

Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 2033: An Hour |

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2033: An Hour

2033 An Hour

Leonel's body flashed, and his vision sharpened. Others couldn't maintain their sense of direction in the middle of a teleportation, one would end up feeling weightless and would become unable to tell which direction was up, which was down, and where left and right was.

However, Orinik had miscalculated. Not only could Leonel maintain his sense of direction, even his vision wasn't obstructed. He could feel the swirling mass of space splitting open before him.

Leonel had known that he could do this intuitively, but this was the first time he had truly done it. He could feel that his comprehension of space was shifting and molding to the changes around him, but he quickly snapped out of it and suddenly reached forward.

Orinik, who couldn't see or orient himself at the moment, felt a suffocating pressure squeeze around his throat. At first, he thought it was just an oddity of the teleportation, but when his vision cleared, his pupils couldn't help but constrict.

To his horror, Orinik looked forward to finding Leonel right in front of him, his throat clamped down. Right to his side, Rychard was in a vice-like grip as well, both of their feet dangling from above as they struggled to push blood flow to their brains. While practitioners of their level could last a very long time without breathing, that was only if their blood continued to circulate normally. Leonel's palms weren't just restricting their breathing, his fingers clamped down on the important blood vessels of their necks, making them feel light-headed as they struggled.

"Help! HELP!"

This was Orinik's only option. He felt that they should be close enough to Xavnik's territory now, calling out should bring down hell upon Leonel. In fact, because he had brought Leonel, he might not even get punished for this failure. Orinik could tell that while Xavnik was hyper fixated on First and Second Nova as his only competition, only he knew that Leonel was a true monster.

Orinik had tried to explain these matters to Xavnik in the past, but the latter simply brushed it off. How could Third Nova believe that a Sixth Dimensional existence could threaten him?

Then again, Orinik had a hard time understanding what it was that Xavnik was thinking half the time. Even now, he wasn't 100% certain of what his plans were, all he knew was that he needed help right now, and a lot of it.

So long as Xavnik could come with his army, there would be a chance for survival. Leonel should also be smart enough to know that he wasn't a useful bargaining chip, so he just had to...

Orinik froze, his body shuddering.

This location... This location wasn't right.

"Oh, you've noticed? If I can orient myself in a spatial tunnel, you think I don't have the ability to step out of it early? Did you think I would let you drag me into such a trap?" Leonel tilted his head somewhat, his smile light and inviting. But at the moment, it looked like nothing more than a reaper's kiss to Orinik.

"You know, they say that scheming is useless in the face of absolute power," Leonel continued, "and I think that's actually true. But the difference is that the definition of 'absolute power' from person to person differs greatly. To you, I've long since reached that level. Against me, no amount of planning, no amount of preparation, no amount of scheming, would be useful."

Orinik felt his heart shatter. It wasn't literal, but his body felt like it had lost all of its strength. Hanging in the air, looking into Leonel's eyes, feeling his cold indifference, he realized that the boy back then he could have crushed with a single hand had long since soared well beyond him.

If he had only known that the Leonel he met back then was a young man who hadn't even been in the Dimensional Verse for even a handful of years, he

would have understood things much more thoroughly. They had simply never been on the same level.

To his surprise, though, Orinik felt his badge shatter. It wasn't him who had done it, but clearly Leonel.

Rychard's heart was even more dead than Orinik's was. He didn't even react to his badge shattering, the blacks of his eyes sinking deeper and deeper. He had well and truly lost.

Orinik felt a sharp pain before he disappeared, feeling that something had been gouged out of his body, but he didn't have the luxury of thinking about it. He already knew that the moment he left, he would find himself in the hands of others. His life was pretty much over now...

Leonel didn't care very much about the feelings of the two of them. He had always been a compassionate person, but he was just as easily able to turn it off against the people who targeted him.

He didn't blame Rychard in the past for what he had done. Back then, when the latter tried to marry Aina, he hadn't even cared to go and stop the marriage in the first place, so how could he retroactively be enraged by such a thing? What he hated Rychard for was not for this, but rather the rumors he had spread about his mother. That was simply unforgivable.

If it wasn't for Alienor telling him that he was more useful alive back then, Leonel would have long since killed this person. But then he had the audacity to hold a grudge and target the Ascension Empire years later.

Then there was Orinik. The "rumors" he had spread back then about the authenticity of Leonel's Amethyst Token were true enough. Leonel wasn't enraged by this, he was enraged by the intention behind the action, and then the further steps he took to profit from his and Aina's life and death after they had entered that dangerous Zone.

The two of them didn't deserve his sympathy and he didn't care for it. They were only alive because they were more useful that way.

As for the sharp pain that Orinik had felt before...

Leonel looked down at his hand to see a bloody organ. It was a gallbladder of sorts, but this was filled with poison. But what was interesting is that when it

was implanted into a body, it worked almost a lot like an Innate Node would, but this Innate Node was capable of evolving.

It was fascinating.

Leonel didn't believe that Orinik had been born with this organ naturally. He had found it by scanning Orinik's body with his Dream World and around the location this was found it, there were almost unnoticeable irregularities. This meant that this wasn't an original part of Orinik's body.

"Somebody implanted it? So they gave him this ability, he wasn't born with it... But how could it be so seamless? Who has the skill to..."

Leonel's gaze narrowed. It had to be Third Nova. In fact, it was very likely that Auran had been poisoned as a result of this and that was why he had lost so easily and silently.

Orinik wasn't a demon, but somehow he was able to gain demon-like characteristics through this method...

Leonel shook his head. Just what was going on?

The Silver Empire had ties to demons. The Morales family had ties to demons. The Suiard family likely had ties to demons. The Three Finger Cult had ties to demons.

What was the story behind this? Was the Demon Race infiltrating the Human Domain like the Cloud Race had? Something wasn't adding up here, it didn't make any sense to him at all.

Why did so many powerful existences have ties to the one race that was the most "evil"? There wasn't even a religion that worshipped demons, at least not out in the open, this was how against demons the Human Domain was. Even the Spiritual Race could have such a religion, but the Demons had never been allowed such a thing.

And now there were even people creating demons?

Leonel was truly speechless. He didn't have an answer for any of these matters.

With a frown, he stepped through the air. Beneath him, there was still nothing but vast ocean, he had stepped out of the spatial tunnel long before they made it to the continent, so he actually wasn't very far from the Water Lotus Territory.

After returning, Leonel saw Aina who rushed over with a slightly worried expression on her face. However, Leonel only smiled.

"I have some work for you, can you create an antidote for this poison?"

Aina nodded. "I can do that."

"I'll need to send one out of here for Auran. You'll probably need to make it more potent, though. I'm only about 60/40 on whether or not they use the same poison. But if I'm correct, it's like the same derivatives, but just far more powerful."

"Mm," Aina nodded. She didn't know who Auran was, but she assumed that he must have been Second Nova. Leonel at least kept them updated about certain things. "Give me an hour."

