

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2011: Without Fail

Leonel was incomparably focused. His fingers tapped at slightly different rhythms, but each of their speeds was blinding,

The ores before him were quickly heated, each of them being shed of their impurities.

The way he approached purification now and the past was vastly different. Before, his only focus was making the ore shine in its own personal strongest light. But now, he saw things several steps ahead. Sometimes, he would even purposely leave impurities behind, knowing that certain changes would actually aid this ore to better bind with the future pieces of the alloy.

This was what it meant to have entered the Life Grade, comprehending the holistic view of your creation rather than dealing with individual portions.

His actions moved smoothly from one step to the next. Despite the fact he was working with such a large amount of materials considering the size of the stingrays, he finished the purification process in not even 10 minutes. His speed could only be said to be mind numbing.

However, the results for those in the crowd who were laymen was underwhelming. Even from here they could see that many impurities were left behind, but they felt that this was likely the best Leonel could do given the circumstances. Only time would tell if the results would be good enough.

Despite the feelings of these laymen, the Morales Ancestors and the Force Crafting Guild Crafters had all stood to their feet, their eyes wide as they moved forward as though they needed to get a closer glance.

Leonel was keeping this relatively simple, working with just three Sixth Dimensional Ores, and, of course, using Urbe Ore as a foundation. It was for partly this reason that his actions seemed to be so desperate. What could Silver Grade treasures do to meaningfully change his situation at the moment?

Two of these Ores were water based, while the third was a water-wind fusion that was particularly unruly. This third ore was known as Green Storm Ore, and what made it even odder was the fact it was a Vein Type Ore.

This meant that it wasn't only unruly, but one had to be delicate and finely controlled in its usage. Vein Type Ores were usually built into the core of treasures and used to write out the most integral Force Arts to a Craft.

However, the method by which Leonel was refining it, and then subsequently fusing it with two foundational Water Force Ores, was just...

Genius.

Leonel made the unruly ore look like a docile child. His mind worked on a plane of its own.

The laymen weren't able to see the subtle actions Leonel was taking, but how could the Ancestors not? They felt as though they were seeing a prodigy rising up before their eyes. Even until now, they couldn't quite comprehend how Leonel's armors were all of the Life Grade, but it seemed to suddenly click into place right this moment.

The Green Storm Ore was spun into a thin filament, so thin that it floated through the sky like a thread of silk, weightless and flexible.

One after another, Leonel began to form the spinal bones of the armor, threading the Green Storm Ore into the Water Force Ores it should have clashed with.

A beautiful pile of refined metals began to appear. They shimmered with blue, like sapphires sparkling beneath the ocean's surface. Within them, fine patterns of emerald glowed, giving it a mysterious appearance.

At the same time, Leonel was refining one blade after another. This blade was formed by two Wind Force ores and yet another water-wind ore that was once again Green Storm Ore.

Each blade was as thin as a cicada. They fluttered through the wind like a leaf, looking much more like the thin fins of a beautiful fish rather than the blades they were. With just a single jolt, they went from fragile and flexible to incredibly tough and sharp.

The craftsmanship could only be described as gorgeous.

The hours ticked by, and then over a day, but it seemed to finally click. Leonel didn't need months... By the end of the third day, he would be finished.

The bags around Leonel's eyes were so dark that they had become a dense black. However, his fingers continued to strike with the same speed, large numbers of armors floating in the air with a renewed sort of vigor.

Leonel's wrist trembled as a Force Crafting pen appeared. Suddenly, that Force Crafting pill multiplies, 2000 appearing, one for each of his hands.

He took a breath and exhaled before his hands suddenly began to move with lightning speed. The skies were filled with golden arcs and complex Force Arts were formed one after another like the gears of a pocket watch.

The gazes of those shocked by Leonel's abilities turned to confusion. They had simply never seen such Force Arts before, it was completely foreign to them. They were even having trouble comprehending what they could do.

Was this Leonel's trump card?

Suddenly, Leonel's body froze and he felt backward, only to be caught in a soft embrace. However, by that point, he was already lightly snoring.

Aina looked down with a hint of worry before looking up to the large pile of armors. Others would have a city filled with subordinates by now, the size of a Gold-Grade city was already enough to accommodate a population of millions. But Leonel's city was filled with these large armors instead.

To forge a million armors, even with a thousand hands, was akin to each pair of hands completing an armor every four to five minutes. Keeping up such a pace for over 72 hours... She could imagine the kind of burden he had taken on.

However, while she was worried about Leonel's wellbeing, the Human Domain was in an uproar.

After Leonel had finished those final strokes, the auras of the armors had solidified and took true form.

Each one of those armors, without fail... Was in the Life Grade.

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Chapter 2012: Blueprints

The commotion this caused was hard to describe. It felt as though Leonel palm had suddenly descended from the skies, casting a shadow over all and gripping each one of their hearts one by one.

Life Grade Crafters were simply impossibly rare. In the whole of the Human Domain, the number of them weren't even close to four digits. In fact, they weren't even half way there. The difficulty of crossing that final step was one that had stalled many for far too long.

To put this matter into perspective, there were easily millions upon millions of Gold Grade Crafters, and yet not even 500 Life Grade Crafters. This was how solid this bottleneck was.

There were some exceptionally rare geniuses who could cross this step while in the Seventh Dimension. But it was more accurate to say that this was just a painting of how difficult it was to step into the Eighth Dimension rather than a function of how difficult it was to become a Life Grade Crafter. It was simply impossible for a person to focus on both unless you were on the level of Cynthia and Velasco, or had many, many years of experience like the Omann and Morales Ancestors.

And yet, here was an absolute genius with the strength of a Seventh Dimensional existence at the Sixth Dimension who had already crossed this threshold. In fact, it seemed that he had crossed it long ago, so much so that he could create a million of them right before their eyes.

Cynthia gripped the railing of the Omann family flagship. Her pupils couldn't seem to stop trembling even when she tried to stabilize herself.

