

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2051: Limit

2051 Limit

Vega stepped forward to meet Aina's strike, but she met some resistance in the air. Her expression changed slightly, but her movements didn't become any slower. In fact, they sped up considerably, her body tensing and her Force raging through his Nodal Pathways like the tides of the ocean.

Leonel watched with narrowed eyes. Whenever he experienced Aina's battle style, he couldn't help but be in awe. That sudden slam of her battle ax on the ground just now seemed simple, but it was incomparably complex.

That domain-like attack, or it could even be more accurately stated to be a defensive ward of sorts, had hints that reminded Leonel a lot of how he and Aina would resonate their Forces as one, using concepts that Leonel had learned from his grandfather's way of the spear.

However, Aina had used a reverse concept. She purposely failed in an attempt to resonate with the Force in her surroundings, and as a result, repulsed them away. This attempt acted like a dome-like barrier, expelling her enemy's own domain attack.

While this seemed simple, it was extremely complex, especially since Leonel was certain that Aina had simply done it on a whim, following her instincts without the slightest thought.

Force wasn't a naturally benign substance in most cases. They were designed to fuse into one or pass by each other without a care. Only when controlled by the intention of a person could this natural instinct of theirs be mediated.

If things weren't like this, how could ocean waters contain Wind Force that allowed Leonel to breathe? How could any ecosystem exist at all, for that matter, without collapsing in on itself?

With how subtly Vega was using her Force just now, if Aina had chosen any other method of attack, it wouldn't have worked to help her, but rather help Vega instead.

Leonel couldn't help but grin.

BANG!

The two met, one palm and one battle ax. Whipping winds sliced into the crumbling wall and the devastated surroundings. Even the whirlpools below no longer seemed to be a great deal at all, feeling like kid's toys in the face of the destruction of the clash.

Quickly, they separated before shooting forward again and separating once more. Every time they met, the walls crumbled to another degree, collapsing piece by piece. It didn't seem to be a Gold-Grade wall at all, and rather felt like clay putty.

Vega's body was like water. Every clash caused a ripple to echo through her, dispersing into splashes of water. It really felt as though every time Aina attacked her, the sound of a boulder crashing into the surface of a calm lake would come to mind.

Aina's own style was entirely unpredictable. Sometimes her battle ax would be as soft as silk, other times it would be rigid and powerful, sometimes it bent like a bow and other times it would be as swift as a sword. And yet, each one of these styles smoothly transitioned into one another, sliding back and forth and becoming like one insurmountable mountain.

Vega was beginning to feel suffocated. Every time she used a move to catch Aina off guard, the latter would adjust. The next time such a move appeared, she would seem to react even before Vega would, almost as though she could predict what Vega would do before she even knew herself.

Aina's skin glowed, her golden irises gaining a red ring that pulsed with a stronger and stronger light until it suddenly solidified.

BANG!

An explosive phantom appeared behind Aina, causing Leonel's eyes to narrow.

She swung her battle ax, its power increasing explosively.

'Third Layered...'

Vega took a strong step back, her feet nearly slipping beneath the crumbling stone. She slipped to the side, regaining her bearings and redirecting Aina's power. However, her gaze couldn't help but congeal. What was this, a Lineage Factor? Was this the Lineage Factor of the Brazinger family?

Suddenly, Aina swung again.

'Fourth Layered...'

BANG!

Vega was sent flying, her lips parting as a jet of blood came from her lips. She soared like a streaking bullet, crashing down below and leveling several buildings as her bones crackled and popped.

Aina still felt as though a power was surging within her, its strength reaching towering heights.

After Leonel had spoken, she understood the purpose of this manifestation. Much like [Emperor's Edict] or other such techniques, this manifestation was a technique meant to be paired with the Brazinger family's Lineage Factor. As for its function, Aina hadn't been certain before as it was an extension of her body rather than truly being a part of it, but now she understood.

It worked akin to a cross between an Innate Node and a Universal Cycle. It took her Weapon Force comprehension and forcefully raised her control over it.

In an instant, Aina had gone from being able to wield her Battle Ax Force at a Second Layered State level, to the Fourth Layered State level, and quite frankly... She didn't feel like this was her limit.

Her Force bubbled and her strength soared, and then soared again.

Leonel couldn't help but cough lightly, wondering if she had told this little t-rex in beautiful skin about this. How was he going to keep her in line in the future? He was already whipped, he stood no chance now.

Aina raised her Battle Ax, the manifestation to her back solidifying to the point it became entirely corporeal. It looked as though she had brought a second version of herself into existence, beautiful, untouchable, valiant.

And then, this unmoving manifestation suddenly shuddered and moved. It grabbed at the air, forming its own battle ax.

This battle ax resonated with the one in Aina's hand and complex Force Arts began to appear one after another.

Leonel's pupils constricted. "AINA!"

He suddenly roared out and Aina's heart skipped a beat. Without a word, she retrieved her battle ax and lightly took a step back.

In a flash, she appeared by Leonel's side, her visage only slightly flushed as though she hadn't just had a battle that shattered half the landscape of a Gold-Grade city.

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Chapter 2052: Kill.

2052 Kill.

Leonel might be in a different state now, but he was still mindful of the future. Nothing bad was about to happen to Aina just now, but he didn't feel it was necessary to show all of these matters just yet. Using it on this one territory when victory was already in hand was unnecessary.

Since Vega was First Nova's woman, he had no intention of killing her. However, she wasn't an Heir, so she didn't have a badge to crush and send her out, it would be up to First Nova to do that. Even so, Leonel didn't have any intention of using her as a hostage either. So as things stood now, the only thing he wanted was control over the city's core. For that sort of purpose, this much was already enough.

The Quarius family members, upon realizing Vega had lost the battle, and so miserably at that, couldn't stand idly by any longer.

There weren't many of them, and truthfully most of them were actually just Adawarth's subordinates, faithful followers he had gathered over the years. As

First Nova, there was no doubt that he had had the most time of them all to succeed in this matter, and his subordinates were most definitely not incompetent.

