

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2081: Bulldoze

Leonel's smile didn't fade as he finally released Aina's waist. He slipped off the back of the lion beast and his figure flickered. With a speed that was difficult to spot, he appeared atop the walls. He wore a calm expression as the 10 million troops below rumbled into motion.

His actions didn't seem to make much sense. Down below, his own army, which was only a fraction of the size, was in a precarious situation and there very clearly wasn't any time to open the city gates without also risking the entry of Xavnik's army as well. It looked as though Leonel's people would be crushed first, before Simona's people followed soon afterward.

This was clear to everyone, except for Leonel himself, apparently.

Just then the lion beasts roared, leaping forward. Their numbers were large, numbered upward of 200 000. However, compared to a sea of 10 million, it really seemed as though it would be worth much. Until, suddenly, collars around their neck began to glow one after another.

Their manes flourished and grew a striking shade of gold, until that light suddenly peeled away, forming a circular disk of golden light. This circular disk moved before the heads of the charging lion beasts, snapping into place as they connected with one another one by one.

Suddenly, the charging sea of lion beasts formed a golden shield that spanned hundreds of meters, blocking the path forward for the army of 10 million rushing for them.

Leonel hadn't used the lion beasts until now, but that wasn't because he had forgotten about them. They were simply not very useful in the ocean waters. Although it wasn't like they were helpless in the water, the tradeoff wasn't worth it, especially if that meant that he had to reveal another trump card.

This time, though, was a perfect situation for them. The collars they were wearing currently were mass produced Crafts created under the efforts of the

Segmented Cube. It was one size fits all and each one was of the Life Grade. Their only purpose was to convert the large well of the Seventh Dimensional Force these pitiful beasts were in control over into a formation of powerful defenses.

Back when Leonel had formed the armors for the stingrays, he had thought of using this method, but he had decided against it in the end because he wanted something more powerful, and that would require taking into account the unique measurements of each individual stingray.

Now, however, he just needed a crude measure... of course, the definition of "crude" to Leonel's eyes and the eyes of others was vastly different... Especially when...

BANG!

The frontline of Xavnik's warriors rammed into the illusory golden shield walls. They hadn't hesitated for even a moment, already imagining the scene of the shields collapsing. Even if they had been against the sturdy shields of Shield Cross Stars, they would only have been a little hesitant, let alone now.

However, to their astonishment, the first line was repelled. They soared backward, but not very far only because there simply wasn't anywhere to go but toward the second line... then the third...

The army's charge collapsed, the spearheads crumbling beneath the pressure.

Leonel didn't say a word as the lion beasts shifted their stances, digging in their heels and setting a hard line of defenses. He only gave Simona an almost careless gaze, and she snapped out of her stupor.

"Archers!" Simona roared.

At that moment, several bird beasts soared into the skies, their archers priming their bows and releasing in waves.

Leonel took a glance up into the skies, a light smile on his face. This Golden family definitely fascinated him. He had put quite some effort into raising Little Blackstar, and it could be said that they had some tacit understanding, but it couldn't compare to the skills of this Golden family at all. Whether their beasts

had more potential or strength than Blackstar was one matter, but just their coordination alone was a beautiful thing.

They flew in perfect formation, raining down an assault of arrows.

PAK! PAK! PAK!

The sound of flesh being pierced echoed throughout the battlefield, but the expected cries of agony, pain and fear didn't follow. There were some roars, but they were all defiant, while the mass majority seemed to remain silent even in the face of death.

Leonel retrieved his gaze from the top of the city walls, an amused glint in his eyes. These main soldiers of Xavnik were, indeed, excellent.

"Bulldoze," Leonel said lightly.

Just at that moment, it seemed that the lion beasts were wavering and their shields were about to collapse. But then they rose up from their position, roaring as they rushed forward again.

Their line of shields pulsed with a light that repelled enemies.

"Hold," Leonel commanded again.

The lion beasts once again came to a stop after pushing the battle line just 10 or so meters, their shields flickering in and out as though they might collapse at any moment.

"Bulldoze," Leonel commanded once more.

They rose, rushing forward and pushing back the combat line another ten meters.

Xavnik's cold gaze watched this scene. He seemed to have a small idea now of how Leonel had accomplished so much. It seemed that the best Crafter among the Nova Heirs wasn't Fifth Nova after all. However, it still wasn't enough.

"Release," Xavnik commanded.

At that moment, the 10 million strong army that was being quickly whittled down suddenly retreated. They ignored their fallen comrades and didn't make

any attempt to save those that had fallen beneath their charge. They raised their polearms, some with pikes, others with halberds, and some with spears.

Their armors trembled and their faces were covered by helmets, even the seams within being subtly covered. It was to the point that even their eyes couldn't be seen any longer, not even through a small slit. Each one had become like a tank, their steps causing the ground to rumble and quake.

Leonel's lips suddenly curled into a grin.

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Chapter 2082: Blood.

Leonel seemed to see the next step before it even happened.

A dense gas was released across the battlefield. The wind billowed and spread it wildly, but even so, the density was so great that it continued to sink, moving forward like a grotesque algae throughout the battlefield.

The moment the gas touched the shields, they began to sizzle. The Force upon them was being suffocated. Every attempt at recovering was crushed and the shields began to crack, and very soon, some of the gas began to roll up and over the shields, descending down toward the dogs below.

There was no doubt. This was chemical warfare, and chemical warfare on such a large scale at that.

Even in the Dimensional Verse, the matters of chemical and biological warfare were very much looked down upon. It could cause far too much devastation. If it wasn't for the fact that the Pyius family had such a deep and rich history, they may very well have been taken out by other families for nothing other than what their affinities were.

This was an interesting matter, actually, because it may very well have been tied to how the Pyius family became acquainted with the Godlen family in the first place.

This aside, the fact that Xavnik had chosen to do such a thing meant that there most definitely wasn't any coming back. He had fallen deep within Leonel's schemes already, and though he hadn't lost his head to rage, he knew that there was little he could do to reclaim his prestige currently. What

mattered most was for him to secure his victory, everything after that mattered very little.