She had realized something from the beginning that everyone else was only now realizing.

This stingrays... Leonel had no way of knowing they would be the oceanic beast he would receive, he hadn't even known what reward his subordinates would be able to bring back ahead of time. That meant that Leonel had casually drawn up a blueprint for a Life Grade treasure in a few minutes before executing it right before all of their eyes.

Blueprinting was a process that should have taken years alone. Cynthia had spent an entire decade on the blueprint she was most proud of, she hadn't even gotten around to Crafting it yet. The essence of the Life Grade made the blueprint more important than almost the entire rest of the process.

To be in the "Life Grade" only meant that you had created at least one blueprint of that level and had succeeded in Crafting it. Many of the not even 500 Life Grade Crafters in existence in the Human Domain only had one or two Life Grade blueprints to their name and they were greatly praised for it.

These one or two blueprints would be entirely unique to these Crafters and often powerful families and experts would be exorbitant prices just to have one of these unique treasures under their possession.

There was a very good reason why the White Lion Bow was such a big deal despite only having been at the Quasi Life Grade for most of its life until recently. Life Grade treasures were impossible rare, so impossibly rare that it was difficult to put into words.

The best of the Life Grade Crafters had one or two dozen blueprints under their wings, including Cynthia. Only Ancestor Hito of the Morales and the oldest Omann were speculated to have hundreds, maybe even thousands of such blueprints.

However, there was a vast difference between having thousands of such blueprints... and casually creating one after a few minutes of thought.

Of course, there was also a difference between creating Life Grade Crafts using Sixth Dimensional materials and Eighth Dimensional materials like the ones Cynthia and the other Crafters of her level used. But Cynthia wasn't a fool, the gate of the Life Grade had little to do with Dimension, that was something only laymen believed.

Fundamentally, a Life Grade Crafter, regardless of the base materials used, was still the Life Grade. It was several orders of magnitude more valuable than the basic materials used.

The more Cynthia thought about it, the harder she squeezed. This was the first time she had been so agitated, even Leonel's combat strength hadn't done this. Not his Scarlet Star Force, not his Void Star Force, not his Vital Star Force, not even his powerful Dream Force.

The weight of a Life Grade Crafter who could do such things was too much.

But what Cynthia didn't know was that the weight was about to become much, much heavier than she could have ever expected.

...

Leonel's eyes snapped open, breathing heavily three times before his beating heart calmed. He had really pushed it this time, but the Life Grade was a very finicky realm to enter. If he had taken a break in the middle minute changes could have occurred that would have caused him to have to recalculate all over again, that would only make his situation even worse and extend the time he needed to take.

Leonel pushed his way out and stepped out of the pod. Judging by the skies above, he had managed to recover in just 45 minutes, this was good. There was no time to waste.

With a wave of his hand, the skies were suddenly filled with armors, shimmering like sapphires and emeralds.

The ground shook and Leonel took a leap to the city walls.

The armors shot down under his control, slipping onto the bodies of the stingrays below. The sound of clicking resounded before the blue waters suddenly began to glow.

Suddenly, the stingrays seemed to naturally be formed into groups, a radiant aura coming from them.

Leonel checked a new spatial ring that had appeared on his hand and nodded to himself. In the three days he had been focused on Crafting, the others had already succeeded in finding what he needed.

Without hesitation, Leonel executed several actions in a row, upgrading his cities to the Gold-Grade one after another and then fusing them.

The sea began to churn wildly.

In another insane feat, Leonel had activated the Heir-Grade upgrade challenge without even waiting for the others to return.

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Chapter 2013: Monster

With a flip of his palm, Leonel's black rod appeared. His hair whipped in the salty winds as the high sun pierced downward, illuminating everything.

The waters turned frothy and agitated, but the cool air of the ice island he now stood upon left him feeling calm and unhurried. A confident aura exuded from Leonel, his momentum steadily growing with each passing second.

In the distance, the waters began to rise. 300 large whale beasts appeared, surrounding the ice island entirely. Around them, millions of oceanic beasts began to appear. The numbers were so numerous that the waters turned black, a sharp contrast from the previous clarity. However, Leonel remained calm.

The spectators could only remain silent. Were the Life Grade armors really enough?

No one underestimated the worth of the Life Grade, but the problem was that they were so rare that many didn't even have a reference for how powerful they should be. Most would kill to get their hands on even a top tier Gold Grade weapon, and this was all the reference they had.

But was it enough to close a gap of 1 to 300?

It was hard to believe especially when the Heir-Grade Generals began to appear. They looked to be even about 10% stronger than Heir Grade threats that Leonel had fought previously, each one was menacing to an extreme and seemed to have the strength to lay waste to Leonel's city.

But at that moment, Leonel, who had everyone's focus, suddenly sneered. He raised his free hand and snapped his fingers.

Right then, the world turned entirely silent.

On the front line, a group of 10 stingrays suddenly trembled. They felt their backs grow hot as a powerful Force Art suddenly activated, but the chilly waters immediately cooled them down.

A slight sheen of bluish green formed on their bodies until they suddenly explosively expanded, forming a gorgeous, shimmering bubble. Then, these 10 bubbles, one to each stingray, came into contact with one another and overlapped, fusing into one and forming a large bubble that enveloped all ten of them.

Just when it seemed like it was all finished, the large bubble morphed, flattening out and gaining sharper edges and a long protrusion until it formed the construct of an enormous illusory stingray that contained 10 stingrays within.

Even the smallest stingray was about 20 meters from wing tip to wing tip. But now, with this construct enveloping 10 of them, they seemed to have become larger than life, dwarfing 250 meters as they slowly swung their tails.

In that instant, this process repeated, all at the same time, across the stingrays. At that moment, an army of what was once a million large stingrays had become an army of 100 000 enormous monstrosities, each causing vicious hurricane-like cyclones with just their small, insignificant movements.

