

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2071: Mistake?

The two final Novas looked toward one another calmly, one's expression unreadable, and the other's smiling. Xavnik was quite handsome and tall. He had slightly paler skin than most Morales, but not to the extent of Second Nova. He still carried that familiar bronzed hue, it just wasn't as forceful as the bit of coloration had its edge taken off.

His eyes were a gentle brown color and his hair was slightly stiff, though well styled. His robes were meticulously cared for, and he seemed to prefer darker colors. This was a man who dared to negotiate with an expert like Rosen Suiard, a leader of the Senate, while he was merely in the Sixth Dimension. There were clearly no faults to pick in his temperament, nor his boldness.

"Littlest Nova," Xavnik greeted with a smile, his unreadable expression suddenly becoming amiable. Leonel smiled back. Despite the fact he was looking up at Xavnik from the ground while the latter was on the city walls, one didn't feel that this was the case at all. It rather felt as though they were both on even ground, looking into each other's eyes. The height difference, the distance between them, and even the fact they stood on opposing sides didn't seem to create any sort of division between them.

"Third Nova."

Xavnik chuckled slightly. "I had thought that First Nova would be my greatest challenge. If there was a dark horse, I would have definitely picked Fifth Nova. But I didn't expect that it would truly be you. If you hadn't lost 20 years of advantage to us, we really wouldn't stand a chance, hm?"

"Where would the fun in that be?" Leonel didn't refute politely, his words all but confirmed that he felt that this was the case as well. But Xavnik didn't feel that this was inappropriate. Over bloated humility was just as bad in his opinion as underserved arrogance.

"Your temperament is to my liking. How do you feel about working together? There's only the two of us left and the enemies remaining aren't easy to deal

with. There's still the Omann family, the Suiard family and the Spirituals Religion. Plus there are still some other stragglers. In order to avoid any issues, I've had a feeling that they'll team up to deal a blow to our Morales family before deciding a winner amongst us, we can't allow that, right?"

Xavnik expected Leonel to be surprised, or at least take some time to consider, but this wasn't the answer he received at all. Instead...

"My old man would probably kill me if I used an alliance to win in the final stretch," Leonel said with a laugh. "His temper is a weird one. I have a feeling he's watching right now. Well, considering his personality, he's probably pretending to take a nap, but he'll never let me live this down."

Velasco, who didn't seem to have been paying much, mumbled beneath his breath.

"At least he knows not to embarrass me."

He felt his wife's glare come from the side, but he pretended as though he hadn't seen it, turning his glasses into an even darker shade as he reclined further. However, Leonel's next words made Velasco almost fall out from his seat.

"A pity..." Xavnik said with a sigh, his gaze flashing with a peculiar light.

Leonel laughed. "But what I love most to do is piss that old man off, count me in."

The Human Domain was rendered speechless. Velasco was a character that most of them didn't even dare to look in the eye, many even believed he was ruthless enough to not bat an eye if his son died. In their opinions, he was probably an extremely strict father that wouldn't allow his son to joke around with, let alone embarrass him like this.

But Leonel actually...

Alienor began to giggle, laughing a beautiful laugh that made the hearts of those who heard it flutter.

Others might fear Velasco, but in Leonel's opinion, his dad was just a bastard who loved to think himself a comedian and a prankster. If he could get back at this old man, he'd take every opportunity.

Velasco coughed, fixing his chair and stabilizing himself. This brat, he was going to ruin all the prestige he had taken decades to build up, what the hell was this?

Seeing Velasco trying to maintain his composure, Alienor's laughter only grew.

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Xavnik, too, was surprised. A hint of doubt couldn't help but grow in his heart. Clearly, he felt the same about Velasco as everyone else. How could he know that the only "suffering" Leonel had had at Velasco's hands were prank voicemails?

"Is that so? That's good, excellent!" Xavnik's face lit up.

"How would you like to cooperate?" Leonel asked with a smile.

There were all too many methods, Leonel himself had already thought of many, but he didn't state them out. He seemed to want to know more about Xavnik's thought processes. Neither of them knew one another very well, so this sort of simple probe was only a given.

"About this... Are these all the subordinates you have, Little Nova?"

Leonel shook his head, causing Xavnik to relax slightly. But it was clear he wasn't relaxing due to the fact Leonel would be of more help with more subordinates. Rather, he relaxed because the fact Leonel admitted this so readily meant that there was a hint of trust here.

"I have an army of another million or so, but they're beasts that can only be used in the waters. They're stingrays. In addition to this, I have about 200 000 or so land beasts, the strongest of which have the strength of Tier 6, and the weakest of which is at Tier 3. But since their strengths have been forcefully raised to this stage, their actual power is limited.

"Other than this, I have a secret powerful force of about a few hundred. They're all members of the Cloud Race and have exceptional combat prowess."

Leonel laid out all his cards as though he didn't have a care in the world.

No one seemed to know his thoughts. Even Second Nova, who knew Third Nova's true colors, couldn't help but pale. Had he made a mistake by not telling Leonel the truth?

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Chapter 2072: Great Opportunity

Xavnik's heart jumped. When he heard mention of the Cloud Race, the odd light in his eyes couldn't be hidden in the slightest. If he had any doubt, it was hard to retain it now. The existence of the Cloud Race was too easy to hide. Leonel could have easily hidden them amidst his people without a word and Xavnik would never know.

The appearance of the Cloud Race wasn't a small matter. Although there were, of course, weaker and stronger members of every race. Usually, the strength of other races was far more consistent than that of humans. Having the Cloud Race on one's side was like having a guaranteed floor of strength on your side.

The weakest humans were absolutely no match for the weakest of Cloud Race members. This was a well known fact. But the true hidden danger here was whether or not Leonel had managed to get his hands on any powerful members.

The likelihood in Xavnik's opinion was very low. However, he had some information on hand that made him not place the probability at 0%, and that was the information he had on Leonel's very first interaction with the Cloud Race. He had been able to easily point them out when others hadn't been able to, that was definitely an eyebrow raising matter.

