

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 2101: Clear Aura

"Me? Get up? Can't you see how tired I am? I don't have the energy," Leonel suddenly yawned, his eyes even watering to complete the effect. He really seemed as though he might collapse and begin a long, comfortable napping session at any moment now.

Veins bulged across Xavnik's forehead. His composure was entirely thrown into the wind. Those who had had great opinions of him in the past couldn't help but begin to second guess their judgment. Was this really the Xavnik they had come to know?

Leonel was right before him, why wasn't he attacking? Although it could be argued that Leonel was still sitting and it wasn't honorable to attack, it also wasn't honorable to lurk in the shadows and wait for their battle to finish first. If Xavnik really cared about being honorable, rather than trying to force Leonel to get up right now, he would instead allow him to rest.

But it was clear and obvious that Xavnik didn't dare to do that. He wasn't trying to be honorable, he was scared, scared of Leonel's nonchalance, scared of what trump card Leonel might have waiting for him in the shadows.

To Xavnik, the fact that Leonel dared to continue to sit down and be so casual meant that he had another plot waiting to be sprung. The moment he took action, he would fall into it. He didn't believe in himself anymore and he was entirely reliant on Leonel's actions to dictate his own. The more relaxed Leonel was, the more uncomfortable he felt, the more Leonel acted like this, the more he felt that he was missing something.

It had to be remembered that when Leonel defeated him earlier, it wasn't even Leonel who took action, it was rather the formation of the Skies family. That was a formation of 10,000 Seventh Dimensional individuals, fused into one and amplified further.

Xavnik could easily defeat 10,000 average Seventh Dimensional existences on a normal day. Well, easily was an exaggeration, but he was sure that he

could do it. The problem with the formation was that it managed to fuse their strengths into a single strike, Xavnik would have to be literally 10,000 times more powerful than a normal Seventh Dimensional existence to have come out unscathed. In truth, the fact he survived at all was a great surprise to Leonel at the time.

Now, he remembered that memory very clearly and he was hesitating about taking even a single step forward.

The shadow woman grit her teeth. She was a demon, she was very used to manipulating people, it was one of her favorite pastimes. Often, just to relieve her boredom, she would do such things to Xavnik, but she had never succeeded before.

Seeing Xavnik in such a state, and being aware of the tactics of other demons, she knew that Leonel was doing this on purpose. She could almost see the horns growing from his head, that devilish glint in his eyes. He was taking pleasure in it.

Her heart couldn't help but shudder as the image of a certain Demon Race flashed in her mind, but she shook her head immediately.

Those Demons loved to do this sort of thing. They were exceptionally powerful in body and could defeat most with a flick of their hand, but they preferred to use their minds instead, taking people down long, winding paths until they lost their minds entirely. Even if it would take years to accomplish what a fist could in a second, they would still prefer to take the longer route. They found pride and accomplishment in it...

But she couldn't accept such a thing, she most definitely couldn't, because it was impossible for Leonel to be among such a reclusive and small Clan of Demons.

And yet, even so, she found herself hesitating to attack as well.

At that moment, though, her gaze turned sharp. She knew the reason why her mind had wavered, it wasn't because of Leonel but rather because that Clan of Demons left a shadow in everyone's heart. So long as you had heard of them, you couldn't escape... even when you thought of them, they would be aware of it...

The shadow woman was about to attack when Leonel suddenly looked at her and smiled.

She shuddered from head to toe, her body freezing for a moment before she released a violent screech.

"DIE!"

She rushed forward. Rather than backing down, her demon blood seemed to have been provoked and her power soared. Even as many were entranced by the physiques of her body moving with such little clothing, they were even more shocked by the strength.

When she had said that she was more powerful than Amery, no one had taken her seriously. She was an unknown existence and Amery was the Sword Deity. How could they possibly be compared?

But at this moment, they swallowed their words. This woman...

Less than a hundred years old and yet already in Tier 4 of the Seventh Dimension!

Her power surged wildly and her hand formed a clawing motion toward Leonel's head. Her body became incorporeal, becoming a lengthy stretch of shadowy Dark Force that encompassed the world, there simply didn't seem to be a place to dodge.

Her claw expanded to over 10 meters from palm to curled finger, ripping through the kernels of space in her path as she sought for Leonel's death.

And yet...

**BANG!**

The shadow woman felt as though she had been hit by an immovable object and an unstoppable force all at once. She was sent flying back with even greater speed than she had come with, the solidified claw of darkness she had become dispersing like misty drops of water in a howling storm of wind.

Xavnik's lip trembled as he slowly looked toward Aina. She simply lowered her palm without much expression on her face, unmoved.

Aina's aura was finally clear and nothing short of shocking.

She had entered the Seventh Dimension.

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### Chapter 2102: Aghast

The Human Domain had fallen into silence for a long while. Ever since Amery and Leonel's battle had begun, probably around 70% of all observers had been entirely focused on them.

In truth, that number actually seemed quite low, but it was actually surprising that it wasn't even lower than that. That was because to many, the battle was a joke. The idea of a Sixth Dimensional existence defeating the Sword Deity was asinine. The viewership was only that high due to how excellent Leonel's performance had been until now. Those who had come to watch had felt that maybe Leonel had a trump card that he would be ready to spring, one that would catch them off guard like all those other times.