Leonel looked down as the challenge approached. He could almost feel the skepticism radiating from the observers. He had just limited the flexibility of the army he did have by a factor of ten and the change didn't seem to be significant enough to cause any changes. What was the point of this?

But Leonel's sneer only deepened. He didn't seem to have any intention of attacking himself.

"Kill."

His words descended and the world suddenly changed.

On the front line, the first line of stingray constructs suddenly jolted.

The movement could only be described as a bolt of emerald green lightning. They left afterimages in the water, splitting it apart with such speed that a huge dividing line in the shape of an inverted 'V' appeared on the surface.

Fast.

This was the only thought that those watching could have.

So fast that it was crippling, so fast that it left only time for despair.

The stingrays didn't even seem prepared for the level of speed they had now, so much so that they could do nothing but ram into the line of beasts they were facing. It was the kind of tactic that should have assured death. A hundred thousand running into a dense pack of over 300 million, how could it even compare?

And yet...

Silence reigned.

The stingray constructs shredded everything in their path. Their wings were as sharp as blades and their tails and menacing as jagged daggers with the soft touch of silk. Every time they moved, the water would churn and become their spearhead, shredding skin and blubber apart as though wet tissue paper.

In a single charge each stingray had killed no less than a hundred in a single sweep, and not a single one had been injured. The construct that enveloped them seemed to double for both defense and offense, without the strength to tear it apart, harming the stingrays within was simply impossible. No matter how hard they tried, the mere Gold-Grade threats had no ability to cause more than a ripple on their surface, let alone shattering them apart.

The Heir-Grade constructs bellowed into the skies, but in response, Leonel just took a seat down on the city walls. He realized that he had underestimated even himself. It seemed that it wouldn't be necessary for him to raise a finger at all.

Under the shocked gazes of the spectators, the first stingray construct, powered by a squadron of ten, made it to the first Heir-Grade General.

The two clashed, the stingray construct trembling wildly as the Heir-Grade General was sent reeling backward, the howl of a whale echoing tragically as several cuts were carved out along its thick belly.

The stingray's construct cracked and threatened to collapse, but that was when a second came in and rushed into the body of the Heir-Grade General, shredding it to pieces.

It was then that it finally seemed to settle in.

Leonel hadn't gone from a million Gold-Grade threats to just a hundred thousand...

He had gone from a million Gold-Grade threats to a hundred thousand Heir-Grade threats.

The railing Cynthia was holding onto shattered, her fair palms bleeding as it was ravaged by cuts and scrapes.

Leonel could only be described as a little monster.

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Chapter 2014: Two Options

Leonel pushed off the city walls, his body suddenly flickering and vanishing. His first tier Divine Armor took shape, a blinding Bronze Aura emitting from him as the ocean's waves rose to his back.

Suddenly, he swung down, the mighty wave responding in kind and slicing an Heir-Grade General in half.

Leonel's spear spun in his hands. In response, the surging wave spiraled into the air like a twisting tentacle. He took another step through the air and appeared above another Heir-Grade General and thrust forward.

The skies rumbled and the clouds split. The spiraling wave seemed to be controlled by Leonel's might, shimmering with a slight golden hue as it pierced forward along with his spear, tearing a gaping hole through the head of another whale beast.

Everywhere Leonel passed, the ocean's waves roared after him. As though his movements alone were enough to elicit their action, they responded in kind. As he danced through the skies, they too danced, a deadly waltz of murderous storms and flickering Spear Force causing mass destruction everywhere they went.

Just days ago, Leonel didn't have nearly this much skill with Water Force. And yet, before their eyes now, he seemed to have become a God of the Seas, a Poseidon donned in armor and traversing the skies.

Leonel swept his spear out three times, causing three spiraling tendrils of water to rise from the surface. His hips pivoted and his blade glided through the air. With one thrust, the tendrils ripped through the body of another beast, then another, then another.

They followed Leonel like roaring flood dragons, droplets of water falling around them and reflecting the delicate gold of his Spear Force. It was a scene too beautiful for how deathly it was, even the waters below were beginning to turn a fierce violet color, dyed thoroughly with the blood of creatures far too large for their own good.

The Morales Ancestors watched with a glow in their eyes. They had never seen the Absolute Domain used in this fashion, but it was truly a sight too gorgeous for words.

With the Absolute Domain, Leonel's spear could appear wherever he wanted given a certain range. In fact, when the Absolute Spear Domain grew enough in strength, even displacing it through time wasn't entirely impossible.

But to use this ability to make use of the power of nature itself to strengthen yourself... This was a level of Spearmanship that was rare beyond belief, this was even beyond what these Ancestors could do. Their Spear Force was, obviously, much stronger than Leonel's. But when it came to comprehension of the spear, it felt like they were actually not just a single step behind.

Ten Stars erupted to Leonel's back and his Divine Armor shifted as he retrieved his first tier armor and used his second tier Divine Armor. His strength multiplied several times over.

He unleashed a mighty roar, dragging his spear blade from a downward position and pulling it up in a wide arc toward the skies.

A blinding crescent of golden Spear Force took shape, blasting forward and splitting everything in its path in two.

The ocean's waters parted, forming a trenching several kilometers deep. The boundaries of the trench's sides were so solid that beasts caught up in it began to fall. They slipped out the sides of the trench, crashing into the darkness below and churning the waters with flesh and blood.

It was a complete massacre. What should have been the difficult Heir-Grade upgrade challenge had become nothing more than a joke.

In the three days that Leonel was busy, others had managed to catch up and form Gold-Grade territories of their own. But just as quickly as they had, they were left behind again, and this time the gap was even larger than it had been previously.

It might not be an entire week, potentially two for some, before these Heirs even thought of challenging the Heir Grade. But now... Leonel had claimed an entire sea for himself.

Leonel stood in the skies, taking a deep breath. The dense smell of the ocean filled his nostrils and lungs, leaving him with an oddly peaceful expression, even though the Human Domain was anything but peaceful at the moment.

