

Dimensional Descent

- Chapter 2065: Emerald |

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Chapter 2065: Emerald

Alienor walked forward with light steps. One would have never thought that she had stepped onto the Omann family's flagship.

The Omann were among the most powerful families of the Human Domain, in terms of influence they might very well be number one, and yet none of that seemed to matter in the slightest.

The green Force around Alienor suddenly solidified. A snaking dragon with jade horns opened its jaws and roared, the shuddering echo ripping the flagship to pieces as she continued to walk forward.

A shocking realization seemed to have entered all of their hearts at once. Did she destroy the ship so that she didn't have to change the direction of her steps?

This understanding caused their hearts to quake. It was the sort of indifferent and casual power that existed on a plane all to its own.

BANG! A streak came over from the distance. As far back as Cynthia was thrown, she seemed to have recovered just as quickly, returning with a countless number of rings hovering around her. Each exuded the power of a Life Grade treasure, reflecting a silvery hue that sparkled like the stars in the distance.

The rings rippled, a sharp echo of what felt like Blade Force and yet was simultaneously entirely different forming. The coldness on Cynthia's expression was all pervading, the indifference vanishing in the place of a smoldering hatred.

Without a word, Cynthia's palms struck forward. Space cracked and her rings rushed forward, each carrying the sharpness of an ancient, tempered blade.

Alienor's indifference, though, remained just the same. Her palm struck out a moment later, meeting in the surging Force in a surprisingly silent clash. With her other hand, she pressed out her forefinger several times, forming dozens of gorgeous greenish rainbow bubbles in what felt like an instant.

These bubbles floated slowly, but they somehow intercepted the quickly moving rings surging toward her without much effort at all.

The rings were suddenly enveloped, the seemingly fragile bubbles hardly quivering in the face of their sharpness and might. They came to a halt, unable to move forward at all, but what happened next was even more shocking than that. They began to corrode one after another, and in the blink of an eye, they fell into a pile of rust and ashes. Only then did the bubble finally pop, releasing their contents into the endless void.

Alienor continued to walk forward unhurriedly. Her emerald dragon wrapped around her, its menacing roar echoing against and again. The pressure it exuded only continued to increase until Alienor suddenly struck out with another palm.

The emerald dragon shot toward the stunned Cynthia. She hurried to defend, blocking her front with the rings she had remaining.

She just couldn't believe that her self-created weapons had had such a horrible and sudden ending. They were all forged with Eighth Dimensional materials, and were forged to the standard of the Life Grade. In addition, they had a symbiotic characteristic that came with them being in a set. As such, they could work independently, and also share power between one of them.

Destroying one of them should have been as difficult as destroying the whole set. But somehow, the moment they entered Alienor's bubble, their connection to the outside world had entirely vanished, and yet Cynthia hadn't sensed any sort of powerful Spatial Force coming from Alienor at all.

But it was already too late to try and figure out what would happen.

BANG! Cynthia shot back like a rocket once again. This time, blood flew from her lips as the rings she used to defend cracked beneath the pressure. Looking into the eyes of the roaring emerald dragon looming over her, she felt her heart shake, her coldness cracking to reveal a hint of doubt and even fear.

Those eyes... They didn't look fake in the slightest. It was as though the real creature was looming over her.

Cynthia coughed out another mouthful of blood, drenching her once pristine robes. Seeing this scene, many who had thought that she would be able to hold out on her own were both shocked and growing hesitant.

The Ancestors of the Omann family who had finally finished saving those that remained within the flagship were quick to check on the situation, but just as they wanted to help, a cold shiver spiked down their spines.

Velasco hadn't said anything, he hadn't even looked at them, and yet it was as though the voice of the universe had whispered a warning into their ears, putting a stranglehold on their thoughts. He was truly a madman, if they stepped out of line, he really wouldn't care to wipe them all off the face of existence.

Alienor continued to walk forward, her steps light and unhurried. She reached out a hand and the dragon in the distance rushed back toward her, shrinking until it formed an elegant 11-inch emerald wand with a dragon wrapped around it.