They had understood what Vega wanted to do, defeating an enemy in a one on one battle before the start of a large scale war was an excellent way to claim the morale for your side. However, things hadn't gone as planned.

Even so, they were all veterans of the battlefield and each one of them understood that they still ultimately had the upper hand. They were the defending party and their numbers were far greater. In addition, if Leonel and the others were too slow, they would end up pincerred from multiple sides. Not only had they already contacted Adawarth, but their members who were focused on scouting out the region and clearing dungeons and the like could come back any time.

However, maybe none of them actually expected what happened next.

Leonel raised a hand and the Skies family moved forward, their valiant armors glistening even under the rolling clouds above.

At first, not many had thought much of the storm clouds above. They had a storm-related city and this was quite normal, there was nothing much to think about. But none of them realized just how odd it was until just now.

It felt as though every time the Skies family raised their feet and connected with the waters beneath them, the skies would rumble again. The cadence of an army's march matched with the thunderous rage of nature, filling their enemies with an unexpected trepidation, one they had no idea how to account for.

Suddenly.

CRACKLE!

An arc of lightning descended from the skies and crashed into the city below. At first, it was just one, but then there was a second, and then a third, then a fourth.

It looked as though it was harming nothing at all until the first person was struck. A cry of agony echoed before they fell into a pile of crumpled flesh.

"FIRE. FIRE NOW!"

Vega barely pulled herself out from the rubble. She could only be described to be in a sorry state. Her dress was torn in countless places, one of her arms hung limply by her side, entirely unable to move, while blood flowed from her lips like a waterfall, coating her chin and dripping down into the cleavage of what remained of her clothing.

She didn't have time to fathom how she, a genius of the Void Palace and leader of a Legacy Faction could possibly lose to an Aina who had lost a 20-year advantage. All she could think about was trying to preserve Adawarth's hard work to the best of her abilities.

She had betrayed even her own family for the sake of being here, there was no way that she could allow things to end so easily.

Unfortunately, because of the battle she had just had with Aina, many of the ballistae units that were directly facing the Skies family had fallen into the city, over the edge of the walls and into the water, or had just been directly destroyed.

As a result, many that were facing off to the side had to overextend themselves, awkwardly changing their aimed direction and shooting from a much longer distance.

Suddenly, phantoms began to appear in the army one after another. Giants constructed of lightning rose from the water, formed of the Force from the warriors that worked together beneath its protection.

These giants of lightning struck out with their palms, smashing the projectiles into ashes while ignoring the ones that never stood a chance.

Leonel waved another hand and the Oryx stepped forward, the ocean rumbling beneath them. In fact, they shook the ocean waves so much that even the whirlpools were beginning to show signs of collapsing, unable to maintain their proper state.

Suddenly, the third eyes of the Oryx all split open one after another.

The shadows of several crimson eyes began to appear in the skies.

Staring at the sight, Vega felt a shudder. There was something oddly sinister about them, as though they were peering into the depths of her soul, and yet there was absolutely nothing that she could do about it.

During their Hyper Evolution, the Oryx hadn't seemed to undergo many changes, but this was because most of their evolution had been concentrated into their eyes.

The third eye of the Oryx was oddly robust, carrying none of the usual fragility of what one would expect from an eye. And what had always been interesting to Leonel was the fact that their evolution had been concentrated into their eyes.

The third eye of the Oryx was oddly robust, carrying none of the usual fragility of what one would expect from an eye. And what had always been interesting to Leonel was the fact that their third eye was located right on the forehead, taking up space in the location their Ethereal Glabella should have been.

So, when he created the set of armor they would use in the month he had before the Heir Wars began...

He took advantage of that.

Leonel's lip curled as the illusory eyes in the sky pulsed, glowing a fiendish bright red.

"Kill."

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Chapter 2053: Absolute

"The flashing eyes pulsed one final time before solidifying. The moment they did, an eruption of violent Force surged out like a raging tide. At first they weren't very controlled, splashing out like a spray of water from a hose, but very quickly, the Oryx seemed to get a grip on their bearings, reining in the trembling blast of Force and concentrating it into countless red lasers that covered the skies.

The force was devastating. It crushed everything in its path, disintegrating it. Many died without even time to scream out for help, and the so-called walls of Gold-Grade were crushed like paper, collapsing without any sort of resistance.

Seeing this scene, Leonel couldn't help but think about the first time he had come across an Oryx. Back then, the Oryx in question had had an Ability Index almost exactly like this, but that man had just been one of many. And since it was an Ability Index, it couldn't just be casually passed down from Oryx to Oryx, Ability Indexes weren't hereditary from Leonel's understanding of things.

However, what was so crucial about this memory was what it told Leonel about the Oryx race. The eye was an incredibly fragile thing. As crazy as it was for Leonel to have formed a Node in his brain stem so long ago, forming one in your eyes was seen as equally crazy if not even more so.

Nodes had to be connected to one another, so running a Nodal Pathway from your eye to other parts of your body only gave you, really, two choices. The first was to go through your face, and the second was to go through your brain.

The first might not seem so bad, until you realized that there were only two choices for succeeding in this path as well. The first was to disrupt the normal flow of your bone structure, or most accurately, your skull, and the second was to use the thin skin on your face. Both weren't very good options.

Running a Nodal Pathway through your bones would ruin its structural integrity and create a weak point in your body. And as for running a Nodal Pathway through the skin and muscle of your face would limit how thick you could make it, unless you were alright with a large, vein-like snake running across your face, or you were alright with limiting your future potential.

The second option of running it through your brain, but this was even more dangerous than forming a Node in your brain stem. There were even more moving parts, and increasing the size of your Nodal Pathway in the future would come with a new set of challenges every time.

To top all of this off, there wasn't usually much of a necessity or benefit to forming Nodes in your eyes to begin with. Those who had eye-related Lineage Factors could use their strength naturally without doing this, that was because the existence of one's Ethereal Glabella alone already created all the networks you would need in your mind. And those that didn't have such abilities would just be wasting their time for what was effectively just vision that was a little bit sharper than normal.