Those paying attention to this situation were rendered speechless. An hour?

They looked toward Auran's body. He had been silent for a long time, but his skin was already turning a terrible black-purple color that wasn't natural in the slightest. Even his sweat had begun to turn toxic and foul.

This person was already at a point that only an Ancestor of the Omann family could cure him. How could a Sixth Dimensional little girl possibly have a solution in an hour?

But under the astonished gazes of those there, Aina actually cut the bloody organ open and swallowed the contents.

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Chapter 2034: Where?

2034 Where?

Aina stood in silence for a while, but to the surprise of many, her expression didn't change at all, nor did she erupt into a burst of ash. She didn't seem to

have ingested any poison at all. Even if she was immune, she should have at least felt some pain, but she didn't react like that in the slightest.

There were certain Ability Indexes that could allow one to be immune to certain poisons, but everything had their limits. They couldn't fathom why it was that Aina would be so confident; even those immune to poison wouldn't necessarily go out of their way to consume it, let alone so much of it in a single sitting.

Of course, how could these people know that Aina was used to far more pain than this? As a child, she would probably be thankful if she could spend a day with this sort of pain. It wasn't until she consumed Leonel's Cleansing Waters for the first time that she reached a state where that pain instead became itchiness, which was far easier for her to handle.

Plus, Aina had the ability to subconsciously understand everything she was about to put into her body. If she looked at the poison once, she obviously knew the moment she touched it whether it was within her capabilities to handle or not.

After several moments, Aina nodded to herself lightly. "I need..."

She listed off quite a few things.

"Mm, at least these territories will be useful for something," Leonel said, looking toward the Water Lotus territory.

All of the previously planned Force Pills obviously had materials that were likewise previously prepared by Leonel. He wouldn't leave such things up to chance. However, this poison was obviously a curveball, and unlike metals, Leonel didn't have a large supply of Force Herbs.

However, the Water Lotus territory had them available for purchase. It was a function that he had ignored because it was of little use to him. After all, Aina was the only Force Pill Crafter of adequate skill that Leonel had by his side, and she was already swamped with work. While Force Herbs could have some effect on their own, those that would be worth it were far too expensive. Leonel was already beginning to feel the pinch of a lack of points currently, so he didn't want to waste the few he had.

That said, now, this was a matter of life and death. It wasn't just Auran, but his armies as well. If he wanted to face off against Xavnik, he needed a counter to this poison, if he didn't have one he might as well pack his bags now.

Even he needed a counter. Although he could rely on his Innate Nodes, it wasn't good enough.

This poison still eroded Force away, and there were many entry points to his body that it could use. If he had to circulate his Force to his Innate Nodes first before he could get rid of it, over time, the amount of Force he would lose in doing this again and again would be too much. Essentially, it would drain his stamina far faster than it should.

If Orinik had been smarter, he could have used the poison like a continuous domain to drain Leonel over time. But the first problem with that is that draining Leonel is only an option you could take if you were confident in surviving until he was out of stamina. The second problem with that would be Orinik running out of poison.

Clearly, this wasn't a natural part of Orinik's body. Aina had to drain the entire rest of the contents to understand everything she could about it, that likely meant that there hadn't been much left.

But this didn't mean that Xavnik wouldn't be able to do so. So, Leonel observed Aina very carefully. He had every intention of paying close attention to her changes to see if he could come up with a perfect counter.

After buying two sets of materials, one for Aina, and another for Anastasia to grow in bulk, Leonel began to watch Aina. She didn't seem to mind; in fact, she felt an odd sort of peace with Leonel watching over her. Although they were in the middle of the ocean, it felt like home.

She pressed two fingers against her brows and then extended them. From between her brows, a strand of thick reddish gold liquid came out. Just from the faint smell, Leonel knew that it was blood, but aside from that, it also carried the hint of a fragrant flower smell.

Those who were watching couldn't help but shudder. A Blood Refinement method? It wasn't that they had never heard of such a method, but it was so impossibly rare that there wasn't currently even a single other person who could use such methods. In fact, it was so rare that maybe only a handful of others had been capable in the past... All of whom were Blood Sovereigns.

At that moment, the entire atmosphere around Aina seemed to shift. They had vaguely seen already that her strength was abnormal, especially for a Sixth Dimensional existence, but they had still felt that Leonel was too reckless in taking her as his partner rather than James or someone with more substantial and obvious strength. They thought that Leonel had put too much thought into a statement entrance as opposed to actually surviving.

However, these thoughts seemed to fall to silence at this moment, a heavy one.

While many still felt that Aina was too weak to have been Leonel's first choice in partner, just this ability alone was enough to be shocking to an extreme.

Aina's red-gold blood flew forward and formed a new structure. It took the form of a multi-layered rose with no stem. In place of a stem, there were tendrils of golden roots, stretching out toward the Force Herbs in the surroundings and enveloping them.

The gold color seemed to become contagious, moving from the roots and swallowing the Force Herbs up. As the roots returned to the floating, layered rose, faint bits of dust and ash fell. They were almost imperceptible to the naked eye, but the Ancestors of the Omann family couldn't help but feel their hearts skip a beat.

Those were definitely the impurities of the Force Herbs, but that was a process that should have taken several hours, several days even. It could be said that this was the most important step, in fact. This was what would decide the grade of the Force Pill, even more so than the fusion process.

But it seemed like with a simple touch, Aina cleansed the Force Herbs, leaving them with nothing more than perfection... Or had she?

The roots retracted and vanished into the layers of the rose. The rose itself began to gently spin, one after another, its layers collapsed and gained a more and more golden color. A rich fragrance began to fill the air, but the process remained delicate and smooth.

The shocking realization that a Sixth Dimensional existence had just refined Seventh Dimensional Force Herbs hit the spectators like a speeding meteor. They had been so distracted by everything else that they hadn't had the time to fathom how that could even be possible.

Suddenly, the last layer of the rose collapsed and closed softly, leaving the form of what looked like a yet to bloom flower.

Sparkling motes of golden light gathered from the surroundings, and Aina gently lifted her hand. The grace of their movement left one mesmerized, whether it was the gentle beauty of her long, slender fingers, or the elegance of their movement through the air, either one left one without breath to breathe.

And then, the motes condensed.

Silence ensued as the rose stopped spinning, its petals opening up one after another to reveal the floating mass of three thumb-sized green pills covered in complex purple Force Arts.

Aina smiled lightly, looking up toward Leonel. "Finished."

Leonel nodded and took the three pills. He held two between his fingers and palmed the third in his other hand.

Looking up toward the skies, his gaze suddenly sharpened as he struck out the palm that held the third Force Pill.

It rocketed through the skies with an inconceivable speed, vanishing through the layers.

...