One after another, the lion beasts began to grow ill and shaken. Their brownish furs turned grey and then a sickly green before their bodies began to expand as grotesque tumors started to form. Then...

BANG!

The first lion beast exploded. Thick globules of coagulated blood spread out in all directions. At the same time, a second of the shield wall collapsed and flickered, causing an even larger surge of greenery to pass through.

Indeed, although Aina had a method of curing this poison, it was still a matter of time and resources. When would she have the time to concoct 200 000 such Force Pills, especially when Leonel had already put so much on her plate?

At the same time, due to the Lio family, these beasts had had their potential squeezed out entirely. They probably wouldn't live for even another year or two as their lifespan had been dwindled in exchange for power. As such, in Leonel's eyes, even if Aina had had the time, it probably wouldn't have been worth it to extend the resources needed toward them anyway.

Xavnik's sneer deepened. However, when he saw Leonel's smiling expression hadn't vanished in the slightest, his pupils couldn't help but constrict. A paranoia had taken deep root into his heart. Without even noticing, he didn't feel as though he could trust even his own judgment anymore. Everything he did, he had to double-check how Leonel was reacting to know if he had done good or not, and this sort of situation was the worst kind of leader to be in...

Especially when he was right to be worried.

BOOM!

It happened too suddenly. The beam of reddish-golden light swept out from the gap, blowing a massive hole through the dense fog and colliding with a long line of soldiers. They didn't even have the time to react before they were blown to pieces, and before those that had survived could even register what had happened, a second explosion took place, and then a third.

Each time it happened, tens of wars would fall, and the pace of the explosions only seemed to be increasing.

Xavnik's eyes widened as he suddenly realized what had happened.

Just now, it wasn't that the shield had shattered, it had disappeared. What Xavnik hadn't known was that Leonel had never expected for these lion beasts to survive a very long time; in fact, he hadn't expected much from them at all except their death.

Leonel took quite some inspiration from Aina. Back before she gained the Blood Sovereign Tablet, Aina's method of using her talent was to absorb Blood Force to increase her strength. Life Force was the energy while the Blood Force was the carrier. Throughout a person's life, in order to sustain their breath, Blood Force would use a small amount of Life Force at a time.

Aina was able to ignore that limiter, ripping a person's entire life's worth of Blood Force out for immediate use. One could imagine what years of energy expended all at once could do for a person's strength... Even if it was just one or two years.

Leonel had set a function in the collars those lion beasts wore to trigger upon their death. Once the poison was sensed, all of their remaining Blood Force would fuse with the large amount of Neutral Force that had formed their shields in the first place. Once they came together, they would explode out in a beam.

The process was so fast and devastating that even the poison fog that could easily corrode Force didn't react fast enough to stop it. Now, every single time one of those beasts fell, it was as though they were taking down dozens within them. Xavnik was watching his army fall in real-time, his eyes nearly bulging from their sockets.

He could accept the loss of the other 90 million, but this 10 million were his core, the foundation of his strength, it had taken a great deal of effort to raise them up.

"RETREAT!" Xavnik roared.

He couldn't stop himself anymore. He leapt up with such ferocity that the wooden carriage beneath him exploded into countless pieces. He pulled out a spear and shot into the skies, rushing toward Leonel like a madman.

He had to stop this, he couldn't continue to be played like this.

He wanted blood.

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Chapter 2083: Much More Interesting

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Leonel raised up his hands. "Why all of this animosity?"

Suddenly, Leonel's hands shifted and he pointed his two forefingers up to the sky as he shook his head. He looked as though he was reprimanding Xavnik for being too reckless. What was this, he was still the leader? How was it helpful for him to get so hot-headed?

RUMBLE.

Xavnik only now seemed to realize that there was a storm brewing in the skies. The gloominess of the earlier atmosphere made it easy to ignore, plus it hadn't mattered to him much if it rained or not; what difference did it make?

But once again, seeing Leonel's smiling expression, he began to rethink his whole life. He double-thought and triple-thought through things, his self-doubt creeping up from all corners.

He roared into the skies, his frustration reaching a breaking point as he thrust his spear forward. He seemed to cleave the skies in two, a truly devastating attack that almost threatened to disperse the coming storm above. He didn't seem to care about anything anymore; if he couldn't guess what Leonel would do next, he would just crush it with brute strength. What good were schemes in the face of absolute strength?!

Unfortunately, in his rage, he seemed to have forgotten that Leonel had the Spear Domain Ring. And, even if he hadn't... What good was a spear in the face of a True Spear Sovereign?

The powerful attack that caused the sky and earth below to split suddenly dissipated when he entered the range of Leonel's Absolute Domain. It no longer even had to touch him, collapsing tens of meters away.

Leonel clicked his tongue. "I tried to warn you."

"YOU-!"

BANG!

Tens of streaks of lightning descended from the skies all at once, bombarding into Xavnik before he could even realize what was happening. He had been so enraged, so infuriated, that he had completely lost himself. His vision had blurred, his only focal point being Leonel himself. But this sort of suffocating reality was exactly what caused him to be a charred mess on the ground.

Xavnik lay in a pit, looking into the skies in a daze.

The attack he had taken just now had been responsible for wiping out several Heir-Grade upgrade challenge armies, except while those had targeted many, he was the only target for this one. It could be said that the fact he was still alive at all was truly a surprise for Leonel, but it wasn't as though this surprise would appear on his face.

To the current Xavnik, Leonel was practically omnipotent. Even to the current Leonel, this was also true. Ever since he had awakened from that odd dream, he felt as though the entire world was nothing more than a joke. He didn't even have to put much effort into crushing his so-called enemies. It only took a few words and Xavnik had become clay puddy in his hands.

The army below found themselves in a state of chaos. Their commander's life and death were unknown to them, and they were now being crushed by wave after wave of what could only be described as suicide bombings. It was truly unlike anything they had ever experienced before.