Considering Leonel had dominion over Earth, Xavnik didn't believe that there were no Cloud Race members targeting the only Eighth Dimensional potential world in the Human Domain. In that case, it might even be true that Leonel had gained the ability to see through Cloud Race members by first observing Cloud Race members that had been exposed on Earth itself.

In that case, the odds that Leonel might have an extremely powerful member of the Cloud Race on his side wasn't 0%, nor was it too low, it might even be as high as 30% or even 40%. The more Xavnik thought about it, the more serious he became, but Leonel's smile was just the same. He looked naïve and innocent, but could a naïve and innocent individual control the Cloud

Race under his charge? Could they become the greatest example of a dark horse in Heir Wars history? Could they be the one to defeat the enemy that Third Nova thought he would have to struggle the most against?

In Xavnik's opinion, Sixth Nova had been too young, Fifth Nova was a wild card and a potential pitfall, but if he took caution, things would be fine. Fourth Nova was a playboy who had taken far too long to take things seriously, and even then he had only begun to take things seriously because he had accidentally gotten his long-time fling pregnant, leading to a whole host of pressure, especially because they were both still within the Void Palace when it happened.

As for Second Nova, he had never taken him seriously because although he was clever, he was too used to being a lone wolf. He didn't know how to rely on others, and even when it came to his wide information network, he micro-managed everything he could. One of the most important characteristics of a leader was knowing when to release the reins, and Second Nova thought he could do everything on his own.

Knowing all of this, Xavnik had slotted First Nova in as his greatest enemy. He both had great combat prowess and was extremely intelligent, not to mention extremely charismatic as a leader. But somehow, before he even got the chance to lift a finger, this supposed top tier enemy of his had been eliminated by someone else, and he wasn't even sure how it had happened.

Now Seventh Nova, the one that he had given the least regard to, was smiling an unreadable expression toward him, leaving him without the words to respond.

After a long while, Xavnik slowly nodded. "Little Nova, you've truly been too honest; it feels a little burdensome."

Leonel's smile didn't fade. "If I am too on guard against you, how can we work together properly? We don't have much time, how about you tell me what you have in mind?"

"Right. Little Nova's numbers are smaller than expected, so I assume that you've used your mind to achieve the standards you have today. I wouldn't be surprised if you have many ideas far better than my own. I'll tell you my plans and you tell me how you feel about them, how about it?"

"No problem," Leonel nodded.

Xavnik smiled. "As I see things, our greatest threat is the Omann family. They have been focused on Crafting for several weeks now, and it's hard to tell what their plans are because as more time passes, they spend less and less time clashing with others. At the same time, the biggest wildcard is likely to be the Spiritual Faith.

"Even with all of this being the case, I don't believe that attacking either one of them directly is a smart idea. I believe it's best that we act to take out the Suiard family first.

"You and Amery have quite the history. After seeing you, I think this plan will work far better with you than it would have with First Nova. If you challenge him to a one-on-one battle, I don't believe that he wouldn't accept, if for no other reason than to regain his lost pride.

"I have a treasure here that I've gained from a Heir Grade Dungeon. It's able to release a Force-eating poison. If it's released at an opportune moment, then whether it's his Sword Force or other Forces, Amery will find them all to be useless. He will either be forced to use his badge to escape or die."

Leonel raised an eyebrow. "Interesting. Why haven't you used this yourself just yet?"

"Well, for one, aside from what I've said about it likely working best with you, I only have one such treasure, and I've had to be cautious with it. In addition, while you're doing this, there'll be a great opportunity."

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Chapter 2073: Ruthless

"Oh, an opportunity?"

"Yes. You may or may not know, but the Spiritual Religion and the Suiard have attached themselves together, much like us. The difference being that it's a marriage alliance between the current Heir of the Spirituals Religion and the Sword Deity.

"They made a show of fighting one another, resulting in many lowering their guards. The original assumption was that they would be a check and balance on one another, but the moment they became allies, this check and balance vanished, leading to their combined territory not only be the largest with the

most plentiful resources, but they also have a very defensible land with no, so-called, 'natural predators'."

Leonel's brows raised, and he nodded, gesturing for Xavnik to continue.

"While you're challenging the Suiard, it'll be more convenient for me to target the Spirituals Religion directly. This is the best way to separate the two and not allow them to take advantage of fusing their abilities into one, which will be too troublesome for any one of us to handle.

"Setting aside the Sword Deity's combat prowess, the Heir of the Spirituals Religion is exceptionally powerful as well. You may or may not know this, but she is the current number one in our generation's Queen Beauty rankings. This isn't just because she's an exceptional beauty, but it is also because of her exceptional combat prowess.

"Of course, the greatest issue with all of this is that no one knows the true limit of her strength. The Spirituals Religion do not often associate themselves with conflict, and because they're so powerful no one comes to find trouble with them either. In addition, their Heirs, or Heiresses, have never entered the Void Palace; it could be said that the fact she made her way onto the rankings at all, let alone number one, just goes to show you her extraordinary strength."

Leonel raised an eyebrow. Number one on the Queen Beauty rankings? Who decided that nonsense?

"I see. So I'll attack the Suiard half of the territory, while you deal with the Spirituals half. Even if you don't succeed, we'll at least be able to deal with Amery and stop him from receiving reinforcements from the Spirituals Religion. This makes sense."

It was a simple plan, but often these were the best. With a limited number of moving parts, it would be exceptionally easy to execute and it would be a simple matter to get in and get out.

"So you've agreed?" Xavnik asked with a smile.

"Of course, no problem at all. Just give me the time. I was planning on moving out right this moment anyway; I'm ready to go."

Xavnik's gaze lit up. "Excellent. I will attack exactly three hours from now; that is when you can issue your challenge."

"Noted."