Up above, Ancestor Alvaro waved a hand and shook his head. He didn't know how this kid sent an item through the barrier, but he really didn't seem to care about the optics. This Leonel was so reckless, but it only made Alvaro chuckle. The only problem was whether this pill would actually work; how could he not be skeptical?

He looked toward the Omann family, but they were a blank slate. Even so, the fact they were looking over made Alvaro feel a bit of curiosity.

Although Alvaro was hesitating, Kira was most definitely not. She rushed over and demanded the pill, so he could only helplessly release it and watch as she shoved it into Auran's mouth.

At this point, Auran's eyes were tightly shut, and he had no understanding of what was happening around him. When he sensed someone prying open his mouth, he wanted to fight back because he thought that it was from the Omann family. He didn't want it. But fortunately, he was too weak at the moment to have a choice.

The pill was forced into his mouth, and silence fell.

Even the Omann family couldn't help but look over. Despite their earlier confidence, after seeing Aina refine, they couldn't say anything for certain...

Just where had this little beauty with such skill come from?

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Chapter 2035: My Wife

2035 My Wife

Auran's body suddenly convulsed. Before anyone could react, he shifted violently to his side, dry heaving twice before a sudden belch of grotesque purplish-black gunk flew from his mouth. He vomited again and again, his body unable to contain itself. All of his muscles contracted at once as though the sole purpose of his body was to violently heave again and again.

"Auran?! Auran!"

Kira wanted to rush forward to help, her tears still streaking down her face, but she was stopped by the other Ancestors.

"This is a good thing," Ancestor Alvaro said with a peculiar expression.

While it looked like Auran's situation had only gotten worse, the fact he was throwing up such foul material meant that his body was actually actively purging itself.

For those who didn't quite understand Force Pill Crafting, this was still quite novel. But to those that did, it was absolutely shocking to the greatest degree. This was akin to the difference between medicine and a vaccine. Aina's pill wasn't just curing Auran, it was giving his body the tools it would need to survive this poison should he ever encounter it again.

Normal detoxification pills might target the poison and neutralize it, then over the next several moments to even days, weeks and even years, the now benign poison would be slowly excreted through normal waste removal procedures.

However, the effects of Aina's pill were strong and immediate, and it could be seen that it was using Auran's body as the engine to drive the change. This was fundamentally on a different level. To not only medicate an illness but to give one the power to counter it... And to do it with a poison she had only just come in contact with...?!

The shock was strong and immediate. The Ancestors of the Omann family were stunned silent.

There was only one grade of pill that could do this.

Due to Aina's odd refinement method, it had been difficult to tell. Unlike with Crafts, there were simply too wide a range of possibilities for Force Pills. One could exhibit their skill in anything from culinary skills to potion making, all the way to the creation of actual pills. Due to the wide range, it was difficult even for experts to grasp the methods of another taking a different path from them immediately.

But now, they were absolutely certain.

Leonel's team didn't have just one Life Grade Crafter, it had two. And both of them were in the Sixth Dimension.

A Life Grade Force Pill Crafter was even rarer than a Life Grade Force Crafter. In fact, in the whole Human Domain, there were only three of them, and two of them were on the side of the Spiritual Religion Faction, while the final was the most senior Ancestor of the Omann family.

There were no "blueprints" for Life Grade Force Pill Crafting, and the methods of refinement tended to change on the day-to-day basis and even took into consideration the person who would be consuming it.

If a Life Grade treasure was able to be a single cohesive unit, akin to a creation of the universe itself, a Life Grade pill was designated as a product of the reaction it had in the person who consumed it.

Essentially, a Life Grade Force Pill was capable of eliciting a Life Grade level change in the body of the person who consumed it. In the past, Auran had been clearly vulnerable to this poison. But from now on, he would be entirely immune to it.

This was the power of the Life Grade Force Pill and maybe the most immediate and shocking change. However, this wasn't anywhere near the first time Aina had done this.

Back in the Cataclysm Zone, when she refined the demons into Force Pills that caused permanent and foundational changes to Leonel's body, this was also an example of a Life Grade change.

Adding to one's strength was easy as a Force Pill Crafter, but improving one's foundation and reworking efforts they had accumulated in the past was on an entirely different level.

A Crafted Treasure would always be an external item, but a Force Pill that could so fundamentally change the very anatomy of a person was akin to a holy grail. These sort of pills could build armies, they could make up for weaknesses... They could even create Lineage Factors!

And yet, this little girl in their eyes, with so much strength and potential at her fingertips, happily smiled at Leonel and followed along with him without a word.

At that moment, the name Aina suddenly skyrocketed to the top of every list imaginable. Even the likes of Cynthia had never been able to compare, even at her height. The difference was large and obvious, plainly so.

Cynthia was a Force Crafter and a Force Pill Crafter. However, while she was a Life Grade Force Crafter, the Life Grade of Force Pill Crafting had evaded her grasp for countless decades now. She had long since entered the Eighth Dimension, and yet this Sixth Dimensional young lady had already surpassed her.

The weight of this matter was absolutely enormous.

If the Morales family crowned Leonel as their next Patriarch, didn't this mean that the Morales family would gain Aina as well? The value of such a thing was beyond Aina herself, but what experiences she had. Couldn't she guide a generation of Force Pill Crafters for the Morales family?

The most shocking part of all of this was the fact that Aina didn't have the guidance of anyone.

The Omann family had produced Life Grade Force Pill Crafters in the past, their documented experiences were all there for their future generations to benefit from. The Spiritual Religion also benefited from such a thing, not to mention the fact their Race made them more in tune with the Life Grade to begin with.

However, who had guided Aina?

She had made it to this level all alone. The unique insights she likely had were things that the others had probably never even heard of. Setting aside her Blood Sovereignty, just this matter alone was enough to make the eyes of many light up with absolute greed.

Suddenly, the Heir Wars that were designed for the future generation of leaders had been co-opted by a young woman who wasn't even among the Heirs. She could have very well created her own force. Just on the virtue of her status as a Force Pill Crafter, leagues of people would flock over from all walks of life, but here she was...

Looking at Leonel now, many couldn't help but feel annoyed. How had this happened?

Auran heaved one last time before his eyes snapped open, the shock within evident. Others didn't know much about this poison, but he most definitely did. He could feel that his tolerance toward it had shot way up, and on top of that, he was already in tip-top shape. If it wasn't for the fact his muscles were a bit sore from the contractions and his Force had yet to be replenished, he would even say that he was at 100%, 110% even.

"Who... How?"

Auran was the leader of an information network. He had information about all sorts of things and was knowledgeable on even more topics. He understood that the pill he had just consumed wasn't a normal Gold Grade Force Pill, but the Omann family only had one Life Grade Force Pill Crafter, it couldn't be that that person had come out, right? That didn't make sense.

Ancestor Hito hadn't; it was because they didn't do business with humans, especially not the most powerful among them. They wouldn't even consider it.

If it wasn't for the fact they were so powerful, this eyesore of the Human Domain would have been dealt with a long time ago.

