

## Dimensional Descent

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#### Chapter 2031: Go On

Orinik's pupils constricted into pinholes. He wasn't a fool, he could tell that Leonel wasn't baiting him. That sort of confident, indifferent gaze, as though it didn't matter even if Orinik got on his knees and swore to the high Heavens that he wasn't involved with Third Nova, told him everything he needed to know.

Orinik had spent his life plotting and scheming. Even Rychard and Montero had no idea where his truest allegiances lied, although Rychard did know a bit more about it. And yet, with just a single slip up, Leonel had seen right through him.

Back then, when Leonel was first entering the Void Palace, no one knew who he was. Even to his own cousins and fellow Nova Heirs he was a nobody. He had never stepped foot into the family, and other than the fact they had a vague idea that he was Velasco's son, there was nothing else.

There was no news about him, he had awakened his Lineage Factors quite late compared to the rest of them, and he was stuck far away in the Milky Way. No one had any idea he was coming to the Void Palace that year, for all they knew he would never come.

Velasco was always a wildcard to begin with, and he had a huge vendetta against the Void Palace, it wasn't too impossible to believe that he wouldn't send Leonel at all, it was quite easy to accept, in fact.

So the question was, how did it seem like Third Nova was prepared?

Manipulating the Senate into taking action wasn't something that could happen in the spur of the moment. What about gaining information about the Rapax and the importance of their next round of birthed eggs? Or maneuvering matters so that the Senate could vote out the Stalwart Polearm Party and reduce them back to a Legacy Faction?

All of these were things that took time and effort. This meant that Xavnik had to have had someone who informed him long ahead of time that Leonel was present and would be coming, and who better than Orinik who had been sent to oversee the Selection in the first place?

When you looked at things that way, it almost seemed too obvious. Leonel felt quite foolish that he hadn't seen it before, but now that everything was in line, he finally felt that a weight on his shoulders had vanished.

Leonel's lip curled when he saw Orinik hesitate. "Go ahead and use your badge to escape, it'll only make things easier on me."

Orinik shivered as he remembered the words Leonel had spoken earlier. Could it be that the Morales really had acted on his behalf? Orinik couldn't risk such a thing, he would be crushed without even knowing what happened. How could he match up to an Ancestor? They could probably kill him with a single glance.

Suddenly, Rychard roared, his fury bubbling over. A heavy black-violet rod appeared in his hands as he swung down with all his might, aiming for Leonel's head as he crossed the distance between them.

Leonel's gaze narrowed. He could feel the peculiarity of Rychard's Violet Force, and he could also feel that the latter's strength had exponentially increased just now. He took a step back and side stepped, gliding out of the way of the strike with ease.

Although his strength had increased, his skill had very obviously not. Rychard poured so much focus and attention into the Force Manipulation of his Violent Force that he neglected practically everything else. Even when he exchanged his life in such a way, it wasn't enough.

"Rychard! Get out of the way and support me from the back! You're no match for him!"

Rychard's body trembled as he tried to retreat, but Leonel had already taken a step forward and swung a strong fist at his abdomen. He didn't want to kill Rychard. In fact, he didn't want to kill any one of them. Of course, that wasn't because he was soft hearted, but rather because he wanted what they had, whether that was information or... their Lineage Factor.

Leonel had no intention of gaining this Violet Force himself, but he felt that it was a perfect fit for the Tentacle Womb. What he saw in Rychard wasn't a person any longer, all he saw was a resource.

To his surprise, though, Rychard allowed himself to be hit just so that he could gain a path of retreat. Before Leonel could pursue, he suddenly felt a hint of danger, causing his gaze to narrow. He stopped his forward movement and clasped both hands onto his spear's body, blocking to the side.

**BANG!**

Leonel's wrists trembled but his feet didn't move. Across from him, Orinik wielded two sabers that Leonel couldn't take his eyes off of. Those sabers were definitely the very same twin sabers that Second Nova had used.

Suddenly, the atmosphere shifted and Leonel's gaze turned malevolent. He was uncaring and indifferent a moment ago, but all of a sudden even the air itself seemed to freeze over.

He knew that Second Nova had lost to Third Nova, but he hadn't thought that the latter would have been defeated badly enough to lose even his weapons. Not only had he lost his weapons, but Xavnik was even leisurely enough to pass these sabers off to Orinik.

In truth, these sabers were quite bland and unassuming. Most people, even Crafters, wouldn't be able to tell them apart from mass produced instances of such weapons. But who were normal Crafters compared to Leonel? He could practically see a Craft down to its molecular details with a single glance. If Orinik hadn't already been exposed before him, he would have most definitely been exposed here.

"What happened to Auran?"

Leonel's voice was as dark as an abyssal hell. Orinik's gaze narrowed once more, but he didn't say anything, his gaze flashing with a greenish violet light as an explosion of poison fog filled his surroundings.

Leonel immediately recognized this as poison, his mind moved faster than Orinik could fathom. With a quick shift, he swapped places with one of his clones in the distance. He covered several kilometers in a single thought, leaping far outside the range of its influence

"That poison..."