Leonel watched with a smile as Xavnik flickered and vanished. Soon, there was nothing but the light breeze of the salted ocean brushing against his ears. The smell in the air was quite strong, but Leonel felt that it was quite good.

He looked to the side to find that Aina had appeared by his side. Their conversation wasn't hidden in the slightest, which was actually quite odd for such a complicated affair. Usually, in order to hide such matters from the ears of spies just in case, such things would happen behind closed doors. But both Leonel and Xavnik had sealed the deal on such a thing out in the open.

"Is it alright to do this?" Aina asked.

She had found out a lot about what was happening during her mini vacation with Leonel. While they had been in their own little world, it didn't mean that they hadn't discussed any business whatsoever. So, she was fully aware of Leonel's speculations about Third Nova.

Toward her question, though, Leonel laughed. "Alright? Well, I guess that would be up to him. It doesn't really matter either way."

Aina's gaze flickered, and then she pinched Leonel's waist, an action to which he pretended to be quite hurt by, yelping and running away without the hint of the seriousness a leader should have.

Aina could only roll her eyes. Clearly, this man didn't want to explain things.

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Xavnik appeared in his territory once again, a pensive expression on his face. With a step, he entered his city's core, his contemplation growing deeper and deeper as he slowly sat on his throne. As though on cue, a man strode in with heavy steps.

This man was clad in deep green armor, so deep, in fact, that it almost appeared to be black beneath dimmer lights. His hair was an ocean of black, as were his eyes. He looked quite average, but there was something about his demeanor and the depths of his eyes that felt off.

"Ysemsan," Xavnik suddenly said without looking up from his thoughts.

"Yes!" The green-armored man replied with a booming voice.

"Kill these people."

Xavnik waved a hand, and a list unfurled. Upon it, there was a large list of individuals, thousands of them, in fact. Xavnik seemed to have manifested them from the air.

"Do it appropriately. Form up a troop consisting of them, march them off toward the ocean under the pretext of dungeon hunting, and make sure none of them ever resurface."

Ysemsan's gaze flickered. He didn't quite understand why Xavnik was asking for this... That was because if these people could be called to form a troop, and then march off on Xavnik's orders, weren't their identities obvious?

Xavnik was actually executing his own subordinates without the slightest hesitation.

Seemingly sensing that Ysemsan hadn't moved to act on his words immediately, Xavnik looked up. His expression was unreadable, but Ysemsan couldn't help but shudder, his shoulders visibly trembling.

"Right away, lord!"

Xavnik didn't say a word as Ysemsan vanished, his fingers tapping on the armrest of his throne. Suddenly, his shadow seemed to shift beneath his feet, but he didn't seem to react to it even as it took the shape of a willowy woman.

"How ruthless," she said with a giggle.

"It has to be done. There may very well be Cloud Race members right under our noses," Xavnik replied indifferently.

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Chapter 2074: Confident

The willowy shadow paused. It was clear that this was the very last thing that she had expected to hear. What would the Cloud Race be doing here? And worst yet, why would they be interfering in their plans? She suddenly thought of the worst possibility and she couldn't help but tremble a bit.

"I don't think that the situation is that bad," Xavnik said.

"These Cloud Race members come from the Prince of Earth."

The shadow jumped again, before she seemed to piece together the same things that Xavnik had slowly come to understand while he listened to Leonel's words. But what baffled the shadow was why Xavnik would know this, it couldn't be...

"He just directly told me. That littlest cousin of mine is not simple. He knows well that him informing me that he has Cloud Race members under his charge doesn't lessen my worries. In fact, it increases them. Look at him, he didn't even have to lift a finger and yet I've directly executed 10,000 of my men for him, he has such a charming smile and glistening eyes, and yet his heart is no less cruel than anyone I've ever met."

The shadow paused for a moment before giggling. "Keep talking like that and I'll start getting jealous. Don't tell me you'll fall for your own cousin when you have me?"

Xavnik seemed to be very used to this shadow and her antics, but at the same time he wasn't in the mood to play around. His thoughts were running a million miles a minute. Even as he spoke, he was trying to figure out what to do from here.

Sensing this as well, the shadow's voice changed, and she became more serious. "Tell me exactly what happened."

Xavnik almost carelessly explained things in the most direct way possible. His contact with Leonel was brief to begin with, so there wasn't much to explain.

"I see... Indeed, this Littlest Nova isn't a simple character. Not only did he tell you so much, he didn't even ask you to reciprocate, it's as though he couldn't be bothered to care."

"... Or he knows everything he needs to know already," Xavnik said lightly.

The shadow fell silent. Indeed, if Cloud Race members had already infiltrated, what could there be that Leonel didn't know? In fact, it would be an exaggeration to say that Leonel might know even more than Xavnik himself did. How could a leader know every little thing his subordinates did? There might very well be some who were dissatisfied with his orders, some holding

grudges from the death of their loved ones, and these would all be things that Leonel would have access to that others wouldn't dare to tell him for the sake of retribution.

Just by being honest, Leonel had actually painted Xavnik into a corner he didn't know how to advance from and couldn't retreat from.

"Is there a chance he's lying just to mess with you?"

"Unlikely. Given his displays in the past, and the precarious situation of Earth, the odds that he really has Cloud Race members are quite high. The real question is how powerful they are."

"Then how do you plan on moving forward? This isn't something that we can allow to go freely; if we're too lax, victory will slip from us."

"What do you suggest?"

The shadow laughed a seductive laugh. "If it was up to me, we would take the most direct approach. As I see it, he's managed to reach this stage likely using his mind over his brawn. There are potentially powerful Cloud Race members protecting him, but if you take an elite squadron with you, I don't believe you would lose.

"In addition, you did well giving him that Heir-Grade 'reward'. He'll never be ready for the poison now, and he might even foolishly try to use it on you, leaving him in a precarious position."

Xavnik thought for a moment, then shook his head. The eyes of Leonel weren't those of someone who was simple to handle. He wouldn't be handled with brute force directly, at least not without revealing his true face. But he wouldn't do that unless it was the final hope he had.