Under Xavnik's rule, they couldn't remember ever losing. Even against the best geniuses of the Human Domain, they had always had the utmost confidence. They couldn't believe they were losing to a youth they had hardly given any regard to in the past.

The worst part was that he hadn't even lifted a finger. From start to finish, he had only said some words and then pointed to the sky, and now they were actually in this sort of situation.

Suffocating... It was a word that came up again and again, but it was the complete reality.

The members of Xavnik's army, or rather those that had once been a part of it, had retreated far into the distance. Many had escaped outright, looking for places to hide. Although they had left Xavnik, they too had an innate trust in his abilities and as such, many of them had been so certain that he would still win that their only thoughts were of looking for places to hide so that they wouldn't run into him again before the Heir Wars ended.

Only a small percentage remained, either confident in their escape abilities or believing that Xavnik couldn't possibly get them all, especially not without destroying his reputation further. But even these people had still believed he would win... Until now.

They almost couldn't believe the gap. Were they really sure that they were of the same generation? Were they certain that this wasn't an old monster taking over the skin of a youth? Was this really the Littlest Nova?

The Human Domain didn't know how to respond to this situation. They had seen Leonel create miracle after miracle, but it had never been this easy. They didn't know what had happened to Leonel, or maybe that break he took was really exactly what he needed, but they felt that even the current him put the past him to shame.

Leonel took a step and leapt down from the city walls, his expression calm as he came beside the pit that Xavnik was in and then dove within, picking up Third Nova by his neck and holding him up.

The current Xavnik was still in a daze, not quite knowing where he was. Or maybe he did know and simply didn't want to acknowledge it.

"I guess it's best if things end this way, go on your way," Leonel said with a light smile.

His hand moved toward Xavnik's chest to shatter his badge, but at the same time, his gaze flashed with a deep purple light. Clearly, he planned to use the same method he had on Anya's sister to keep Xavnik under his control. He could wrap up these Heir Wars quickly and then take his time to interrogate Xavnik.

Even if Xavnik was in full health, Leonel wouldn't fear doing this. But he had still so diligently taken his time to completely crush and eviscerate Xavnik's psyche, all so that this moment couldn't have been any easier.

Even as he began the process, Xavnik remained in a daze, unable to react, and Leonel knew that he had won.

But at that moment, just when his seal was about to implant itself, Xavnik's shadow moved.

Leonel's pupils constricted as he flashed away, his body vanishing and a clone appearing in its place.

He watched his clone be severed into two and as Xavnik's body was swallowed whole by the shadow and swept away.

He didn't react to this matter very much, looking down at his wrist. He grabbed out with his other hand, catching his severed hand before it could fall to the ground.

Leonel chuckled despite having "lost" a hand. "Well, this is much more interesting."

That shadow had been so well-hidden that even his senses hadn't picked it up. But as well concealed as it was, its speed was even more impressive. His reaction speed was practically second to none, at least within this generation, and he didn't believe that anyone could get by Ancestor Hito's rules. But he had actually still "lost" a hand.

Interesting indeed.

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Chapter 2084: Not Bad

A large surge of Light Force took shape and [Instant Recovery] was cast once more. Leonel attached his hands to his wrist and they seemed to seamlessly fuse in an instant, without even the slightest effort. He was in perfect condition just a few moments later.

He thought back to that shadow and couldn't help but have several thoughts about the matter. Was that a Shadow Sovereign ability? It wasn't impossible, though it felt slightly different. This was especially so the Three Finger Cult seemed to have a fascination with Shadow Sovereigns to begin with. They definitely had the highest concentration of such experts in the whole of the Human Domain.

Leonel shook his head and looked toward Aina. "Is it enough?"

Aina took a gaze at the still flowing cloud of poison and shook her head. "It's way too much."

Leonel laughed. That was a good thing. It was better to have too much than to have too little. This made things much easier and the amount of effort Aina would need to put in was much less. It was just unfortunate they had traded in the lives of so many lion beasts for this result.

The Skies family and Oryx family only had worshipful gazes. They hadn't known all of Leonel's plans, but seeing everything go so smoothly made them feel that it didn't matter much. They hadn't even been forced to put their lives on the end.

All of them had been there when Leonel had spoken to Xavnik, and many of them had even been skeptical about what it was that Leonel was trying to accomplish by handing over so much information. But seeing that even such a thing had worked out for them perfectly in the end, there was simply nothing that they could muster aside from deep admiration at this point. It felt like they were witnessing the rise of an Emperor, but he already had all the intelligence, bearing, and even experience that he should have only gained in the future.

Leonel finally looked toward Simona and the others. He hadn't originally come to the Morales with the belief that the Pyius family would be on his side. As he had said back then, he didn't know much about the Godlen family to begin with. However, the more he learned, the more intrigued he was.

If there could be one such hidden family, why couldn't there be more? He even wondered if this Godlen family was similar to the Brazingers and the other three of the Four Great Families.

He still had a lot of questions in his mind about the purpose of this world and that of the people trying to interfere with it. For example, were the Brazingers and Three Finger Cult on the same side? If they weren't, then how was it that the creators of this world had allowed their enemies into an important thing? Or was it that the figures behind the Three Finger Cult and the Four Great Families were all just different factions of the same power so they all had equal access but different thoughts on how things should proceed? Or maybe it was that the nature of such a simulation in the first place necessitated that it be vulnerable to the influence of outsiders?

He truly did have too many questions and not enough answers. He even had half a mind to start interrogating Anya's sister, but he honestly very much doubted that she would have many answers.

For some reason, although Harmony was apparently the elder sister, Anya felt far more unfathomable to Leonel. The fact that they were twins made even less sense to him. There was definitely something important related to this matter, but he also had a feeling that it wouldn't be long before he met that woman again. This time, it was less likely that they would still be so friendly.

