

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2021: Lost

"... Auran lost," Leonel said lightly.

It was hard to believe. The strength that Auran had displayed before him, albeit just a small amount, was substantial. Just to counter him and Kira, Leonel not only had to use his second tier armor, he also had to actively use his Ability Index in battle for the first time in a while.

Ever since Leonel left the Tribulation Zone, whether subconsciously or not, he had stopped relying on his Ability Index in battle. The speed of improvement he had made in the way of the spear during his time in the Tribulation Zone spoke for itself. He would just be too stubborn if he chose to ignore the evidence right before him.

Over time, he was slowly finding a balance between relying on his intelligence and his innate talent to slowly move forward and improve. However, it wasn't an easy balance to find. The last time he had had a breakthrough in this regard was during his battle with Myghell.

This was all to say that Auran was the first person since he exited the Tribulation Zone and had such a big boost in his power that had actually made Leonel go so far. He had used not only all ten of his Star, he had used his Fifth Dimensional Life Grade Divine Armor and his Ability Index. These three things should have practically made Leonel undefeatable within the younger generation, but he could tell that both Auran and Kira had held back a great deal.

So how had they lost to Third Nova anyway?

There were only two explanations. Each was dangerous for its own reasons.

The first was the most obvious and that was that Third Nova was simply that strong. Even after dispersing his subordinates, he still had enough strength remaining to take on both Kira and Auran without a problem.

In this case, the problem was obvious: he was far too powerful, maybe more powerful than Leonel could fathom. If the battle had ended quickly enough that others, and even the Umbra family, couldn't find out the details about it, this was a testament to how large the gap between Third Nova and Second Nova had been.

The second was that Third Nova had been prepared for Auran and only pretended to disperse his people while keeping his strongest subordinates by his side. Maybe he had even laid a trap just for Auran to fall into it.

The problem with this case was that Third Nova was incredibly scheming and intelligent. It implied that after Auran's two attempts at thwarting him, he had already seen through the fact that someone was targeting him and took appropriate precautions. He was ready for Second Nova's appearance from the very beginning.

This was shocking because Leonel had seen Auran's level of caution first hand. In fact, now that Leonel thought about it, Auran's methods of weakening Third Nova in the beginning seemed to smell of his lack of assurance in victory.

It might have made sense for Auran to try and disperse Xavnik's people, but what was the purpose of clearing Sixth Nova's territory? One could argue that was to force Xavnik into a more desperate situation which eventually led to the outcome Auran wanted, but Leonel wasn't so sure about that. He felt that Auran had felt that he was going to lose.

But none of Auran's actions seemed to line up.

Why did he keep this a secret? Did he inform the elders ahead of time? If he did, why did the Morales allow Xavnik to participate? Wouldn't it have been better to deal with him directly? Leonel didn't believe that the Morales were the type of family to get tied up in tradition and red tape, they would definitely ignore their own rules if they had a good enough reason to do so.

It all seemed to circle back to the same point, the only reason Auran was acting in secrecy all this time to begin with... His Demon origins.

'How is it connected...'

Leonel was in the middle of a battle with an Heir-Grade while trying to digest this information suddenly came to a complete stop. He was even swallowed

whole by the Heir-Grade beast, but he made no attempt to stop it, his body frozen in place.

Suddenly, the Heir-Grade threat was shredded to pieces from the inside out. Leonel appeared in the depths of the ocean, his Absolutely Domain raging around him.

Leonel's suddenly took a step, his speed blazing as he shot out of the ocean like a jet, quickly making his way back to his city. He had just received news that the others had finally found another unique territory, it was time to action.

At the same time, Leonel's gaze couldn't help but grow with a fiendish light.

Why would Auran keep all of this a secret? The only real explanation seemed to be that exposing Third Nova would likewise expose himself. If Leonel was correct, not only was the Morales family's ties to the Demon Race much deeper than he had originally assumed, there was very likely a shadow faction within the Morales that was more aware of this than others.

There was a very obvious clue here. In order for Auran to be born, a Morales had to mingle with the Demon Race enough to, maybe not necessarily fall in love, but to at least copulate and have a child. This wasn't a small instance of interaction at all.

In the best case scenario, the Morales had ties to the Demon Race in small, benign increments.

In the worst case scenario, the Morales family had always had the roots of the Three Finger Cult within it. In fact, these roots were so deep that if someone like Xavnik managed to become the Heir, it would be enough to shift the tides in the family so much so that those that had once been in the shadows could see the light of day once more.

Leonel suddenly understood that he wasn't the only one using these Heir Wars as a stepping stone toward something much larger.

A flicker of crimson danced within Leonel's eyes.

'Okay, Xavnik. Let's play.'

BANG!

Of course, this scaled with the city's grade. A Gold-Grade city could limit the strength of up to the Gold-Grade, while an Heir-Grade city would be able to infect even Heir-Grade threats. However, there was a very obvious problem here...

Leonel's army of stingrays were saltwater creatures. As a result, they were subject to the very same debuff.

This was the obvious downside of this city. There were no freshwater creatures in the region to begin with, this was the ocean. And unless you bought freshwater creatures from the Water Lotus city itself, you would be out of luck.

There were fresh bodies of water on the supercontinents, but Leonel didn't have the time to divert his attention to them in an attempt to find freshwater creatures on a large enough scale for them to be useful. And there was obviously the largest problem: Leonel didn't have the time to spare to make another huge batch of armors.

Leonel took a breath and exhaled, his gaze frighteningly calm.

It wasn't impossible to find freshwater creatures. He owned the entire supercontinent and thus had a method of scanning the entire territory for what he needed. The issue was that doing so was useless for the reason of time.

Anyone else would be ecstatic to receive such a territory, but Leonel's own skill had ironically painted him into a corner.

This situation wasn't as bad as it seemed. After all, these debuffs would be suffered by the creatures of the upgrade challenge as well. That meant his stingrays and the enemy would be on the same playing field.