However, the longer the battle went on, the more shocked they became. They hadn't actually expected that Leonel would be able to fight Amery head-on at all... And yet they were proven wrong time and time again, until the moment that Amery broke through and entered the Cosmos Realm.

Many had believed the battle to be over, but even so, they would continue to watch if for nothing other than the fact they felt Leonel deserved at least this much for coming so far despite only being in the Sixth Dimension. Or rather, they would have, had something else shocking not happened.

Aina, yet another Sixth Dimensional existence and a newly crowned Queen Beauty, had actually gone off to challenge the number one Queen Beauty, the Heiress of the Spirituals Religion, Syriah!

This shocking change left the Human Domain speechless. Two Sixth Dimensional existences, both challenging the greatest geniuses of their respective genders and within their generations, wasn't this a bit too ridiculous?

But then the battle began, and they were shocked once again.

The 70/30 split that had become over 99% in Leonel's favor once he showed that he could actually keep up with Amery suddenly became 50/50, with many even jumping back and forth between the two battles.

The strength that Syriah displayed was beyond their imagination, placing her firmly on the same level as Amery... at least in the beginning. But then she unleashed a Lineage Factor that simply took their breaths away.

At that moment, the gap between the Human Race and the Spirituals Race was on full display. For such a thing to be an ability that was simply and casually passed down through blood wasn't something that the Humans could fathom. It made the most powerful Lineage Factors of the Human Domain seem like nothing more than child's play.

It was then that they came to understand that Syriah wasn't on Amery's level; she was actually a step or two beyond!

But then the situation changed again when Amery broke into the Cosmos Realm, and they were suddenly on equal footing once more. And unfortunately, unlike Leonel, Aina didn't have a technique that allowed her to touch upon the Fourth Layer in such a short period of time.

Aina unleashed a demonic form that took their breaths away, but it still wasn't nearly enough. She was easily suppressed and beaten and battered, until...

Until she suddenly broke through.

None present had ever seen a breakthrough into the Seventh Dimension be so easy nor so smooth. Her power skyrocketed in an instant.

Many thought at that moment that they might get to witness an even battle, a nice exchange of movements, but no...

It had become a one-sided slaughter.

Syriah, despite being in Tier 3 of the Seventh Dimension, couldn't survive even a single strike from the Tier 1 Aina. She had been completely crushed. There was no suspense at all.

In the recent days, because of Leonel and Aina, many had begun thinking that the gap between the Sixth and Seventh Dimensions wasn't so large after all. If they put in more effort and took their training more seriously, they could maybe be like Leonel and Aina...

But Aina's breakthrough crushed all those hopes. The gap between the two Realms was a wide and inescapable chasm. If it wasn't, how could Aina have improved so much after taking just a single step forward?

And now, the cruel reality was that in these Heir Wars... There simply wasn't anyone who was her match any longer.

...

Above the Heir Wars planet, an illusory woman stood. She was absolutely expressionless, and many who didn't know her would think that she was unreadable because of this... But everyone who had seen her before would understand that she was absolutely infuriated at the moment.

This woman was none other than Syriah, the Heiress of the Spiritual Religion.

Her body had been destroyed, but as a Half-Spiritual, she was able to exist with her soul alone. To Spirituals, their bodies were only flesh puppets that could be reconstructed with some effort and resources; it was extremely difficult to truly kill them, and they were practically immortal.

But, even so, in their Race, having one's body destroyed would both regress their strength and be a great humiliation.

She had been in the Human Domain since her birth, but no one had ever dared to disrespect her in such a way.

Wherever she went, she always had a lovable smile on her face that no one could ever bring themselves to hate, and that was part of the reason why it was so shocking that her expression was so placid currently. But in her mind... she had every right to be infuriated.

She continued to look at Aina, almost as though she was trying to sear this memory onto her soul.

...

Leonel smiled and hadn't moved a single inch from his sitting spot. He had already felt that these Heir Wars were over, but now that Aina had broken through, he didn't even really need to put much effort in any longer. So why couldn't he be leisurely?

"Why are you glaring at me so fiercely?" Leonel asked, putting a hand on his chest. "I scare easily, you know, and my wife is very good to me."

Those last words about his "wife" were very clearly a threat that made Xavnik shudder.

Aina rolled her eyes, but she couldn't help but be amused. She thought of how she'd definitely be able to teach Leonel a lesson later and felt much better.

Xavnik stayed silent for a long time before he suddenly grit his teeth.

"You actually want to rely on a woman to win the Heir Wars? Don't you feel ashamed?"

"Ugh-" Leonel spoke, seemingly aghast at the accusation. "Don't be mad at me just because I'm better in bed than you are."

Leonel sent a meaningful glance toward the shadow woman who was spitting up a mouthful of blood one after another, struggling to stand.

Aina choked on air.

Xavnik's mind snapped, suddenly seeing red. He had never been humiliated like this in his life.

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### Chapter 2103: A Palm

Aina's head snapped toward Leonel, her glare quite vindictive. She looked as though she wanted to teach Leonel a lesson right here and now, he was truly too much. It didn't matter if he teased her like this in private, but why with so many people listening? The worst part was that her parents-in-law were definitely watching, and who knew, maybe her father was out there, somewhere, watching too? How was she going to face people now?!