The shadow laughed, unbothered. "You never listen to me anyway, but you always ask. This is just you trying to make me feel like I'm more than just a bed buddy, huh? I'm wise to your games."

Xavnik didn't move for an entire hour, nor did he respond to the shadow's attempts at seducing him. Then, when there were just two hours left to his and Leonel's meeting, his gaze suddenly glowed with a fiercely bright light.

"Oh, my hubby has a plan? Tell me, tell me."

"I'm certain of Leonel's final trump card. The Pyius family. No one would ever guess that a Constellation family would divert their resources at the final moment, and especially not to the one young man so many of them want to kill. It seems that Leonel's charm is even greater than that of Adawarth's."

The Pyius family's position was a bit unique. They had a portion of Sixth Nova's old territory, and it had to be remembered that Sixth Nova was once sandwiched between the Omann and Spirituals Religion.

If Xavnik attacked the Spirituals Religion normally, and then tried to retreat back to his territory after all was said and done, who would be waiting for him right as he was in his most vulnerable position? The worst part was that after passing through the Pyius, there would still be the Omann lingering, and with just a bit of prodding from Leonel, they might jump to capitalize on the situation well.

Of course, this wasn't what Xavnik had spent an entire hour figuring out...

"I know what we'll do," he said lightly, standing to his feet.

As though on cue, Ysemsan came rushing in from the outside.

"Prepare the troops, Ysemsan. We are moving out now."

Xavnik strode forward, his gait confident.

Erdiul Notes: Oh man, this guy is clueless LOL.

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Chapter 2075: I'm Sorry

Leonel sat atop of a lion beast from the Lio family. Their size wasn't all the substantial, especially not compared to what he had seen in the Cataclysm Zone, but it was still more than substantial enough for three or even four people to be seated upon it, and definitely large enough for him to be able to take Aina with him so that he wouldn't be bored on the journey.

Aina could only be speechless. The Leonel of the last few months and this Leonel were far too different. She couldn't even count the number of times Leonel had smiled in the last few months because it had basically never happened. Now he was in the mood to tease her all the time.

It made it all the more embarrassing that she knew that his parents were likely watching, and probably even her father. The projections went all across the Human Domain, so even if they weren't physically present, it would only take a little effort to watch.

Knowing this, she felt a bit embarrassed about what had happened before. She had actually kissed him in front of so many people, and now he wouldn't leave her alone.

Aina suddenly pinched Leonel's thigh fiercely, causing him to yelp. This time, Leonel didn't have to fake it, this woman truly had a strong enough grip.

This time, it was Leonel's turn to be speechless. What had he done this time? He couldn't even tease his wife? Where was the humanity? In the end, he could only pout.

"Be obedient! Be serious! Look at them, how can you lead people like this?!"

The various soldiers were doing their best to hold back their laughter. Did they look down on the current Leonel? Of course not. The Skies family only knew the smiling Leonel to begin with, he had crushed their family's Patriarch while hardly lifting a finger. As for the Oryx, they knew Leonel from before he even had the conviction to become King in the first place, all that Leonel knew how to do was goof around.

After so many tense weeks, watching this scene made a weight on their chests lower.

Because Leonel was always so perfect, everyone around him had the pressure to be perfect as well. Since Leonel never made mistakes, they couldn't make mistakes. Since even their leader was always working so hard, how could they be the ones to slack off?

Leonel had never been cruel, and his demands had never been excessive, but that only made the burden the rest of them carried even heavier. No one wanted to be the one who disappointed Leonel. Even though they still had such feelings now, for some reason it didn't feel as burdensome.

The relaxed Leonel gave off the illusion that everything would be fine. Even if they made one or two mistakes here and there, he would be there to cover for them. Even while marching into enemy territory like this, he was still in the mood to have fun.

The respect they had for Aina was no less deep. While others had only just learned of Aina's skills, that was only because they had only just begun paying attention. All of them had already been beneficiaries of Aina's skill, and they were quite aware of battle plans that Leonel had in place that no one in the outside world was yet privy too, so they were all well aware of how much of it was contingent on Aina.

So, seeing her reprimand Leonel like this, they felt like laughing in their hearts. Neither of them was inferior to the other, this was how things should be.

The Oryx had grown used to following the Oryx King and the Skies family had obviously grown used to their own form of governance. But after just a few months with Leonel, they couldn't help but think that it would be so bad to follow such a King and Queen.

Smiles bloomed on their faces as they watched Leonel apologize like a wronged child.

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The ground rumbled, an army moving forward like a swiftly shifting tide. They were akin to a sea of dark green, crushing the greenery in their path as though they couldn't be bothered to march around it.

In the territory of the Pyius family, they had on solemn expressions. They knew that this moment would be coming soon, but they hadn't expected that the sea of people would be this great. They had already known that Xavnik had the largest armies, but it was only now that they were seeing it themselves that they knew how truly exaggerated it was.

Xavnik's army, or at the very least the one marching toward them, was easily numbering at a hundred million. This sort of monstrous number was enough to build its own Heir-Grade upgrade challenge, but now it was coming toward their city.

If they had the strength to challenge the Heir-Grade, they would have done it already.

Within the core of the city, Simona's brows furrowed. This wasn't a part of the plan.

According to her original thoughts, the fact they had survived to this point likely meant that they would make it to the end point.

Given their special characteristics and ability to use poison, not to mention their numbers, anyone targeting them would be sure to suffer greatly. No one in the end game would be willing to take them on until the very final moment... or so she had thought.

But now, Xavnik's armies were rushing toward her, and clearly willing to go all out.

Simona sighed and came to an understanding. Xavnik definitely wanted to attack the Suiard and Spiritual Religion alliance, but was afraid of their taking advantage of the situation. So, he wanted to take them out first regardless of the cost. At the very least, even if things went poorly, he still had a lane of retreat back to his own territory.