The shock that Auran was already speaking and moving about hit like another train. Those around had already lost the words to speak. All they could do was look toward the Heir Wars, their hearts shuddering.

Not a day had passed by without Leonel giving them a surprise that left them in complete silence...

Just how many more surprises did he have?

...

Leonel descended from the skies above and then toward Aina with a light smile.

"They're jealous of my wife," he said in a joking tone he hadn't used in a while.

To Leonel, the most important thing would always be Aina; he had been willing to doom the world for her. So how could he maintain his seriousness toward the Heir Wars to her detriment?

What Queen Beauty list? Could such a list even be allowed to exist if his Aina wasn't number one? Let alone the fact she hadn't even been on it to begin with. How could such a list have any sort of integrity?

Aina rolled her eyes. "Stop playing around, there's still work to do."

"Yes, ma'am!" Leonel said with a laugh. "But first, those people with no life better make sure that my wife is the number one Queen Beauty from now on."

Aina scoffed and forcefully took Leonel's hand, a sweet smile blooming on her face when she turned to pull him away.

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Chapter 2036: Toying

2036 Toying

Leonel's words sounded like a joke, but he was actually quite serious. He didn't believe anyone should be ahead of Aina, and that probably had little to do with how she actually looked. If he had seen a physical manifestation of the Queen Beauty list without Aina's name on it, he would have destroyed it on sight.

Luckily for the list and its voters, though, Leonel had never actually stumbled upon it. As such, they got away with a light scolding instead.

Despite this matter already being considered to be over, the rippling waves that it caused didn't seem intent on settling down anytime soon. But even beyond the existence of Aina herself, the Morales family and their speculation about Auran was a different matter entirely.

After Auran had regained his bearing, sitting up, and eventually standing up under his own power, he found that everyone was around him, their gazes questioning much of what they had seen. Leonel's voice was quite clear when he mentioned Third Nova. If both Orinik, a supposed subordinate of Xavnik, had this poison, and Auran had also fought a mysterious existence that poisoned him with the same thing, it was clear how these two things might be connected.

Although it was just a casual word on Leonel's part, even the Ancestors of the Morales hadn't realized that they had begun to subconsciously believe in even these casual words. Leonel himself had begun to hold a weight that he hadn't in the past, and the cascading effects of that matter were only growing more obvious by the day.

Auran, though, still didn't seem to have any intention in exposing anything. With a smile, he only said that it wasn't Xavnik's fault, after all, they were in battle. Considering his state of weakness, had Xavnik wanted to kill him, he would already be dead.

The Morales Ancestors seemed to accept this explanation as well. After all, Auran couldn't even move, and there weren't exactly rules against using poison in the Heir Wars, and it also wasn't like others hadn't had near-death experiences in the past as well.

Plus, Xavnik didn't have the same abilities Leonel had to communicate through the barriers and send things, so it made sense that he didn't send any antidote; he didn't have the capability in the first place. So with that, things seemed to have been concluded.

It was only Kira who stood in silence with a furrowed brow, her face still very much hidden behind a mask that only revealed the slits of her eyes. She knew that this failure weighed a lot heavier than Auran had led on. They had been preparing for this matter for a long while, and since this approach had failed, it meant that they would need to take the measures that Auran hadn't wanted to now.

...

While this matter was settling, the lives of Orinik and Rychard had seemingly been forgotten. With the distraction that Aina had provided, everyone was too enamored to realize that the flagships of the Eamon family and Viola family had a striking lack of their Patriarchs despite the fact they had been ejected long before Aina had sent out the Force Pill.

Now, there were three. Rychard, Orinik, and Montero were all chained, stranded in a foggy world of black that left them breathing hard. It felt like every time they tried to fill their lungs with air, a weight would be pressing down on their chest, slowing down their attempt. It made it exceptionally difficult for them to catch their breaths, and even worse than that, they had the uncomfortable feeling that they couldn't take a deep breath at all.

This matter left them unsettled, and their eyes continuously darted around as though they couldn't even see one another despite the fact they were sitting side by side.

At that moment, a beauty stepped out from the shadows and gazed upon them one after another. But what made their eyes widen was the absolute monstrosity standing by her side.

He must have been at least four meters tall, with skin as red as blood and muscles as tight as steel cords. He had four arms and a set of jet black horns that were almost impossible to pick out in the darkness. If not for the redness of the skin causing them to spot the abnormality, they might not have realized that this "creature" had horns at all.

Of them all, Orinik was the most shocked. That was because while Rychard and Montero only felt fear, Orinik felt not only fear but an understanding toward the kind of "creature" that was before him. There was no doubt in his mind, this was a demon, a true-blooded demon.

He almost fainted, flashbacks of a past he wanted to forget running through his mind with no regard for his peace or sanity. The hole in his stomach from where Leonel had ripped out his poison sack began to ooze with thick, black blood.

As a Seventh Dimensional existence, that sort of wound, especially since he hadn't lost any vital organs, shouldn't have left him so vulnerable. He could last for a long while even if it was never treated, weeks or months even. Even if he had to continue to battle, he could do so.

But given his state of agitation, he seemed to be making the situation far worse.

If others knew what he knew, they would likely be reacting like this as well. He felt as though he wasn't a chess piece on just a single board, but many of them, and it was suffocating him down to his very core as though several hands were wrapped around his heart.

Mordred raised an eyebrow and then waved a hand. An arm of darkness manifested and slapped Orinik across the face, snapping him out of his panic attack.

Orinik was many things, but weak-minded wasn't one of them. It was just that the current situation was a lot for him to bear given his past. After he had been shocked awake like this, he began to force himself to calm down, however even after a long while, the trembling of his hands gave himself away.

The demon to Mordred's back crossed his four arms over his chest, feeling a bit annoyed by the weakness being displayed here. If not for Mordred's orders, he wouldn't even be here.

"So you recognize this big one, huh?"

Orinik's lips trembled. "... How could I not recognize a True Blooded Demon?"

"Oh? A True Blooded Demon? Why don't you tell me what that is?"

"..."

Orinik had no choice but to reply.

Demons were an odd race. If they were to be described, they would be a lot like how many legends of Earth described Dragons to be. They were exceptionally promiscuous, they spread their seed everywhere, and the number of variations of their kind depending on the species and races they had mixed with were nigh infinite.

This was why Leonel had never run into two demons who looked identical, each one seemed to have a wide range of mutations they could or had undergone.

If the Demon Race were to be said to have one ability, it was that they could mesh well with most gene pools and the mutations that resulted from them were usually positive.

In this way, Demons and Humans were actually a lot alike... Both didn't have a set path or direction. It could even be said that they were two sides of the same coin as a result.

That said, the Demons were better off because of one class of them: True Blooded Demons.