Even though he had all of these questions, Leonel didn't make any effort to ask Simona about them. As far as he was concerned, she likely didn't know as much as he hoped, and if he began to ask even roundabout questions, it opened him up to potentially being exposed by others.

Simona was just as cold as he remembered her, although her gaze carried a hint of something different when she looked at him. It seemed to be a surprise and a tinge of respect.

Simona had probably, rightfully, looked down on most of her generation. She was seen as on par with them despite having the vast majority of her talent sealed, so she never really took any of them seriously.

When she lost that battle against Aina, she had very much wanted her revenge, but she hadn't expected things to turn out this way in the end.

"Those deserters are pretty useful," Leonel suddenly said. "Can you send some people to round them up? It'll make things much more convenient later on."

Simona blinked before she nodded slowly. She looked toward the young man with the flaming black lion beast to her side and he understood, immediately taking action to give out orders.

"It will be difficult to use them in battle. Most of them only participated to be under Xavnik to begin with. Those that have already given up that dream only really fall into two camps. The first, and likely the largest majority, are simply done with the Heir Wars and want nothing else but to wait for things to die out until they are transported out.

"The second group is likely the minority and they might have realized that with so few of us remaining, they might still have a chance to become their own

Heirs. It has to be remembered that most of them entered as Heirs on their own, so they don't need to wait for Xavnik to escape. Of those that remain, they probably just want to maintain some of their face or see if they have a chance at becoming the ultimate winner."

Leonel chuckled when he heard Simona's analysis. "That's not bad analysis, indeed. You're missing something, though."

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Chapter 2085: Obvious

Simona frowned when she heard Leonel's words. If it had been someone else who said this, she might have directly attacked. She didn't like the tone, and she liked the fact there was no explanation afterward even less. The current Leonel was far more condescending than he was charming, but it was difficult to refute that he deserved this sort of arrogance. Then again, Simona felt that she was thinking too much. In reality, the issue wasn't with Leonel's tone, but rather that he so seamlessly began to talk to her like a subordinate, something that left her uncomfortable.

She had, indeed, agreed to help Leonel in order to return a favor, but she hadn't subordinated herself to him. These two things couldn't be equated. Leonel had just spoken like she was any of his other followers. He hadn't been disrespectful, but the implication had irritated her.

Simona took a breath and shook her head. Indeed, in this situation, she was meant to be a subordinate even if she didn't like it. She wasn't here to fight for her own Heirship, but rather that of Leonel's. She had followed all of his plans up until here, and it could be said that without his guidance, she would have been taken out like the other Constellation families already. The Godlen family was unable to exhibit their full strength here, so left to her own devices, she would have had to flee already. This was probably what happened due to the odd nature of their partnership. She knew too little about Leonel and was only here to repay a heavy favor. In addition, her Pyius family cared less about outward prestige, or else her mother would have never married her father to begin with, so she was in a unique position to return this favor.

Shaking her head, Simona waved a hand to the young man who had already returned, causing his brows to unfurrow. "I was in the wrong to begin with, I questioned his methods when he's clearly already come to a decision. He was already respectful enough," Simona said lightly.

The young man didn't say anything to this. Since Simona had spoken, he accepted it. Even if he had felt that she was wrong, he wouldn't have voiced it.

...

"That didn't sound very smooth," Aina suddenly said when Leonel returned to her side. "This not explaining things habit of yours will get you into trouble."

Leonel smiled. "It's not too big of a deal, whether she's on board or not doesn't make much of a difference to me."

Leonel could have asked the Oryx or the Skies, or better yet Aina and the others to round up the 90 million that had escaped, but he hadn't. Instead, he had gone out of his way to ask Simona to do it, and that was to draw a clear line. That look that Simona had given to the young man with the black flaming lion was all Leonel needed to see. If he was going to command people, he needed them to be perfectly in sync with him. Those that thought they could do things better were only a liability and nothing more.

This was also why during the battle, he had only asked for a minor amount of help from Simona, enough that it wouldn't be too obvious that he was making a statement, but also little enough that it would be obvious to them that he hadn't come on bended knee for their assistance.

The peculiarity of their relationship lent itself to this sort of outcome. Leonel was very good at reading the intentions and emotions of others, so it wasn't something that escaped his grasp in the slightest. The hard truth was that from an outside observer's perspective, Leonel had done very little to end up with a lot. No matter how important the little puppy was to Simona, he hadn't even known that when he came across it, and the puppy could have easily been found by anyone else. Of course, there were other matters about that event that made Simona endlessly grateful, like the fact he hadn't sacrificed the puppy at the altar of his speedy progression and increase in strength, but humans were also interesting creatures. It was all too easy for gratitude to turn to complacency and complacency to turn into disdain.

If you did too much for someone, they could very easily take your kindness to just be a matter of fact, and regardless of how helpful Leonel had been to restoring her future potential, it was a fact that it was still something that anyone could have done.

Human nature could easily ignore the deeds of the extraordinary if it happened too often, let alone when the deed wasn't very extraordinary at all. But at the same time, Leonel's grasp of human nature was extremely profound. He had targeted the problem before it even truly became one.

Now, whether Simona would remember that and take it into consideration moving forward, he didn't know. That much would be up to her. But like he said... He didn't really care much either way. If she didn't know what was best for her, or if her Godlen or Pyius family wanted to "stand up" for her, then in his eyes, the result wouldn't be very much different. It would only mean one extra buried enemy. Nothing more, nothing less.

"So then what do you actually want to do with them, then?" Aina looked at Leonel. Clearly, she had no intention of letting him skirt off like Simona had. If not, she had a few strong waist pinches in store.

Leonel grinned when he saw the dangerous look in her eye. "Well, just think about it. Everyone on this continent knows about Xavnik and almost none of them know that he's been defeated, at least for the time being. "Did you see how uniform and mono-colored their army was? Nice and organized if you ask me, very cool uniforms as well, top class. Third Nova did well."

Leonel's grin became wider. Aina's gaze flickered, although Leonel hadn't answered, the implications were all too obvious.