Simona's expression became a bit bitter. They had made it so far just to make a mistake at this step.

'... I'm sorry Leonel, looks like things won't work out.'

Indeed... It seemed that Xavnik's conjecture had been correct.

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Chapter 2076: Returned

Simona took a breath and stood to her feet.

She had indeed promised to side with Leonel. Very few would understand why she would do such a thing, or more importantly, why it was that her family seemed to be alright with it.

Simona was the most talented junior born to the Pyius family in an extremely long time. But what many didn't know was that her status in her Paternal Clan was even more important.

This was an extremely odd matter, and also one that very few knew about. That was because it was far too unconventional, and her Godlen family, her father's family, was far too reclusive. They tended toward nature, so aside

from worshipping their God and raising their beasts, they didn't interfere with any matters, much less the politics of the human world.

If not to avoid the spotlight being placed on them, Simona would have never been sent to the Void Palace in the first place.

This might sound odd. After all, if you wanted to avoid detection, why do the opposite of that by sending such a genius to be placed upon the Queen Beauty rankings? However, it was precisely because of this clever maneuvering of public opinion that the Godlen family was able to keep themselves separate from worldly affairs by not allowing others to talk to them.

The fact that the Matriarch of the Pyius family had married the nameless man of an unknown family would have been shocking news enough. However, if the child between them was also under the rules and regulations of his nameless family as well, this would go from a cute love story where the underdog gained victory, to something many speculated about.

The weight of marriage alliances was quite heavy, this was seen by the fact that even the likes of Amery and the Spiritual Religion Heiress could be married off for the sake of their families. The idea of Simona's mother marrying a man without a hint of reputation was entirely unheard of.

It had to be known that as someone that could become the Matriarch of a Constellation family, Matriarch Pyius was no normal woman. She too had once been on the Queen Beauty rankings, and outside of Cynthia, there was rarely anyone else of her generation that could match up to her.

Due to all of this, after Simona was born, in order to avoid the speculation of the public, her outward face was that of a genius of the Pyius family, with her father's family being of secondary concern. In fact, even her last name wasn't Godlen, but rather Pyius.

It painted the image that Simona's mother had managed to pick her love, but in order to compromise with her family, her daughter's future, along with any other children she might have, were under the control of the Pyius family.

But the reality was very far from this. In fact, it might be more accurate to say that the Pyius family was quite subordinate to the Godlen family, and her parents had not a single ounce of strain between the two of them. When she visited the Godlen family, she was even referred to as Mistress Godlen. There

was definitely no fear on the Godlen family's part about offending the Pyius family.

So why was all of this important? It all went back to Simona's little purple puppy.

As a member of the Godlen and Pyius family, she was actually born with two Lineage Factors, not one. This was exceptionally rare, as one understood. The Morales family had billions of Novas in this generation, but only seven had been born with two Lineage Factors. The Suiard family was likewise in this situation, but there were only four in their current generation, and one of them was Amery.

However, this wasn't the important part. What was important wasn't Simona's raw talent, but rather what kind of talent it was.

The Godlen's Lineage Factor was known as the Natural Beast Lineage Factor. When a woman gave birth to a seed of the Godlen family, she would actually give birth to two things. The first was their child, and the second was known as the Natural Beast Core, an existence that looked very much like an egg.

Setting aside the oddity of a human woman birthing an egg, this egg could be considered to be the most important existence to the life of a Godlen family child. That was because one's talent was split between themselves and this creature, and this creature was also the outlet through which all of the Godlen's family's strength was produced.

One could see through the talent of a child easily by testing this egg. However, for Simona, this hadn't even been necessary. That was because the instant she and her beast companion were born, the phenomena that was triggered was the likes of which the Godlen family had never seen. And if the Godlen family had been aware, the only phenomena that could have possibly matched up was Leonel's own and the birth of his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node.

That was the level Simona was at.

Unfortunately, the more talented you were as a Godlen family member, the more time it took for your beast companion to grow. And, while your beast companion had yet to mature, not only could you not use the Godlen's family's strength, but your improvement speed was only a fraction of what it could be because more than 90% would be diverted to your companion.

The moment she was born, Simona was already slated to be the next leader of the Godlen family. In fact, she matched up with the prophecy of their ancient teachings. With her appearance, the Godlen family would finally be allowed to come out of seclusion, establishing their might and saving the Human Domain from their calamity.

However... due to the schemes of Xavnik and Rosen, Simona had been separated from her beast companion during the teleportation to the Rapax Nest. This had cut off all her potential and crumbled the hope of the Godlen family... Until Leonel suddenly returned it.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2077: Small World

When Simona lost her puppy it was akin to her losing almost 90% of her talent and cutting off the future hope of the Godlen family. No matter how great their conviction, how could a population of people be willing to stay in seclusion forever?

At the same time, how could Simona be willing to never reach her full potential? There was simply no replacement for her beast companion, it had quite literally been born with her. It was like an extension of her limb.

This is why she had shed tears when Leonel returned it. After 20 years of despair, hearing the praises of people while knowing that she could be so much better, she finally saw the light of hope that she had prayed for for so long.

What she was even more thankful for was Leonel's restraint.

That puppy wasn't just a benign little creature, it was also an endless bundle of energy. It had carried over 90% of her energy until this moment. Every time she took one step forward, it would take almost ten. On top of this, it was the purest form of absorbable Force as well.

There was a reason that the Godlen family had been forced into seclusion long ago, a story that had been wiped from the annals of Human Domain history.

Their beast companions were just extensions of their Lineage Factors and were more valuable than even Pure Force Crystals. Their beast companions

could quite literally be used as resource wells. To put this matter into proper perspective, the immature beast companion of back then, the very one Simona had lost, could be used to produce dozens of Conventional Path Seventh Dimensional existences. It could even be used at a crucial point to push one to the Eighth Dimension of the Conventional Path, something that was extraordinarily rare.