Her face blushed down to her neck. It likely went much further than that, but the spinning black metallic feathers were moving so fast that nothing between her knees and collarbone could be seen clearly.

In the past, this transformation had completely ruined Aina's clothing. Leonel had long since created something for her that could survive the change, but that didn't stop these feathers from acting much the same as they always did.

Aina couldn't seem to stand still anymore, feeling that her embarrassment was about to boil over. However, how could she vent her anger on Leonel? Obviously, the two to suffer would be the shadow woman and Xavnik.

Xavnik didn't even know what hit him. He barely registered a crimson-black glow and then he felt as though his body was streaking through the skies even faster than any meteor shower he had ever laid eyes upon. He was stunned. He couldn't imagine why the gap was so large. Weren't they both in the Seventh Dimension? He was even quite confident in his strength. He had met so many powerful enemies, and he had defeated them all, but how had things ended up like this?!

He felt that if it wasn't for the fact that he had deployed his Divine Armor at the final second, he would have been pierced right through.

As he flew, his armor finally slid into place, but a huge dent had appeared in his chest plate, deforming his blackish green armor and shattering his ribcage.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood, his gaze turning redder and redder as he flew.

How had things ended like this? How had he turned out to be so pathetic? How could he lose like this?! Xavnik was so agitated that the beating of his heart pushed against his shattered rib cage. When he rebounded against the ground, he didn't seem to feel anything. The whites of his eyes turned entirely black, and his bronze irises seemed to streak with lightning.

The shadow woman, who was still coughing up blood herself, was trying to stand when she sensed this change. Her own expression warped, and she didn't seem to be happy about what was happening.

The demon blood running through Xavnik's body wasn't pure. Technically, the strength of the demon race was that they could reproduce with any race and the mutations that occurred would allow them to come out much stronger on the other side, it also helped them to not be bound by the same weaknesses as humans.

However, not every such mutation would turn out to be extraordinary.



Xavnik was lucky in that the Morales bloodline had strong ties with demons to begin with. As such, the other half of his lineage worked even better than usual.

But what was happening right now was an unexpected variable. It was none other than something that Leonel was quite intimately familiar with: Bloodline Deviation.

When Leonel had first awakened his Metal Synergy Lineage Factor, he hadn't been well informed on how things worked. As a result, he had tried to awaken it far too early and before he had developed all nine, or rather, ten of his Nodes. Back then, he had almost failed and the Bloodline Deviation caused a crimson character to appear within his Lineage Factor. Even until this moment, he wasn't quite sure what it was, and it was still with him to this day.

He didn't really think about it much because it didn't seem to affect him much. However, when he had the conversation with Adawarth's father, he began to speculate that that crimson energy was likely related to the Morales family's fiery tempers. It was probably the case that Leonel's Bloodline Deviation had caused it to appear much earlier in his life than it did for most others.

However, there was something else that had happened that day as the elders of the Morales family observed Leonel's breakthrough.

The violet winds rise north.

Those words were meaningless to Leonel. After all, he hadn't been there when they were spoken and he wasn't even aware of them. But they were currently a shadowy whisper, almost as though an echo of another reality was speaking into his ears.

This aside, it was Xavnik's changes that had triggered this memory within Leonel. He seemed to have lost himself to rage, the hidden danger of the Morales family's Lineage Factor fusing with the intricacies of his demon bloodline.

His body was filled with an endless amount of vitality, his Divine Armor even quickly repairing, but his mind wasn't clear.

Large plumes of black fog came from his body, pushing his body up from the ground and standing him up. He looked as though he had been possessed by an abyss of blackness.

The shadow woman grit her teeth and suddenly vanished, entering Xavnik's shadow. Her aura vanished entirely and Xavnik's own multiplied several times over. Some clarity returned to his eyes, but a fiendish, menacing hint of something extra was still hidden within.

He howled to the skies, a spear twice the height of his body appearing in his hand as he suddenly struck out.

Aina stood in silence. From start to end, she didn't seem to feel the need to act at all.

Suddenly, a towering crimson manifestation appeared to her back. She struck out a palm the moment it formed, the manifestation and her real body moving as one.

BANG!

The newly strengthened Xavnik froze, a powerful pressure descending upon him from above. Under the astonished gazes of those watching, his Divine Armor began to disintegrate, fluttering into the wind and leaving behind nothing but a naked Xavnik.

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### Chapter 2104: Subdue

The wildness in Xavnik's eyes vanished, their blackness disappeared and the whiteness that returned enveloped his entire iris. He had entirely lost consciousness, standing there wide-eyed and unable to believe it.

He slowly fell backward, collapsing to the ground with an anti-climactic thud.

"Oo, scary," Leonel shuddered. Aina was more powerful than even he had thought. The moment her manifestation came out, her strength soared. It seemed that it was even more powerful in the Seventh Dimension than it had been in the Sixth. It might as well have been an entirely new ability.

The most shocking part was that she hadn't even used her battle ax, or her Blood Sovereign abilities. Although she was in her demon form, one of her more powerful abilities, it seemed to have been a lingering change from her battle with Syriah, she just hadn't bothered to disperse it. Leonel had a feeling that victory would have been just as easy with or without it.

Leonel stood with a smile, seemingly about to pat Aina's shoulder. But before he could, one of her black feathers zipped by, forcing him to retrieve his hand. Leonel laughed, it seemed that she was still a bit mad.