True Blooded Demons were akin to Ancestors of a pool of Demon blood. If you took a family tree of all the Demons in existence, along with those with traces and portions of Demons blood, and you traced them all back, when you reached the starting line you would eventually find a True Blooded Demon.

These were Demons whose blood hadn't been mixed with any other races, a demon that was the purest in the truest of sense.

These Demons were known as True Blooded Demons in the Dimensional Verse.

In the Cataclysm Zone, these Demons were known as Chaos Demons.

This might be a shocking realization, especially since Leonel had already fought Fiend Class Demons and almost lost his life to one, while Chaos Demons were a Class even above that. But this wasn't the proper way to look at it.

It was less accurate to look at Chaos Demons as an almighty Class of Demons, and more accurate to look at them like blank slates without restrictions to their potential. It was very simple, when one looked at a Demon

and couldn't immediately tell their grade or talent level at a glance... This was a Chaos Demon.

The strongest of Chaos Demons were the reason why the Cataclysm Zone held such fear toward the Race.

The weakest of them weren't even as good as Lower Demons.

However, even then, Chaos Demons were treasured existences in the Demon Race even if they were weak. That was because if they mated with a powerful existence, their child was guaranteed to be powerful as well, something even the most powerful of Spirituals couldn't guarantee.

This sort of Chaos of choice and possibility is exactly what the Demon Race embodied and it was where their strength came from.

And now, somehow, such an existence was before Orinik... Given what he knew, how could he not feel like he had been played for a fool?

From the very beginning, Xavnik had been toying with him, that had to be it...

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2037: A Single Line

2037 A Single Line

This matter seemed to be a simple matter. The ability to guarantee a powerful offspring so long as one was a True Blooded Demon didn't seem to be a big deal. After all, there were powerful children born to powerful parents all the time. Wasn't that the purpose of Lineage Factors to begin with? Wasn't that why certain Races seemed to be stronger than others? Wasn't that how things worked anyway?

But no, this wasn't true.

Of the current Seven Morales Heirs, only two had fathers who had participated in previous years: Leonel and Adawarth.

Even when one lost the Heir Wars, one would still be extremely powerful. Many of the current Ancestors of the Morales family were former losers of the Heir Wars. Such individuals were still people with two Lineages, still people

with a great amount of talent, they would still be greatly nurtured, they would still be greatly beloved...

These were men who would often have many wives, and many more children than that. And yet, there were only two who had such previous lineages.

In fact, this matter was such an anomaly that the fact Leonel's line had produced three in a row of exceptional talent was almost unheard of, not to mention the fact that Leonel's father's generation actually had two, his father and his uncle, both from the same father, his grandfather.

This was why the Human Race was so far behind others. It wasn't just that they had too many paths to follow and pick from and didn't have a single set leader, it was also that because they weren't all following the same path, the odds of producing exceptional talents in a certain path were also lower.

Other races, not only had trillions upon trillions upon trillions to bolster their population, but because they followed pretty much a single set path, there was a larger pool of talents to gather from as a result.

In the Human Domain, a child who had great affinity with the Morales way of practicing might be born in a small Sixth Dimensional family who practiced Lightning Force, and because they had no talent in Lightning Force, they would have to forge their own path outside of the set plans of their family.

This was a problem one would see again and again.

In the Demon Race, though, once a True Blooded Demon was born, the path and talent of the future child could be hand-selected. This made True Blooded Demons, or Chaos Demons, the nobles of their race regardless of their personal strength.

This was the main difference.

Although the Demon Race followed countless paths, just like humans, because they could hand-select and practically create the talents they wanted, the effect it had on them weakened significantly. In fact, they got the best of both worlds, both a great deal of versatility and a great deal of talent.

The weight of this matter was something that Orinik was all too familiar with, that was why he felt that he had been played. From the very beginning, he

was caught in an internal struggle of the Demon Race and he hadn't even known.

Of course, this conclusion was entirely false because Leonel's Demons had nothing to do with the Demons of Xavnik and potentially the hidden underbelly of the Morales family. The two were entirely unrelated.

But how could Orinik know that these Demons had come from a Mythological Zone and not the Demon Domain?

Mordred, who had been asked to interrogate Orinik and the others by Leonel, fell into contemplation. She was quite an intelligent woman, the moment she had seen Orinik's reaction, she knew that something was wrong.

Things weren't adding up. After all, Orinik had the poison sack of a demon transplanted into his body, could he really be this scared just by seeing one in person? And then there was this True Blooded Demon name, she had never heard of it.

There was clearly something much more astonishing going on here than she had originally assumed.

"Why don't you tell me what you know and we can make your life a little comfortable?"

Mordred bent down, balancing her thighs on the heels of her feet. Smelling her orchid-like breath at such a close distance, Orinik felt his heart stampeding in his chest. He had never been so sensitive in the past, and he had seen a lot of beautiful women, but right now his mind was in a mess and his body was in survival mode, control was the last thing he had.

To her surprise, Orinik actually spilled everything.

Orinik, though, didn't think he had much of a choice. That was because, in his mind, if Demons were here, and Xavnik was also with the Demons, they must be wrestling for control over the Morales family. Now that he had been captured, Xavnik would never trust him again, while these Demons probably knew enough about these matters that his small bit of information wouldn't move the needle much. After all, they were basically on the same side anyway.

There was a large difference between the clashing interests of internal struggle and the outside pressure of two enemies with vastly different family cultures clashing.

As Mordred listened, she only became more and more serious. By the end of it, her body was tense and her lips were pressed into a thin line.

The worst part of all of this wasn't the facts of what Orinik had said, but rather that what he knew was likely nothing more than the tip of the iceberg, and yet it could still make her feel so apprehensive.

Mordred stood to her feet. "Look after them."

She said this only out of habit. Considering they were within her Shadow World now, these three simply had nowhere to go unless their comprehension of either Dark Force or Spatial Force was deep enough, and clearly, it wasn't.

After a while, she passed on the information she had gained to Leonel.

...

Leonel had been focused on gaining control over a third sea as quickly as possible. The fact that Orinik and the others had been so close made his sense of urgency even greater than it had been in the past.

It was actually good news that Orinik was tied to Xavnik because that more than likely meant that Xavnik's greatest investment into the ocean was co-opted by Leonel, but that was enough for Leonel to relax in the slightest. In fact, it was very much possible that Orinik wasn't his greatest investment at all; it was hard to tell just how deep Xavnik's schemes ran, and while Leonel only had a few months to prepare, Xavnik had had over two decades, the gap was tremendous.

However, when Leonel got word back from Mordred, everything came to a stop.

He stood in the middle of the ocean in silence, his mind running a million miles a minute. Mordred's information confirmed all of his speculation, but it had also added something he hadn't known about in the first place, and that was a secret of the Morales family's holyland.

Orinik didn't know anything about the specifics, all he knew was that the root of the Morales family's Metal Synergy Lineage Factor was likely hidden within. Only Morales Ancestors were allowed to enter this deep as it held the key to unlocking the final door of their Lineage Factor.

