the others brought back was quite interesting. It was a water freezing reward.

It was exceptionally difficult to freeze salted water for obvious reasons and oceans in higher Dimensional worlds were even more resistant to such things. The Heir Wars planet had poles, but they weren't frozen over as one might expect, or more accurately, the waters that ran through it weren't. This wasn't only because the waters were salted, but also because the ocean of this world was akin to a very wide river, constantly moving about and "orbiting" the planet.

The freeze reward came from an Heir-Grade Dungeon, and it could be used in two ways.

The first was to build a bridge. If Leonel wanted to, he could build an ice bridge from his current territory to the other side of the ocean. This bridge would be exceptionally deep and thick, destroying it would be hundreds of times more difficult than breaking down the walls of an Heir-Grade city.

The second use case was to build an ice island. This island would be even more immutable and nigh indestructible. Though its range would obviously be much shorter than that of the ice bridge, it would still be about 10 kilometers in

diameter. In addition, this ice island would come with its own city core, allowing one to build a territory upon it.

This city would be unique. Rather than receiving a hundred times reduction to one's territory, the reduction would only be 10 times. This meant if Leonel had a city transfer reward and displaced his city to the ice island, the 2000 kilometer range he had had that had been limited to 20 kilometers would become 200 kilometers instead.

This was quite an exceptional benefit. After all, Leonel had to spend 30 billion points previously to gain just 300 kilometers of range. He would gain two thirds of that essentially for free if he could get a transfer reward.

The width of the ocean was easily over 500 kilometers. It wrapped around the entire planet as well, so its length was easily over 3000 kilometers. Even so, this would go a long way. If Leonel could block out a section of the ocean with more than just outposts, the benefit would be exceptional and also stop others from encroaching without a willingness to bear arms.

Even so, Leonel set this matter aside for a small time.

The next reward was actually quite an excellent one. It was an Heir-Grade Protector, this was worth a great deal. An Heir-Grade Protector was worth easily 10 of just one of the soul constructs he had gathered until now. Even better than that, their defensive abilities were off the charts, so ultimately, their combat strength was better than just the estimate of 10 Leonel had. It would probably be able to deal with a fifth of the Heir-Grade Generals come the Heir-Grade upgrade challenge.

Leonel crushed the rewards and released it, allowing it to join the other lower grade protectors. Though they were invisible for now, when the time came they should be quite useful.

The next few rewards were miscellaneous, but useful nonetheless. This included an Heir-Grade city wall collapse reward, a territory expanding reward, and a Gold-Grade upgrade pass.

The territory expanding reward was especially interesting because it was Heir-Grade. It allowed one to expand their territory as though one already had an Heir-Grade city.

The territory of an Heir-Grade city was measured differently. The Gold-Grade had a limit of 2000 kilometers even after one exchanged points for more expansion. But an Heir-Grade territory encompassed a continent. Meaning, if Leonel used this reward, so long as there weren't the territories of others present, his territory would expand to engulf a continent.

The trouble with this, though, was that Leonel's goal was obviously the ocean and this reward wouldn't allow him to claim the entire ocean for obvious reasons. But as a reward from an ocean dungeon, there was obviously a provision for it to be used in this fashion.

This was when Leonel learned that the ocean was split into four seas according to this description, each sea taking up a fourth of its length.

According to the reward, if he attached this territory expansion to a "special ocean territory" he would be able to claim up to an entire sea for himself.

Leonel's gaze flickered when he read through this, that was because he had access to one such thing already, and that would be the ice island city. That said, there was a bit of a drawback.

He would only be able to claim half of a sea with a Gold-Grade city. In order to claim a whole sea, he would need an Heir-Grade territory.

Leonel fell into thought.

He had access to more than enough cities now, although he didn't use them. There was his decoy city which he could upgrade now with his Gold-Grade upgrade pass. After that, he would only need to find one more city to trigger the Heir-Grade upgrade challenge.

But there were two major problems with this.

First, this would obviously make the Heir-Grade upgrade challenge three times more difficult, and he was still accumulating to challenge even the base level challenge. Unfortunately, he was still an enormous amount of points away from being able to afford it, and he was constantly spending points now, the bride of outposts just being one matter.

The second issue was that challenging with a special ocean territory meant that he would have to deal with oceanic beasts instead of land beasts. They

would be a huge headache for obvious reasons, and his formation wasn't here to support him.

However... Claiming an entire city was a huge deal...

That was especially since this reward didn't say anything about being limited by the territories of others. That likely meant that even if there was someone encroaching on his sea right this moment, they would be kicked out.

This was a huge deal.

Leonel fell into silence.

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Chapter 2009: Battle Intent

Leonel had to function with the assumption that if he could accomplish something, although he was ahead now, that didn't mean others couldn't accomplish it in the future. In fact, there were probably multiple paths to accomplish the same thing, that meant in the future there would likely be others claiming seas and Leonel knew that he had to be one of them. More importantly, he had to be the first among them.