But the larger problem would be if Leonel was ever attacked. There was no telling if others had access to freshwater creatures or not, or maybe even creatures who could exist in both. How pathetic would it be if he was suddenly at a disadvantage in his own territory?

The other problem was that because this territory came with such a large advantage right from the outset, the benefits one could get afterward was limited.

Leonel tossed the territory reward up and caught it again, his mind spinning with several thoughts.

'Seems that it's time to reveal another trump card.'

"Call the commanders of the Skies family here."

It wasn't long before a long line of Skies family members stood before Leonel. All of them had on extremely respectful expressions, which was a far cry from how things had been just a month or so ago. They were the only group Leonel had never sent out on missions, so everything Leonel had done, they had personally witnessed.

The kind of strength Leonel could display at such a young age left them in complete awe. All of them were less than a hundred years old and were relatively young as a result. Seeing the difference between them let them understand why it was their patriarch had lowered his head.

"It's about time, you all prepare yourselves."

Leonel waved a hand. Exchanging several million points, he brought out over a hundred spatial rings.

The generals of the Skies family that he had appointed already knew what these rings were for. So, without a word, they immediately turned and left, rushing to get into place one after another.

Leonel turned back to the others. "For the next half day, stay outside this range of waters."

After issuing his orders, Leonel flashed and vanished. With great speed, he found the location of waters he wanted and threw the Water Lotus orb out. It immediately burst from its glass orb and expanded wildly, surging out in all directions until it formed an enormous lotus.

Large and thick green pads extended from the sides, while in the center, a gorgeous pink flower bloomed, its thin petals gently waving in the wind.

For extra defense, the green pads could close, though it took a few hours to finish. So this had to be done well in advance. It could be said, though, that this territory was designed to be purely defensive. If he wanted it to be a deathtrap, it would be up to him.

One after another, over the horizon, the Skies family members dashed across the water's surface, swiftly catching up with Leonel.

Leonel's gaze sharpened as he sent forward several more rewards, triggering the Bronze upgrade challenge and then the Silver and Gold upgrade challenges right afterward.

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Chapter 2023: CRACK!

Leonel dispersed the challenges with instant clear reward. His gaze narrowed as the Skies family took up their position on the large greed pads.

The current Skies family members didn't look anything like they had before. There were still only about 10 000 of them, but since the beginning of the Heir Wars, they had been wearing the very same simple linen clothing. But now, each one of them wore radiant armor, their foreheads fitted with a tight headband that seemed reminiscent of a simple crown.

The drama on the night side supercontinent was so great at the moment that many were still focusing on what was happening there, especially since Leonel had entered a bit of a lull since clearing his first section of the sea. But suddenly seeing that he had gained another special territory, the expressions of many couldn't help but become serious.

If Leonel succeeded, wouldn't this mean that he would claim half of the ocean for himself? Combining this with an entire supercontinent... wasn't this far too much?

Many saw the clear problem with this strategy, though. Leonel already had a shortage of people, what good was it to have this much territory? He should be attacking the others before they could gather any more people, this was his best chance.

There was only one explanation for this: Leonel wanted to prevent others from benefitting from the ocean. It was ambitious, more than they understood. Leonel's every action always seemed filled with so much confidence, it was clear that he did nothing by half measures.

He was ambitious when he needed to be. He drew back when caution was needed. He schemed better than most they had seen, and the sharpness of his mind seemed to be on another level.

Subconsciously, many realized that even when they couldn't explain why Leonel was doing something, they subconsciously believed that he had a good reason for doing so. This was a subtle, and yet prominent change occurring all across the Human Domain.

Leonel couldn't be sure of the mind of others, but he had clearly planned on this kind of change. There was a reason he hadn't just started the Domain War, and momentum was only part of the reason. He was far too unknown, most knew his father but not him.

He wanted to show this Human Domain that his own merits were enough to crush them.

Leonel's gaze suddenly blazed to life as he fused two more Gold-Grade city cores into the Water Lotus City. Without hesitation, he shot into the air, overlooking the waters.

They had become much clearer, the smell of freshwater filling the air. It was intoxicating and filled one with a sense and calm. They were so clear that one could almost see to the bottom of the ocean despite its ridiculous depth. It was an absolutely gorgeous sight.

But as soon as it appeared, it vanished beneath the wildly churning waters.

At that moment, the members of the Skies family all roared out at once. The clear skies above began to roll as a dense body of dark clouds began to make their way over. Their armors began to glow fiercely, strong pillars of gold light filled with lightning runes rising up and piercing the thick cumulonimbus clouds.

Leonel watched this silently, unmoved by the churning lightning just above his head.

The reality was that saltwater conducted lightning with far greater ease than freshwater. One would think that if Leonel wanted to use the Skies family, he should have used them during his first Heir-Grade upgrade challenge instead of now.

But this was actually the wrong way to view things, albeit an easy mistake to make.

Lightning always chooses the path of least resistance. That meant that if one was in water that conducted it with greater ease, your odds of surviving wouldn't be lesser, it would actually be much greater. What did this mean? Simply put, the damage that could be done in freshwater was far beyond that of what could be done in saltwater, and that was because it was more difficult for lightning to pass through freshwater, and as such the odds it would choose to pass through your body instead was far higher.

The moment Leonel saw that the surrounding and immediate 10% of his Water Lotus Territory would become purely freshwater, it clicked into place for him and he realized that this was the absolute best time to use the Skies family.

Of course... Things weren't so simple as they seemed on the surface.

"Kill," Leonel said lightly.

The gazes of the Skies family members flashed, their pillars of lightning expanding into the waters before them.

At that moment, just as the oceanic beasts began to appear one after another, they were first hit by a wave of weakness after entering the freshwater, then right afterward, they were swallowed up by a sea of lightning.