The problem was that most didn't succeed and all of the current Morales Ancestors except for one still only had Seventh Dimensional Metal Synergy Lineage Factors. That one person was Ancestor Hito, and he was one of the very few to have succeeded.

The target of Xavnik and the others was entry into this place, and that required a change in the rules of the Morales. Until now, only Ancestors had been able to appear, but because of a change that seemed to create a door beyond the Eighth Dimensional Door, opening the gates to the Ninth Dimension, there was no better chance than now to loosen the rules of the Morales.

When Leonel had learned of this, he realized that Xavnik had likely gotten this opportunity because of him. Who else could have been responsible for the creation of the final door if not him?

However, he didn't blame himself too much. The fact that Xavnik and his faction had been planning this for so long meant that whether or not he had caused this, they would have acted without a doubt.

But the question was what was the goal? Were they trying to steal it? But if stealing was their goal, why loosen the rules in the first place? Did they think it would be easier if the Morales were more lax with their regulations?

Suddenly, Leonel froze.

He thought back to the connection between the Silver Empire's Lineage Factor and the Morales family's, and then further about the Silver Empire's connection with the Three Finger Cult. Could it be that this secret of the Morales was similar to the chalice, the fire, and the wooden ball?

At that moment, a violent spark of lightning surged through Leonel's Dreamscape. It connected so many thoughts and ideas that the lightning appeared even in his irises; it was as though his entire Dream World had been enveloped by a violent storm.

He began to connect memories that he hadn't thought about in more than half a decade, bits and pieces of information he hadn't even deemed important, things that he had only casually thrown into his Dreamscape just for completion's sake, never thinking that they'd actually become useful one day.

And then, he made a single line of connection.

Joan of Arc. Merlin. Ability Index Force Arts. Monkey's death. Transplanted Demon Organs. The Silver Empire. The Three Finger Cult. The Morales. Earth.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2038: Project.

2038 Project.

The second-ever Zone that Leonel had entered, and the first one he had entered with Aina by his side, was one he slotted away in his mind as the "Joan" Zone. This was a Zone he was transported back in time for and one that had been very close to becoming a Unique Zone due to outside interference, but in the end, whatever had been about to trigger this change stopped and didn't follow through.

In that Zone, Leonel met a Bishop, and he learned about a man that both said Bishop, Joan, and her adopted brothers called God. This God was able to gift them a great deal of power, power they could never imagine... These powers were things that Leonel immediately recognized to be Ability Indexes.

This so-called God was able to copy the Ability Indexes of others, distill them into Force Arts, and then pass them down via a tattooing and branding method that allowed these Ability Indexes to become a permanent part of themselves. Of course, Leonel had also noticed that these Force Arts also carried a monitoring aspect to them as well.

Back then, Leonel had had no choice but to allow one to be branded onto him due to the circumstances, but it was also something that he had long since gotten rid of. Not long after that, Leonel exited the Zone and was caught up in a whole host of trouble before he ended up on the side of the Slayer Legion and entered the Camelot Zone alongside many others, even including some of the Adurna family.

In that Zone, every one of the Adurna family had died with the exception of Little Nana, whom Leonel had saved. But it was also as a result of those who had targeted the Adurna family in the first place that things had gotten out of hand. Although Leonel recalled that Zone to be a Mythological Zone, the reality was that it had long since become a Unique Zone.

Within the Camelot Zone, Leonel had entered Merlin's Trial, and even up until right this very moment, he still had the reward for that trial in his mind. Although he hadn't used it in a long while, when he meditated upon the Natural Force Art, he was able to call down Auspicious Air, entering a deeper state of focus and benefiting from twice the benefits with just half the effort.

Then there was Monkey. Monkey was one of the Savants that had been in the same group with Candle, Vice, and most importantly, Lionel, the prisoner who had believed himself to be Leonel. Monkey was a Savant with the ability to double things. It was a simple ability that was extraordinarily overpowered. In an instant, he could exponentially increase the numbers of himself and his strength. The only reason Leonel had been able to defeat him was that he was naïve and not used to his power yet, and as a result easily hurt himself using his ability.

Back then, despite defeating him, Leonel had still failed to kill Monkey and had no choice but to store him within a snow globe where his regeneration abilities were stalled. However, years ago, when Leonel decided that he wanted to give Monkey a chance to live a normal life just like Candle and Vice had, and he summoned him out, Monkey spontaneously died.

Leonel was absolutely enraged when this suddenly happened because he felt that he had been plotted and schemed against. There was no reason for Monkey, who had such powerful abilities, to suddenly die in such a fashion if there was no foul play involved. However, there hadn't been anything that he could do aside from using the Silver Tablet to transfer what was once Monkey's ability to the Tentacle Womb.

Since then, he hadn't found any clues or potential answers to the shocking question of back then.

Then there was Orinik's transplanted organ. It was only a vague line, but it was eerily familiar to Leonel, familiar enough that he was quite baffled by it all. This sort of power-gifting ability was something that he had only seen casually done once before, and he hadn't heard a word about this "God" at all afterward.

What was shocking about this was that during the Merlin Trials, Leonel had met the people of The Bishop. One of their people, Aliard, had questioned him about why he wasn't following the way of The Bishop if he was branded.

But the issue with this was that it was a Mythological Zone, it wasn't like the Joan Zone where one could just go back in time and place people in wait for an event that connected the past and present, it didn't make any sense.

Camelot wasn't a real place, so how could you send people into it... But if Camelot wasn't a real place, then how could Leonel have entered it, then? How could Mordred and King Arthur come out with their people and become citizens of Earth without issue? What was the difference between those two events and someone infiltrating?

What was he missing here, exactly?

That was when it all came crashing down, a single kernel of information, a single pointed memory, a single remembrance that hit him like a falling tsunami.

The Cataclysm Zone. Leonel had only spent a handful of months in the Cataclysm Zone, not long at all. He had only spent a fraction of a fraction of a second returning to the Human Domain after he found a method of connecting back. And yet, that fraction of a fraction of a second resulted in the loss of over two decades to him, a truly devastating loss to most.

He hadn't thought much about it back then. After all, Zones always had different time dilation situations, and this was also the first time that anyone had ever escaped from a Zone that had been closed off to begin with, it made sense for there to be certain distortions in time. But...

Zones didn't work that way. If anything, less time should have passed, not more, it didn't make any sense.

When Leonel entered the Joan Zone, months had passed within, but only days passed on the outside. When he entered the Merlin Zone, it was the same. The only Zone where this wasn't the case was with the Valiant Heart Zone, but even then, the time was one to one.

The idea of a Zone having time that passed slower than that of the outside world didn't exist; it was even safe to say that it was entirely unheard of.

Leonel knew this, but he didn't have an explanation for it. He could only ignore it because he didn't like thinking about things that he didn't have a reasonable chance of coming to a conclusion on. Since he didn't have enough of an explanation, it was all useless.