Leonel felt that this wasn't a pre-concocted poison, it had come right from Orinik's body as though it was a Lineage Factor or Ability Index. But what surprised him was that Orinik could even produce such powerful poison, where had that come from?

'It's branching from his Dark Force... Is Orinik a demon too? Something isn't adding up.'

Leonel had met poison demons before, he had steered clear of them.

The truth was that Leonel was probably immune to most poisons. Even the ones he wasn't immune to, he had Cleansing Waters to deal with. However, due to the current state of things, he didn't carry the Segmented Cube around him. It was needed to mass produce and process ores, it was also the main source of water and food that his people had.

It had to be remembered that due to the suppression of this world, everyone reacted like normal Third Dimensional existences would. They needed to sleep once a day, they needed food and they needed water. The only way to deal with these easily was to use the Segmented Cube.

As for Leonel's own personal immunity that came from his various Lineage Factors and powerful Scarlet Star Force, he was a bit hesitant to use them directly. He had already learned that in the Dimensional Verse, underestimating your opponent was a great way to suffer.

'Huh?'

Leonel's pupils constricted and he coughed out a greenish violet fog.

He looked up to find that his clone had already been burnt to ash. Orinik's laughter echoed through the air, his face contorting in a fashion that those familiar with him had never seen.

Leonel understood immediately. This poison was more sinister than he had originally thought, it couldn't be helped, this was only the second time he had fought a true poison expert, while the first one had been fought by Aina while he watched. That was back when Aina had fought the Heiress of the Pyius family, Simona.

But, Aina was entirely immune to all poisons due to her Ability Index, so it was obvious that this "experience" wasn't as helpful as it should have been.

Orinik's poison was able to target him through his Force alone. It was incredibly mysterious, there wasn't even a direct connection between himself and his clone, and yet he had suffered anyway.

Leonel's gaze narrowed and he immediately circulated his Scarlet Star Force, making use of its destruction characteristics to target the poison. But, his pupils could only constrict when he realized it was useless. In fact, the poison clashed with his Scarlet Star Force for a moment before the stalemate was suddenly broken, the poison using his Scarlet Star Force as fuel to attack the rest of his body.

The echoes of Orinik's mad laughter boomed across the skies.

"I've waited too long for this! Since you've already exposed me, there's no need for me to hold back any longer!"

Orinik's lips spread with a wild grin.

"Go on and use your badge to escape."

Returning Leonel's words to him, he felt an endless satisfaction.

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### Chapter 2032: Without Hesitation

Leonel's clone vanished into a push of green ash. Along his own body, greenish purple veins began to grow larger and larger in size. He was already incredibly vascular due to his Metal Body to begin with, but now it was exaggerated to the point of being grotesque. If not for the fact his Divine Armor was still applying pressure, restricting their growth, it might have looked as though his entire body was covered with squirming, snake-like tumors by now.

Even so, Leonel's expression was still cold. He already realized the issue.

The Scarlet Star Force he had used just now was from his smaller node, it was only at the Fifth Dimension. The was a far cry from the Ninth Dimensional

Scarlet Star Force in his much larger Innate Node. The limiting factor here wasn't Scarlet Star Force itself, but rather his own limitations.

He had thought about allowing his smaller Node to grow larger many times, but having a weaker form of Scarlet Star Force in his body made it very convenient to study it. It was akin to simplifying a complex math problem. In addition, it made things much easier on his body when his Scarlet Star Force was weaker.

That said... The last time he had improved his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node was well before he had formed this level of Metal Body. He knew well that his body could withstand far more now than it could before. In addition, his control over Scarlet Star Force now, after his most recent breakthrough, was akin to night and day.

'This poison... Interesting...'

Poison and venoms alike might have a wide array of differing functions, but they all had one fundamental goal: to stop a portion of the body from working as intended. The methods by which they could do this were almost too numerous to count.

This poison worked by attacking the most important system in the body of a Dimensional Practitioner, and that was the Force Nodal System. Of course, this system was just an extension of the circulatory system and could be said to be the same thing.

It fed on Force, catalyzed its own creation, expanding while also forcing blood to pump faster and faster. Usually, when blood vessels dilate, blood pressure drops and blood flow slows. But this poison took on the best of both worlds. Not only did it dilate blood vessels, but it increased blood pressure.

Leonel couldn't help but narrow his eyes. The worst part was that any attempt to get rid of this poison through Force, unless you had a very specific kind, would only end in making it far stronger.

That said...

In the midst of Orinik's mad cackles, Leonel suddenly flexed. His control over his body wasn't something the likes of Orinik could even fathom. In one sweep, he forced all of the poison pumping through his body toward his larger kidney. This wasn't even difficult for him as it didn't require changing any of

the way his body functioned, blood was meant to be filtered through the kidneys to begin with.

The moment the poison came into contact with his larger Innate Node, and even his smaller of the two, it was crushed.