Right now, the only advantage he had outside of his own combat strength was that he was the first to form a Gold-Grade territory. But if he was complacent, soon, others would begin to catch up. If he idled any longer, his advantage would be swallowed up. This was why he had taken the risk to march on the day side continent in the first place.

However, this decision was still many times more difficult. The simple fact was that he didn't see a simple path toward clearing the Heir-Grade upgrade challenge, let alone three times it. He had fought the Heir-Grade threats personally just now, they were monsters.

With the improvements to his strength, he could likely take one down easily now, but a single wave would have a hundred, a fusion challenge would have 300. Most of his subordinates couldn't battle even a single Gold-Grade threat, let alone 300 Heir-Grade threats.

That didn't mention the other elephant in the room... 100 million Gold-Grade threats, or 300 million in this case. That was the population of a decently sized

country back on Earth. In the grand scheme of the Human Domain, it was a small number, but it was a crushing mountain to the current Leonel. Even if he had the option he wouldn't be able to control that many soul constructs either, even if he factored in the recent improvement to his Dream Force.

Leonel took a breath and exhaled, closing his eyes.

This had to be done. The only thought process now should be figuring out how.

His eyes snapped open and his focus seemed to have increased. He scanned through the remaining rewards, most of which were still miscellaneous until he landed on one.

This reward was in the shape of a conch one could blow into. There were two options, the first was to summon 10 Heir-Grade threats, the other was to summon one million Gold-Grade threats. All of them would be oceanic beasts.

Leonel's gaze narrowed. 'It seems that I'll have to bring out one more of my trump cards.'

Those watching likely had no idea just how much Leonel was holding back currently. He had many methods that he hadn't used, but that was because he was aware that he was being observed and his goal was never just to win the Heir Wars. His eyes had been on the war that was doubtless to follow once he did win.

In his eyes, this was nothing more than a precursor.

But in order to assure his victory, it seemed he would have to bring out a bit more.

He raised the conch to his lips. His chest expanded and he practically roared into its body. A billowing sound that caused the ocean to become agitated echoed time and time again. Then, he lowered it.

"You all go and rest. When you feel refreshed, continue with the same plan, we'll keep pushing forward like this, there'll only be just one slight change.

"The rewards from dungeons are less predictable and there's no reproducibility. Focus on challenges for now, namely challenges with the highest possibility of producing upgrade clear rewards. Once we've found one

more Gold-Grade upgrade challenge clear reward and a territory displacement reward, change your focus back to dungeons."

The others nodded and Leonel handed a ring to Aina.

"Aina, these are the corpses of the Heir-Grade threats I've dealt with until now. From now on, I won't kill them. Is this enough."

Aina swept her senses into it and looked up with a nod. "It's enough. This will last me a very long time."

"Mm. Good." Leonel nodded before flickering and vanishing.

Leonel appeared on the tall city walls, looking down to the churning waters below.

One after another, large oceanic beasts began to appear. Each was at least 20 meters large and they were all stingrays glistening with a silvery black color.

These stingrays were all Gold-Grade threats and with the conch by his side, they were all under Leonel's control.

Leonel hopped down from the city walls and landed on the back of one. He inspected it for a moment before diving below the raging waters.

The scene below could only be described as fascinating. These stingrays went for as far as the eye could see, especially in these dark waters. Their majesty was great and their beauty greater, but this wouldn't do much to help Leonel.

He tested it just now and the amount of control he had over these stingrays was incredibly limited. At best, he could point them toward a direction to attack and he could group them up. As for how they attacked, that was left up to them.

This army of a million seemed majestic, but they would get chewed up and spit out by an army of 300 million. Even the three million from Leonel's Gold-Grade challenge would have laid waste to them.

However, Leonel still inspected them all one by one. If one was paying attention to his mind, it would be possible to see a perfect replica of each

stingray being carefully slotted away. They were accurate down the finest millimeter, completely flawless.

After several moments. Leonel resurfaced.

He commanded the stingrays to stay near the surface and avoid running into the territory of the ocean beasts below. If he lost a few of them for a stupid reason, it would be too late to regret.

Leonel appeared back with his city and exhaled a breath.

Each stingray was a slightly different size, it seemed that he couldn't rely on the Segmented Cube this time.

Although it might be possible to create something simple like a collar with an adjustable size and mass produce it that way, the effects wouldn't be what he wanted. The power would be limited.

Leonel's gaze glowed.

It seemed he would have to act personally again.

As for Leonel's plan... it was about time he put an idea that had been swimming in mind to action.

Back in the Cataclysm Zone, he had seen a concept for armors that could allow troops to fuse their power into one and output more strength than just the sum of their parts. It was akin to working in formation, but with warriors being the nodes instead of something else.

If he wanted to clear the Heir-Grade upgrade challenge as quickly as possible, he would have to create an army of Gold-Grade threats that could destroy a threat 300 times their size.

Little Tolly squirmed from its position on Leonel's wrist, clearly feeling Leonel's battle intent. Or, maybe... It should be called Crafting Intent.

A cold smile spread across Leonel's lips.