This, however, was where the anatomy of the Oryx became so absolutely shocking. Their third eye wasn't just in place of their Ethereal Glabella, Leonel was actually quite certain that it was their Ethereal Glabella.

The implications of this matter were shocking because it went beyond just hoping for an Ability Index related to eyes was birthed within them. Instead, it was possible to take advantage of this such that they could create their own abilities off the back of it.

This wasn't just a quirk of their anatomy, it was effectively a Lineage Factor. What else was a Lineage Factor if not a biological quirk that could be passed down through the generations? The problem was that the Oryx faced a similar problem to Leonel after he had evolved beyond the level of the Snowy Star Owl, and that was that they were too far in their infancy to have the techniques they needed to make use of their abilities. So...

Leonel created it for them. Rather than wasting time creating techniques, refining them, and improving them, Leonel took the crudest ability such an eye would have and amplified it to the greatest degree.

What was the Ethereal Glabella if not a hub for the affinities of its owner? It was through the Ethereal Glabella that one gained access to their Ability Index. It could be said that it was the hub that made a person a person, and it also happened to be the location within which one could gain access to their soul.

The Spiritual were born only as Ethereal Glabellas, and it was around said Ethereal Glabella that they constructed their own bodies. As a result of this, it could be said that almost from birth, they had already entered the Fourth Dimension, and not only that, they were intimately familiar with both their affinities and how their bodies worked alongside it.

This was part of why the Spirituals were so absolutely powerful, and Leonel even believed that given enough time, it might actually be possible for the Oryx to replicate something similar given the access they had to their Ethereal Glabellas.

It could be said that, better than any Force Art, better than any treasure, what the Ethereal Glabella was best at was accumulating Force and expelling it. When one gained such unprecedented access to one's Ethereal Glabella, right from the purest possible source, the effect could only be said to be...

Absolute.

Feeling the power coursing through them, for the first time, the Oryx became keenly aware of just the kind of strength and power they had. There were many sayings about the eyes being the window to the soul, none of them being literal. But in the case of the Oryx, it just might very well be."

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Chapter 2054: Shame

Leonel landed from the skies above. In the surroundings, the battle continued to rage on, but it was very clear who had won and who had lost. Maybe if Vega had holed up and chosen to fight with her army instead of going head to head with Aina, things may have ended differently, or at the very least, it would have been much more difficult. But in the end, she had made a true mistake in underestimating her.

The result of their battle was something that completely shocked the whole of the Human Domain. To have not just the skill of a Life Grade Force Pill Crafter, but to also have such strength at the mere Sixth Dimension, this was enough of a fear for Aina to skyrocket to the very pinnacle of the Queen Beauty leaderboards.

Not just a small number of individuals had thought Aina to be someone Leonel had picked because of her beauty. In truth, it was even difficult to associate her with the Brazinger family purely because her eyes were not red and her hair was not crimson. This sort of thing had also caused many rumors to spread about the real backstory behind her existence.

While the Brazinger family had gained a secret almost cult-like following, appearing from nowhere and displaying such great strength, because Aina didn't share their patented look, it made it very easy to dismiss her...

Until this moment.

It was like this that many began to replay the events of the start of the Heir Wars in their minds, recalling the valiance and elegance that both Leonel and Aina had walked in with. The connotation of that moment flipped again and again in their thoughts. Every time Leonel accomplished a shocking feat, or Aina flipped their understanding of the world on its head, it felt like that

memory was further ingrained into the psyches. It was recast and remodeled, etched deeper and deeper until it became a memory that they couldn't forget.

But what was especially shocking about this was that Leonel and Aina weren't only gaining the label of shocking geniuses, but also that of underdogs. What once was the perception that the two were overly arrogant and knew too little about the wider geniuses of the Human Domain, became a shocking story of a couple fighting with one another against all odds.

This story only became more and more of the public's truth as Leonel's trump cards turned the tide again, and again, and again.

And now, with one of the main pillars of First Nova's power crippled, the reality that Leonel just might win this was settling in.

Vega looked as though she had lost her soul. Sitting on her knees, looking around with a blank expression, she almost couldn't believe what had happened. She hardly had the strength to sit up, and yet as though she was torturing herself, she looked through every broken brick and fallen building.

She had so much experience commanding a large number of people, so much experience in battle, so much knowledge to give and strength to use, and yet it felt like she had been slowly suffocated to death, like a frog in slowly boiling water.

She vaguely understood that this feeling came from Aina's combat, and then Leonel's subsequent command over the situation, but understanding this didn't make her feel any better. If anything, she felt wholly inferior.

Aina's combat strength was unlike anything she had ever seen before. Facing her had felt like she was facing off against herself. She knew everything that was going to happen ahead of time, before she could even breathe properly Aina had breathed for her, and yet Vega was absolutely certain that Aina didn't have a sensory type ability.

Then there was Leonel.

After the stingrays had been forced to spread out due to the numerous whirlpools, she had believed that the battle would be easy. Picking apart smaller groups of enemies was far easier, and her marksman could truly make their skill known.

But how could she have expected that the storm characteristics of her territory would become more beneficial to Leonel than it was to her? The strikes of lightning had been completely devastating.

And then to make matters worse, his command over the Oryx and the deployment of their eye abilities was truly seamless. While her own ballistae units were struggling to fire from a longer range, Leonel crippled their visibility with sparks of lightning and then directed the crimson laser beams like they were his own spear strikes. He didn't seem to be trying very hard, but he always managed to find the most crucial location in the battlefield, crushing an upswell before it could even begin to form.

At the same time, the spread out stingrays became a nightmare for the troops that were attempting to return at their fastest possible speed. Somehow, the greatest advantage of their city had also become the greatest detriment. Just like the stingrays, the large groups of returning reinforcements were forced to separate so as to avoid the whirlpools themselves.

Unlike Leonel's territories, Vega hadn't invested in outposts, or more accurately, hadn't invested in teleporting outposts. She had thought that it was an unnecessary waste of points, only to find out in the end that such a thing could have saved her in the end...