She tapped at the air and a rush of Wind Force formed. She tapped again and a searing heat threatened to burn a layer of their skin off. She tapped again and the skies rumbled with Lightning Force and she tapped again, causing a rippling wave of Water Force to rise.

Countless complex Force Arts formed in the starry skies, forming into groups of four-green, red, golden, and blue. They shuddered, fusing into one and beginning to rotate.

Cynthia, who had finally stopped flying in the distance slowly turned to face this sight. It felt as though the stars had all been replaced by these formations, as though the only light left in the universe was the very woman before her and the wand in her hand.

Alienor's delicate wrist flickered, drawing an arc through the skies as she pressed down.

The rotating Force Arts came to a trembling stop and the world fell silent for just a split moment before what could only be described as an Armageddon was unleashed.

Spiraling bolts of fire wrapped in wind, lightning, and water surged forward.

Cynthia was swallowed from all sides. The last image those around saw was the helplessness in her eyes before she was buried beneath the cacophonous rumble.

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Chapter 2066: Hushed

A hushed silence fell. It was hard to accept. Had such a genius fallen, just like that? Cynthia Omann had been part of their lives for all too long, even weak Sixth Dimensional families had heard of her name before.

The Ancestors of the Omann family looked as though they had lost their souls. She was supposed to be the future of their family, she was the most talented Force Crafter and Force Pill Crafter in their history, but not only that, her combat prowess was exceptional. She simply had no weaknesses. It was difficult to accept.

Their eyes couldn't help but go red, and yet none of them dared to move all the same.

The Morales Ancestors didn't know what to say about this matter either. They hadn't thought that this family of three would all be madmen. Velasco had already painted his own legend, and then Leonel seemed to have begun to draw his. Then there was Alienor who was a complete unknown until this moment.

Alienor turned back with an unmoved expression on her face. In her opinion, she had simply followed through on what she had said would happen. As for the matters of Cynthia and her husband, she had never really thought about them. Velasco had never said anything about it, so she didn't feel the need to care.

In the end, was there a need to think about someone who had already lost to her? Others might have tried to make it out to be some sort of rivalry between them, they might have even said that she didn't stand a chance against the likes of Cynthia, but she had never taken this very seriously.

If it wasn't for Cynthia ignoring her words, she wouldn't have even cared to look at this woman, let alone attack to kill her. She had simply been beneath her notice.

There was a point in Alienor's life where she hadn't believed that she would ever get married because she found all the men around her to be simply too insignificant. Of course, this wasn't part of the story she had told Leonel about how she had met his father.

It could be said that she was exceedingly arrogant. Emperor Fawkes was so fond of her character that he had already chosen her to succeed him as opposed to her elder brother.

Others might not be aware of her character, but they would be now. She was a woman who said what she meant and did as she said. Her patience was limited, her fuse was short, and she didn't have time for those that would disrespect her.

The reason she was so enraged by others believing Earth to be a pawn was because it made it sound as though she, Alienor Morales, was a woman who could simply be wooed by a man who wanted her for nothing more than her womb. It assumed that she was a chess piece, one that existed for the sole reason of giving birth to Leonel so that the Morales might have a legitimate reason for taking over Earth under the eyes of the Human Domain.

It wasn't the accusations themselves, but rather the underlying meaning that completely and totally infuriated her.

Did she look like a woman who could be so easily controlled? Did her womb exist to be used for any purpose but her own? How dare they?

The more Alienor thought about it, the more enraged she seemed to become.

"All of you, scram out of my sight." She looked toward the elders of the Omann family that remained. "If you insist on staying, don't blame me for continuing my slaughter."

The expressions of the Omann family elders all became ugly. Alienor might have defeated Cynthia, but there was still an ample gap between Cynthia and the rest of them. Even if she had won that battle, she shouldn't speak with them so casually.

Alienor's gaze flashed with a dangerous light when it seemed that they were dissatisfied. The Force around her seemed to go out of control and elements of all kinds seemed to warp and form around her. Volcanic Fire Force, raging Water Force, thunderous Lightning, whipping Wind Force, rumbling Earth Force...