The harrowing cries of hundreds of millions of oceanic beasts echoed as the skies flashed with arcs of lightning that pierced downward again and again.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

RUMBLE!

The Heir-Grade Generals froze, unable to move. They writhed in pain, their skin quickly charring beneath the menacing sea of gold.

Leonel calmly took out his bow and pulled back its string taut.

The smell of frying flesh filled the air. The Gold-Grade threats could hardly last a few seconds before they were fried to ash. Only the Heir-Grade threats

seemed capable of holding on, but they were entirely paralyzed. To Leonel... they were nothing more than unmoving targets.

With an exhaled, Leonel released his arrow, tearing a hole 10 meters across in the head of an enormous colossal squid.

Clearing this would be even easier than the first Heir-Grade upgrade challenge.

...

Across the ocean, located on the ocean's floor near an underwater volcano, a city was located. If others had been paying attention, they would be quite shocked, as this underwater city was actually already at the Gold-Grade, a rare find even at this stage. In fact, the only two with such a city were Leonel and Third Nova... Or so most thought.

However, at that moment, a large change took place.

Orinik's expression changed, but it was already too late.

CRACK!

The city core broke and the entire city was uplifted and shoved outward. They were expelled from the sea, their city forcefully relocated to another section of the ocean.

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Chapter 2024: An Hour

Orinik stood stunned. What had just happened? He didn't even remotely have a good explanation. The more he thought about it, the more baffled he was.

Was it some sort of special reward? But according to his calculations, Gold-Grade should be the highest level city currently. It had to be remembered that the supercontinents only spawned dungeons and challenges equivalent to the territories it was in. This meant that if one wanted a reward higher than the Heir-Grade at this point, according to Orinik's calculations anyway, one would have no choice but to enter the ocean. This was the only place that would spawn such challenges ahead of time.

Orinik didn't believe that a Gold-Grade reward could expel his city like it had just now, even cracking its city core. Such a thing would completely unbalance the situation. So did that mean that someone had been just lucky enough to clear an Heir-Grade dungeon with this sort of reward?

But even that didn't make any sense because that would have to mean that they were targeted in specific. They had been completely secretive and had definitely flown under the radar. Plus, who could even reach them currently? They only had such freedom so deep because of the Rain Beasts.

Orinik threw that idea out and assumed that it must be some sort of large area of effect ability, but just how large could it be? He didn't believe that anyone could sneak up on them, and they had already claimed a large region with their special territory, so if anything had appeared, they would have been alerted on their territory map the moment someone encroached.

In order for them not to notice, the range of such a thing would have had to be enormous, hundreds of kilometers at the very least, and that once again brought him back to his original deduction: it had to be an Heir-Grade reward. But... that was impossible!

Orinik took a breath and exhaled. Often, the simplest deduction was the right deduction.

'Someone formed an Heir-Grade territory. Not only that, but they succeeded in claiming the entire sea for themselves.'

As a group with a unique ocean territory, Orinik, of course, knew about claiming a sea, he was actually working as fast as possible to get to that level as soon as possible. But just when he felt like he was getting close, all of his hard work had been destroyed.

'No, it's not over yet.'

There were obviously two choices before him. The first was repairing the city through fusion while the second was attacking the person who had done this to them.

At that moment, Rychard and Montero flashed over from a distance. They landed in the midst of the ruined and cracked city, their expressions just as ugly as Orinik's.

"What the hell happened here?" Rychard asked.

"We've been targeted. I think someone used an Heir-Grade reward to expel us and claim the sea."

"How is that possible?!" Montero's brows jumped.

"It's unlikely, but it isn't impossible. We've run into upgrade rewards and territory rewards. It's likely that someone was lucky enough to stumble into all three that were needed. Potentially one of the Water Force families. We would have to face off against the Constellation Families eventually."

"You're saying someone managed to gather a unique water territory, which is already rare enough, on top of all of those things? Bullshit!"

"That's the simplest explanation. It's also best that we go forward with this explanation, because if we underestimate the enemy too much, we'll suffer instead."

Rychard gripped his fists. Why did it feel like every time he was close to succeeding, he would be crushed before he could even fully rise? His gaze burned with a furious light, causing the waters to become agitated.

"We'll crush them now before they can gain the full benefits of the Heir-Grade territory. They'll be in a lull right after passing such a big trial as well. In addition, although they won't know much about us, their territory map should have alerted them to the fact that they had just pushed a territory out. They won't ever guess that we'll attack them now when we've just suffered a huge blow."

Orinik frowned when he heard Rychard's words. He could tell that Rychard was already slowly losing his patience. However, when Rychard continued, his words still seemed to carry some reason.

"Think about it. Anyone who could find so many rewards in the ocean, albeit lucky, also took quite a bit of effort as well. They've likely taken the same strategy as us in dispersing many of their subordinates into groups to clear as many dungeons and challenges as possible.

"If they used an upgrade reward to reach the Heir-Grade, which makes the most sense, they wouldn't have needed to recall everyone and they're likely to even expand their radius even further. Now that they had a territory map that

expands across an entire sea, there's even more dungeons and challenges to deal with.

"Before they consolidate and decide to attack other territories with the gains they've made, this is the best chance they'll have, without a doubt."

Orinik nodded slowly.

Although he had originally felt that Rychard was far too eager, after hearing his words, Orinik felt that they held no small bit of logic to them. The reasoning was sound and he couldn't find anything wrong with it immediately.

Even if they were wrong and someone had somehow amassed an army that could clear an Heir-Grade upgrade challenge the normal way already, not to mention the point total it cost as well, after fighting such a huge battle, this person would be in quite a sorry state currently. So even in the case he was wrong, there was no better time to attack than now.

Orinik nodded slowly. "Let's prepare. We can only take an hour at most."

Rychard and Montero looked toward another, clearly in agreement. It was clear that they had all agreed on this being the best step. If they retreated now, their chances of victory were next to nothing. Aside from revenge, the rewards of these Heir Wars were far too lucrative, they couldn't give them up.