These old bastards would have to watch carefully now. The number one Crafter of the younger generation had been him for a very long while, if they truly thought he had opponents, they would be in for a rude awakening.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2010: True Talent

Little Tolly snaked out from around Leonel's wrist, spreading into the skies.

This little one had been noticed by everyone long ago. But it only now seemed to click that Leonel didn't have the slightest protection on his body. He came into direct contact with Little Tolly without the slightest worry, his synergy with his Metal Spirit was as high as it could be.

But what was maybe even more shocking than this was the fact Little Tolly was still only in the Fifth Dimension. What was Leonel planning to do with such a weak Metal Spirit?

They had seen Leonel use Little Tolly before, but back then Leonel was only bending a metal alloy into shape, and that metal wasn't necessarily designed to be hard and sturdy, it was only created for the sake of facilitating his Dream World. But now...

Leonel's gaze flashed. He didn't even seem intent on using a workbench.

In his mind, several blueprints flashed and then vanished before flashing once again. He refined, shattered and then rebuilt.

Leonel tapped at the air as Little Tolly circled his neck before rising high into the skies. At that moment, the grid of his Emulation Spatial Force appeared once again. Quickly, Leonel's settled upon design began to appear.

It was in the shape of an odd winged armor. There was a strong spine that ran down the back and looked like a sapphire blue set of spinal bones locked into one another. Each ended in a menacing blade, and despite the fact it was just a projection, the sharpness seemed to tear into the eyes of those watching.

After a moment of astonishment, it suddenly clicked. This sort of armor wasn't for humans, it was for the stingrays.

Their eyes couldn't help but open wide. That was impossible.

Setting aside the fact creating an armor you weren't used to was an almost impossible task, doing so for a million existence was an endeavor that should have taken years of effort. Even if you sped it up, it should take months.

Even if you completed an armor a second, completing a million of them would take over a week, nearing two, let alone the fact it would take several hours to complete just one. Even if you managed to complete one an hour, a pace that could only be said to be blazing, it would take over a century!

They couldn't fathom what Leonel was trying to do. Even if he had a method to speed up these time tables by several factors, several months would still be an overly exaggerated estimate. But even then, several months might be enough time for the entire Heir Wars to come to an end.

At that point, should Leonel have a better go-to than this? Unless... This was really all he had.

The Morales Ancestors could only sigh. Leonel had truly done quite excellently until now, but much more couldn't be asked of him. If he was in the Seventh Dimension, the winner seemed to be clear to them already. But even though he was in Tier 9 now, even if it was adjusted for his insane speed, several months would be an outrageous estimate for how fast he could enter the Seventh Dimension. Most were stuck for decades to even centuries at this step, even the Cataclysm Generation geniuses were stuck for at least five to seven years on average at that step.

However, right then... Leonel began to move.

His arms flared out and his hands trembled once. A golden glow formed a layer of his hands before separating. Right then, a perfect replica of Leonel's hands appeared in the air beside his real ones. Then there was a second glow, then a third.

In the blink of an eye, 999 pairs of hands appeared in the skies, with Leonel's own making exactly 1000.

"You can handle it right, little guy?"

*Bloop*Bloop

Little Tolly's body shuddered once before a raging torrent formed. The skies seemed to be blotted out by a silvery tsunami, casting a shadow over a large swath of the city.

Leonel grinned. Little Tolly might still be in the Fifth Dimension, but it was only ever fed the highest quality materials. Its foundation was incredibly solid and

the only reason it hadn't entered the Sixth Dimension was because Leonel was still trying to find a Force Eruption to allow it the perfect evolution.

Metal Spirits were exceptionally dangerous existences, they could even swallow planets if they were allowed to rampage unchecked. There was a reason Leonel's casual actions around it were seen as so shocking. And now... Leonel had fully unleashed it.

Little Tolly could already break into dozens of pieces back when Leonel was still in the Third Dimension, but now, even breaking into a thousand wasn't a problem.

Leonel's gaze glowed and countless ores appeared in the air. He had traded for so many with his points until now that he hadn't even used up a tenth of what he had in reserve. He had more than he knew what to do with, and they were about to be of great use.

Leonel's thousand pair of hands flexed just once and as though striking down toward the keys of a piano, they shattered the sound barrier on the way down, a roar that echoed across the continent and through the oceans rising in a torrent.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Little Tolly's countless pieces surged forward, its processing speed under Leonel's control immaculate.

A heartfelt silence reigned. It felt as though there was simply nothing else to say. Seeing Leonel's skill for the first time, Cynthia's expression changed for the first time, her heart skipping a beat.

They had all seen Leonel breakthrough in Emulation Spatial Force together. This meant that Leonel had only just gained the skill to use several pairs of hands like this so seamlessly. And yet... And yet he was not only skilled enough to execute such a thing, but he was also doing so with such confidence.

How much self assurance must one have to try something you had never done before with your Fate on the line before the eyes of trillions?

It was then that she realized the scariest thing about Leonel wasn't his lineage, nor was it his talent...