In the blink of an eye, Leonel went from a bulbous mess to a normally sized human once again.

Even so, Orinik's laughter only grew more uproarious. In his estimation, the same thing that had happened to Leonel's clown had happened to him. He had blown up like a balloon, leaving nothing but a rain of green ash. Of course his armor had shrunk back down, there was nothing pressing up against it any longer.

The only reason Auran had lived for so long was because he had recognized the poison and stopped using his Force immediately. In fact, he had even expelled what remained of his Force from his body, leaving him especially weak and vulnerable.

But Leonel, like a fool, thought that he could brute force his way to health. He had made the most foolish decision he could have possibly thought of making.

However, Orinik's laughter came to a frightened halt when Leonel suddenly rotated his shoulder as though he was stretching it. Leonel didn't make many more movements than that, but it was already enough for the entire battlefield to become pin drop silent.

Leonel was lost in his thoughts, wondering about something.

'I wonder if it's possible to create anti-bodies for a poison on the spot. I have a great deal of control over my body, the sharper my mind becomes, the more of it I can control. But enlisting a specific kind of anti-body...'

Leonel felt that it would be difficult. He didn't have that degree of freedom with his body yet. But, Aina probably did. Well, her body reacted immediately and she would form the anti-bodies necessary. If he had her in his Dream World as she did so, he could probably observe the process and copy it. He could use Dream Class to enter a state similar to hers and counter every poison.

It was a working theory, but his main goal for this wasn't to save himself, although there was some degree of importance in that. After all, as he learned

most about Force Manipulation, the more he realized how dangerous people could be. There was definitely a poison master out there who had a Force that Leonel's Scarlet Star Force couldn't handle.

Having such an ability would be important to counter such a person, but even more importantly than that, Leonel was worried about his subordinates. If he could manifest anti-bodies to help them, then have Aina refine them into a detoxification Force Pill, his army would also become immune to poisons.

Poison masters were incredibly rare, and he had a good relationship with the only family in this Heir War that had them, so he had neglected this matter. He couldn't allow this to happen again, he would only make a mistake once.

'It should work. There's about an 80% probability. It still needs to be refined a bit, but in another few hours I should have a perfect method. That way countering Third Nova in the coming battle will be easy.'

Leonel snapped out of his thoughts and looked up, seemingly only now remembering that he was still facing off against Orinik.

"Anything more to say?" He asked lightly. "If that's all, I'll send you only your way now."

Leonel took a step forward and Orinik suddenly took a step back. His gaze was filled with the incredulousness of the situation.

Orinik was very well aware of just the kind of strength behind that poison. If he realized it even in the vicinity of an Eighth Dimensional expert, there was a great chance that they would be incapacitated for a long while.

Of course, his Force Manipulation was still too limited to kill such an expert, but in the time they were immobile, he could definitely escape.

However, not only did Leonel withstand it, he seemed to have recovered even faster than they would have. His momentum hadn't suffered in the slightest and he looked as though his aura was just as robust.

Orinik grit his teeth. This was already his greatest trump card. Usually, he would save it, but the moment just now was too perfect and he had even succeeded. He hadn't seen a future where all of this would actually be completely useless.



Taking a breath, Orinik calmed himself.

Run. That was the only way out of this matter.

Without hesitation, Orinik turned and fled. Rychard was somewhat caught off guard by this change and hesitated. Orinik had just told him to back up and support him from the back, but now he was running?

Rychard felt a deep disgust within him when he thought about having to run away once again. How many times would he have to run? How many times did he have to suffer this same exact fact?

All sorts of disgust and nausea rippled through his body. Tears of humiliation streamed down his cheeks as he turned, shooting through the skies after Orinik with the faster speed he could muster.

Leonel raised his foot and suddenly vanished, appearing before them in an instant. Weren't they a bit too naïve to believe that they could outrun someone with such high attainments in Spatial Force? It was nothing more than a childish dream.

However, when Leonel blocked Orinik, his gaze couldn't help but narrow. In his hand, he held a familiar device, a sundial.

Orinik held a grimace on his face when he saw Leonel appear so fast, but Leonel could see the twinkle in his eye. Even now, he was clearly scheming. What Orinik didn't know was that he couldn't possibly match up to Leonel's speed of thought. In that brief instant, Leonel had already realized what Orinik was planning. In fact, from this plan, Orinik even potentially baked in the possibility that Leonel would realize what he was doing.

There was only one place Orinik would teleport to in this moment for safety, and that was Third Nova's territory. If Leonel got caught up in the teleportation, he would be alone in a hostile continent, surrounded by his third eldest cousin's army.

Orinik was banking that if he went, Leonel would either be caught up in this trap, or in the case that he realized ahead of time, he would be too scared to go. Either way, he would escape.

Leonel sneered, taking a step forward without hesitation.

Orinik activated the teleportation, swallowing up all three of them.

Over the horizon, Aina and the others just caught up in time to see Leonel vanishing before their eyes.