She didn't believe that Leonel could sense this, but she also wasn't surprised.

Leonel was a man who had turned down the Shadow Sovereign Lineage Factor because he could stand to kill an unborn Rapax. Many would see such Rapax as nothing more than enemies of another race, unable to humanize them in any way because they simply looked too foreign.

But not him.

Simona didn't know Leonel very intimately, but she knew enough about him to be willing to follow him wholeheartedly. It was just a shame that at the final moment, she wasn't able to be as useful as she had initially hoped to be.

~Grrrr

A little puppy growled by Simona's feet, causing her furrowed brows to unwrinkle into the hint of a smile. By now, the little puppy had finally begun to show some signs of growth and was about 20% larger than Leonel remembered.

Although she had lost 20 years, because she was so much more powerful now, Simona could help the little one to grow a lot faster. Before, it had taken over 20 years for it to reach the stage of being able to walk around on its own. But now, after only just a year or so of having returned to her size, it had grown by 20%.

At this pace, it would reach maturity in just another decade or so. Given the fact the more talented she was, the more time it would take, this speed was actually exceptional. Originally, her companion wouldn't have reached maturity until she became an Ancestor level character, and even then it wasn't entirely certain.

It seemed that being forced to find a path without this little guy for so long had definitely helped her in many ways.

"Come on, little guy. Although we aren't allowed to display too much of our strength, I don't believe that we can't make a dent in this army."

The little puppy barked with a menacing glare in its eyes, but Simona only laughed more heartily. The little guy didn't sound very menacing at all.

Those who knew Simona would truly be shocked right now, how could they have ever seen this ice beauty laugh like this?

Simona turned and strolled forward. The more she walked, the more her laughing expression faded. By the time she walked out from the hall, her expression was icy, her purple hair dancing in the wind.

"Young Miss."

A powerful voice came from the side. A young man standing atop a black line with flickering black flames for a mane appeared. The beast seemed to be both illusory and corporeal. Despite the fact the rumbling of the ground had already reached this point and the buildings were quaking, whether it was the beast or the young man, both were entirely indifferent.

"With the current state of things, we will lose," the young man said indifferently.

They were limited in the strength they were allowed to display. In this regard, they were a lot like the Umbra family. So, the moment they saw the state of this, they knew there was nothing they could do.

The question was whether or not Simona wanted them to continue to fight to put up a façade, or to retreat right this moment.

"We will fight," Simona said lightly.

The young man didn't show any dissatisfaction or pleasure, he only nodded once. "Yes, Young Miss."

...

The rumbling came to a stop just half a kilometer from the gates of the Pyius family territory. Seated in the middle of the army, Xavnik watched on with silence as Ysemsan took a step forward.

"We will give you all a choice out of respect for the Pyius family. Heiress Simona may choose to crush her badge now and we will make no attempts to stop her. If you refuse, we will attack with full force!"

Ysemsan had hardly finished when the thunderous roar of countless beasts echoed.

Simona's gaze flickered as another army came into view from the distance.

Seated in the middle of his army, Xavnik's gaze couldn't help but narrow. It couldn't be?

At that moment, Leonel rode over from the distance with his arms still wrapped around Aina's waist. He didn't seem to be taking this very seriously at all.

"Ah, Third Nova," Leonel said with surprise. "I didn't expect that you and I would actually have the same idea, what a small world."

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2078: Or...

The army was small. Compared to Xavnik's numbers in the upwards of nine figures, the barely few hundred thousand that Leonel had come with was truly too pitiful, especially when among that number, most were just wild beasts and only about 20 000 or so were actual humanoids. It didn't make sense to take this matter so seriously.

And yet, Xavnik's pause was long and his thoughts came slow. He seemed to lag, not knowing exactly what to make of this immediately. When Leonel said that he had had the same idea, could it be that he wanted to deal with the Pyius family before he went forward to attack the Suiard and Spiritual Religion alliance? Technically, Leonel was just as vulnerable from the back as Xavnik was given the relative positions of everything, so could it be that his deduction was wrong?

In addition, Xavnik had, indeed, suddenly come up with many allies that others couldn't have expected. He had the largest numbers precisely because of this. So Leonel believing that he might have the Pyius family in his back pocket wasn't an impossible leap to make.

As for Xavnik himself, the reason he had concluded that Leonel must have the Pyius family by his side was because of those matters that happened over a year ago. Back then, Leonel hadn't done much to hide the fact that he returned Simona's beast companion. In addition, Simona had very publicly stated that her paternal family would be willing to help Leonel out.

Back then, it was still a taboo for the Constellation families to take part in the Heir Wars, so it wasn't a matter that many thought about, especially since the Godlen family was relatively unknown. However, given his unique standing, Xavnik was able to put together many oddities about the Godlen family that made him pay a little bit more attention to them.

Unfortunately for him, there wasn't anything that he could find in the end that was worth paying any more attention to, so he had forgotten about this matter, until he thought through the methods by which Leonel could have used to deal with him.

But now seeing Leonel here, he really had no idea whether he was here to help or attack him. This sort of confusion left Xavnik feeling as though he had just short circuited. It was too difficult to draw a conclusion, and right now, depending on how he reacted, he could make things either easier or more difficult on Leonel, and yet, at the same time, no matter what path he took, no step was perfect for him.

On the one hand, there was potentially offending an ally who was more than willing to work with him ahead of a timeline that he was comfortable with. On the other hand, there was Leonel and the Pyius family teaming up with one another to deal with him, and he had actually delivered himself on a silver platter.

Looking at Leonel's smiling face, he actually couldn't tell which one it was, and it was actually beginning to agitate him. He had always had everything in the palm of his hands. He was easily forgotten as the Third Nova, it could even be called middle child syndrome if he wanted to be dramatic about it, but this had also allowed him to fly under the radar while setting up everything exactly like he wanted it.