An endless number of types of elemental Forces took shape in the surrounding, each one as powerful as the last and not one losing out to the other. It was as though there wasn't a Force she couldn't control, and to some extent, that was very much true.

In this world, there wasn't an elemental Force in existence that Alienor could not use. Her affinity for each and everyone couldn't even be scaled properly. And when she was enraged, the world reacted.

[Emperor's Edict].

A violent swirl of Dream Force surged out in all directions, forming a bubble that expanded for thousands of kilometers.

"I said, scram."

The Omann Ancestors felt a shuddering Force collapse around them, and under the eyes of all those present, they suddenly vanished. They were entirely unable to resist.

Alienor felt slightly better now as though she didn't just want to slap Cynthia's face into the afterlife, but to also disrespect her family after she was already gone as well. Only now did her indifference fade into another smile.

Suddenly, a shadow appeared before her, but it was only Velasco. He brought out a handkerchief and began to pat away non-existent sweat from Alienor's brow. Alienor couldn't help but roll her eyes, what was this man always doing. Even so, the smile in her eyes was quite clear.

"Don't overexert yourself for such people, can't you just let me handle such things?"

Alienor pursed her lips. "You never do things right. If it was up to you, my son would still be a fugitive."

Velasco grinned. "Let that brat suffer a bit."

"What did you say about my son?"

"Nothing, nothing, it must have been the wind, dear. Do you want a shoulder massage? You look a little tense."

Velasco shifted to Alienor's back and began to diligently massage her. He truly looked like a dutiful worker bee.

Alienor's gaze shifted and landed on Cross Elder Avan. Speaking of her son being a fugitive, she suddenly remembered who was responsible for that.

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Chapter 2067: Heavy

Cross Elder Avan's mustache bristled under his hot breath. This situation wasn't one he liked in the slightest, he had already been suppressed by Leonel's words earlier, but watching his mother and father now, he felt like dealing with this kid was getting further and further away from him.

Seeing that his mother suddenly looked toward him, his brows couldn't help but furrow. He didn't take this woman's strength seriously, he stood atop the Human Domain in terms of strength, a status he shared with very, very few others.

Although she had sent those elders of the Omann family away, that matter wasn't as simple as it seemed. For one, it was a technique they hadn't been experienced with or ready to deal with. Plus, there was the factor of Velasco's gaze. They hadn't even dared to fight back.

But he wasn't so easy to deal with, nor did he feel like he had to give Velasco so much face. The Omann family wasn't very well known for their combat strength, but all Shield Cross Stars did was fight. He had walked through countless bloody battles and corpses to make it to his current stage of life. He wasn't the kind of existence that others could casually hope to deal with with a few glances and a beautiful face.

So, he stared back, his temper threatening to spiral out of control more and more with every passing moment. He didn't look like he had a single care in the world left. Even if the subordinates he had brought with him died, he simply couldn't be bothered to care.

But to his surprise, after giving him what looked to be a gaze of warning, Alienor looked away without another word. She fluttered in the starry skies, seemingly about to land on the Morales flagship.

"Hey, hey. How could my wife sit on such a dingy vessel?" Velasco snorted.

The lips of the Morales Ancestors twitched. Dingy? This flagship was on the same level as Shield Cross Star's best flagships. In fact, it was actually a level better, they were a Force Crafting family, after all. There was no one in the Human Domain that could match up to their flagships. This sort of vessel could wipe out a solar system with a single casual fart, what part of it was dingy?

Velasco waved a hand and an enormous boat appeared. It was sleek and silver, and truly built like a vessel more deserving of the ocean's waves than the starry skies. But even so, it was gorgeous and pleasing to the eyes.

However, when it "touched down", the hearts of the Morales Ancestors shuddered. That was because they felt the surrounding space ripple as though it was truly touching the surface of the water. They had never seen such a thing in their lives; just the implications were enough to leave them in stunned silence.