"Hmph," Aina harrumphed, walking away.

"Wait! Wife! Don't leave without me!"

Aina continued to ignore him without a care in the world. Her speed was exceptional, unless Leonel used his Spatial Force, he probably wouldn't be able to catch up with her if she didn't want him to.

Without a choice, Leonel could only laugh and give up, returning to the battlefield. Amery still seemed to be in the process of healing, having not even regained consciousness, while Xavnik and the shadow woman had separated again.

Leonel stood in silence for a long while, wondering what he should do.

Xavnik was a difficult choice, obviously. Although he had deduced that he was a problem, killing a member of his own family under the eyes of so many would be difficult to explain. With Xavnik defeated, it was clear that the winner of the Patriarch position of the Morales for this generation was none other than himself, Leonel Morales.

If he chose to kill Xavnik right now, especially when Aina was the one to have defeated him, it would be hard to convince others. And since the shadow woman was obviously Xavnik's close companion, it was also difficult to kill her just because.

Aina had obviously known this. Since she was so much more powerful than the two of them, if she had still ended up killing them, then she would be seen as cruel.

As for Amery, Leonel's reason for not taking action immediately was very different than it was for Xavnik. He didn't fear what the backlash would be for killing him, he was ready for war. Plus, it was he who had defeated Amery with his own hands, that was clear and obvious to everyone. In addition, he had already said that aside from his family, anyone who landed in his hands would die.

Even with all of this set aside, he was also tempted by Amery's Gaia Force Innate Node. He didn't care much about the Dark Force Innate Node, but if he had this Gaia Force Innate Node, it would be a game-changer. This issue here was actually his conscience.

Setting aside what the Suiard family might be wrapped up in, Amery was someone worth his respect. He had had an advantage in strength for a long while, but the only time he had "targeted" Leonel was when only one of them could continue forward in the Dimensional Cleanse Trial.

Of course, that was only because Amery looked down on him and was extremely arrogant, but wasn't he also extremely arrogant? Someone who could stick to their principles like this even after suffering a humiliating defeat with their strength suppressed was someone who would definitely become someone great in the future.

Someone like Amery was needed for the coming storm. Leonel believed there was a very good reason those running this "simulation" had allowed him to meet those of other "simulations" during the Tribulation. There was a very good chance that this wouldn't be the last time, and when that time came... those geniuses wouldn't have their Lineage Factors and Ability Indexes suppressed.

Leonel could tell by Amery's Sword Force that he had experienced the same Tribulation as himself, he too was a True Sword Sovereign. If not for this, how could he push Leonel so far? In addition, this was obviously a key to survival, Leonel was certain of it.

There was a reason they were being pitted against one another in the Tribulations, Leonel felt that this was just an appetizer to the bigger cause and effect. If he was correct about these simulations being created to deal with a much larger threat, then it was obvious that only the best of the simulations would survive in the end, this was an obvious case of survival of the fittest.

Having Amery alive would be more useful than not. Had he died beneath Leonel's blade, he wouldn't have been worthy of this consideration, but the fact he had actually managed to survive made Leonel second-guess things.

That said, there was a very clear flaw to all of this thinking: the Suiard family's relationship with the Three Finger Cult and Xavnik.

This one thought should have caused everything else to be thrown out of the window.

Leonel suddenly smiled. With a thought, he brought out a snow globe and put Amery inside. The Suiard family, who were already sitting on tenterhooks, were in an uproar when this happened. Had Leonel just captured their greatest genius? Their future Patriarch?

Leonel didn't care about the reaction of others. His scope was far beyond that of others.

Soon, not to mention the Human Domain, the entire Dimensional Verse would be under his control. Who cared about what plans and schemes the Suiard family had?

Just like when he had captured Old Hutch's grandson for his own uses, and just like how he had teamed up with Heira, those that were useful to him could live, those that weren't could die.

The geniuses he had killed until now were worthless in his eyes, but Amery wasn't. He had far more potential to grow much stronger, and Leonel had all the confidence in the world to subdue him.

Leonel walked toward Xavnik and the shadow woman, storing them away in snow globes as well. As for these two, just because he wouldn't kill them, didn't mean he would allow them to run amok and cause him future trouble.

Now, these Heir Wars were soon to be finished. The only enemy that remained was the Omann family, but if his calculations were correct, they would fall without him even having to be present. After all, he had sent the Cloud Race along with James and the others after them.

However, just as Leonel was feeling complacent, his gaze suddenly sharpened. He flipped a palm and took out a communication device.

His eyes turned red with fury and he took a step and vanished. The "injured" Leonel moved so fast that the air itself seemed to be torn into shreds.

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### Chapter 2105: Shameless

The distance between the territory of the Suiard family and that of the Omann's wasn't small. It was easily thousands of kilometers. In addition to this, Leonel hadn't expected to need to take action himself as he felt that the measures he had handed to James and the others were more than enough.

While he was fighting against Amery, he had sent Xavnik's army to "attack" the Spirituals Religion. Due to this, Syriah had believed that she was being attacked by a joint force of Leonel, Xavnik, and the Pyius family on top of that. Due to this, she didn't even have the presence of mind to consider the fact that Amery might also be in trouble.