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Chapter 2025: Large

Leonel slowly lowered his bow, his eyes narrowing as he looked off in a certain direction. He looked down and scanned the Skies family members. They were indeed in a sorry state. They had just maintained their domain of lightning for several hours. Although Leonel's armor made it a lot easier on them, they would need quite a bit of time to recover unless they used the pods.

"Return to the Ice Island," Leonel commanded.

Unfortunately, the outposts were always tied to a single city, as in the city they were summoned from. As such, Leonel's convenient teleportation network wasn't useful here. He would have to build up another network for this city that could bridge the gap between the two and make it more convenient. He

definitely had the funds to do so, but it would take time because one had to personally place the outposts down in their chosen location.

In addition to this, Leonel didn't yet know if he would have the points to spare. That was because he now had 3 trillion more points and another city to potentially upgrade. He would have to decide, once again, whether to save what he had or use it immediately.

As Leonel had expected, the options weren't many for the Water Lotus territory. So many of the advantages of the territory were baked into it already that giving it any more upgrade paths would be too overpowered and break the balance of the Heir Wars. The only option Leonel gained was one that allowed him to exchange points for a faster "closing" time.

This closing time referred to the green pads of the Water Lotus entering a defensive position. Right now, it took about eight hours to close the pads and enter the strongest defensive state of the city. He could spend one trillion to half that time, two trillion to cut it down to two hours, and four trillion to cut it down to an hour.

For every halving, Leonel would have to pay double the points. Other than this, there were no other options to gain.

Leonel narrowed his gaze.

He was in a bit of a situation now. He had, indeed, sensed that he had expelled someone from his territory. But just like he had sensed them, they had definitely sensed him. If they were smart, their next action would be to attack him with their full force as quickly as possible.

His people were, indeed, dispersed, just as Rychard had said. In addition, the Skies family that had fought by his side were too fatigued for another round of battle. It would take them only 15 minutes for the uninjured among them to recover once they returned, but it would take at least an hour to return and an hour to come back to his side. That was two and a half hours total.

He had just gained 3 trillion points from clearing the Heir Grade challenge. Although there were points to be gained from the dungeons and challenges as well, those points were adjusted to account for individuals potentially having millions of subordinates to begin with.

He only gained 100 000 points for dealing with an Heir-Grade threat, while the others, in exchange for clearing an Heir-Grade dungeon, might receive anywhere from a few hundred million to a few billion. While this might sound like a lot, one would need to clear a thousand such dungeons just to get one trillion points, let alone the tens of trillions he felt like he needed.

'I have to release the stingrays and let them start clearing challenges on their own...'

Leonel shook his head. It seemed that he would have to hold this line alone until the Skies family could return. Unfortunately, he had also told the others to stay out of this sea due to the danger of the method he was planning on using, so it would take them about an hour to rush to him, and that was if they were wiped out from their dungeon clearing in the first place.

With a wave of his hand, Leonel spent all three trillion points, cutting the time needed to two hours and beginning the closing process. He was feeling a hint fatigued after the battle himself, but the hour he estimated it would take them to get here was more than enough for him.

With a step, he appeared on the edge of one of the slowly moving green pads. His bare feet dangled in the clear waters, his expression calm as he closed them, laying his spear across his lap. His breathing seemed to match the rhythm of the slowly churning waters.

The reason he had claimed this city in the first place was to ensure that no one else could claim a sea for themselves, and he planned to do it twice more. He didn't care even if he had to leave the Water Lotus territory closed into perpetuity. His only goal was to hold this land, what happened with the rest of it didn't matter to him.

Oddly enough, this was a rare moment of relaxation for him since the Heir Wars had begun. Listening to the rushing waves as an army approached him, he felt an unprecedented calm. It was a calm that came from the depths of his soul, a confidence built on a track record that ran deep, a blemishless resume.

Suddenly, Leonel opened his eyes. By this point, the edge of the green pad he sat upon had raised into the skies, leaving just the smallest gaps to squeeze through. However, the city was still too exposed. In order to stop someone from reaching the city core and claiming the city for themselves, it would take a great deal of effort on his part.

The last hour felt as though it had passed in the blink of an eye, but the tranquility of Leonel's gaze was more gentle than even the waves of a serene lake. Even when he saw the large army before him he was unmoved... even after he recognized Rychard and Orinik he reacted as though they were nothing more than air.

He stood to his feet slowly, holding out his spear from his body and pointing it toward the waters below.

If one drew a line from the tip of his spear to the once calm surface, it would be possible to see a gentle ripple spread out, almost as though someone had touched the surface with a finger. And yet... Leonel's spear and Spear Force was nowhere near it.

It was as though the ocean's waters were informing the world that Leonel's presence was much larger than it seemed to be.

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Chapter 2026: Floating Cotton Balls

The scene at the front could only be described as shocking.

Hovering above the water, what looked like enormous blue cotton balls floated. Each one of these cotton balls was almost a kilometer across at the smallest, and over ten at the largest. They looked completely harmless, and yet large tendrils of water streamed upward from the once calm surface with such speed that one could almost witness the surface of the ocean dropping millimeter by millimeter.

The amount of water these creatures were absorbing was absolutely shocking, and yet it didn't seem to hinder their movements in the slightest. It was clear that the Water Lotus Territory's debuff was completely useless on these enormous creatures as well, and there were easily thousands of them, stretching as far as the eye could see. If it wasn't for their ridiculous size, Leonel had no doubt that there would be even more.

On top of these cotton ball creatures, warriors stood. It was a mixture of Eamon, Etazi and Viola family members. These people were relatively unknown in the Human Domain, so much so that many had been questioning why Leonel was sitting in silence and doing nothing at all. They had had no idea that such a line up was coming until now.