Leonel had simply moved too fast. In the end, it was precisely because his numbers were so few that he was able to approach Vega's territory with such speed, beginning their attack before even the first wave had succeeded in returning.

And now, her city lay in shambles. She had let Adawarth down and the guilt was eating her up on the inside.

BOOM!

In the skies above, the clouds split and a figure suddenly appeared high in the skies. With him, there were three other individuals, but it was very clear that there were no others.

Vega looked up with a blank expression, only barely showing some light when she recognized First Nova, but after that, she looked away, unwilling to meet his eye. The shame felt now was only greater.

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Chapter 2055: Golden Armor

Adawarth fell down from the skies with great speed before he suddenly came to a stop about 10 meters above the ground. He quickly scanned the region, his expression solemn. It was only when he laid eyes on Vega that he sighed a slight breath of relief.

He had no way of knowing who it was that had been attacking, mostly because even Vega hadn't known until the sudden moment that Leonel appeared. So, he had come expecting the very worst.

At first, Vega had just informed him of the problem and he felt that she might be able to handle it on her own, he had a great amount of faith in her since he was allowing her to do such an important task. But after he received a second message, he rushed over with his greatest speed, even using a high-level reward to appear as quickly as possible.

It was only now he knew that it was actually Seventh Nova that had caused all of this, but this made him feel better since he trusted that Leonel wouldn't harm Vega's life. This littlest cousin of his seemed to be quite unruly, but Adawarth knew well that Leonel's heart had always been in the right place.

Even so, after he saw Vega's state of injury, Adawarth's heart couldn't help but tremble. He rushed over, landing by Vega and checking to see if she was truly alright, he didn't even look toward Leonel, his mind entirely occupied with other thoughts.

Vega pushed Adawarth's hands away, unwilling to be in his care as she struggled to stand up on her own. But not long afterward, she fell toward him and Adawarth had no choice but to catch her, the gloominess in his eyes only growing.

Adawarth passed Vega to one of the members of the Quarius family, his heart crumbling as he heard Vega mumble that she was sorry again and again.

All the while, Leonel didn't say or do anything. He didn't feel that it was necessary to do so, the situation was quite clear. Adawarth's army was clearly lagging behind, so if he was here with four, his goal was to stall for as much time as possible.

In truth, he had a decent chance. The stingrays were ocean-bound and the city was floating above water, it wasn't exactly easy for them to affect the current battlefield, though they would obviously have something to say if and when Adawarth's men arrived.

At the same time, Adawarth himself was clearly a powerhouse. If Fifth Nova had been so powerful, just more powerful was First Nova who had not only years on him but was quite well known for his combat prowess to begin with?

There was a reason Adawarth had been able to uphold the Stalwart Polearm Party turned Faction despite only being at the Sixth Dimension back then. And now, he was well into the Seventh Dimension, and might very well be the one with the highest Tier of all the participants of these Heir Wars.

Adawarth slowly stood before Leonel, the two of them standing about three to four meters apart. Then, he slowly sighed.

In truth, he had been among the number that believed that Leonel would be eliminated by now. Although he had the Spear Domain ring, not everyone used spears, and at the same time, he wasn't quite familiar with the abilities of the Segmented Cube. As far as he understood, it was just an auxiliary item, and he was fairly correct about that.

Due to this, he had never really cared much if Leonel kept the two Heirlooms, not to mention the fact as a Sixth Dimensional existence, he felt that Leonel deserved at least a small handicap, as far as that went.

But now...

Adawarth took a breath. He felt that it was inappropriate to speak at the moment, so though he had something he wanted to say, he held back. His body trembled and a bronze crown suddenly appeared across his forehead. His aura surged as his Bronze Halo descended down the length of his body. When it bounced back up, a radiant golden armor took shape, one so blinding that Leonel couldn't help but think of his uncle.

Uncle Montez wore a similar armor, but the difference was that he wore his all the time. That said, the fact that Adawarth dared to make his armor out of this material spoke volumes.

The core of this armor was known as the Morales Ore. This was an Ore capable of swallowing other ores in exchange for one thing: weight.

The more it swallowed, the heavier it became. The heavier it became, the more difficult it was to wield. When it reached a certain point, the armor would form its own continuous gravitational field, pulling and pushing on your body continuously.

This armor had once been used purely as a tool for training, until one madman decided to make it his main Divine Armor... And that madman was Leonel's grandfather.

Velasco was far too arrogant to follow the path of another, and Leonel hadn't even learned that this was an option until he had read through the research papers of the Void Library. It was obvious that Velasco hadn't wanted his son to follow others either.

Montez was different though, clearly not minding one bit about following the path of his own father. And surprisingly, it seemed that Adawarth had taken the same path as the two of them.

Almost instantly, a radiant aura spread out in all directions, weighing down upon Leonel and making him feel as though thick walls were pressing down on his skin from all sides. It was a truly suffocating aura.

Leonel's gaze narrowed as he took out his black rod spear, pointing it forward and down toward the ground. His momentum was very calm and unassuming compared to Adawarth as his Bronze Aura took shape, forming his second-tier Divine Armor. Even so, he didn't back off in the slightest, his expression the picture of calm as it was swallowed up by his mask.

The two knew how important this battle was. No words needed to be exchanged.

BANG! BANG!

The locations they had just stood upon were suddenly replaced by two craters instead, the two of them having vanished.

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Chapter 2056: Spheres of Destruction

"It felt as though an atomic bomb had exploded in the skies. The cacophony burnt eardrums, and the wall pressure of wind nearly levels the city, almost knocking the Gold-Grade territory out of the air.

The city's cloud structure, the fluffy greyness that held it up in the skies, sank considerably, bouncing against the enormous whirlpool that formed its foundation and sending a surge of war into the skies.

The resonating booms were felt bone deep, the catastrophic aftermath making the surrounding ocean for over a kilometer sink by tens of meters before a rush of water surged to replace it. This resulted in rocketing waves, devastating currents, violent twirls and towering tsunamis.