Still, this had nothing to do with Leonel. With a flash, he appeared in the city lord manor, looking at his current territory.

Leonel's heart skipped a beat. He already knew that he would have control over an entire sea, a fourth of the ocean after this, but he was stunned by just how expansive the territory truly was. Just taking into account the surface, it was about a quarter the size of a supercontinent. However, if you accounted for its depth...

Just in a small region of the ocean previously, Leonel had found 200 challenges and almost 50 dungeons, and that had been in just a 20 kilometer range. Now, however, Leonel controlled almost 2000 kilometers of length and just over 500 kilometers of width. There were so many challenges and dungeons that it wasn't even realistic for him to clear them all in a short time.

Leonel realized that this was likely another test. Now, he had to juggle the benefits of accumulation versus action.

He had many resources at his fingertips, but there had to be a balance between gathering and taking part in these resources and spearheading his path toward ending these Heir Wars and claiming victory for him.

Leonel fell into thought for a moment.

Seeing the sort of advantage claiming a sea held, if there was one thing he had to do, it was to make sure that no one else could gain such an advantage.

There were only two ways of doing this. The first was by finding anyone trying to expand into the ocean and taking them out before they could take more

action, but this was unrealistic. Just his fourth of the ocean was so expansive, how would he find others in the three quarters that remained?

That only left the other method: to claim them before anyone else could.

Leonel's gaze narrowed.

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Chapter 2015: Could it be...?

If he wanted to take this route, he would need three things. The first were more city upgrade passes, the second were more unique ocean territories, and the last were territory size upgrade rewards.

The second was more important than the former. If it came down to it, he could just force upgrades on his own. After passing this Heir-Grade upgrade, he had more points than he even knew what to do with.

Each Gold-Grade threat was worth 10 000 points, and there had been 300 million of them. That meant that just from them, not even counting the 300 Heir-Grade Generals, Leonel had 3 trillion points.

Of course, not knowing what to spend his points on was a function of not having checked what he had access to now that he owned an Heir-Grade territory. Even if he had only passed a normal upgrade challenge, it would have still been at least a trillion points. Leonel doubted that Ancestor Hito would just provide enough points for it to be next to useless.

Even so, if it came down to it, Leonel could afford several Heir-Grade upgrade challenges now if it came down to it, so the unique ocean territories that he could pair with unique territory size upgrade rewards were far more valuable to him.

The first thing Leonel did after making his decision was to check through the rewards that the others had accumulated while he was Crafting and after he had fallen asleep. Unfortunately, there were no other unique ocean territories in them, but there were many Gold-Grade city upgrade passes, four of them to be exact, and there was one territory size upgrade reward.

It seemed that special territories were rarer than Leonel had originally thought, but then again, after the first few days, all of the Heir-Grade dungeons had

already been cleared, so the others had no choice but to focus on the other lower grade Dungeons. Now, however...

'It seems that we need to make another push.'

Leonel nodded to himself. The others should have already sensed the changes. Once they knew the locations of the other resources, claiming them would be exceptionally easy. As soon as they found a unique ocean territory reward, Leonel would be able to go about claiming a second sea as quickly as possible.

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As Leonel was lost in his thoughts, quickly planning out the next steps, the uproar of the Human Domain hadn't simmered down in the slightest, and that was because of only one thing: Leonel's Crafts.

This wasn't about the Life Grade anymore, it was rather about the value of Leonel's Crafts, they were beyond a normal Life Grade treasure and this was plain as day for all to see. When it had settled in what Leonel's Crafts could do, the entire Human Domain was shaken. This was for a very simple reason... The only organization that had a Craft even close to this was Shield Cross Stars!

However, even Shield Cross Stars' was wholly inferior. That was because Leonel's could be used both offensively and defensively. At the same time, it could be used by 10 people simultaneously. In comparison, Shield Cross Stars' Craft could only be used defensively as it was a shield. To make matters worse, it could only be used by three people simultaneously, limiting its power.

Despite how inferior it was, this unique Craft of Shield Cross Stars had been a staple of their power for countless generations and the secret to its Crafting was one of their top tier secrets. There was no doubt that it was the subject of jealousy for many, but seeing Leonel's Craft now, it felt like nothing more than a joke.

Cross Elder Avan's expression was as ripe as a tomato. He, himself, didn't know anything about Crafting, but he had enough life experience to understand what he was seeing. However, it was also because of his lack of perspective that he also believed that Leonel must have a method of forming this armor for humans as well.

If this technology was in the hands of the Morales family who were already so powerful... just what would happen?

This might restrict those with the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor as they were already used to wearing their own Divine Armor into battle, but a large half of the Morales family only had the Spear Domain Lineage Factor and garbed themselves with normal armors. What if all the Spear Domain Lineage Factor Morales members were given armors like the ones Leonel had just given the stingrays?

Would it even be possible to defeat the Morales?

The words of Leonel couldn't help but echo in their ears.

They had felt that Leonel was far too reckless. Even if he was confident in striking down his peers, what about the retaliation of the powers behind them, why was he so confident? Did he really believe that the Morales family was infallible?

Everything Leonel did seemed to paint the picture that he was meticulous and scheming, he wasn't the type of person to make such foolish mistakes. But now matter how they racked their brains, they felt that he was far too reckless...

Until now.

Leonel wasn't provoking them all, waiting to run behind the shadow of the Morales family and their protection. In fact, judging by his personality, he might very well be waiting for this war. In fact, he might even want this war.

They shuddered when they reached this point in their thoughts, their blood running cold.

Why did Leonel struggle so much against the Gold-Grade upgrade challenge if he had such a trump card in hand? It seemed that he didn't even think about bringing it out until he really had no other options left, as though he was unwilling to display it unless he absolutely had to...

Could it be that he had many such trump cards? Could it be that his vision was never set on the Heir Wars to begin with because he had always felt that his victory was guaranteed? Could it be that, from the very beginning...