Realizing that Leonel was actually planning on facing off against such an army alone, the hearts of the spectators shuddered uncontrollably.

As for Orinik and Rychard, both were very surprised that the one before them now was actually Leonel. Both had believed that this person would more than likely be from a Water Force family, but when they saw it was the person they wanted to deal with the most, and better yet he was alone, a cold light suffused their irises.

Even so, the unhurried calm in Leonel's gaze was especially grating on their hearts. It felt as though they were reliving some of the most traumatic moments of their lives.

The loss of the Void Library token that Leonel had snatched from him seemed simple, but just for a chance to enter as a Galaxy Ranked disciple, Orinik had lost count of the number of times he had put his life on the line, how much blood he had shed, how many near death experiences he had withstood, escaping by the skin of his teeth.

But without a single regard for anything, Leonel, that boy whose only claim to fame were his parents, had snatched something he had spent years planning for. To this day, that was still the greatest humiliation of his life.

He was an exceptionally cautious person, one who only took action when he believed that he had all the cards in his hand, and yet he had been outplayed.

For Rychard, the hatred was even more deep seeded. His family had been destroyed and uprooted, not just once, but twice. Aina had crushed his pride as a man and the Luxnix had crushed his pride as an Heir. By now, he knew that Leonel had played him, forcing him into a corner without raising even a single finger.

He could sense the disdain radiating off of Leonel despite the fact the latter's expression was calm. It was a disregard so deeply entrenched that it made Rychard's blood boil, his slightly greying hair dancing in the wind.

Montero, the only one of the three without history with Leonel, was the only one looking around and questioning the situation. Where were his subordinates? Were they inside the city? Why didn't he sense them?

But it was exactly at that moment that Orinik and Rychard spoke at once.

"Attack!"

The skies above rumbled and the large tendrils of water tornados that the Rain Beasts were swallowing up shifted.

Leonel narrowed his eyes as an enormous wave of water surged toward him. They towered tens of kilometers into the skies, blotting out even the sun in the skies. There was simply nowhere to escape it. Whether it was width or height, both carried the suffocating weight of nature.

A Bronze Aura gently radiated from Leonel as he tilted his head up. Even doing so while standing in the skies didn't allow him to lay eyes on the end of the wave.

Slowly, a tier two armor formed over his body, his body trembling lightly just once before he suddenly appeared before the wall of thick water.

With a roar, Leonel slashed down, splitting the tsunami in two.

As he slashed, Leonel's gaze flickered. He had felt more resistance than he had expected. Although the tsunami-like wave was large, between his Water Force control and Spear Force, it shouldn't have been too difficult. But this water held a different sort of character.

Leonel realized that these creatures weren't just spraying water around, they were controlling it. They were large, floating, breathing Water Force Domains. That meant...

He had only just split the wave when it began to crash down around him. If it was just a wall of normal water, it would have fallen and collapsed. Even if it managed to maintain its form, it would have continued its forward momentum. But this one abruptly stopped and collapsed around him like a rain of fists weighing millions of kilograms.

Leonel's gaze blazed to life and his ten Stars appeared to his back, his aura surging.

He took a step forward and vanished through his Starry Light Domain. When he appeared again, his Divine Armor was billowing with dense blue nebulae-like fog, his aura soaring once again.

His Void Star Force Stars twinkling, trembling once and ripping the control of the tsunami from the wall of beasts.

Leonel felt a bead of sweat fall down his brow, his heart skipping a beat. Just now, he felt the tug of not just one Rain Beast, but dozens. They were sharing control of these waters, making stripping the control away several times more difficult than it should have been.

Even so, Leonel's spear didn't pause. With a sweep, his spear followed a wide arc, the tsunami to his back became a sharp, slicing wave and it surged toward the oncoming army.

However, the Rain Beasts made no attempt to fight back. They only continued to float forward slowly, their size still expanding.

When Leonel's slicing wave hit them, their cotton bodies rippled slightly before all the water was swallowed up and they grew another size.

Leonel's gaze couldn't help but narrow.

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Chapter 2027: Sneer

Rychard sneered. Even the unmodified Rain Beasts, at this size, were practically immune to Water Force. Let alone Water Force, because they could expel so much water at once, their defenses were nigh impenetrable. Punching them quite literally felt like punch a large ball of cotton, it wasn't just a look, it was a feature.

There was a reason the Rain Galaxy didn't allow them to get this large. Although they were generally harmless, when they grew to a certain size they were almost undefeatable. The only real way to handle them was to take them away from a source of water and allow them to run out of water to use and manipulate, then they would become no less docile than any other domesticated creature. However, Leonel didn't even have this option.

Just judging by the closing green pads, Leonel was obviously trying to protect this city. If he wasn't, he would be too foolish.

If there was no one here, snatching the city core wouldn't even take any effort at all. Knowing this, how could Leonel lead the Rain Beasts away from a water

source? The entire terrain was the water source. The shore was literally hundreds of kilometers away.

Although Leonel had thought about placing the Water Lotus closer to the shore, he would be giving up its greatest ability in doing this, that being the debuff of fresh water. However, even that was ironically useless in this situation.

It had actually taken so much effort just to rip Water Force from the tsunami wave just now. Leonel couldn't even imagine what it would take to strip them of the water inside their bodies, especially since there were thousands of them, easily.

'There are only two explanations for this. Either these beasts have a massive weakness that I haven't spotted yet, or they were trying to be secretive.'

Leonel couldn't see how these three had only made this much progress with this kind of trump card. If Leonel had had these Rain Beasts, not only would he not have needed to expose several trump cards, he would have already claimed the entire ocean for him and would probably be making a move onto the night side continent right this moment.

Suddenly, Leonel's gaze flickered. 'I see...'

He had found the "weakness". Unfortunately, it wasn't quite as ground breaking as he hoped. This weakness was simply that it took the Rain Beasts a great deal of time to reach this state.