Just this singular clash, happening for only the briefest of moments, made those in the immediate surroundings feel as though the entire world was being upturned. And yet, it was just the first clash. Even after it was levied, the two Novas didn't appear in their sights again. The only sign that they were still clashing was the second resounding boom, then the third, then the fourth.

Violent and nigh invisible spheres of destruction began to appear across the skies. Every time they occurred, the devastation would appear first before the sound wave followed quickly after.

The buildings that remained intact didn't do so for long. Their windows shattered into countless pieces, their foundations cracked and shattered, they began to lean to one side of another, almost falling until the true wave of devastation hit them, burning them to ash or crushing them into flat land.

Adawarth's body drew streaks of gold in the sky while Leonel's drew lines of violet. Their movements were incomparably fast, their afterimages hardly taking shape before they moved again. After a moment, it felt as though there were dozens of the pair in the sky, each clashing with one another and then retreating to clash once more.

First Nova's fists carried the weight of a world behind them, while Leonel's spear was deathly. For the former every clash felt as though his body was being shaken by mother nature herself, the ruckus of a category five hurricane

or an earthquake rated at a 10 on the Richter scale forming their own microcosm within his body.

For Leonel, his expression was unreadable, entirely unfazed. The Ten Stars to his back fueled his body with an unmatched glory and light. There was no doubt that without his main weapon by his side, First Nova's strength had tanked considerably, but the light in his eyes was no less fierce.

His golden armor shone with a radiant glow, the lines of ambrosia he was drawing across the skies, as though the casual swipes of a god's finger, grew thicker and more robust. As they did so, the pressure he placed on Leonel only became greater as his strikes became heavier and heavier.

Adawarth's fist met the polearm of Leonel's spear, his knee driving upward in an attempt to catch Leonel's chin. However, Leonel reacted even faster, his own knee driving upward.

A familiar resonating boom filled the skies as a sphere of air pressure echoed in all directions. The ground below looked as though a crater had formed while the dense clouds above dispersed into a wide circle once again.

The two separated quickly and clashed once more. However, before his fist could land this time, Adawarth's pupils constricted and he suddenly spun around, punching out with all his might. He didn't seem to notice Leonel's fist coming toward his back at all as he continued to punch out at empty air.

Leonel's own gaze sharpened as he suddenly formed a clone of Emulation Spatial Force. The two swapped places instantly and the region that Adawarth was punching toward was replaced by a clone of Leonel who stepped out from seemingly nowhere.

Adawarth felt that his back was now vulnerable once again, but rather than turning around once more, his gaze flashed, the skies flashing as a bolt of lightning as thick as a giant's waist descended toward the real Leonel toward his back.

Leonel's pupils constricted. Ability Indexes couldn't be inherited, but Adawarth actually had one so similar to his father's.

With a roar, Leonel's aura flourished as his Lotus Domain took shape. In the past, his Lotus Domain was mostly invisible to the naked eye, but this time a

spinning illusory lotus flower appeared above his head, swallowing the bolt of lightning whole as Adawarth's fist blasted his clone to smithereens.

The Lightning Force was absorbed by Leonel's lotus as his fist continued forward as though nothing had happened. First Nova was caught off guard, but it was already too late to change things.

The Lightning Force became a wild vibrational Force, coursing through Leonel's body like rumbling thunder.

PAPAPAPAPA!

As though countless firecrackers were going off, Leonel's fist landed on Adawarth's back, the echo of his fist causing ten destructive spheres of air pressure to form all at once, destroying the ground below and the skies above ten times over.

Adawarth spit out a mouthful of blood, his body shooting out like a canon through the skies. This streak of gold was less elegant in comparison to the others, but it was no less speedy.

BOOM!

He crashed into the ground below, being buried so deep that he ran through the length of the city, crashing through its foundation, through the cloud that kept it in the sky, and into the ocean waters below.

Leonel's figure flickered and his two Void Star Force Stars radiated a powerful dark blueish black glow. Looking upon it made one feel as though they were staring into a black sun, the gorgeous bits of discoloration feeling like the painting of a demon overlord.

The raging waters, unable to calm down from their battle, surged around Leonel, responding to his beck and call as Adawarth shot out from the waters, rushing toward Leonel like a speed bullet.

Leonel's roar echoed once again as the snaking dark waters that responded to his call formed countless flood dragons."

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Chapter 2057: Surge

"Leonel's roar seemed to become the roar of the dark flood dragons. Their scales solidified and their foreheads began to protrude with horns as though they might become true dragons at any moment.

At that moment, standing amidst the falling water droplets and the snaking flood dragons, Leonel looked as though he was a God of the Sea, his gaze shining a brighter and brighter violet as his aura continued to rise like a tsunami's tide.

He brandished his spear toward the oncoming Adawarth's and he suddenly took a step forward.

The flood dragons responded to his call. Like an ancient dance of a discipline long lost, Leonel's spear thrust forward. The movement was simple, and yet elegant, silent, and yet deadly. He hardly moved at all, and it all looked effortless, but it felt like the world had resonated with his very being, heeding the call of his Spear Force and wrapping around it.

He was small in comparison to the ocean, barely considered a single drop in a body that extended for thousands of kilometers. But the moment he moved, the waters around him raged and those outside his scope suddenly became deathly quiet.

The first thrust caused the flood dragons to surge forward, ramming into Adawarth and sending him flying backward with another mouthful of blood. The second thrust caused them to spiral around one another, their bodies dancing and swimming through the skies, powerful but intentional, enraged and yet controlled. The third thrust fused them into a single existence. Their horn finally manifested, piercing the skies above. Their body snaked around the city three times, and yet still had length for more. But more importantly than all of that, their gaze suddenly gained life.

It truly felt like a dragon had come into being, carrying all the magnificence of the legends. The savageness of a beast, the greed of a demon, the majesty of an emperor, a truly untouchable existence whether now or into forever.

Leonel had always had a fascination with dragons, ever since he had learned that his mother's Emperor's Might construct had been that of a Dragon. The

first time he had used the concept of a flood dragon was in his fight for the Violet Token on planet Luxnix against Myghell, but it had been entirely impossible for him to touch upon the true majesty of a dragon, at least not the kind his mother had succeeded in, so he had only ever been able to form flood dragons...