He had even played with the governing structure of the Void Palace as a mere Sixth Dimensional existence, but right now he actually didn't know what to do.

Leonel's expression gave nothing away, and the few seconds that were ticking by truly felt like an eternity. The more he tried to find an answer, the further it

slipped away from him. It felt like everyone was observing him, waiting to see how he would react.

Xavnik's confusion was just the same as everyone else. This was the largest conflict currently taking place in the Heir Wars, so the number paying attention to this location was over 90%. But they couldn't make heads or tails of it either.

Suddenly, Xavnik began to laugh. He shook his head.

"Indeed, it's a funny matter," Xavnik responded to Leonel's words finally. "As they say, great minds think alike. But I'm beginning to feel that your mind and mine aren't exactly the same at all. It seems that we've been quite on guard against one another, so what will you do, Leonel?"

Leonel grinned. "Well that depends. If I help you out, will you kill me like you did your subordinates once you're finished with me?"

Xavnik's smile didn't fade, but the downcast over his gaze only grew.

"I'm not sure what you mean, Littlest Nova."

"You don't? Ah, you really might not, but that's because I forgot to explain something during our first meeting. What you might not know is that the reason no one else can build territories in the ocean is because all four seas have already been claimed."

Xavnik's pupils constricted, but his expression wasn't too surprising. After all, he knew this already. Everyone was dealing with the very same situation and they were all wary of one another, wondering which four powers had actually managed such a thing.

The problem was that there weren't many powers remaining, there were barely over four in number to begin with. So who could have done it?

"The simplest answer is usually the right one," Leonel said with a chuckle. "But even when you have that saying in mind, the importance of context is also important. There are only six powers remaining. Myself, yourself, the Omann family, the Pyius family, the Suiard family and the Spirituals Religion. However, two of those powers are in an alliance, and so there's only five powers remaining, technically. And you yourself are certain that you don't own a sea, so that means what, exactly?"

Xavnik suddenly shuddered.

It was either all four powers remaining aside from himself had claimed a sea, or...

"Or," Leonel grinned. "They were all claimed by a single person. You tell me, which is the simplest answer?"

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2079: Refute?

Xavnik felt as though his mind was collapsing. Looking at Leonel's charming smile, his heart was threatening to beat out of his chest.

It was, indeed, the simplest answer, it was just one that he wasn't willing to accept. He had the largest number of people, and he had even been the closest to claiming a sea aside from Leonel before Orinik and the others had been booted out by Leonel's success.

What made more sense? That everyone but the one with the largest number of followers had managed to succeed in such a difficult endeavor, or that just one person with a perfect system had managed to do the impossible and claim the entire ocean for him?

When it was laid out like this, the answer was all too obvious, and it wasn't even one that Xavnik could refute.

It was then that the realization hit him like a ton of bricks. How had they managed to make it to this point in the conversation, wasn't it because Leonel was accusing him of killing his subordinates? Of course, he had done so, but how could Leonel have any proof of that?

But then he remembered... he had sent Ysemsan to the ocean.

Back then, it had just been the obvious choice. The continent had already been cleared of its resources by the rapaciousness of the Heirs. The only resources that remained were within the ocean. If he wanted to send a team out on a pretense, the only location he could use was the ocean.

But... But the entire ocean was Leonel's territory! Everything that happened within it, every person who stepped foot within its borders, especially if it was a number as large as within the thousands, would be known by him.

"You..." Xavnik wanted to speak, but Leonel had already flipped a palm, throwing an orb into the air.

At that moment, the images began to speed by one after another.

Basically no one had paid attention to Xavnik sending out his subordinates on a mission to clear dungeons. The fascination with dungeons had long since waned, and the public was far more excited about the coming alliance war between the Morales and the Suiard.

Xavnik knew this and had taken advantage of the situation. Although he had spoken Ysemsan's orders "aloud", the reality was that only Ysemsan himself and the shadow beneath his feet had heard it. He had long since come up with a system to hide his actions perfectly, but it seemed that none of this mattered at the moment.

He couldn't even stop Leonel, he could only watch as the actions of Ysemsan were broadcasted. The slaughter of his subordinates was right before everyone and no small number of individuals felt their hearts grow cold.

Others might not know, but those within Xavnik's army knew all too well. Ysemsan was Xavnik's right hand man. Many of the orders they received came from him directly. Even those that weren't familiar with Xavnik's chain of command had watched enough battles to know this. And those that were a little too foolish to pick up on this earlier had quite literally just seen Ysemsan step forward to give Simona an ultimatum.

It was like every step Xavnik took just chained him down further, suffocating him until the point his vision could only go black. He was certain that Leonel had even waited to appear until after Ysemsan had spoken just so that the connection could be made even easier.

He didn't even pause the video, he didn't speed it up, he forced them all to watch as Ysemsan trapped and killed over 10 000 of Xavnik's subordinates, one after another without pause. Maybe the most eerie part was that Leonel's smile never faded even a single time. His arm remained wrapped around Aina's waist, enjoying her supple skin as though he was still on vacation rather right in the middle of a battlefield.

Suddenly, the video came to an end and silence fell.

"Oh, it's over," Leonel said lightly, putting the orb away.

Xavnik sat in silence. His expression had long since become placid, but a brewing rage was within his heart despite not showing up in the slightest.

"You put on a nice show for us all," Xavnik said softly.

Leonel smiled. "I try my best."

"When you told me that you had so many Cloud Race members on your side, I didn't believe you. But you're quite bold to be willing to kill thousands of them. They would have been very helpful toward your cause."

Leonel's smile didn't fade although he very much understood what Xavnik was trying to say. Clearly he wanted to pretend as though this was all a ruse. Either that or he wanted everyone to believe that everyone he had ordered Ysemsan to kill had been a member of the Cloud Race.

"Me? Controlling the Cloud Race? Where?" Leonel blinked innocently. "Your imagination is pretty wild, Third Nova."