In this state, these Rain Beasts were easily worth 10 000 points each. It was likely that Orinik and Rychard had chosen to exploit the same loophole that the Lio family had and imported them with just 1 point. Due to this, they had to grow these beasts themselves, causing them to waste a lot of time.

If this time was removed, the fastest to form a Gold-Grade territory wouldn't be Leonel, it would, in fact, be these three. If Leonel hadn't ruined their plans, they would also have been the "first" to form an Heir-Grade territory. If they had been allowed to grow undisturbed, the likelihood that they would have claimed victory in these Heir Wars would likely have been won by them.

Leonel's lip curled, his sneer seemingly entirely displaced given the situation.

He didn't feel "lucky", nor did he sigh in relief. He hadn't been lucky. The reason he had chosen to push forward with claiming all the seas for himself was precisely to avoid a situation like this one. This was the benefit of being proactive and knowing when to push and when to be conservative.

As far as Leonel was concerned, he didn't feel like he was backed into a corner. In fact, he felt that there was no better time to deal with this threat.

Leonel held out his spear just as Rychard and Orinik began to feel a bubbling rage caused by his reaction. They couldn't believe that even now, Leonel dared to look down on them. But it was then that his aura suddenly pierced into the skies.

"[Star Fusion... King's Might]."

BANG!

A wild whirlpool formed beneath Leonel's feet. The crowding clouds above seemed to be under the same spinning force, a vortex taking shape both above and below him.

Leonel held out his spear and at that moment his body trembled, forming a clone, then a second, then a tenth, and a hundredth. Soon, the number of Leonels seemed to dwarf even the large army before him and they all surged forward at once.

Orinik's gaze narrowed. "Target that location!"

He had seen this ability from Leonel before, or so he thought. The technique he had seen was one Leonel had picked up from Valiant Heart Mountain, it was nothing more than an illusion of the light. But this one...?

A wall of water suddenly appeared where "Leonel" had stood.

However, even after it landed, nothing seemed to happen. The other clones continued forward without dispersing, appearing around the army and attacking all at once.

Right then, several Leonel's appeared before Orinik and the others, his spear slicing down.

"Kill!" Rychard ordered.

They stood upon the largest of the Rain Beasts. It was almost 20 kilometers across. Even though Leonel had "appeared" before them, he was still easily ten kilometers away. It was almost impossible to even create an attack of that scale, let alone reach them.

The water beneath the Rain Beast shifted and surged toward the oncoming Leonels. The three didn't feel like they even had to move an inch, but what happened next left them without words.

"[Emperor's Edict]..."

In the blink of an eye, the Rain Beast that had been almost 20 kilometers in diameter suddenly vanished.

Those spectating blinked. But when they looked closer, they realized that it hadn't vanished. No, it had shrunk back down to the size of a palm. And as for the waters it had taken several days to absorb...

It was hovering behind Leonel as though a miniature planet.

Wielding it like a weapon, Leonel's slash continued, his gaze filled with a menacing light.

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Chapter 2028: Harsh Reality

Before Orinik, Rychard and Montero could react, half of their subordinates died. It was as though everything had been reversed instantaneously. The moment Leonel had grasped the weakness and the strengths of the Rain Beasts, it was over.

His clones surged forward, slaughtering the people of the Viola, Eamon and Etazi family. They used a strong Spatial Force to dodge out of the way of the other Water Force attacks and took down an enemy at a time with single strokes.

The general warriors of these three families were no stronger than the Skies family. Their only real strength came from the Rain Beasts and their special strengths. How could they withstand even a single blow from Leonel's clones, let alone Leonel himself?

Orinik seemed to see red. His immaculate style of dress immediately became disheveled as the rain of water from above ruined his perfectly groomed hair. In just a single attack, he had lost his air of superiority in its entirety.

Leonel's figure flashed as he grabbed the now palm sized Rain Beast out of the air. He stood silently in the skies, observing it as though the battle around him had little to do with him.

Fear gripped Montero. Leonel stood no more than a hundred meters from them, having crossed such a large distance as though it was nothing. Watching his people fall around him, his heart trembled uncontrollably. Unable to withstand the impact anymore, he reached for his badge, crushing it.

Leonel looked up from the adorable ball of blue cotton in his hand. In its small size, it felt much more like a living, breathing creature. It rolled around without any sort of concept of danger, making odd blooping sounds as it rolled around. It was clear that it was harmless and as innocent as a blank slate. So, Leonel didn't care to take his attention from it.

Even so, Leonel didn't do anything as Montero escaped, he and the rest of the Eamon family vanishing along with him. Instead, Leonel simply looked up into the skies.

"Capture him," he said lightly.

...

Montero appeared in the depths of starry skies, grabbing his heart as he took deep breaths. He had heard Rychard and Orinik talk about Leonel all the time. The amount of hatred they had toward him, and their constant fixation on revenge, made it seem as though they were on the same playing field. Although he had heard about some of the feats Leonel had accomplished while in the Void Palace, it was easily drowned out by the feats of others, or just too ridiculous to accept.

For example when Leonel cleared dozens of floors on his first entry into the Void Tower. Even those that had been there didn't believe it, let alone those who hadn't. So, in Montero's eyes, Leonel was always someone that it wouldn't be a problem to deal with if they put their heads together. It was also not helpful that before all of this had happened, his confidence had been slowly growing everyday thanks to the benefits he had gained from the Cataclysm Void as an owner of a World Spirit.

But the moment he had seen Leonel like this, face to face, witnessing his presence, the pressure he gave, his aura, Montero had entirely forgotten how to breathe. The gap was so large that he couldn't even fathom it.

Even after several deep breaths, he couldn't seem to calm down at all. And that was when Leonel's eerie voice penetrated his soul.

"Capture him."

The words echoed to everyone as though Leonel was whispering right into their ears. Just like before, Leonel had bypassed the restrictions of the Dream Force as though they weren't there, and just like that, everyone who hadn't been paying attention to this clash suddenly couldn't take their eyes off of it.