Until now.

His third thrust landed.

The oceans split, an abyssal hole spanning hundreds of meters to the left and right, along with countless dozens of kilometers downward, formed. The power behind it was so devastating that the walls didn't collapse around it immediately. In fact, for the longest time, it seemed as though it would be entirely impossible to succeed in such a thing.

Leonel had perfectly fused the Luxnix family Force Arts, his Spear Arts, and his Universal Force into one, and it hadn't even felt difficult. His comprehension over Water Force, his Force Manipulation, made him feel like a God that could accomplish anything.

He stood in the skies with an arrogant sort of silence. Behind him, his ten Stars sat, each one a different color, but each one just as powerful in momentum. A truly powerful scene. It was said that a picture was worth a thousand words, but so was a single decisive memory. Maybe this current Leonel was one those who were currently watching would never forget, a Leonel who had grabbed onto their hearts and refused to let go... but also a Leonel they didn't want to let go of in the first place.

However, to this Leonel's surprise, Adawarth still rushed out from the abyss he had been left it, soaring out from the vortex of Force and past the roaring dragon before appearing before Leonel in the skies with a haggard appearance.

His armor was cracked in several places, his blood was leaking out and mixing with once radiant gold, and his breathing was heavy enough to hear even against the commotion of the clashing waves and thunderous booms.

He breathed deeply, his gaze locked onto Leonel before him. His eyes were surprisingly calm. He didn't have the despair of someone who felt their dreams of a lifetime slipping away, nor was there any sort of overt confidence either. It was simply the gaze of a man who knew how to take one step at a time, who

didn't care how long the road was or how difficult it would be to travel... All he had in mind was how to raise his foot and firmly place it down one more time.

Adawarth finally seemed to catch his breath after a few seconds, the rumbling in the skies matching with the arcs of lightning that colored his gaze.

Having calmed himself, he reached out a palm, a streak of lightning descending from the skies above and hitting him squarely. That said, he didn't make any attempt to dodge or avoid the situation, standing perfectly still.

When the scene cleared enough for others to see, it was clear that Adawarth was still standing tall. But now, there was a blade in his hand.

It was a truly crude blade. The edge was sharp as it continued to crackle about under the influence of the lightning it had been formed by, while it was also much too large. At the same time, it didn't have a hilt and seemed to be entirely blade. It wasn't exactly a sword, and it didn't seem like a saber either, it felt a lot more like a piece of scrap metal even though it wasn't nearly as defined in shape.

Then, there was, of course, the worst part. Adawarth only knew how to use the spear, he wasn't like Second Nova who had great skill in sabers. In addition, even if he formed a different weapon than the spear, if he used it with the intention and skill of a spearman, it would shatter before Leonel just the same.

But having succeeded in forming this blade, Adawarth's gaze only became even more calm, frightening so...

Then, the golden aura around him began to solidify, flowing into the enormous "blade" in his palm.

Under the gazes of those watching, Adawarth's piece of scrap metal began to shrink under an untold pressure."

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Chapter 2058: The Insurmountable Gap

"It all happened exceptionally quickly. With how far apart they were, even if Leonel had wanted to stop it, he couldn't. Using his Spatial Force to close the distance might have been possible, but the sudden volatile use of Force made

it incredibly dangerous to do so. Then, by the time Adawarth started, if he stepped in to stop the process midway, the both of them would end up dying.

Leonel realized what Adawarth was doing immediately. He was using the powerful gravitational force of his armor, concentrating it into a single area, and then using that force to concentrate his lightning into a mighty, unstoppable blade. That was akin to infusing all the strength of his Divine Armor into his weapon, and though he would lose his Domain as a result, the trade off was more than worth it.

The Divine Armor was faulty to begin with. It was a training equipment that turned most of its pressure onto its user. Although the pressure turned onto the user would increase their individual strength by making their hits and body both harder and much heavier, there were great trade-offs to that as well, such as lower speed, less maneuverability, not to mention a much weaker stamina overall.

Against most opponents, this was enough. But against Leonel who had an exceptionally powerful body capable of withstanding his heavy hits, not to mention the fact that Leonel's speed was also able to overwhelm his own as a result of his Light Force and Spatial Force, Adawarth who was very much used to crushing those of his generation found himself at a great disadvantage.

The only choice now was to greatly increase his attack power. Usually, this could be done with his spear. This wasn't the first time he had used this technique. Although he had never needed to use it against an enemy before, he had practiced it more times than he could count. The trouble was that he had always concentrated his gravitational Force onto his spear. But just now, in desperate straits, he wondered if he could use it on other things.

Now, for the first time, he brought out this ability. Whether he lost or won, there was no doubt that in the next few weeks, his strength would grow explosively in a short time. But he didn't care about any of that, all he wanted was this victory.

The blood of the Morales rushed through his veins, his gaze reddening as his heartbeat began to accelerate once more. But this time, it wasn't due to fatigue, and it was instead due to excitement. This sort of battle... It would be his.

A wild grin spread across Adawarth's face and his usually demure and restrained personality became wild and unrestrained. He howled into the skies, raging streaks of lightning descending like pythons from the skies. They connected the clouds and ocean waters below, making the formations that had been formed by the Skies family look like nothing more than a joke now.

Adawarth's figure flickered and vanished as Leonel's gaze narrowed.

Suddenly, all the snaking streaks of lightning that were descending from the skies all pointed toward Leonel, rushing toward him. Leonel only just barely registered this as he perceived Adawarth's blade had appeared right before his face.

Leonel suddenly grinned as he met Adawarth's maddened gaze. Indeed, this was a taste of his own medicine. The difference was he had used the untamed seas while Adawarth had used the unruly skies. Since it was all so similar, though, Leonel really wanted to see who was better.

With a roar, the two clashed once again, but this time it felt as though the apocalypse had descended. Members of the Quarius family and Leonel's subordinates were forced to retreat into the distance. All they could see were snaking dragons. On one side, there were the roaring masses of lightning behemoths, while on the other, there was the unbreakable legion of infuriated water emperors.