He was only using these Heir Wars among juniors to declare war on the entire Human Domain...?

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Chapter 2016: Enough

Ancestor Alvaro laughed uproariously. He laughed so hard that even the stars in the distance seemed to twinkle under the wild vibrations. He laughed so hard that he even began to cough and wheeze.

"Damn, I'm too old for this."

Despite saying this, he couldn't stop laughing at all. He knew that this change only put more pressure on the Morales family, but the pressure had gone from all the powers of the Human Domain to... all the powers of the Human Domain.

This was the problem with putting all your cards on the table at once. How could they threaten them more than they already had? It was even amusing seeing their expression change like this, Ancestor Alvaro and the others were having the time of their lives.

The best part was that Leonel had Crafted it before them all, for a solid three days, repeating the same steps again and again and again, for a total of a million times... And they still didn't understand what the hell was going on right before them.

It was clear the gap between where Leonel was and where the rest of the Human Domain was was so wide that it was unfathomable.

To put this matter into perspective, more Life Grade Crafters would be so secretive with their blueprints that they wouldn't even allow others to see them, even their own children weren't allowed such a privilege. While they were Crafting, the entire region was locked down and they would even often ask those who had commissioned for the treasure to bring far more materials than they would need just to keep the true materials list a secret.

After such Life Grade Crafters passed on, it was only then that their Crafts would be passed down to others in their family, but even then only the highest echelon would be able to lay their eyes on it, while the younger generation

would have to provide a great deal of merits just for the sliver of a chance. Usually, unless you rose to the level of an Ancestor, you could forget it.

Even Cynthia, who was a great genius and could have benefited greatly from seeing a Life Grade blueprint ahead of time while she was still in the Gold Grade, wasn't given such a privilege until she was well into the Seventh Dimension. Back then, she had already surpassed Tier 6, she wouldn't have even been allowed to participate in these Heir Wars back then.

If the Human Domain wasn't so strict with Life Grade blueprints, there would probably be more Life Grade Crafters than just the few hundred there were, but this was just how things were...

Or more accurately, this was how the Force Crafting Guild had made things.

Whether it was Force Crafting or Force Pill Crafting, both had the same issues, and both happened to be overseen by the Omann family.

The Morales family had never needed the Omann family for Force Crafting, but their rules surrounding Force Pill Crafting had caused no small amount of issues.

Luckily, the Morales family could absorb ores to strengthen themselves and they were less reliant on Force Pills compared to other families. However, even so, only half of them had this benefit.

It could only be said that the history of the Omann and Morales family was quite long and contentious, but what was important here was Leonel and his Craft...

Cross Elder Avan might not understand, but how could these Crafters not?

Not only had Leonel forged a Life Grade treasure as a Sixth Dimensional junior, he had also begun to forge again on a Force Crafting language they had simply never seen before, one so complex they couldn't even understand it.

By this point, more than half of the best geniuses of the Human Domain had already been kicked out. Being forced to watch Leonel, the one who had threatened them all, shine like this, they could only grind their teeth.

After the Amethyst Token drama of over 20 years ago, many of them had a faint recollection of Leonel in their minds. But after he didn't appear for so long, many thought he had died and didn't bother to care about him any longer. As for when he actually came back, they cared even less. How could they think that Leonel could bridge a gap of 20 years? They didn't even consider it...

But then Leonel crushed Conon while he was still in the first Tier.

However, they then broke through to the Seventh Dimension and they felt that they had left him far behind once again...

Only to realize that that gap had never meant much to Leonel in the first place.

The reality was slowly starting to sink in... if they hadn't been given an over 20 year head start, they wouldn't even have the right to stand on the same stage as him.

The uproar of the Human Domain slowly faded into a solemn silence, the presence of a single young man looming tall and imposing.

...

Leonel sensed a fragrant wind approaching and he turned to find that Aina had already appeared to his side. Without a word, he handed her yet another spatial ring. This one held the corpses of 300 Heir-Grade Generals.

She looked within and her brows raised. It was a lovely sort of blaming expression that looked more cute than it did intimidating. Clearly, she was unhappy with Leonel for challenging the Heir-Grade upgrade while they weren't even here. The other upgrades had been one matter, but this one was quite reckless.

Leonel only smiled lightly, something that he had done rarely in recent days.

"What's the ETA?" Aina asked.

"I've decided to conquer and corner off the rest of the ocean first as a defensive play. We'll need more special ocean territories and territory expansion rewards. If things happen as fast as I want them to, we'll launch the final march to end this one week from now."

"Mm, it's enough time," Aina said lightly.

Leonel nodded and Aina flickered and vanished.

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Chapter 2017: Immediately

Before Leonel set out again, he paid keen attention to the changes in his abilities as the new owner of an Heir-Grade territory.

Many things were pretty standard. For example, there were upgraded outposts, and there were also some defensive measures unique to Heir-Grade territories.

Right now, the walls Leonel had access to were already quite fantastic. They were a hundred meters tall and over 10 meters thick. On top of that, they were forged of a powerful metal alloy. However, other than that, they were relatively simple.

Many of the options included infusing it with certain large scale Force Arts that could greatly strengthen it. There were also methods of banning flight within a certain range of the city, the more he paid, the larger the range would be.

What was more interesting to Leonel, though, were the unique upgrades he could gain since he had a special ocean territory. Many of these things, unsurprisingly, were related to ice.

The most intriguing of them was what was called Cold Force. Leonel didn't think that such a Force actually existed, but it must have been created for the Heir Wars quite specifically. It was a Force that could be emitted from his island and act like a domain that covered the city.

Those that entered this domain would feel as though their own Force was icing over. Their blood would flow slower and their bodies would become stiff. Depending on how stronger the over strength of the targets were, one could lose anywhere between 10% to even all of their combat prowess.