Montero's eyes widened. He felt a cold chill travel up his back and his head spun toward the Morales family.

"No! NO! I survived fair and square, this isn't right! Is the Morales family going to break its own rules?!"

The Morales Ancestors weren't even looking at Montero. If Leonel actually expected them to capture Montero for him, he was sorely mistaken. He wasn't yet the Patriarch, and even if he was, no Patriarch could order around the Ancestors as he pleased, the Patriarch was a functionally lower level than them. The position was only to deal with affairs at and below the Seventh Dimension.

They frowned a bit, feeling that Leonel was actually a little too arrogant if he believed this. But before they could go down this line of thought much further, a mass of swirling Dark Force suddenly appeared behind Montero. It was sudden and quick, so much so that even the Ancestors hadn't sensed it until it appeared.

Out from within it, a mature beauty stepped out. A long, black dress clung tightly to her curves, a powerful, streamlined body hidden within. It was clear that she had more muscle than the average female, but rather than distracting from her femininity, it accentuated it, making it bolder, more exotic, more beautiful. Everything from her pale, almost transparent skin, to her rosy red lips, enticed and entranced people.

Montero couldn't even react before his arms and legs were suddenly bound, even his lips being covered by a thin black silk.

Mordred released a delicate laugh, one that caused the hearts of many to skip. She seemed to be quite assured in her charm and she wasn't the least beast shy about using it, her maturity shining through like well aged wine.

With another step, she vanished into her ball of twirling Dark Force, leaving the line of senses for the other Ancestors. No matter how they looked, they couldn't seem to find her at all.

Just when everyone thought it was over, a streak of golden light appeared. King Arthur appeared for no more than a single instant before vanishing in another streak himself. However, after a few moments of silence, the flagship of the Eamon family split into two, its members dying one after another.

Silence fell over all, a harsh reality settling in.

The number of subordinates Leonel had shown weren't his limit. In fact, they were very lucky that the age limit was just a hundred years old, if it was just a few decades more the world would have known the like of King Arthur and his daughter Mordred.

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Chapter 2029: Two Names

The changes were sudden and shocking. Not many knew how to react to it.

The strength of Mordred's Dark Force left many apprehensive, her escape measures deeper than anything they had ever seen before. To be able to hide from even their senses felt too ridiculous, just who were these people exactly?

But maybe even more impressive than that was cutting a flagship in half with a single bound. While the Eamon family was on the much weaker side, a flagship still remained a flagship. Just in terms of sheer size one would have to be able to levy an attack with a range of at least an entire kilometer within a breath to succeed in such a feat.

To do that even in a semi-decent world was one thing, but this was the Morales family's territory, this was a world with that, easily, stood at the pinnacle of Seventh Dimensional worlds with very few other Seventh Dimensional worlds being comparable. It was the sturdiest environment one could be in without entering the territory of the Void Palace or, obviously, entering an Eighth Dimensional world.

The brows of the Morales Ancestors loosened somewhat, though there was also a hint of embarrassment for clearly taking Leonel's words the wrong way.

Now that they thought about it, Leonel had never asked them for anything. In fact, unlike their other Heirs, Leonel's growth to this point had nothing to do with the Morales family's resources. Even if one wanted to take into consideration the Spear Domain Ring and the Segmented Cube, the former would only be able to be used by those with sharp enough senses and talent in the spear to begin with, while the latter had been passed down through Leonel's family line from the very beginning.

When things were put into perspective, it was actually quite nonsensical of them to think that he had been asking for them to act, especially when before the Heir Wars even began, Leonel thought to return the Spear Domain Ring and the Segmented Cube.

The fact that he hadn't even known these two things about his own treasures meant that Velasco was still the very same Velasco they remembered. He hated to explain anything, even when it was to his own son. As for Leonel's mother, she had been restricted by the rules of the Void Palace all her life, when could there have possibly been time for him to gain the shelter of his parents. In truth, Leonel might even be independent to a fault.

Ancestor Alvaro sighed. Quite frankly, he felt bad for even thinking along this line of reasoning, and his impression of Leonel couldn't help but become even better.

But although the Morales family had realized their mistake, there would always be some fools who were unwilling to accept it.

Nearby, the flagships of the Etazi and Viola families swayed back and forth under the raging explosion. Fear was clearly painted on their faces as they came to realize that their fates might very well be the same. Their only chance of victory was for Leonel to lose to Orinik and Rychard, but given how decisively Montero had run, was that even possible?

Seeing this as a sort of opportunity, and seemingly still very much unhappy about Leonel using Cloud Race members to win a competition of human geniuses, Cross Elder Avan snorted, his unhappiness painted all across his face.

"You Morales are truly acting as if I'm not even here. I advise you all return the Patriarch of the Eamon family now, or don't blame me for being impolite."

Avan had been too far away and too slow to react to Arthur and Mordred's sudden appearance. As such, he could only watch as the Eamon family was massacred.

He had used his senses to scan the region for several moments, but even after so many attempts, he still couldn't seem to find the two at all, leaving him a bit frustrated. He had wanted to act against them directly, but how could he if he couldn't even find them?

His role here was quite limited. He was meant to be neutral and Shield Cross Stars hadn't sent even a single genius in, neither did the Void Palace. Or, more accurately, none of the geniuses in line to become the next Void Elders of the Void Palace had participated as they were also meant to remain strictly neutral.

But due to this neutral position, Avan was in a unique position to act on behalf of the Eamon family which was clearly much too weak to defend themselves. What also helped his methods was the fact that the Morales had already gained the ire of so many thanks to Leonel's actions. If they were casually destroying weaker families now when it was convenient, it was easy to paint the picture that the Morales were trying to get rid of trouble before it became more troublesome to deal with in the future.