On top of that, because Amery saw that Leonel was the only threat before him, he hadn't cared to report this matter to Syriah either. Like this, the two supposed allies were separated like this.

Because Xavnik never showed up personally, Syriah kept waiting for the other foot to drop, not knowing that the black-green armored army was nothing more than a façade to keep her pinned down.

While all of this was happening, Leonel had sent the others to deal with the Omann family. In his opinion, the Skies family and Oryx with the help of the Cloud Race was an undefeatable force.

It had to be remembered just how powerful Maia was. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that she was the most powerful existence in these Heir Wars. Maybe only if Leonel broke through to the Seventh Dimension and then teamed up with Aina could they defeat Maia with any sort of confidence.

This wasn't because Maia was so talented, but rather because she had used the special ability of the Cloud Race, exchanging her "stored up" years for immediate strength and power. As a result, while she had only experienced about 20 or so years of life, she had the strength of an absolute genius of the Cloud Race that had practiced hard for decades longer than that.

If Leonel had been willing to put her out in front, he might have won this war on day one before anyone could do a thing to stop him. The reason he hadn't was that, as he had said, this wasn't his end goal. As he saw it, the Heir Wars were only the beginning, and its purpose wasn't just for him to win either.

The Heir Wars was the stage for him to show off his abilities, for the Human Domain to become aware of who Leonel Morales was and the kind of strength he held. That way, when he conquered them in the future, they would have a deep-seated respect for him in their hearts already. He couldn't do that if he just let Maia run amok from the very beginning.

In addition to this, Maia was a trump card he didn't want to reveal too soon. He wouldn't have even traded for her in the first place and brought her into the Heir Wars if it wasn't for the sake of wanting to make sure the Cloud Race stayed in line and followed his orders.

The talent of the Cloud Race when it came to controlling the mind and related matters was too high. Leonel wanted a fool-proof plan to control them, so placing seeds into their minds wasn't enough. He thus took control of Maia's sons and then used Maia's prestige to keep the others in line.

This was all to say that with Maia present, it should have been impossible for the Omann family to turn the tides.

According to Leonel's orders, Maia should have only acted if it was strictly necessary. But, should things go left, he gave her permission to display her true strength. This was why he had been so confident. But what he hadn't expected was for the Omann family to be so shameless, though he should have.

Rather than calling these the Heir Wars, it was more like a battle between Leonel and the most powerful families of the Human Domain. It was absolutely ridiculous.

The Heir Wars were meant to test the connections of the younger generation and their abilities; it wasn't a place for powerful families to flaunt their resources. Everyone already knew that they were powerful, but they didn't seem to care about this.

Leonel had caught a glimpse of this shamelessness with the Lio family. He knew for a fact that Conon and Gunter hadn't raised those beasts themselves, but they still brought them forward as though they had.

And now, the Omann family had placed their full effort behind Kron Omann, the supposed best Force Crafter of the younger generation.

This time, it wasn't just a small hoard of beasts at the end of their lives. The Omann family had provided the "Heirs" of the Omann family with all the resources they needed to build a Tier 2 Star Ship!

It had to be remembered that when Leonel stole a Tier 2 Star Ship from Shield Cross Stars, Cross Elder Avan had been enraged to the point of throwing a tantrum. That kind of wealth was astronomical, it was enough for even an organization of that size to feel the pinch. They even sent an Eighth Dimensional Ancestor after Leonel to try and get it back.

Leonel had used a Tier 2 Star Ship to destroy not just one but four of the Great Families, each of which had had several experts that could have fought the likes of Maia. The strength of such a vessel shouldn't have appeared in the Heir Wars, and the rules had made it so as well.

Everyone knew that Leonel had stolen a Tier 2 Star Ship from Shield Cross Stars, so there was a limit on the kind of vessels and war weapons that could be traded for. If Leonel could just hand over 10,000 points and activate his flagship, the war would have been over.

The Morales had agreed to these stipulations. In years past, they hadn't needed such a rule because no one in the younger generation had the resources to build such a vessel, but they felt that it was a good rule to add as well since it would no longer be just the Morales participating now.

But obviously, the Omann family had taken advantage of a loophole themselves.

Rather than trading for such a vessel, they built it from the ground up!

The more Leonel thought about it, the colder his expression became. He activated his Starry Light Domain, and his body began to leap through hundreds of kilometers at a time, flickering and vanishing with a speed that put the wind to shame.

Only several minutes later, he saw the battle over the distance.

The ocean seemed to have been extended by several kilometers, large swaths of flooding waters filling the once grassy plains. Bodies, or rather what remained of them, floated in the water.



The large Rain Beasts collapsed one after another. Every time they did, a large flood of water would be expelled, drowning out the formations of Leonel's army that were stuck on the ground.

Up in the sky, a looming flagship floated. It was much smaller than Leonel's flagship, which could match a moon in size and couldn't possibly fit on a small planet like this one, but Leonel was certain that Aina wouldn't make such a stupid mistake. Somehow, despite its much smaller size, this was no weaker than a Tier 2 Star Ship. In fact, it was even better than one.

It was faster, more agile, and had more concentrated strength. Not only could it destroy a planet, but it could fight a relatively smaller scale battle like this one without destroying everything around it.