Lightning and water clashed. From afar, it seemed as though the skies and the ocean had suddenly become infuriated with one another, each throwing everything they had.

A brotherly spat of fury, a clash of Zeus and Poseidon.

This time, every time Leonel clashed with Adawarth, it felt like his own world was collapsing. He had no skill with the blade, and purposely used no skills so as not to let his expertise with the spear leak out. He swung with wild abandon, his howls and unbridled laughter filling the skies as he attacked again and again. He came from all angles, and because the blade was so heavy, it took Leonel too long to recover to counter before the next, resulting in a scene where he could only match Adawarth's pace.

Even so, Leonel's gaze continued to glow a fiercer and fiercer light.

Violet fog of [Star Fusion: King's Might] continued to rush out from the joints of his armor, his spear blocked and parried, looking for an opening. Everything about his demeanor aside from his devilish grin seemed perfectly and entirely calm.

And then, his gaze suddenly flashed.

A blazing heat suddenly appeared and the entire situation flipped.

The roaring dragons suddenly gained a flickering red gold flame in their eyes. Their bodies bubbled and the gaps of their scales began to glow with a savage blood red light. Before the lightning snakes could react, they were entirely shattered.

Leonel took a step back, sweeping his leg out of the way of Adawarth's next wild blow, his expression the picture of absolute calm.

As his feet glided backward, an elegant arc was drawn as the dragon solidified into the foundation of an entirely new creature, radiating with a violet-black glow that caused the world to fall into silence.

Leonel's figure seemed to vanish even though he hadn't moved an inch. It was like the only thing the entire world could focus on was his spear, fluttering through the skies as though it had a mind of its own.

The violet-black dragon followed the cadence of his movements, its snout and horns becoming the tip of its own spear.

As Leonel moved, a Force Art began to grow beneath his feet, and as the dragon moved, its snaking body formed its own.

Adawarth found that he couldn't even touch the hem of Leonel's clothing when this dance begun, and by the time it end, his pupils could only tremble.

Beneath Leonel's feet was his own formed Force Art. Above his head was the formed Force Art of the violet-black dragon.

When he completed the final thrust, the world came to a pause.

Adawarth stood in silence, unable to move. It was like he had been bound by the spear dance, entranced into a dream world he couldn't pull himself out of.

It was both illusory and real, both right before his eyes and yet entirely untouchable.

The skies above ceased to rumble and the oceans below became as calm as a lake in the middle of a new moon's night.

Adawarth looked down and he didn't find even a single wound on his body, and yet the ocean below painted an entirely different picture. It was split into two halves entirely, both so clear and calm that it looked like two mirrors facing one another.

The split started right behind Adawarth's body, went through the city, and continued indefinitely into the distance. Even with their eyesights, the end of it was impossible to spot.

Adawarth shook his head lightly.

CRACK!

His badge, hidden within his armor, shattered and his body began to fade away.

All that power, and yet somehow, not a single hair on his head was harmed.

Leonel didn't display that strike because he had to, he displayed it so that the world would be aware of the gap between the two of them.

The insurmountable gap."

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Chapter 2059: Determination

Leonel stood in the air, the tip of his spear as straight and unmoving as a mountain. It pointed downward, and he seemed to be completely open to strikes from all sides. And yet, those who looked upon him felt a shiver in their souls. This simply wasn't a man who could be attacked easily, regardless of what his current state seemed to be. Many felt that even if Leonel seemed to be on his last breath, he simply wasn't someone that could be provoked.

When Adawarth appeared on the Morales flagship, he unleashed a sigh. He didn't know what to say for a long time and it was only after he felt an arm

wrap around his shoulders that he seemed to snap out of it, turning to see Second Nova standing by his side, and to his surprise, Fifth Nova standing on the other.

Fifth Nova never did things like this, but seeing that all three of them were standing here, looking forward toward Leonel, he seemed to feel that they all had all experienced the same thing.

"He's an arrogant bastard, huh?" Second Nova mumbled.

First Nova looked toward Second Nova with a hint of surprise in his eyes. He could sense a hint of bitterness that wasn't normal of this brother of his.

He and Second Nova knew each other quite well. Or, it was more accurate to say that they had once been exceptionally close. Some time within the last three decades, a few years even before Leonel had entered the Void Palace, they had begun to grow apart.

Of course, First Nova could tell that there was some secret that Second Nova was hiding from him, but if the latter didn't want to tell him, it was hard to force him to. For the longest time, First Nova had assumed that this was just Second Nova's way of telling him that he planned to go all out with him during the Heir Wars.

But seeing Second Nova now, Adawarth doubted his previous assumption. In fact, he felt that these last few years for Auran had been more complicated than he knew. However, regardless of all of this, he was far more shocked by Auran's words themselves. He didn't really feel like Leonel was all that arrogant.

"Is he?" Adawarth asked lightly.

Second Nova laughed as though Adawarth had just told the greatest joke he had ever heard. Even Kira, who had spent the most time with Second nova recently, was stunned. She hadn't seen him laugh like this in a very, very long time. Maybe not since they were children.

"Maybe in the beginning he wasn't, but don't you get the feeling from him that he's like someone who started off very serious and then got too bored to keep up the façade? Just look at him. He's standing all cool and composed right now, but... five... three, two, one."

As though on some sort of cue, Leonel put away his spear and swooped down from the skies, a grin on his face as he swept up Aina. She could only roll her eyes, this guy had really stopped taking things seriously again.

Second Nova began to laugh once more. "I bet you that he's smiled more today than he has any other day since the Heir Wars began.

"It's really when you think about it. Uncle Velasco and Littlest Nova are like two sides of the same coin. Both are supremely arrogant, it's just that one is secluded while the other has a great number of friends. One of them is always focused on their work and can't take a break, while the other is impossibly lazy because everything is beneath his notice. Just looking at them, I can't help but laugh. Both of them look down on the world in their own way and don't put any of us in their eyes."

The more Auran spoke, the uglier Adawarth's expression became.