If he could successfully accuse the Morales of such a thing, the pressure on them would only become more enormous.

Of course, nothing Mordred or Arthur had displayed was even remotely connected to them to the Morales. Arthur had clearly used Sword Force and Light Force just now, while Mordred used what had looked like a wand straight out of a fairy tale.

But who said all Morales had to use spears? There were many Morales who were born with neither of their Lineage Factors. In addition, who said they weren't relying on their Ability Indexes instead? With that sort of reasonable doubt, putting the bullseye on the Morales was all too easy.

However, what Cross Elder Avan never expected was for a light laughter, one that was all too familiar and melted the bones as it sped up one's heart rate, would ring out at this moment.

"I would advise Shield Cross Stars to stay in their lane. We wouldn't want some embarrassing circumstances to leak out, now would we?"

Mordred's delicate and seductive voice echoed through the starry skies, but even now it was still difficult to tell exactly where it was coming from.

Avan's temper was fiery and he almost immediately lashed out.

"You little harlot! Why don't you come out and say that to my face."

Mordred laughed. "Jorrym... Graros."

She only spoke out two names, but Avan immediately went pale.

Under the shocked gazes of all those present, the blustering Cross Elder, the man whose temper couldn't be calmed by anyone, suddenly sealed his lips.

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Chapter 2030: Pawn

Avan had been skeptical about how he and Shield Cross Stars had ended up claiming victory over such a large contingent of the Cloud Race. When he had seen Leonel suddenly come out with so many Cloud Race members who were, essentially, his slaves, he had felt that sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, that feeling that he had been led by the nose all this time.

However, he had managed to ignore it, turning that sinking feeling into a will to target the Morales and blame them for their crimes.

The moment Mordred's voice had echoed those two names, though, his entire world came crashing down. He didn't even know the name Jorrym because the moment he caught Graros, the latter had used a powerful measure of the Cloud Race to avoid interrogation and entered a deep sleep. But the moment he heard that name, the name of the very Patriarch the Cloud Race had been impersonating in the Chaotic Water Sector, it all clicked. Jorrym must be his real name.

The fact that Leonel's subordinates knew his real name meant that Leonel definitely knew more than he had. A lot more.

Just the fact that Leonel could make Cloud Race members do his bidding spoke volumes to begin with. All of the Cloud Race members that Shield Cross Stars had captured had all entered that odd coma-like state that made it impossible for even those with Dream Force and mind reading Ability Indexes to get into their thoughts and read their memories.

Now, there was simply no denying it. Leonel had been the one to lead him by the nose back then. He was the one that had manipulated them like they were chess pieces. And just when he thought he was making the Ascension Empire suffer by pulling out and making them deal with the host of problems on their own, he had ended up getting rid of Leonel's biggest problem for him while Leonel himself was probably reclined somewhere, embracing a beauty.

The more Cross Elder Avan thought about it, the more enraged he was, but even though others could see his face turning a bright shade of red, the metal of the flagship around him slowly melting, he still didn't dare to say even a word.

If everyone found out that it was actually Leonel who had been responsible for Shield Cross Star's biggest victory against the Cloud Race, a victory that he had gained so much fame and adoration for, it would be impossible to come back.

They had been taking nothing but losses in recent years, and every instance of victory they had was somehow related to Leonel. And yet, they had actually placed a bounty on his head and called him a fugitive. Their image was already in the dumps previously, and it was this victory that allowed them some respite.

Avan simply couldn't allow the world to learn about this. At least not now.

Mordred's laughter rang through the starry skies. It was exceptionally nice to listen to, but to Avan's, it felt like nothing more than needle pricking at his ear drums. His fury could have taken tangible form if he allowed it.

The Ancestors of the various families, even the Morales, couldn't help but frown. Even if Avan remained silent, speculation was impossible to dodge. But at the same time, the place Leonel had in their hearts only elevated.

In the beginning, it had felt ridiculous that Leonel could even compete with those of his generation. But now, he was toying even with Ancestors of their

level... and the worst part was that he didn't even seem to have to be present to do so!

...

Back in the Heir Wars, Leonel looked down from the skies. He didn't need to guess the results, he trusted his people and had no need to doubt them.

Whether it was Mordred or Arthur, both of them not only had Ability Indexes that were incredibly rare and powerful, they were also gifted the same talent of the people of Earth while also having access to a Magic System novel to the Human Domain. Many of the enemies they faced didn't even know how to face them.

The only enemies they had ever struggled against were members of the Cloud Race, which were far more talented than most humans to begin with, and members of the four Great Families, whose strength spoke for themselves.

When it came to anyone else, especially within the Human Domain, they were on a level all to their own. Beneath the Eighth Dimension, their number of opponents was already very rare.

Leonel rolled the Rain Beast in his hands again. It felt incredibly soft to the touch, he could see why people had adored them as domesticated pets.

Even now, he didn't seem to take Orinik and Rychard very seriously.

"Not going to run?" Leonel asked lightly.

The two clenched their fists so hard that their veins threatened to pop. Their Force raged through their Nodes and their hearts pumped madly.

They had no idea what had happened just now, but the fact that Leonel said capture them made them think that the Morales family had acted on Leonel's orders just now. That made them realize that there was no way out aside from victory.

After a moment, Orinik took a breath and exhaled, calming heart. His hands slid into the hems of his robes, one of the very first things he had traded for as a man enamored by his own appearance, and slowly slid them off his

shoulders, revealing well cared for dark brown skin and a chiseled physique not very much shy of Leonel's own.

Rychard began to age quite visibly, but his back was still as straight as a javelin. His beard grew and became wizened and grey, billowing in the wind as the hairs on his head grew more sparse and willowy.

Suddenly, a Dark Force erupted from Orinik that finally made Leonel's eyes narrow.

"I see." Leonel suddenly said. "You're actually a pawn of Third Nova."

Leonel spoke slowly, his gaze focused entirely on Orinik.