Xavnik clenched his jaw so hard that his teeth almost cracked, a vein surging up his throat and another pulsing across his forehead. Slowly, he calmed down.

Of course, everyone watching in the Human Domain knew that Leonel had Cloud Race members, but Xavnik's people didn't know that. In addition, those watching knew that Leonel only had a few hundred Cloud Race members, where would he get over 10 000 from? His greatest weakness was his small numbers.

Leonel was simply too brilliant. Convincing people only required the simplest explanations.

Everyone outside knew he had Cloud Race members and could draw the conclusion that he had too few of them, but if he tried to explain this to Xavnik's subordinates, it would take too many words and many wouldn't believe him over Xavnik.

So, he chose the simplest approach, making Xavnik's explanation look as ridiculous as possible. There was simply nothing Xavnik could say to refute.

Like this, he killed two birds with one stone. Everyone in the Human Domain now knew exactly how vicious Xavnik was, while his subordinates did as well. Would they be able to continue fighting for him?

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2080: Flatten

If Leonel's greatest weakness was his small numbers, then Xavnik's greatest weakness was that he simply had too many subordinates.

There were too many factions, too many families, too many powers. Each one had their own thoughts, and though they had come together, this was under the assumption that Xavnik was their best choice and the best leader they had.

If they were suddenly given reason to not agree with this, then what would they do?

Leonel had obviously thought of the possibility that these subordinates were procured for Xavnik by the Three Finger Cult or the Demon Race, but would they all be? How could such a top-tier secret be kept by so many people? Leonel believed that it was likely the only people who were aware of this information amongst Xavnik's subordinates were those in the highest echelons.

The likelihood that those so high up in their families would be participating in this Heir War was next to zero. It had to be remembered that the age limit was 100 years old. It would be very rare for someone of that status to be trusted with such information.

Even if Leonel took a step back and believed that such people were within these walls and participating in this matter, how many of this 100 million number would there be? Maybe one for every million? Less than that? Would they even be able to control the situation if a rebellion occurred?

Of those that had died, there were brothers, there were sisters, there were parents, there were friends. Leonel really wanted to see what Xavnik would do

now. He probably hadn't even informed them just yet that so many had recently died.

While death was an inevitable part of the Heir Wars, this sort of death wasn't the kind that those below would be able to accept. It only made the situation worse that Heirs usually had a way out, while subordinates could only accept their fate, dying when they came across something they couldn't defeat.

As expected, Leonel's words had hardly fallen when the discomfort within Xavnik's army began to spread.

Leonel had hardly done anything. He had simply spoken a few words and Xavnik fell head first into his trap, thinking himself to be bold and clever. Even now, he continued to smile, not in a single hurry to attack at all.

Soon, the disorder in the army continued, reaching a pinnacle and certain sections began to peel off, looking toward Xavnik with unfriendly gazes.

Despite the animosity they felt, they didn't dare to attack Xavnik directly. They were just members of small families, how could they lay hands on a Morales Heir? At the same time, Xavnik's survival was their only way out of this place without losing their lives. If they had had an easy method of snatching his badge, they would have done it.

On the city walls, Simona's gaze flickered. She looked down toward Leonel with an unreadable expression.

Her deepest interaction with Leonel had been in Rapax Nest. He defeated Amery with three arrows, defeated those Variant Invalids with ease, and had even carved out a path for them to escape utilizing nothing but the materials around him. He had always been unfathomable to her, but this was the first time she was truly seeing it.

The Leonel she had met back then was trying to be someone he wasn't, pulling himself toward being more serious and professional. He seemed to have completed his transformation in their most recent interaction. But now... he somehow felt far more natural, far more like himself, as though a burden he had been carrying had suddenly vanished.

If she knew what Leonel had gone through recently, she would have truly been rendered speechless. How could learning of such a thing relieve his burdens? Especially given how he had reacted to the news initially?

Xavnik watched as his subordinates backed away from him. He didn't say even a single word, he didn't try to plead for them to stop, in fact he hadn't even looked at them directly just yet, his eyes entirely focused on Leonel from start to finish.

He had, indeed, had a great plan. He was going to swiftly crush the Pyius family and then retreat under the pretext of having been ambushed. Of course, Leonel would know that this was nonsense because he was allied with the Pyius family to begin with, but he wasn't important, it was instead the remaining enemies.

While Leonel was distracting the Suiard family, and he was "retreating", the Omann family might try to take advantage of the situation. Like this, Leonel would likely be assaulted by the Suiard Alliance, and he would be able to catch the Omann family suddenly off guard and deal them a decisive blow.

Like this, he would have played all of his enemies in his palm and he would come out on top. But now... it all seemed so silly and worthless.

Xavnik finally calmed down and chuckled. He hadn't been this enraged maybe ever. He had truly been played by this littlest cousin of his.

Soon, much of Xavnik's army had peeled away. When they made it into the distance without Xavnik reacting, they began to move faster, forming a large and larger gap. Soon, many were even over a kilometer away, but even then, Xavnik didn't do anything.

However... not everyone left. In fact, over 10 million remained. Even so, a loss over almost 90% without a single battle was a truly shocking matter.

Leonel's smile deepened. To him, this was just a little game. In the overall scheme, those 90 million Xavnik had just lost were nothing more than cannon fodder, these 10 million remaining, each one with stone faces and gazes that didn't seem to perceive anything around them at all... These 10 million were the true danger.

"... You've really succeeded in pissing me off, Littlest Nova," Xavnik said lightly, his smile returning. "Let's decide which of us will be the final Morales right here and now."

"Oh? That's unfortunate," Leonel pouted. "I thought we were really hitting it off, what happened to our alliance?"

Aina and Simona bit their lips, seemingly trying to hold back their laughter. This Leonel... was truly too good at pissing people off.

Ysemsan slowly unsheathed a saber, his expression as dark as night.

Xavnik didn't answer Leonel directly, instead waving a hand and pointing.

"Flatten the city."