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Chapter 2086: Wanted

As expected, most of those who remained of Xavnik's subordinates were not fans of what Leonel was trying to do, and that was especially so for those of them that had survived the explosion of lion beasts. However, even for this latter group, it was only a matter of allowing James, Elthor and the others to have some fun of their own.

The moment they took action, the weakened remaining members found themselves crushed.

Out of curiosity, Leonel took one of their armors. But after a glance, he shook his head. He guessed that it was decent, at the Gold Grade, that is. But it wasn't anything worthy of turning his head. If anything, it was just a waste of

materials, albeit impressive that Xavnik managed to gather so much materials to waste in the first place.

Had Xavnik known Leonel's thoughts at this moment, he might have been angered to the point of aggravating all of his injuries. But these were just Leonel's true sentiments. The current him felt that even his most recent Crafts weren't up to par, let alone the Crafts of others.

This aside, it didn't particularly matter to Leonel that these armors weren't very good. What was most important was that they were easily recognizable.

That was right. Leonel planned to use the illusion of Xavnik to deal with those that remained. After he finished, it would be about time to have the final battle between himself and Amery. The first he had lost, the second he had won, and this third one would conclude the saga. Although his expression didn't seem to show much, he could still remember that day all too clearly.

Leonel's gaze flickered with something unrecognizable, his lip curling.

Suddenly, he moved, vanishing. When he appeared again, his palm descended upon Ysemsan's head with such force that the latter's knees crashed to the ground, leaving two deep pits. Ysemsan couldn't even resist. He grit his teeth hard, but there was simply no fighting against it.

Although he was outwardly enraged, his heart itself was palpitating. He had never thought that Leonel's individual strength was actually so great. From beginning to end, it had felt like he had relied on nothing more than his mind, it was to the point that Ysemsan hadn't even reacted to Leonel's movement, not believing that the latter would dare to react.

This sudden change didn't catch just him off guard, but the others who had been roundup as well, not to mention the members of the Pyius and Godlen family that were observing from the city walls. Their expressions all changed.

One moment, Leonel was smiling, and in the next, he had released an explosive energy they were certain over 90% of them couldn't hope to counter... And that was despite him not having stepped foot into the Seventh Dimension yet.

"Don't glare at me," Leonel said with a smile.

He bent down, resting the hamstrings on his heels as he looked the kneeling Ysemsan into the eye. With a flash, a strong violet Force descended and Ysemsan felt as though his mind had been imprinted.

"You probably don't need me to explain to what that is, right? Your only use to me is to command the rest of these people," Leonel spoke and then looked up. "As for the rest of you all, you will listen to him. Of course, if you're obedient and attack as I tell you, those of you that survive I won't touch. In fact, once I become the Heir of the Morales family, I'll use my power to make sure that Xavnik can't target your families on the backend."

The upper echelons watching this scene were probably grinding their teeth. To them, Xavnik was their leader and they understood the backstory behind all these matters. Unfortunately, these youths had no idea and ate Leonel's words up.

Of course, they also believed that Leonel had no idea what was going on. If they knew that he was well aware, their teeth might very well shatter from grinding so much. The fact he knew made this matter all the more sinister.

Hearing Leonel's words, the rounded up subordinates slowly nodded.

Those of them that had had hopes of becoming the new winners realized how foolish their thoughts had been. They had been crushed with just a little effort on Simona's part, how could they have lasted until the end? Leonel himself hadn't even made a move.

In their eyes, Leonel was of course the greatest threat. The Pyius family didn't compare to the Morales family, and it was Leonel who had crushed Xavnik's army with just a few words and schemes. So, the fact that it was Simona and not Leonel that crushed them made them give up all of their dreams before they could even manifest.

As for those that had just wanted to last until the end and survive, Leonel's words about protecting their families were the greatest lure.

Once again, just with a few seemingly minor and unimportant decisions, Leonel had dealt with the situation perfectly, gripping onto the weaknesses of both groups with just a single action.

"Good," Leonel said with a light smile. "Your task is simple, the only thing you'll do is attack the Spirituals Religion, just like you planned to do originally."

The expressions of many changed. Without the backing of Xavnik, and considering the fact most of their best elite troops had been crushed, this was practically suicide. However, in the end, they could only grit their teeth. They truly didn't have much of a choice.

Leonel nodded to himself.

In truth, they were thinking too much. It was precisely because Xavnik wasn't present and the elite troops were nowhere to be seen that they would survive.

What would one think if an easily recognizable army suddenly appeared without their center pieces? Wouldn't they be wary? Wouldn't they be hesitant? Wouldn't they be on a constant lookout for where Xavnik might appear?

And that was exactly what Leonel wanted.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2087: Whetstone

The Suiard family had been very silent in this span of time. It could even be said that they were quite silent throughout the Heir Wars. Amery hadn't seemed to be very interested in expanding his territory, and he hadn't even made much headway toward the ocean. In fact, his territory was actually quite a distance from the coast despite the fact that he did, indeed, control all the land between this place and it.

From the beginning, the only large scale clash that the Suiard family had had was actually against their only ally. It was quite ironic, actually. But other than this, Amery had truly not done much. It was as though he was waiting for someone, waiting for someone he knew would definitely come.

This stance by the Suiard family was truly baffling. That was because they were considered to be the de facto leaders of the sword families of the Human Domain, and unlike the Morales family that never really cared to gather up all the spear masters, the Suiard family actually had subordinated many of them.

As such, if Amery had wanted, he could have been a lot like Xavnik, gathering up many Heirs under his banner and using it to sweep through the competition.

But he hadn't.

Why would he waste his time with such a thing? He wasn't like the trash of the Morales family.

The Suiard family had their own version of the Heir Wars, but it didn't have the bounds of a competition, it didn't have a start date or end date, nor were there rules against killing. The only rule was that no one beneath the Seventh Dimension could be targeted, only then would they become part of the boundless competition.