The transition was absolutely seamless, and the distortions calmed a moment later. However, the image of space rippling couldn't leave their minds. It was clear that this vessel was surfing on air, it was surfing on the bounds of reality itself. But it didn't make any sense.

Ripping through space should have been a forceful thing, even if you had a Spatial Force affinity, a high one at that, it would take a large amount of it to cross through space. And to just "soak" in it like this, it would take a continuous output of a steady stream of energy.

But they couldn't feel any of that. It was like this boat was simply in tune with the fabric of reality, being able to touch upon it whenever it wanted and gathering power from it. This was no different than the strength of a god, but Velasco had casually taken such a thing out for no other reason than to please his wife.

Many had only heard legends of Velasco, they felt that the importance of elders who had lived far longer than him placed on him was far too much.

They thought that some legends were exaggerated, that the real thing couldn't possibly match up to the fanciful stories.

But for those who understood even a little bit about Force Crafting, they came to realize that maybe these stories weren't exaggerated enough. Just this boat alone was enough for Velasco to claim to be unmatched in Force Crafting. There was simply no one that was his equal.

Velasco and Alienor took a calm seat in the silver boat, looking forward toward the glass cube below. However, after a few seconds, Velasco leaned his back and closed his eyes. His glasses darkened and shaded his eyes from lights before the sound of a gentle snore began to echo through the now silent starry skies.

Alienor shook her head, but she didn't disturb her husband. Compared to Velasco, though, the gaze she looked toward the glass cube with was full of fervor and love. It was clear to everyone without guessing who she was observing. Who else could deserve such a gaze from a mother if not her own child?

The atmosphere seemed to calm down, but the last moments of Cynthia, the disrespect of the Omann family, and the destruction of the Quarius family's flagship seemed to continuously replay in their minds.

While everything seemed to have come to an end, the brewing undercurrents only seemed to be getting more and more volatile. The surface was calm, but anyone diving deep would find themselves pinned down, unable to resurface.

The implications of the appearance of Alienor and Velasco were extraordinarily heavy.

...

Leonel looked up into the skies, not quite knowing what was happening, but feeling an odd feeling in his heart. The battle of Eighth Dimensional existences would definitely ripple down here, although it would be greatly muted. Most wouldn't be able to sense it, but he definitely had.

After a moment, he smiled, then his smile turned into a grin.

He looked back down, swiftly claiming the city. Then, he triggered the final Heir Grade upgrade challenge. It was about time he claimed this final sea for

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Chapter 2068: Best Option?

This Heir-Grade upgrade was probably the easiest of them all. The defenses of this city were far more useful than even the Water Lotus Territory. The whirlpools forward the waves of oceanic beasts to split before they could reach the city, and funneled them into concentrated lines that the stingrays were more than equipped to handle. At the same time, the stormy skies above made it so that the attacks of the Skies family were even more devastating, amplifying them to a new degree.

First Nova could only shake his head as he watched this. He had been so cautiously preparing for his first Heir Grade upgrade despite the fact he had tens of times the number of people in comparison to Leonel under his command. And yet, Leonel, with just barely over a million subordinates, much of which were untamed beasts, was actually crushing such a challenge right before his eyes.

He realized, though, that even if another person had this exact same setup, it would have been impossible for them to accomplish what Leonel had. Even setting aside the Life Grade armors all of those stingrays were wearing, just the seamless commanding of them was on another level entirely. It was clear that Leonel wasn't just an excellent Force Crafter, but he was a commander the likes of which First Nova had simply never seen before.

Soon, the battle came to an end and Leonel gave everyone a rest. This might very well be the last opportunity they received to have such a thing.

But as this was happening, in the various circles of the night side supercontinent, there was an uproar.

The first reason for this was because First Nova had suddenly disappeared, not just him but the whole of his subordinates as well. There were only two explanations for this, either it was a ploy on his part, or the more likely explanation.... He had lost to someone and he was forced to use his badge to vanish, resulting in all of his subordinates being teleported out as well.

This was an almost unacceptable reality for many. It had happened too quickly, and far too silently. Was it an assassin? Did they have to be cautious against such a person? What was happening exactly?