Laying eyes on it, Leonel was even more infuriated. That was because this wasn't just an example of the Omann family spitting in the face of the core of what the Heir Wars was meant to be by providing juniors with so many resources, but Leonel was also certain that there was no one in the younger generation with the skill to blueprint such a monstrous flagship.

There was no doubt. This was a self-created product by none other than the Scorned Queen Beauty, and the Omann family was actually shameless enough to use it in the Heir Wars.

The more enraged Leonel was, the calmer his gaze seemed to become. The smoldering crimson of his eyes flickered in and out as he continued to move.

BANG! A light that split the skies shot out from a cannon on the flagship.

Leonel's expression changed as he rushed over. This light wasn't aimed toward him at all.

Aina's roar filled the skies as her manifestation appeared once again, this time easily tens of times more powerful than what she had used against Xavnik.

She swung her ax down with a mighty force, resisting against the blast.

To the astonishment of those watching, she actually managed to hold it back for a brief moment. But not even a split moment later, she and her manifestation were enveloped.

Aina catapulted backward, her body flying like a broken arrow. She couldn't seem to gather up her power again as the laser blasted by her obstruction, swiftly catching up to her body and seeking to destroy her entirely.

Standing on the bow of the flagship, Kron stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his arrogance towering.

These Heir Wars were over.

Sword Deity? Bow Deity? The Morales? The Suiard? The Spiritual Religion? All of them were worthless in the face of the greatest crafting family of the Human Domain.

[Announcement below]

Author's Note: Just one chapter today and tomorrow everyone, sorry about that... but according to the bylaws, signed into being by the Dimensional Verse Regulator, it's stipulated that author-san is freed from public lynchings so long as his birthday is within one business day of said follies. \*cough\* \*runs away quickly\*

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### Chapter 2106: Too Late

Leonel's expression changed. His speed hit a completely new state, a wild surge of Light Force and Spatial Force spreading over his body. He seemed to lengthen, his body becoming a blurred afterimage spreading across the skies.

He caught Aina just before the beam appeared before them, but already felt too late to do anything after it. It almost looked as though he had rushed forward just to die along with her.

At that moment, Leonel unleashed a furious roar, his Bronze Aura erupting from his body and forming a gravity field that crushed everything in its path.

The ground, or rather large body of water below him suddenly exploded, a pillar of invisible force crushing it as though a mighty fist had suddenly slammed against its surface.

BANG!

The beam of light smashed against Leonel's defenses and seemed prepared to destroy them even faster than they had Aina's. But right then, the wild fluctuation of golden and silver energies wrapped around Leonel's body suddenly surged as well.

However, it was all helpless.

SHUUUU!

The laser shot past, the end of its body blinked before waning like the final drip of water from a faucet. It shuddered out of existence and the beam of light disappeared into the distance, far out of the reach of their sight until...

BOOM!

A mountain range in the distance had a hole that was at least a half kilometer across burnt right through the center of it. It didn't even seem as though it had been hit by anything, the laser having long since vanished. But it wasn't until the shock waned that people realized that the laser had moved so quickly that it had long since left the range of the mountain before they were aware of the damage that it had caused.

The time it took for light to travel back to them was actually delayed enough that they didn't see the changes until after they heard the sound! This sort of impossible phenomena was too difficult to wrap one's mind across, but very few picked up on this subtle difference as most had fallen into silence.

Just moments ago, Leonel and Aina were standing tall, crushing everything in their path. They were two geniuses that the Human Domain had grown to root for and no one seemed to believe that they were as arrogant as they had previously presumed. Their entrance just weeks ago was imprinted onto their minds and they replayed it again and again, feeling that this sort of grandeur was only right for two geniuses of their level.

But they had actually died... just like that?

Subconsciously, many began to feel some animosity toward the Omann family. While the lowest level families wouldn't understand what it meant for a Tier 2 Star Ship to appear, the middle tier families definitely did. The high tier families didn't care about fairness because Leonel had humiliated them all and even killed so many of their geniuses, but the middle tier families, which made up the majority of the Human Domain... felt very different.

This sort of indignance was something that had been in their hearts for the longest time, and now it was on full display before everyone and it left them feeling both helpless and enraged... until suddenly a pillar of water that had ascended beneath Leonel's might collapsed.

Leonel stood in the skies. His breathing was heavy, but his gaze was impossibly cold.

He looked down at Aina in his arms and her breathing was shallow and pained. Just the aftershock of the laser, without even hitting, was devastating. It superheated the air to the point that only someone with such high Fire Force attainments as Leonel could ignore, and it hit like a truck. It was one thing if you didn't resist, you just might die immediately. But the moment you did, the result could only be said to be devastating.

The air subtly trembled around Leonel, his heavy breathing becoming the only thing he could hear.

He looked down at the waters below. Corpses were strewn about, some face down, some face up, all floating and not a single one complete. There were limbs, incomplete torsos, there was even an individual who was nothing more than a head.

Leonel took all of this in and finally looked up, his gaze matching Kron's who was still slightly stunned that Leonel had actually survived.

It had been close. However, in those final moments, Leonel had used his Gravity Field along with his Spatial Force and Light Force to slightly bend the laser around him just enough that he had the space to dodge. It was impossible to know if he could do it again, especially considering the state of his body...