But then these bits and pieces all began to slide into place, slowly connecting with one another.

The Three Finger Cult. Of their three founders, only one had died. They should have been established countless generations ago, and yet two of them still lived and breathed, one of them even still in the process of targeting the people of the Human Domain and maybe even the entire Dimensional Verse. Wouldn't it make more sense for these people to be alive if for every second they experienced, decades passed here?

The Tribulation. How could there be more than one Spear Domain? Whether it was his own understanding, or even the records of the Void Palace, there had only ever been one. If there was more than one Spear Domain ring, there should have been more than one Bow Domain Ring as well, so why did the Spirituals have to steal it from the Constellation Bow Alliance? The Spirituals weren't a warring race to begin with, or else they would have likely already conquered the whole of the Dimensional Verse, it felt odd that they would take such a stand for something that wasn't even unique.

The Valiant Heart Zone. How had Leonel found that ring so coincidentally? And how had a ring that had been in the hands of such an insignificant figure led to a treasure like the Silver Tablet, a treasure even capable of resurrecting the dead and treating the lives of real people as though they could be bargained for and bought?

God. Leonel knew so much about Force Crafting now, he had already touched upon the Life Grade, he had already entered a state where although he had yet to climb it, he could see where the Peak of Force Crafting lay. And yet, even until this moment, even though he had personally seen the methods of Crafting, he still couldn't even begin to understand how he would turn an Ability Index into a Force Art. Such methods were so far beyond himself that he couldn't even fathom them, and yet he already felt like he was approaching the limits of the universe. So how could such a person even exist?

A person who could gift an Ability Index with a tattoo, who could change one's constitution with an organ transplant, who could resurrect the dead with a

wave of the hand and even breathe life into fictional characters... Just what level would such a person be at?

This God... Maybe even these Gods...? Where were they? Why was it that there were so many religions in the Dimensional Verse, Religions he thought had stemmed from experts who had followed the God Path, and yet he hadn't seen or heard of even a single one of them despite having already rubbed shoulders with the Ancestors that stood at the pinnacle of it all?

There was only one thought that gripped Leonel's heart and refused to let go.

There was an old riddle of Ancient Earth that he had heard of before that left him chuckling.

If technology reached a point where one could perfectly simulate an infinite number of Earth's, would there be a reason to not do it?

Even further than that, what if the fate of your world depended on one of these simulations bearing fruit?

The Cataclysm Zone wasn't a Zone at all. This was the Zone. The Dimensional Verse Leonel had known his whole life was no different from the pages of the fairytale that the legend of King Arthur had been written down upon.

The Dream Project.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2039: Questions

2039 Questions

Leonel stared off into the distance. Nothing about the current state of his expression seemed to paint the proper picture of what was going on in his mind right now, nor did it describe the kind of shocking realization he had come to.

This sort of realization wasn't something that could be brushed off casually. It was akin to finding out that the entire life you were living was nothing more than a fictional tale, a paper-thin fabric of reality that was no different than what was written out on a piece of paper.

However, there were also reasons that Leonel's mind didn't collapse in on itself beside the fact that he was strong of purpose and of heart... It was quite simple really: he had been to the "real" world, he had stepped foot into it, he had fought their geniuses, he had enraged their experts, he had taken their benefits. All of it. He had done it.

It wasn't a helpless case without a light at the end of the tunnel, nor was he as confined as a stain in a petri dish. He still had some autonomy, although he wasn't aware of what extent, and even if it wasn't to a full extent, there was still a chance that he could break free completely given enough time.

These thoughts were enough to calm Leonel and keep his heart at a steady beat. However, that didn't mean that he had come to the end of his questions. If anything, he only had more questions.

For example, the Four Great Families, how were they a part of this? If they were running the simulation, why were they sending people in to begin with? Was it because their goal was to gather the most powerful humans?

Taking a step back, this "simulation" had all kinds of races, there were Spirituals, Nomads, Rapax, Dwarven people, the list was endless. So who had started this simulation and what was the purpose?

If it was started by humans, then what was the point of the other races? Was it so that they could grow under the conditions they would need to survive in the "real" world? After all, there would be a large number of races on the other side, it only made sense to force humans in these simulations to face off against them as well and only take those that had come out on top.

But then why were the Four Great Families so hostile?

There were simply too many potential answers to this. It could be that while this simulation was started by humans, it wasn't by the Four Great Families. For example, it could be the Fawkes family that they had destroyed, and maybe his grandfather was even involved in it all. That would explain the old man's exaggerated strength and how he had somehow gained it so quickly. Many spoke about the genius of Velasco, but it had only been 30 to 40 odd years since Earth had Metamorphosed, and yet Emperor Fawkes already had the power to expel an Ancestor-level character from Earth's territory.

It could also be possible that while the Four Great Families had begun the simulation, their goal was to control the powers that came of it. They were

used to being the top dog of the "real" world, so how could they allow one of their creations to so casually surpass them?

Even setting that aside, what about the Three Finger Cult? Leonel was now more than 90% certain that at least two of their founders had come from the "real" world, that was why their lifespans felt nigh infinite. If a fraction of a second could cause more than 20 years to pass here, then of course, generations would pass without them dying.

But what was their goal for interfering with this Simulation? Could it be that the Three Finger Cult was the main enemy of the people who had created this Simulation of life to begin with? Could their goal be to sabotage? Maybe hindering the efforts here was easier than attacking in the "real" world?

Leonel couldn't help but remember the oddities back then when he and Aina prepared to escape. Not a single top-tier expert had been there, only those of the Seventh Dimension and below had been present at all.

He didn't think much about it then, but given how important that event was, he felt it was much weirder now.

What Leonel didn't know was that those top-tier experts had been called away by a shocking event occurring, and as a result, they couldn't be present. However, he could guess as much regardless.

'If so many experts couldn't be present for such an important event, it goes to show just how much they have on their plates. That means that whatever enemy they're facing is enough to occupy even such powerhouses for extended periods of time.'

Since their disappearance was so sudden, it might even mean that that penultimate moment was coming forward quickly. For all Leonel knew, very soon, the plug could be pulled on the Dream Project and the individuals within would either be discarded, or forced to come out and fulfill the purpose that had been originally intended of them long ago.

Then Leonel couldn't help but think back to his odd interactions in the Tribulation Zone. He was almost 100% certain that those geniuses came from other Simulations now, and if he thought about it even further, given the way they were tiptoeing around the issue, it felt like they were aware.

Leonel wasn't the only genius in all of existence, and he wouldn't be the only one to run into such oddities if those of the "real" world were interfering so frequently as well. He didn't believe that he would be the only one to reach this conclusion, and he might not even be the only one who had come to this conclusion in his own Simulation.

In fact, given the way his father moved and went about things, Leonel could almost be certain that Velasco was in the know about this matter. He was very much aware, Leonel was confident.