The price, though, was quite steep. Just for the lowest setting that would work with 100 meters of his walls, it would cost him over a trillion. The maximum setting, that would work for an entire 10 kilometers, cost ten times that. That maximum setting cost three times more than what Leonel had.

Seeing that the first thing he wanted was actually so expensive, Leonel held off on buying it immediately. That was because he knew that if one thing was actually so expensive, then most other things would be as well.

After a moment, and scanning through all available rewards, Leonel realized that these outrageous prices were unique to, ironically, the unique territory rewards of his city. But it was also because of this that they were likely to be the most useful.

The Cold Force Domain was a game changer. Anyone believe the Gold-Grade threat level would be incapacitated and no different from fish on a chopping block within its range. Those on the weaker side of the Gold-Grade would lose as much as half of their combat strength, while those who were the strongest would lose at least a tenth. Only Heir-Grade threats would be capable of entirely ignoring it.

At the strongest setting, costing over ten trillion, even an Heir-Grade threat would have a 10% reduction in their strength within a 10 kilometer range.

Another unique reward was the Ice Moat.

Leonel felt that a better name for this reward would be the Ice Maze. That was because it formed a maze of ice in the water that could hinder the advancement of oceanic beasts. The walls of this maze would be incredibly sturdy, comparable to about half that of the base city walls. Simply put, no single creature would be able to take down even a single wall without many hours of effort.

The best part about the Ice Moat wasn't its defenses, but rather the fact that it forced the oceanic beasts swimming below to split up, disallowing them the ability to gang up and use their potentially overwhelming numbers.

It functioned essentially like a funnel, forcing the oceanic beasts to fight alone.

The Ice Moat would also be quite useful in case anyone came to attack Leonel with boats and the like. Although it was an underwater design, it still peeked out of the water over three meters or so. Unless a ship wanted to destroy its hull in a battering ram attempt, they would likewise had no choice but to follow the path of the maze.

Of course, the best part was that running into a dead end wasn't impossible. At that point, you would only have two options: to turn back or to take the

effort in attempting to knock down the wall. But if you chose the second option, you might run into yet another dead end on the other side.

Both of these rewards were incredibly intriguing, but the Ice Moat was even more expensive. Just its most basic level cost 2 trillion more than what Leonel had. The good news was that it could cover an entire kilometer instantly, but the bad news was, obviously, that he couldn't afford it.

The last unique reward that had caught Leonel's attention was a unique territory protector. It was, of course, of the Heir-Grade, but it was exceptionally powerful.

This protector took the form of a Star of Ice. When activated, in exchange for a billion points, it could trigger an area of effect attack that worked like a rain of ice meteors. These ice meteors froze water on contact and had great blunt force damage.

The lowest setting could target a 100 meter region. The highest setting could attack all around the city, though it was still limited to 100 meters, there was clearly a difference between one 100 meter region, and the entire 100 meter radius around the city walls.

Unsurprisingly, this was the most expensive of them all at 10 trillion just for the lowest setting and close to 100 trillion for the highest.

Leonel faced a situation where he had to choose whether he would save up or not. With his army of stingrays, he could take on the Heir-Grade upgrade with quite some ease and guarantee himself anywhere from one trillion to three depending. He already planned to do this three more times, so if he was patient, by the end of it, he would be able to afford the Star of Ice.

However, Leonel shook his head.

Sometimes, sitting on a pile of cash was worse than spending it. Even if you didn't do anything and were frugal, as time passed, your money would only become worth less and less, that was the way of the world and of inflation.

Thinking to this point, Leonel bought the lowest setting of the Cold Force Domain immediately.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2018: An Alliance

With the remaining more than two trillion, Leonel upgrade the domain to the greatest setting her could, gaining over a kilometer in range and quite a bit in strength. After this, he decisively left, his body vanishing.

When he appeared again through a teleportation platform, he was within the territory he had left to Maia to manage. As expected of the Cloud Race, from the outside, it was simply impossible to tell that there was something wrong at all. They all moved and acted just like the Taur family would have, something that left the Ancestors of the constellation family quite enraged, but there was little to nothing that they could do about it.

After handing Maia a spatial ring, Leonel vanished once again and returned to his main territory.

It had already been over three days since his last report from the Umbra family, but just as he had asked of them, they returned quite frequently to give him reports. The more Leonel learned of the situation, the more certain he was that someone, most likely Second Nova, was stirring up a great deal of conflict.

The first instance was Sixth Nova falling seemingly without warning. This left a vast and open territory that everyone immediately took advantage of. However, because Third Nova had been preoccupied with expelling Fourth Nova, he missed the boat, resulting in him falling behind the others.

This felt like a coincidence on the surface, but Leonel was quite certain that this coincidence was actually a perfectly timed scheme with excellent execution. It was just unfortunate that Sixth Nova had to be the one to suffer. With Fifth Nova, Sixth Nova and Fourth Nova all gone and dealt with, there were only four Heirs of the Morales family remaining, and only three of which, including Leonel, who had any real territory.

As expected, Third Nova wasn't very happy about this change at all. It felt like his lead was being swallowed up, so he couldn't remain idle for long.

Not long after that moment, he became the "first" to enter the Gold Grade, and while the others were scrambling to lock down and ensure others couldn't

snatch their new territory, he swallowed up all of Fourth Nova's old territory for him.

Due to this, Third Nova was able to make up for his slight slip and he began making a big push toward the Heir-Grade.

However, this was when the details of an explosive battle was relayed, and surprisingly, this time it had little to do with Morales family. For some reason, this huge clash came between the Suiard family and the Spiritual Faith.

Leonel couldn't help but narrow his gaze when he read about this information. That was because he was still wondering about what danger Third Nova possessed and whether or not he truly had a connection with the Suiard family or not. Obviously, Leonel felt that observing the Suiard family was one of the best ways to gain an understanding of what might be going on.