However, before even entering the Seventh Dimension, in fact even before entering the Sixth, all of Amery's brothers had already submitted to him. He had been the decided leader of the Suiard family ever since he was 12 years old, he didn't have competition in his generation, nor did he take anyone seriously. Even his so-called fiancée, a half-Spiritual, was no match for him.

If it wasn't for the face of his family, he wouldn't have cared to come in the first place.

In reality, he really only had two goals for this trip. The first was to conveniently deal with that guy they insisted on calling the Bow Deity, as far as he was concerned that guy was far too annoying. Placing another on his level was a bit ridiculous.

The second was even simpler, and that was to defeat whoever was last to remain and came to challenge him for ultimate victory. Nothing more, nothing less. He didn't really give a damn about anything else.

And finally, it seemed that that day had come.

Amery slowly opened his eyes. Up in the skies, a young man stood with a smile on his face, but just this simple smile made Amery's pupils constrict. That was because it was too casual, too relaxed. It felt like Leonel wasn't even here for him, but was rather here to conveniently deal with him since he was obstructing his path.

Of course, Amery remembered that he had suffered defeat at Leonel's hands, but he never took that matter to heart. As his grandfather had said, there was no room for excuses, so he would willingly allow Leonel that victory, but that didn't mean that he had to take the man himself seriously.

Back then, Leonel had used a treasure bow to increase his Bow Force usage. In truth, Amery could have disregarded that usually as well, if it wasn't for the fact most of his strength was sealed away while suppressing the Tribulation. Knowing this, it was only natural that he didn't take Leonel seriously. In fact, he hadn't even thought that Leonel would be among the last standing.

Amery slowly stood to his feet.

He stood within the top floor of a tower. While the others did, this floor in particular didn't have glass windows, opening them up to the weather.

The window billowed as he took a step forward, appearing in the skies as well. He didn't seem intent on drawing his blade. Looking at Leonel's calm smile despite how close he was, Amery's expression remained placid.

Even against a Seventh Dimensional existence, at this distance, it would only take a thought for Amery to kill them.

Suddenly...SHIIING!The howl of a sword echoed and the violence of a sharpening blade split the skies. A rotating cyclone of Sword Force formed in an instant, it was so fast that its manifestation wasn't seen. However...ROAR!The spiraling manifestation of Spear Force formed just as fast, rotating around Leonel's body and clashing with Amery's cyclone.

Two young men stood in the skies, their Force grinding against one another. It looked as though two mighty golden hurricanes had formed in the skies, creating two eyes of the storm that shredded everything in their path apart.

The entire city was thrown into disorder. Members of the Sina family and the other lower level Sword families, along with members of the Suiard family, had already been alerted to Leonel's arrival long ago. But before they could react, he had already made it to Amery, making them realize that this was definitely no simple opponent.

Seeing this, their gazes were painted with horror as they all retreated at their fastest speed, dodging out of the way of flying shards of glass, collapsing buildings, and most important, residual blades of Spear and Sword Force.

Suddenly, it all came to a stop. Amery's robes fluttered as Leonel's linen shirt threatened to fly from his body, clinging against his torso with such force under the harsh winds that every peak and crevice of his chiseled physique could be seen.

Amery was silent. Of all the things he had thought would happen, he would have never guessed that Leonel's Spear Force would actually be on the same level as his Sword Force.

No... Technically he was a level below. He had already formed Seventh Dimensional Sword Force, but he could actually only be equal to Leonel's Sixth Dimensional Spear Force.

Without a word, Amery slowly pulled out two swords, his gaze tranquil.

Those days he spent in the Tribulation were some of the best days of his life. He had simply never met anyone on his level before.

He had faced a bottleneck in his Sword Force for too long, it was about time a whetstone came to him.

Erdiul Notes: I remember when Amery was actually sort of an interesting character, but in the end he truly just manifested into a typical young master. A shame.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2088: Confident

Leonel smiled, his demeanor relaxed. "You seem to be quite confident."

Amery looked into Leonel's eyes, it was hard to tell what he was thinking. He seemed to have the same level of indifference no matter the situation. Back when he was defeated in Leonel's hands, he had the same casual expression. After a brief instant of suppressing his Lineage Factor from activating, he reacted quite normally.

In truth, his reaction was quite muted. It had to be remembered that his goal from the very beginning was the egg. Unlike Leonel, he had every intention of taking on the Shadow Sovereign Lineage for himself. Such a thing would have given him three Lineage Factors, placing him beyond almost anyone who had ever existed. Not only that, but all three of his Lineage Factors would be exceptionally powerful.

But that had been snatched from him. The fact that he had decisively left and managed to rein in his temper, even to the point that he didn't even bother to target Leonel personally after that event although there were definitely

opportunities to do so, went a lot toward showing Leonel exactly the kind of person this man was.

However, it was also precisely this sort of attitude that Leonel wanted to knock down a peg. Not targeting him afterward was a sign of clear disregard, he simply hadn't cared enough about Leonel to do so, and even now, he seemed to think that it would be a simple matter to take a step forward.

In Amery's mind, it was only right that Leonel had grown to this point. Leonel had been under a lot of pressure, forced to grow faster otherwise he might very well lose his life. As for him, he had never been under such pressure in his life. Every challenge he had come across, he had always shattered with just a single swing of his sword.

He hadn't faced any sort of adversity, and yet he had grown to this point. The truth was that he very much hoped that Leonel was as powerful as he seemed, maybe in this lifetime, he could finally have a real challenge.

He had had a taste of that during his tribulation. He had come across all sorts of powerful existences that pushed him to his limits and his growth then was far beyond anything he had ever experienced in the Human Domain. However, it had already been a small while since then.

It was about time he had a second.

Leonel didn't seem to expect Amery to respond, nor did he care to listen to his response. Instead, he looked down toward the ring on Amery's finger.

"That ring, I have someone who would be far better suited for it. I'll be taking it off your hands today."