But this shock was only compounded by the matter that happened not long afterward. With the claiming of the fourth and final sea, Leonel had suddenly become the owner of the entire ocean. But this was only a small matter, mostly because no one was even aware that this had happened, at least not any still in the Heir Wars.

What was more important was that the last of the territories within the ocean had been unceremoniously booted out. Leonel had crushed the dreams of anyone who had planned to expand into the ocean. All of the work they had put in, and all the effort they had diverted from their main territories, was all laid to waste.

For Orinik, because there was still a sea that remained unclaimed, his territory was pushed out to an unclaimed sea. But now that Leonel owned all four seas, the territories that remained and the ones that had been previously pushed away were destroyed entirely, leaving them in waste.

With these two pieces of news descending one after another, it was hard to know exactly how to react. None of them could seem to understand what had happened, and the wariness they had toward their neighbors grew. How could they conclude that a single person had already claimed all four seas for themselves? Instead, they believed that four different territories had succeeded in forming Heir Grade territories before them.

This conclusion was asinine to many of them, but they believed that the simplest answer was already the truest answer. The idea that one person could accomplish all of this on their own was most definitely not the simplest answer, the hoops one would have to jump through to accept such a thing were far too numerous.

Ironically, because of this conclusion, despite a juicy piece of meat like Adawarth's territories being on the chopping block right before them all, no one dared to move rashly, and there happened to be a person who knew that exactly this would happen.

Leonel's grasp of human nature was quite excellent, and thanks to the Umbra family members, his comprehension of the goings on of the night side supercontinent were deeper than most would know. As such, not only did he act upon this moment of caution by everyone else, he capitalized on it.

Before the night side powers could react, Leonel had taken over Adawarth's territory silently and seamlessly, using all of the points he had just gathered

from his last two Heir-Grade upgrades to outfit the large region with a complex network of outposts.

Once this was complete, Leonel calmed and took his time. Now, it didn't matter when they realized that the ownership of this land had been changed. In fact, if they took too long, it might very well be too late.

Leonel stood in silence near the coastline. This was Adawarth's main city, and it was located on the waterline just like Leonel's original territory had been.

Out in the sea, several Rain Beasts floated in silence.

Because they had sent these Rain Beasts in using a loophole, just like the Lio family of before with their Seventh Dimensional beasts, they were left behind even after their badges were cracked. As such, ever since the end of that battle, Leonel had had access to them. The trouble was that directing them wasn't as easy as it was the stingrays.

The stingrays were a reward, and as such, they were designed to follow his orders. However, these Rain Beasts were independent creatures. Although they were docile, their intelligence was low. They were only able to understand the direction Rychard had given them, so it wasn't convenient to use them. As a result, until now, they had just been lingering around, unused.

Leonel stood in silence, staring at them... What his best option here.

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Chapter 2069: 50%

Leonel stood in silence. There were only two options before him. The first was to abandon these creations entirely, or find an easy and quick method to make use of them. The reality was that he didn't have much time. Very soon, others would realize that he had taken over Adawarth's territories, and in addition to this, they would very soon begin to probe him and likely attack him.

By Leonel's estimation, he probably only had half a day at best to figure something out, probably even less than that if he was honest. If he couldn't do something proper, then it would probably be best if he didn't do anything at all. Having a variable on the battlefield that he couldn't properly control would be more of a detriment than anything else.

The first option he thought of was to just use an exceptionally crude method. He could make these beasts carry a large amount of water toward the territories of the other Heirs and then directly flood them.

The method was the easiest and Leonel wouldn't have to do much of any preparation. However, it was an extremely weak method as well.

For one, he was facing off against Seventh Dimensional existences, not mortals. If he used this method on a Third Dimensional World, the devastation was obvious. People would die both from the water and the collapsing buildings, he probably wouldn't have to lift even a single finger. But setting aside the buildings would even be so vulnerable here, even if they were buried into kilometers of water and couldn't breathe for hours, or were crushed by millions of kilograms of weight... Would that really kill a Seventh Dimensional genius?