Although his current Lineage Factor allowed him to use [Instant Recovery] many times a day, that required him having a huge store of Life Force, Light Force he had practically used the entirety of just now. He would need at least an hour to gather up more, or he would need Anastasia to give up a Pure Force Crystal. Unfortunately, the Segmented Cube wasn't with him, it was still in his ocean territory.

The only other option was to use the Dark Star half of his [Instant Recovery] ability, but that required sucking people dry, and the only people he could do that with were on the star ship before him.

Even knowing all of this, Leonel continued to stare at Kron, the coldness in his gaze growing to the point the space before his eyes crackled like shattered glass grinding beneath a boot.

Kron continued to stand with his hands clasped behind his back. He was quite intelligent, so he had figured out how Leonel had survived. It was an easy enough deduction to make, but it was surprising nonetheless.

Even so, once something before him was within his realm of comprehension, he had no need to fear it any longer. The upper hand was held by the Omann, and if there were no other tricks, they would be the ultimate winners.

Better yet, this Leonel was right before him now. The only worry was whether or not he would shatter his badge before he could kill him. The Omann family had already made it clear that this young man had to die, but the original plan was for a sudden sneak attack that Leonel couldn't react to, he hadn't expected for Leonel to come to him like this.

Seeing how enraged Leonel seemed to be, though, Kron sent a secret signal with his hands clasped behind his back and his dignified expression turned into one with a sneer.

"Leonel Morales, I presume? I can't tell if you're simple or stupid. Did you believe that sending your headless subordinates here would be able to deal with the Omann family?"

Leonel didn't respond. Holding Aina in his arms, it seemed he didn't even dare to breathe too loudly for fear that he might hurt her more. But even so, his gaze never left Aina.

"This is your woman?" Kron asked with a smile before looking down. "Those are your brothers?"

Kron shook his head. "A pity they were led by a fool. Are you really the best that the Morales have to offer? I've already scanned this continent and none of you remain here, I hope for their sake that there are others waiting on the day side supercontinent."

Kron didn't seem to care whether Leonel responded or not, but his words were sinister. They didn't carry the crassness one might expect, but they instead hit the nail on the head again and again. By targeting the Morales family, even if Leonel felt that it was alright to leave now since he had already secured the

Morales' Heirship, Kron's words made that accomplishment seem meaningless.

Suddenly, the canons began to pulse.

Kron's sneer deepened.

Leonel took a step forward and Kron erupted in laughter. In truth, he didn't believe that Leonel was so stupid. He felt that Leonel probably thought that he could rely on his Spatial Force to make it here, but he would be sorely mistaken.

Back during Earth's second large scale war against the Umbras and Radix families, Leonel had assaulted a frontier on his own. Even the Radix family, a mere Sixth Dimensional family, understood how dangerous Spatial Force wielders were and had measures that made it impossible for him to teleport, let alone Crafters on the level of the Omann.

The distance between Leonel and the ship was over a kilometer, and even if Leonel managed to dodge this barrage of the lasers, the fluctuations of Force in the area would become so volatile that even his badge wouldn't work anymore.

This is why Kron had sent secret signals as he provoked Leonel. What he wanted was for Leonel to be unable to react by the time the larger canons fired, but these larger canons took time to warm up and shoot.

Now, it was already too late.

However, Kron, although he knew information like Leonel's use of Spatial Force, he clearly didn't know Leonel well enough.

That was because from the very moment Leonel had stepped foot into these Heir Wars, he didn't plan on anything weaker than first place.

And the moment Aina had shed blood, Kron's life was already forfeit.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2107: Mysterious Ability Index

Leonel's figure flickered to the side. He moved before the final pulse of canons echoed through the air. It felt like an Armageddon was descending, the piercing lights enveloping everything as they crossed to meet toward Leonel's location.

Kron had already seen Leonel's movement, but his sneer only deepened. Now that these canons had been fired, the region was far too volatile to allow the badges to work properly. Let alone the badges, even controlling Force would be difficult in this environment.

Now, he just wanted to see how much time Leonel would last for.

There was nowhere to escape, the Star ship was far faster than any one human. Even Eighth Dimensional existences wouldn't be able to easily outrun them. There was no winning, the Star Ship was too powerful. Any one of its strikes could threaten the life of an Ancestor. There was only despair to be had.

When the lights faded, all others saw was Leonel calmly strapping Aina to his back. He moved slowly and with purpose, too scared that his abrupt movement could injure her further.

Just moments ago, this woman stood at the top of the world, casually defeating all the geniuses in her path. This was the glory she deserved, a glory that Leonel was more than willing to give her. She was his woman, the one he loved. It didn't matter to him even if others downplayed his achievements because he had relied on her in the end.

When she smiled, he was happy. When she frowned, he felt sadness. When she was angry, he felt enraged on her behalf, and when she bled, his fury could burn even the stars.

Leonel's gaze had sharpened, his expression becoming so dark that it was difficult even to see his eyes clearly.

The last time he had been forced to strap Aina to his back like this, he had caused a city to fall from the skies, crushing the enemy that had dared to make her feel fear. Back then, the Puppet Master hadn't even laid a hand on

Aina yet, only because of her reaction Leonel had caused two powerful cities to crumble beneath his might.

What he would do to Kron and the Omann family would be far worse.