Leonel said these words without the slightest hint of emotion in his tone. His smile had entirely vanished, nothing but the vacant depths of his eyes staring forward as though an endless abyss was hidden within.

He returned Amery the words that he had said all that time ago. That day, he had nearly lost his hand, and if not for Anastasia's awakening, his path of Crafting may have been cut off forever, or at the very least, crippled.

Leonel didn't take very many things seriously, but what he absolutely abhorred was disrespect.

Respect and Persistence. These were the two things that he had built his life upon. And whenever he didn't receive the sort of reciprocation, he believed that he deserved, the only thing he felt was a bubbling up of fury.

His body flashed with a blinding Bronze Aura, his Divine Armor clicking into place. The violent and raging aura of a pillar that seemed to connect the earth below and the skies above manifested, his ten Stars flooding his body with power.

He took a step forward and the air beneath him cracked and shattered. It looked as though space itself was collapsing, a sight that shook those below to their core, especially as the ground immediately beneath his feet rippled, a hole with edges as smooth as a mirror took shape, almost as though someone had stamped a god's pillar down and then quickly removed it.

Amery's fingers trembled and a sword light suddenly appeared before Leonel.

With a slash, Leonel shattered it, his body flickering and vanishing and appearing before Amery in an instant. The wind wrapped around his descending black rod, forming a howling barrier that echoed through the city.

Amery, wrists flexed, his movements smooth and unhurried, but despite his seemingly slow movement, his swords seemed to reach the perfect location at just the right time.

BANG!

Billowing steam-like Forces surged in all directions, a violent black Sword Force from Amery and a radiant violet and blue Spear Force from Leonel. It felt as though the two were dividing the world between the two of them, painting reality in their own colors and leaving an indelible mark behind for the countless generations to follow.

They separated and suddenly rushed forward once more.

Leonel's spear spun and moved in elegant arcs no less beautiful than Amery's swinging swords. It was hard to believe that such a gorgeous sight could come from a spear at all. The Leonel of today and the one Amery had met couldn't even be said to be on the same level. That Leonel only knew how to simplify and use the crudest and most direct actions. This Leonel seemed to see the entire board, carrying both the systematic and rigid rules of the game,

while also having the flair of ingenious, brilliant movement that could only come from a deep well of creativity.

Every time they clashed, another large swath of the city collapsed, flattened beneath their might, but neither one of them seemed to be going all out.

Their gazes seemed to clash more than even their weapons. They tracked one another through the air, the sounds and reverberating impacts of their weapons unable to obstruct their meeting eyes in the slightest.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2089: Two

Amery's style suddenly changed. He shifted to the side, drawing a circular arc with one sword and piercing straight forward with the other. His hands moved independently of one another, a beautiful display of duality.

It looked as though he was drawing a bow and arrow across the air.

BANG!

The arrow cut through the skies, appearing before Leonel's throat in an instant. However, with just a flicker of Leonel's eyes, the arrow vanished into thin air, he didn't even bother to block or slow his attack, slashing down toward Amery's exposed shoulder.

Amery's pupils constricted. He hadn't expected this to happen in the slightest and was a bit late to react. Even so, his speed was exceptional. Rather than moving his feet, it was his attack speed that was on full display instead. The sword that had been drawing the body of a bow through the air continued its elegant arc, slipping the side of Leonel's spear body and parrying it off to the side.

At the same time, he shifted his stance forward, closing the advantage of range Leonel's weapon gave him to continue thrusting his piercing sword forward.

His two arms seemed to work on their own and together at once, forming an air tight defense that could react and shift on its own. He didn't seem to have to think before he reacted at all, his body in a seamless sort of higher state.

Leonel shifted his own stance, the Void Star Force Star to his back pulsing once before a Force Art seemed to be completed in an instant.

Amery felt as though his thrust had slowed considerably and yet sped up at the same time. It was an eerie feeling that made it difficult to tell which way was up and which was down, but by the time he had begun to unravel the mysteries, Leonel's parried spear had spun in his hands, recovering and sweeping back with a momentum that made the air crackle and pop.

BANG!

Amery blocked with his second sword with a deft precision, his first thrust sword barely stopping before Leonel's chest as he ran out of momentum.

He didn't quite have enough strength to fight back, his body being sent flying to the side and losing a bit of the initiative.

Leonel thrust several times in the skies, the tip of his spear vanishing and suddenly fusing several strikes into one as they appeared before Amery just as the latter had lost his balance.

Even in this situation, Amery's calm hadn't changed in the slightest. His Absolute Sword Domain rumbled to life, but just when it seemed that he would use it to defend, its purpose changed entirely.

Amery struck out with his sword several times and his Absolute Sword Domain vanished, forming three cyclones that appeared around Leonel all at once.

Leonel's gaze narrowed. He took a step and vanished through space, dodging out of the way of the approaching cyclones, but Amery had already recovered, using the spine of his sword to block his attack. The level of skill and confidence in oneself it took to do such a thing was entirely off the charts.

However, despite the fact both seemed to be doing impossible things, they didn't blink even a single time. It seemed to come naturally to the two of them, their cold indifference weighing heavily on the hearts of the spectators as they vanished once again.

It felt like every single one of their clashes were just as deadly, each one carrying a close shave with death that both of them had to dance with. And yet, despite this, they were entirely unmoved.

By the dozenth exchange, Leonel was absolutely certain that Amery, too, had an analytical Ability Index. In fact, it might very well be one with an exceptionally high Dream Force affinity as well because he was entirely unmoved by Leonel's clones.

Amery seemed to have decided that this was the case for Leonel as well, and as though they had both come to some sort of tacit understanding, their gazes lost their placidness and became incomparably vicious in an instant.

In that moment, when the flip switched, they seemed to have become entirely different people. Their howls filled the air and a violent sort of momentum started to come from their bodies, an aura that could only be described as demonic.

Amery's pale skin began to redden and the billowing blue Vital Star Force coming from Leonel became a blinding sheen of crimson.