The unfortunate answer was probably not. If Leonel could guarantee it would shatter their city walls, at least, it would be useful. But he wasn't sure of even that. Gold Grade cities were exceptionally sturdy at this point, and many would have built up extra defenses by not in preparation for the Heir-Grade upgrade challenge.

This did even mention the other issue of actually transporting these Rain Beasts. They moved exceptionally slowly, and they were huge targets from a distance. They would need escort and protection, and hiding them would be impossible.

If he targeted others, it still might work since they didn't know what the Rain Beasts were and they might take precautions that were inappropriate, but this would never work against Xavnik who knew exactly what they were, and more likely than not, they wouldn't work against the ignorant either.

This problem of speed and transport would likely be a problem no matter what options he chose. The Rain Beasts simply took too long to absorb water, and they were languid, low iq beasts without much intelligence. Everything about them was annoying to deal with.

It was a bit better on the ocean's waters where they held a great advantage. But now that they were on land, unless Leonel wanted to take the roundabout, the longest way through the ocean, those advantages were entirely useless. And even if he was willing to do that, not all of his enemies would be able to be sniped down from the coast.

Leonel flipped a palm and a small Rain Beast appeared. This was the same Rain Beast that he had extracted all the water from previously. After a moment, he enveloped it in his Dream World and began to scan every corner of its body.

Soon, a diagram of it appeared before him, formed of Emulation Spatial Force. He began to spin it apart in his mind, dissecting it and separating it into pieces.

"Aina," Leonel said lightly.

Aina didn't take long to appear. When it came to matters like this, Aina was definitely the far better of the two. She had a natural inclination toward understanding what she should and shouldn't put in her body, and that gave her an intimate understanding of both Force Herbs and Force wielding creatures.

"What do you think?" Leonel asked. "Is it possible to force it to take on water at a great speed? If that's possible, we could shrink them for easy transport, and then pump them with water suddenly when we're in enemy territory. It wouldn't be the most efficient thing, but it might be the best option we have."

Aina blinked. "Their bodies are weird. Logically, if they can grow from the size of a palm to kilometers in length, then their elasticity has to be great. But from what I can see, their elasticity is actually on a gradient. The more water they absorb, the more of those special proteins that they produce, increasing the elasticity of their bodies and allowing them to expand in size.

"It's probably less accurate to say that they have an ability to absorb water, and more accurate to say that water is the only thing they can absorb that's able to both trigger their protein synthesis and is likewise benign enough that it doesn't poison them in the process."

"So you mean to say that it could theoretically absorb anything."

Aina nodded. "That would be its lineage factor, its ability to expand. It's not much unlike Noah's Ability Index, but the difference is that Noah can control his own synthesis, and he also has the ability to change the structure of his body to make it sturdier and more powerful, these aren't things that this Rain Beast is capable of doing. It could be said that they have a greatly simplified version of Noah's Ability Index.

"But their capacity for expansion is much larger and requires much less energy at the same time, although it takes a great period of time for them to reach that state..."

Leonel fell into his thoughts. This was very fascinating.

"And what about this Rain Beast right now. I only just extracted all the water from its body maybe a day or so ago. How long does it take for the extra elasticity its gained to disappear."

Aina's eyes lit up with understanding as though she had just pieced something together.

"So that's why... Yes, it's able to retain some of its elasticity even now, but it's probably lost about 50% of its original capability already. If you wait another day, it will take an extremely long time for it to build it back up again."

Leonel's gaze sharpened.

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Chapter 2070: Appearance

It seemed that there was a chance that this would work, but it wasn't perfect either. There were still many issues to fix. For example, how would he transfer such a large amount of water? How would he feed it into the Rain Beasts?

It wasn't like his enemies would give him as much time as he wanted. The methods had to be seamless and extremely quick. But if it couldn't accomplish that, then it was all useless and once again, he might as well give up these beasts entirely.

He had a solution for the water problem. Thanks to Kira, he still had an ocean's drop vial that could hold an ocean's worth of liquid within. It had once held the blood of a Void Beast, but now it was empty after it was entirely swallowed up by Little Blackstar. It was a simple matter to use it.