For the Suiard family, who had mostly remained silent since the start of these Heir Wars, to suddenly get into a conflict with yet another power that hadn't done much since the start of the Heir Wars, felt... off. It was almost like they were putting on a play for others.

But it was also because it was so obvious and blatant that Leonel felt that it was a bit ridiculous on its face. If they wanted to scheme, shouldn't they come up with a more clever method?

The Spiritual Faith was probably a thorn at the side of many of the most powerful powers of the Human Domain. How could the likes of Shield Cross Stars and the Void Palace be okay with a religion that so blatantly worshipped another Race?

In truth, the Spiritual Race was so powerful that they very rarely took the initiative to attack anyone. Even if the Human Domain faced danger from other races in the future, the odds that this threat would come from the Spiritual Race was minimal.

Even so, no one had to think to answer what the Spiritual Faith would do if the day came that the Spirituals did have such ill intentions. Just like that, one of the most powerful forces of the Human Domain would defect without a second thought.

The Zoltene Faith was similar as they worshipped the Nomad Race. Leonel had already personally been to one of their shrines, these people had little regard for the Human Race despite being human themselves.

Leonel felt that there was a secret to this matter. Despite the fact he had improved so much and seen so much of the Human Domain by now, he had still yet to meet one of these so-called "Gods".

The Evergreen Goddess, The Zoltene God, the Spirituals God, he had always thought that they were real people, his father's dictionary had made it clear that this was the case. So where were they? How could such individuals not participate in something that had captured the attention of the entire Human Domain?

These thoughts had always been swirling around in the back of Leonel's mind, which was why when he heard about this battle that made little to no sense, his antennas were immediately placed in an upward position.

However, what baffled Leonel even more was the truth behind all of this.

After a lot of scouting, and even the use of many strategically placed Cloud Race members, Radliscame back with information that left Leonel speechless.

It turned out that Amery, the so-called Sword Deity, was betrothed to the Heir of the Spirituals Faith. Or, more accurately, the future Lady Pontiff of the Faith.

For whatever reason, both parties were quite opposed to this marriage and they could only be described to be at loggerheads. This dislike of one another reached the point that they even fought on this sort of stage.

However, after a battle that lasted the better part of a day and spread like wildfire, it settled down without a victor and there were even clear signs of both parties freely entering and exiting their adjacent territories.

Even without it being described in so many words, the conclusion was obvious...

An Alliance.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2019: Only...

Leonel didn't even frown at this realization, his expression indifferent. He always moved with the worst case scenario in mind. He already imagined that these Heir Wars would end with him facing off against many enemies at once. Whether they teamed up now or later made no difference to him.

What he cared about more were the implications.

It seemed that the Spirituals were uncaring about most of what happened in the universe. This was something he had become greatly aware of after reading the records of the Void Palace. There were many instances of other races attacking the Human Domain through the Void Battlefield, but none of the Spiritual Race doing so.

Even if a family had an alliance with the Spiritual Faith, it wouldn't be seen as a red flag to most.

One also had to consider the stance the Human Domain had toward other races as well. Compared to the greater universe, the Human Domain was fairly lax with other races. Or, at the very least, there was no systematic movement to get rid of them.

The Oryx could thrive just fine while the likes of Yuri were even allowed to enter the Void Palace. This made it clear that the Human Domain didn't usually act against other races.

However, the problem of Third Nova was making Leonel second and third guess this matter. Another interesting matter also happened to be the Suiard family's Lineage Factor.

Much like the Morales family, the Suiard family had two Lineage Factors, not one like most other families. This was why they were seen to be on par with the Morales, they had the strength to back up such thoughts.

The Suiard family had the Sword Domain Lineage as well as the Blazing Devil Lineage Factor.

Oddly enough, Leonel felt that the Suiard family was quite a bit like the Morales in this regard as well. Their Lineage Factor was very demon-like,

maybe even more so than the Morales. Leonel could still remember how Amery's eyes had reddened that day the second time they fought. In the end, he was forced to suppress himself so that his Tribulation didn't erupt ahead of time.

From Leonel's understanding, their Lineage Factor similarly strengthened their bodies. Aside from that, it gave them great affinity with Dark Force in addition to having several other auxiliary benefits that wouldn't have been listed in the Void Library. These would account for techniques similar to Metal Body and Divine Armor.

Leonel would have no way of knowing the true details until he forced them out of Amery, then there would likely also be his Ability Index to deal with.

Whether it was the first or second encounter they had had, Leonel knew that he had never fought Amery's best. The first time he had been suppressed by the Vital Star Force, and the second time he had been suppressed by his Tribulation.

Regardless of how you looked at it, he would be a powerful opponent, and unlike with Nazag, Leonel couldn't directly strip away one of his strongest abilities. However, also unlike Nazag, Leonel had a great will to crush Amery in the worst way possible.

At that moment, Leonel suddenly thought of something and his gaze narrowed. He sent a message to Radlis after a while and threw the thought to the back of his mind as he continued through the events.

After the Suiard and Spiritual Faith clearly allied, they once again fell into dormancy, doing nothing much more.

However, not long after that, First Nova and Third Nova had their first clash. This clash occurred in the open waters, but for an unknown reason, it didn't continue to a point of no return and they both retreated without any results.

Of course, this was actually a clash between Vega and some of Third Nova's subordinates rather than First and Third Nova themselves. But Radlis had still added this to the report as Leonel had asked for everything of significance.

Following this, Third Nova clashed with the Ram family. However, just when it seemed that he would claim victory, he suddenly retreated, rushing back to his territory to find that his city walls had fallen.

Leonel felt that, once again, Second Nova had struck. But what he didn't know was how Second Nova had managed to do this without detection to a Gold-Grade territory. He could only speculate that Second Nova had taken some time to clear dungeons and claimed a Gold-Grade version of the Silver-Grade wall, destroying rewards he had previously gained.