BANG!

The air around them exploded.

Amery's swords crossed and Leonel grabbed his spear with both hands so forcefully that the polearm almost creaked and warped.

It was a violent clash, even more so than the past ones. If the others flattened the land, this one devastated it.

Their Forces were entirely wild and out of control, expanding in all directions without a thought for stamina or those around them.

Leonel grinned wildly, a crimson Force billowing from him, forming a sparkling nebulae in the skies. It felt as though he had become the center of his own universe.

At the same time, Amery's eyes had become entirely red, such a deep shade, in fact, that it looked more magenta than it did red. His long hair whipped about wildly with such fierceness that it almost looked as though they wanted to fly away on their own.

Veins popped up across their bodies, Amery's exposed and Leonel's hidden beneath his Divine Armor. Their momentum rose like a tide and suddenly, two gems on the back of Amery's hands began to glow with their own light.

One was such a deep jet black that if not for the surge of crimson, it would have been impossible to spot in the first place.

The other could only be described as bloody. Its light was incredibly heavy and almost liquid, dripping down his hands and fingers.

Even in his current state, Leonel recognized them immediately.

Innate Nodes. Not just one, but two.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2090: Born

Innate Nodes were incredibly rare, so much so that it was practically well accepted that only the Spirituals Race could produce them. Even when humans formed them, they were usually exceptionally low level Innate Nodes. Someone like Leonel who not only had one, but one of exceptionally high quality like the Scarlet Star Force Innate Node, was entirely unheard of.

Even so, even Leonel didn't have two Innate Nodes. Although he technically had three right now, one of them was regrown, the second was taken back from the one who had stolen it from him in the first place, and the final one was snatched from one of his enemies.

The fact that Amery had not just one, but two himself, and in such a perfect location for himself at that, was something that maybe only the highest echelon members of the Suiard family had been aware of... And that was because Amery had simply never needed to use them against those of his generation.

At that moment, the winds howled. Spiraling cyclones of Force formed around Amery swords, one wrapped in a deep, abyssal black light, and the other looking as though it had been coated in blood.

The black force, there was no doubt in Leonel's mind, was definitely Dark Force. This wasn't a low level Innate Node at all. Dark and Light Force were considered to be above most elemental Forces and only below Forces like Dream and Star Force. The fact that Leonel had had a Light Force affinity had already been a shocking matter to the people of Earth back when the Metamorphosis had just descended, and that was the location with the greatest concentration of talent in the entire Human Domain. If he had been

exposed to have a Light Force Innate Node, the reactions wouldn't have been so "muted".

But then there was that odd liquid red Force. It looked almost like Blood at first gaze, and Leonel had truly thought it to be a Blood Force Innate Node. However, the longer he observed it for, the more he felt that this was probably not the case.

There was something different about this Force... It seemed to carry a hint of Water Force... another hint of Earth Force... and a final hint of Life Force.

That was when it hit Leonel. He had only vaguely heard about this Force, and that was only after he had gone through the entirety of the Void Library. If not for this, he might not even recognize this Force, much like he hadn't recognized Breaking Force back then.

This was Gaia Force.

This odd fusion of Water, Earth and Life Force was precisely Gaia Force. Its abilities were extremely enigmatic. Not only could it be extremely heavy, but it could borrow power from the earth and that of large bodies of water. This borrowed power would become the strength of the user, an almost infinite well of strength.

Leonel was absolutely certain that it had more abilities, abilities likely related to why Amery had actually dared to use the imagery of a bow and arrow to attack him earlier.

This wasn't for certain, but what was absolutely certain was the fact that this Gaia Force was most definitely a high level Force, a Force on the same level as Scarlet Star Force without a doubt. It seemed that this was likely the reason the Spirituals Religion had agreed to marry their Demi-Goddess to him.

"Is that so..." Leonel said lightly, his grin becoming wilder. "Two Innate Nodes? I have that, too."

BOOM!

Leonel's aura exploded forth like a collapsing star. His Innate Nodes began to glow with such force that they shimmered through his Divine Armor. But just

when it seemed that his Scarlet Star Force would burn through, something changed.

His armor trembled, its crevices beginning to glow with a crimson light. Just when the crimson light was about to take over entirely, a silver-gold light flowed to meet it. Two vein patterns, one red-gold, and the other silver-gold, met and intertwined in a beautiful sort of dance.

His tier one armor was made of materials too weak to enter this state, but... who had said that he had shown everything his tier two armor could do?

Amery and Leonel stood off across from one another, their auras reaching their peak.

At that moment, on the outside, sitting as the observers, the Suiard family stood to their feet. They had all felt that this matter would only end in one way, but they had never expected that even before the battle could ramp up, Amery had brought out one of his greatest trump cards so casually.

He hadn't been pushed into a corner, his stamina wasn't running out, he hadn't even been injured yet, and yet he had chosen to make this move.

There was only one explanation for why. He felt that Leonel was an equal opponent, and an opponent that he should go all out against before he lost the chance to.

When they reached this conclusion, they felt that it was too difficult to accept. That was because there was only one person who was on such a level, and that was precisely the number one Queen Beauty of this generation, the Spiritual Religion Heiress.

How could there be a second?

Even with all of this said, Leonel and Amery seemed to have forgotten about the world all around them. As the skies collapsed and the ground crumbled, they stood in silence for just a moment before they clashed. Their speeds were so fast that their afterimages seemed to still be standing in the air, having not moved at all. In fact, their afterimages had yet to even fade by the time they returned to their same exact locations, blood trickling from both of their lips.

Horns began to slowly grow from Amery's forehead as three tails extended from Leonel's back, growing so large that their swinging motion stirred the clouds in the sky.

A silence fell.

BANG!

The aftershock of their exchange finally exploded forth, leveling the entire city to the ground.

The Human Domain watched with rapt attention. Just how many trump cards did these two youths have?

But most importantly... The Spear Deity seemed to have been born in that moment.