Suddenly, Leonel's gaze flashed. That was right, he had once used that vial to transfer golden scaled koi fish around. It was the perfect solution for this. In fact, at the moment, it was filled to the brim with Cleansing Waters. Considering the current Segmented Cube, accumulating such a large amount of Cleansing Waters was child's play.

Obviously, the Segmented Cube itself could be used for such transfer, but Leonel didn't want to use it for a very good reason. Even the Morales weren't aware of the limits of this treasure, it was clear that his father and grandfather had never disclosed these matters.

For one, Leonel felt that there was a reason for this. The more he learned about the Segmented Cube, the more he understood it was no normal treasure. Even the Spear Domain Ring was far inferior to it in his opinion. Just the amount of Cleansing Waters it could produce alone was worthy of being the sole ability of a world changing treasure, but the fact that was just one of its many abilities was shocking.

He felt it was best to hide as much of what it could do from the masses. Until now, he only revealed that it could help him mass produce simple crafts and it contained pods that could help people recover quickly. These weren't quite enough to shock people entirely just yet.

The fact he could use the vial instead was a huge positive. But now, Leonel was thinking of something else. If the Rain Beasts consumed a large amount of Cleansing Waters instead of regular water? How would it change their anatomy? What about their abilities?

Leonel's gaze narrowed. 'Cleansing Waters as an attack method...'

He was used to Cleansing Waters by now, but he had remembered a time that soaking in Cleansing Waters of the Sixth Dimension had been exceptionally painful as it forcefully expelled the impurities in his body. He wondered...

As he thought, Leonel moved. Taking out the familiar crystalline vial, he began to toss the Rain Beasts in one after another. After he solidified his hypotheses, he consulted Aina for a moment and they came up with a plan that they felt might work.

After that, Leonel vanished into the Segmented Cube to finish up some experiments. He stepped out again just an hour later, prepared to move forward.

There were no preparations left to make. He was once again at a point where his taking time for accumulation would instead make him fall behind instead. It was time to press forward and take the final leap of fate he would have to. But

compared to the last time he made this choice, he had a confident smirk hanging from his lips. It didn't seem nearly as difficult this time around.

However, what Leonel didn't expect was that just as he was about to set out, with everyone prepared and well rested, he would instead have to snap his head in a particular direction.

Standing on his city walls, there was an unexpected character. He had very clearly used a treasure to appear so suddenly and soundlessly, so much so that his eyes flickered with surprise when he realized that Leonel had already noticed his arrival. It was clear that this person had expected to wait at least several seconds, but he had actually been discovered immediately. In fact, if he was correct, Leonel's head was already moving before he had even fully manifested.

This person couldn't help but narrow his eyes.

He looked around silently for a moment. He actually felt slightly uncomfortable taking his eyes off of Leonel at this moment, but he moved as though this discomfort wasn't in his heart at all. With a calm gaze, he scanned over the city, but the more he looked, the more it couldn't help but narrow. Nothing he was seeing seemed to make much sense.

Leonel had only... about 20,000 subordinates? Were the rest elsewhere? Or was it that he had been caught with his pants down? It couldn't be that this was really all he had, right? But then again, now that he thought about it, this was already the final territory of Adawarth's that he had come to check, and this was the only one with anyone in it.

Something was off about this.

Finally, after several seconds, this man finally looked back toward Leonel with calm eyes, only to find that the latter had an amused light hidden within. He didn't seem to take his appearance very seriously at all, it was a confident glance, almost as though he could see through him with absolute ease.

Leonel stood very calmly despite who this individual was. He hadn't expected for the meeting to be so sudden and unexpected, but it also wasn't enough to shock him to the point of being unable to react. At the same time, he didn't seem to have any intention of attacking immediately either, calmly allowing the other observer the state of the city as though he couldn't be bothered to care what he did or didn't find out.

This man was none other than the only Nova Leonel had yet to meet face to face.

Third Nova. Xavnik Morales.