There was no easy way to rebuild the walls after they had been destroyed. The only methods were to rebuild it by hand, to find a reward that could replace them, or to undergo an upgrade challenge. But taking on the Heir-Grade challenge without walls was nothing short of suicidal.

Third Nova was thwarted again and he seemed to be in a bad situation. After investing so much into a Gold-Grade territory, he couldn't just abandon it. And, he had yet to gather enough points to take on the Heir-Grade challenge even if he wanted to take the risk.

Without a choice, Third Nova could only set aside his ideas of conquest and began to accumulate. He dispersed his subordinates with the goal of claiming and clearing as many challenges and dungeons as was possible.

When Leonel got to this point, his eyes narrowed.

As expected, there was a clash. No, more accurately, there was a speculated clash. The Umbra family didn't manage to get eyes on it, all they could do was speculate.

Leonel's heart skipped a beat.

To him, it was obvious. Second Nova had diverted Third Nova's attention, giving him no choice but to spread out his army and give up his greatest advantage: numbers. Then, Kira and Second Nova could take Third Nova on without the disadvantage.

However...

...

Out in Morales family's flagship, the sound of a crying woman echoed. Kira's tears fell like a torrential storm, holding Auran who was continuously coughing up black blood.

Ancestor Hito opened his eyes and frowned, an expression that even the Ancestors of the Morales had never seen from him.

"He's been poisoned. I have no method of dispelling it, this is only something that the Omann family can cure."

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2020: Poison

Not many had seen the battle between Third Nova and Second Nova. It could even be said that the latter had wanted it this way. He attacked right when it seemed that Third Nova was about to enter a state of slow expansion.

After watching the Heir Wars for many days already, the novelty had worn off and many were entirely focused on whichever region had the most action. As such, quite a few had no idea who had even injured Second Nova to begin with, even the Morales Ancestors were quite clueless.

Since poison was used, the immediate assumption was the Pyius family, and Auran and Kira did nothing to refute this. For whatever reason, they didn't want to describe what had happened and maybe that was always the plan.

Despite Kira's crying, Auran couldn't seem to hear or feel anything but a spine tingling pain. He looked up toward the starry skies, his lips pressed into a line. Maybe he had never thought that things would end like this.

Ancestor Hito was indeed correct. Maybe only the Omann family would have a method of dealing with this. While the Pyius family worked with poisons, their methods weren't conventional. As they relied on their Unique Force and its manipulation, they didn't concoct poisons and create antidotes like many other poison masters. Instead of this, they trained their Poison Force to be able to do the work of creation and immunity itself.

The trouble with this approach, though, was that while Pyius family members could purge themselves and one another from poison, it was impossible for them to use this method on others. Trying to use Poison Force on someone without Poison Force affinity to dispel poison was like pouring oil onto an already burning fire.

Even if the Pyius family had been the ones to poison Auran, their help was next to useless in this regard. The only one that could help would be the Omann family and their Force Pill Crafters.

The Omann family was the only family with the skill to dispel such a high level poison. In fact, they would probably need one of their best Gold-Grade Force Pill Crafters to do the job as well, a normal Force Pill Crafter would have no chance. That was Ancestor Hito's observation and they understood it intimately.

Kira wanted to immediately get up and beg the Omann family if she had to, but before she could even stand to her feet, she felt a strong grip on her wrist, a grip firmer than anything Auran should have been able to muster given his current state, and yet he had found the strength.

"The Morales family doesn't know weakness."

Auran continued to stare into the skies, his expression blank and his lips once again pressing into a thin line. His grip on Kira's wrist didn't weaken, and it even seemed to tighten as time went on. It was as though he knew that he was growing weaker so he tried his best to compensate.

Kira writhed and struggled. "I'm not a Morales! Let me go!"

However, Auran didn't seem to hear her, his eyes slowly closing. He took deep and steady breaths, breaths steadier than anyone would have expected of him at this moment. He seemed to be at peace, his vice grip holding onto Kira firmly.

'A Solvatine doesn't show weakness either.'

The words entered Kira's ears and she shuddered, her tears falling even faster.

The Morales Ancestors watched with dark expressions. Auran had already made his stance quite clear, they would only be slapping his face if they asked for help now. They didn't know how long Auran would last for, but it likely wouldn't be very much time. Any poison with such potent effects couldn't possibly take too long to deal with a Seventh Dimensional existence.

"Who did this to you?" Ancestor Alvaro asked, his gaze red with fury.

He didn't look toward the Omann family even once. He knew if he did he would lose himself to rage and begin this war even before the Heir Wars ended.

In the history of the Heir Wars, no Morales had ever died, not since their no killing rule had been established. It was an event that was supposed to promote harmony and healthy competition, not bloodshed.

It was these people who had forced this event to be this way, it was they who had demanded bloodshed, it was they who wanted to enter for a chance to take Leonel's head, it was they who wanted to knock the Morales down a peg, they who let their greed guide their judgment.

He could imagine their snide sneers and upturned noses. They might very well have a Force Pill that could save Auran's life right this moment in any one of their rings, but they would never step forward to give it over.

Just thinking about it infuriated Ancestor Alvaro to the point he trembled.

This was one of their best generations yet. Just the loss of one was enough to infuriate the Morales Ancestors beyond compare. They should have had seven shining beacons into the future, but now it seemed that one would lose his life here.

"... It doesn't matter." Auran said lightly, his eyes still closed. "... It will be up to First Nova and Littlest Nova now..."

To the side, Sixth Nova's expression flickered with a complicated light. He had, indeed, been eliminated by Auran, but he didn't hold a grudge, it just meant that he was inferior.

He gripped his fists tight. The only thing he regretted was not still being inside to deal with who had placed Second Nova in this state.

The gazes of the Morales family members all turned red one after another, the space around their fists creaking and trembling. Their fury was stifling, a different sort of silence falling entirely.

It seemed that they couldn't wait to unleash their fury.

The stars in the distance turned crimson and space itself quaked.

This time, the Morales family was truly infuriated.