"Look at you," Auran laughed even harder. "You were always like this, you really don't like to lose, huh?"

"I'm fine with losing-"

Auran's laughter cut him off. "You don't need to lie to me, I know you."

Adawarth's expression became awkward, but watching him laugh like this, he slowly began to smile. It really had been a long time since he had seen Auran laugh, it was as though a burden on his chest had been taken over by someone else. It felt as though he could put his whole faith in someone else now.

In truth, Auran had long since surpassed Adawarth in strength, but he had still suffered so greatly. There was no reason he should have been so confident in Leonel, and yet he was.

The way he saw it, he had already done his very best. Auran had always been a carefree person, it was these burdens that had turned him into a completely different being. However, he was also the type of person to put his all into something and live with the result.

Regardless of what happened from here on out, he knew that he had given his everything, so he would live with it. Plus, there was always the hope that Leonel would actually be able to win. Although he felt that it was slim even

with the strength he had shown, Auran hoped that Leonel was still holding back something that could turn the tides when the time came.

At that moment, Adawarth's subordinates began to come out one after another. Suddenly remembering something, Adawarth's expression sharpened as he surged forward, landing by Vega's side as she appeared and taking her hand.

She was in a poor state, but he held her up, ready to escort her to the Morales family.

He knew better than anyone how much she had sacrificed to be with him, but given that he had failed, it was always possible that the Quarius family might try to target them again.

His aura changed and he looked ahead with determination in his eyes.

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Chapter 2060: Tension

The tension in the air was high. The situation of Adawarth and Leonel's battle was truly explosive, but after the shock that Aina had given them all, it was hard for the build up such shock once again. Instead, it felt like they were quickly growing numb.

The only ones who seemed to have an exceptionally fierce reaction were individuals who had the most invested in Leonel's losses. The likes of Cross Elder Avan and Cynthia felt as though their hearts were being crushed every time Leonel did something that was out of their expectations.

The last few hours had truly been an odd one to witness. The odd change in Leonel's demeanor made many feel as though he was finally succumbing to the pressure. With the largest challenges still looming over the horizon, there were many who would have crumbled beneath such a situation, so it didn't seem unbelievable for Leonel to have entered such a situation.

But then Aina appeared and spun the situation around once again, and Leonel somehow came out even stronger than he had before, his Dream Force progressing once again and his strength taking another major leap since the last time they had seen him.

In just the bit over a week since the Heir Wars had begun, they had witnessed Leonel progress from Tier 7, to Tier 8, and then to Tier 9. Then as though he wasn't satisfied with just this alone, his control over his Forces increased by leaps and bounds. It felt like every time he brought out another Force technique, it would come from the top of his head, as though his Forces were such an inseparable part of his body that commanding them was nothing different from second nature.

Adawarth was a genius that had been spoken about for a long time. There was no shortage of individuals that he would be on the same level as the Sword Deity and the Bow Deity if it wasn't for the fact he had to divert so much of his attention toward politics and if he wasn't one of seven.

The Sword Deity and Bow Deity were the only Heirs of their families while this was a title that Adawarth shared with the other six Novas, and would continue to until the conclusion of the Heir Wars.

So to see him defeated by his youngest cousin made them feel as though they were dreaming. After all, Adawarth was much older than Amery and Nazag, so his strength had had more time to develop. But the end result was still oh so clear for all of them to see.

Now... This fallen First Nova stood in the face of the Quarius family, and none of the Morales Ancestors seemed to have any intention of interfering.

The rules of the Morales family were quite harsh most times. Maybe if First Nova had managed to claim heirship for himself, he could still command the lower level Morales family members to act on his behalf and thus ease the situation. But as a loser, he had no right to do such a thing.

The Morales family had always been aware of their precarious situation in the Human Domain. It wasn't just them, but families on their level like the Omann family and the Suiard family were also keenly aware of the politics surrounding their existence. These sorts of politics were even more important when it came to matters of marriage.

Even in the case that First Nova had become the Heir, the Ancestors still wouldn't have interfered in this matter. That was because their action could be seen as a forced assimilation of sorts. Vega was an incredibly important genius to the Quarius family, she was easily the strongest genius of this generation that they had.

Although she had lost to Aina, by now, many had begun to believe that it was only a matter of course. Aina was a Life Grade Force Pill Crafter, who knew how she had modified her own body until now, who knew how strong she truly was, just because she had lost to Aina didn't mean that the Quarius family felt that Vega was any less valuable.

They hadn't been able to act before because Vega's appearance by First Nova's side had been far too shocking. Plus, there was probably some hope in their hearts that First Nova would end up as the final victor.

There wasn't as united a front against the Morales as it seemed. For many powerful, but middle of the pack families, this matter was less meaningful to them.

The Suiard and Omann families, not to mention the Void Palace, Shield Cross Stars and Spiritual Religion, or even the Constellation Bow Alliance, probably cared a great deal, but that was only because they stood at the same level as the Morales family. If the Morales family suddenly broke free of their stalemate and surged ahead, it would be they who suffered the most loss, or the greatest feeling of loss.

But to these "smaller" families, not ultimately but at least relatively so, the winner of this battle of behemoths was less important to them. In fact, to the Quarius family, First Nova's victory might have given them a reason to side with the Morales and gain the most advantages.

Not only would First Nova's victory mean that Leonel had lost and that the greatest reason for the opposition to the Morales would have vanished, but it would have also given them a direct line to one of the most powerful families of the Human Domain.

It wasn't like women of the Quarius family had never married men of the Morales. But whether it was situation or status, Adawarth would have been the greatest opportunity they ever received to advance further, something greatly difficult when you were already a family of their caliber and level. Every step forward as a family already near the pinnacle of the Seventh Dimension was incomparably difficult.

But now all of that was worthless, and the more days passed, the more and more it seemed that Leonel might truly come out as the victor. If that happened, the Quarius family would have no choice but to draw a strong line

between themselves and the Morales, or else they might end up caught in the crossfire.

So, the moment Vega appeared, the Ancestor of the Quarius family stepped forward, her wrinkles deepening as she frowned at the closeness of the two.