'There are two important clues here that I can use. The Spear Domain Ring and the Tablets. Both of these things are oddities that seem to exist outside the span of the Simulation and even seem capable of connecting them.'

The Spear Domain Ring was obvious as its Tribulation connected Leonel with other Dimensional Verses. As for the tablet, especially the Silver Tablet, its existence was more subtle, but it was important to note nonetheless.

Leonel couldn't help but feel that his entrance into the Valiant Heart Zone was no longer a coincidence. It might even be tied to how the Valiant Heart Mountain of the past had been a participant in the Heir Wars, and how that further connected them to the Morales family and the Three Finger Cult beyond.

But the most baffling question of them all was...

Why wasn't he dead right now?

It was obvious by his previous speculations that there were other people and Simulations that were aware, so just knowing wasn't enough to die, in fact being aware might give you extra points. The real reason he was asking why he wasn't dead yet was because of one woman...

The Demonness.

Every time he thought about her, he could feel a pair of eyes looking back. This woman's Dream Force affinity was so high that she could probably move into and out of these Simulations as she pleased, and she could most definitely kill anyone who thought of her with a thought.

Leonel could feel that if she wanted to, even reading his mind from such an impossible distance away wasn't out of the realm of possibilities, she might just not care to.

And yet, here he was, exposing things that should have been great and shocking secrets, but all he could sense was an eerie smile.

He could almost see those cherry lips curling, that indifferent smile a person would have as they watched their puppy run around in their backyard, playing with a ball without knowledge that they were entirely fenced in.

No matter what he did, no matter how he pushed and pulled, no matter how he struggled, there was no escaping it.

Leonel closed his eyes, his breaths came deep and slow.

In these last several moments, he had thought of so many questions that he didn't have the answer to, and completely unlike him, he had actually entertained them for so long. It was clear that despite what he said, this was a matter that bothered him deeply, so deeply that he couldn't even properly control his own mind, something he had always had perfect reign over.

He wouldn't allow this moment to cripple him.

There were too many questions here, not of history or fact, but rather of morality, of philosophy, of existentialism.

Was he a real person? Was King Arthur? Was life even as valuable as he thought it was if one could create such a world with the wave of a hand?

Where did it start? And where did it end?

Who was Leonel Morales?

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2040: Infuriated

2040 Infuriated

Leonel's eyes opened, an unreadable expression within. It was hard to tell that such thoughts were going through his mind at all, and quite frankly, the few

who were watching him at all only felt that he had been taking a small break, a break he probably deserved. Maybe even the likes of those who were aware of the secret of the Dimensional Verse couldn't fathom that Leonel had just deduced such a thing.

With a step, Leonel's figure vanished.

When he appeared again, he was within the abandoned territory of Orinik and the others. It was a cracked Gold Grade city, but it was still a unique territory.

This territory was special because it was truly underwater, they called it the Atlantis Territory. It was an interesting name since Atlantis was a legend of Earth, but considering the names of the constellation families had influenced even how the people of Earth named the stars in the skies, it wouldn't be too much of a surprise if they shared their reality in other ways.

Of course, there was a lot to reconsider with this new revelation. Maybe these weren't legends of Earth or the Human Domain at all, but rather tidbits of the "real" world's history. After all, the foundation of the simulation had to come from somewhere.

Leonel immediately claimed the city for himself, taking out two other broken territories. He commanded the stingrays to ready themselves and triggered his third Heir-Grade challenge.

He felt his mind wandering as the waters began to froth. It was difficult to remain focused, and he even found himself biting his tongue again in an attempt to shift his mind away from other things.

His speed of thought used to be a great asset to him, but it had suddenly become a curse. By the time he caught himself in a loop, he would have already gone through enough thinking that anyone would have taken hours, maybe even days to complete.

Leonel almost didn't notice an enormous tentacle swinging down at him with a maddening momentum. It moved so fast that an air pocket formed in the depths of the sea. It was entirely unmoved by the insane water pressure and pushed apart the water as though it was playing on the surface.

In those last moments, Leonel's Dream Counter activated and his body shifted, replacing itself with a clone.

BANG!

The bottom of the ocean shook and quaked as Leonel snapped awake.

He couldn't remember the last time his Dream Counter activated. It had to be remembered that his Dream Counter only triggered when he was on the verge of death, he had actually been that distracted just now.

Leonel, despite his strength, was still ultimately at the Sixth Dimension, he couldn't be casual when facing off against Seventh Dimensional existence, especially not ones at the Heir-Grade. A casual mistake on his part could result in true death.

Suddenly, he felt angry.

"Piss off!"

It was said that sound traveled far further and better in the water. Leonel hadn't thought much about it when he had lashed out, but the sudden boom of his voice sent out waves of destruction in all directions, shattering the body of the colossal squid general before into countless bloody chunks.

Leonel took a breath and looked down at his chest. It was heaving irregularly, something that hadn't happened since his body had mutated after absorbing the Silver Empire's inheritance.

'Me? A panic attack?'

There was no way Leonel was tired. He had already become used to settling his fatigue with a single deep breath, but right now his heart was beating so fast it seemed to want to rip a path out of his chest.

He clenched his teeth and activated Dream Sense, dispersing the feeling throughout his millions of split minds until his heart finally seemed to calm.

The more he thought about it, the more annoyed he became, his eyes flaring with a flickering flame.

"Fuck!"

Leonel balled a fist, a spear of Scarlet Star Force appearing in his hand. His arm cocked back and his hips twisted, his torso flexed and he erupted with a violent throw. The sea began to boil and the waves churned with a red aura.

Leonel formed spear after spear, even using his Ability Index to rewire his muscle memory, throwing with both his left and right hand as though throwing with just one wasn't causing enough death and destruction for him.

Very few were paying attention to Leonel at this point, he had just gotten out of a huge battle and he seemed to have been about to settle into another dull rhythm of claiming and conquering another territory. There were simply more interesting things to watch.

However, given how popular Leonel was becoming, how could there be no one who was watching him at all? Especially since he was about to conquer three seas, an entire 75% of the ocean?

But in an irony of ironies, none of these people could tell what Leonel was going through at the moment.

To them, the lights were flashy, the power was amazing, the show was grand. They were distracted by the beauty and entertained by the carnage. They couldn't feel Leonel's fury or rage, all they could see was a powerful expert displaying a might that should have been far beyond him.

There was only one person who seemed to see this and understand.

In an unknown location, Alienor was, of course, watching her child. Since the entire Human Domain was watching, how could she not? She wouldn't miss such a thing for the world, and who could know her son better than herself? They might not have spent very much time together, but there wasn't a single part of Leonel's life that she wasn't aware of.

Seeing him so infuriated at the moment left her heart broken.

The last time Leonel had entered such a state, it was after he had said those cruel words to Aina. And now, he seemed to have entered such a state again.