Leonel flickered and vanished. To the astonishment of those watching, rather than turning and running, hoping to find a way to exit the range of the volatile Force and crush his badge, he instead shot forward like a blazing meteor.

At that moment, streaking through the skies felt like swimming through a vat of oil, using Force felt like pushing a boulder up a hill. Many who weren't even present found it difficult to breathe.

It was truly the hot bloodedness of youth. Facing such a ship, even Ancestors would have to turn away. Back then, even the hot tempered Cross Elder Avan had only targeted Leonel after making certain that he had lost the ability to use the Star Ship against him.

But now, against an upgraded Tier 2 Star Ship, Leonel was actually moving forward like he had lost his mind entirely to rage.

Kron was stunned for a moment as well. He had only meant to use provoking words to delay Leonel for a moment so that the canons could fire. He hadn't expected to provoke Leonel to the point that he would actually attack. The way he saw things, Leonel might be stupid enough to not crush his badge immediately out of pride, but when he saw the situation, he would make a move nonetheless.

But the reality showed that Leonel was far more foolish than he had thought.

Kron suddenly began to laugh. "This is indeed the difference between the Morales and the Omann family. This hot blooded foolishness killed many of your Ancestors, it killed your grandfather, and it will kill your father very soon, but I guess that you won't be there to witness that day."

This time, Kron wasn't speaking just for the sake of goading Leonel, he spoke from the very bottom of his heart, his disdain practically taking physical form as it exuded from him.

The other geniuses of the Omann family couldn't help but sneer after awakening to the truth as well.



Vanlamar, Eirdal, and Garfin, three Gold Grade Crafters only beneath Kron in terms of Crafting skill within the younger generation. The four of them had worked themselves to the bone in the last several weeks, making sure that everything was absolutely perfect, and now it seemed that it would all work out.

They manned the lasers, shifting them toward Leonel's next location and firing.

This time, they weren't worried about power. Even at 5%, these lasers were more than enough to grind a Seventh Dimensional existence to ash. At that moment, the Starship displayed its power. The lasers were continuous, blotting out the skies. Although they were far thinner than they had been in the past, they fired continuously, an endless supply of power coming from their rumbling fusion core.

The rest of the Omann family members flew around the ship like headless chickens, making sure that everything was in order. Even though they were being worked to the bone, they grinned with wide smiles on their faces, the pride they felt in their families growing to the point of manifesting like Kron's disdain.

Leonel couldn't even approach. He continuously flashed to the side, trying to get closer. But every time he succeeded, he would actually be forced to retreat. That was because the closer he got, the higher the density of lasers would be, leaving him less and less room to dodge.

The Human Domain sighed. By now, the domain of volatile Force had increased to the point that even if Leonel managed to rush hundreds of kilometers away, he wouldn't be able to escape. But how could he even begin to put that kind of distance between himself and a Starship?

...

At that moment, in the starry skies, a body was suddenly surrounded by several figures. It was a young woman who had had her legs and one of her arms blown off, even her beating heart could be seen. But she was indifferent to it all, looking toward the floating images before her.

This woman was none other than Cynthia Omann.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2108: Over

Cynthia didn't care about the state of her body, nor the Omann family elders trying to sustain her life around her. She felt that since she still had her consciousness, her survival was inevitable. She would get her revenge in due time. What she cared about now was the death of Leonel.

She had given Kron a blueprint she had spent the better part of the last few decades on. It was a machine that would allow the Omann's to rise to the top. No one would be able to compete with them. This... was nothing more than an appetizer.

If before she didn't care much about Leonel and only wanted him dead for the sake of avoiding accidents, she now wanted to see Alienor's face when she learned that she had both survived and was the cause of her son's death.

Although Cynthia's expression was unmoved, the viciousness in her heart was practically like crawling, black-scaled snakes, imprinting themselves throughout her veins and arteries and turning her thoughts dark and gloomy.

No one knew what her thoughts had been like in the years since Velasco didn't show up to their wedding, no one even knew whether she had loved Velasco or not. The world could never read anything from her expression and even when she was on the brink of death like this, she had given nothing away at all.

In truth, though she wanted to see Alienor in pain, she was actually partially grateful.

Much like no one knew what her true emotions were, even fewer knew what her Ability Index was. But this time, that was because even Cynthia herself hadn't been aware of what it was. All her life she had assumed that it was just a minor Ability Index that boosted her strength or speed, but this was unexpectedly not the case.

Just now, she had truly died and been reborn. If she already stood atop the world before, she would supersede even this world in the future. And the first step toward that glory... was the death of this thorn at her side.

...

Leonel's moves became more and more erratic. In the end, this was the first time the Omann had used this Starship, they were yet to become used to it. The more they fired, the more accustomed they became, and the sharper their attacks and their aiming became.

The only reason Leonel had survived for this long was because he was moving before the canons fired, basing his movements on the aiming of the barrels rather than waiting to time the trajectory of the lasers themselves. But the sharper the Omann family became, the more and more difficult this became as well.

However, no one noticed that Leonel's gaze had become akin to the sea god's trident, cold and merciless, enveloped the chilly depths of the dark ocean. And then... Leonel suddenly moved forward.

This time, there was no sideways movement to his steps at all, he barrelled forward as though he had given up on life and sought to die in a blaze of glory.

Kron's smile deepened until it suddenly froze.

There was only a kilometer that separated himself and Leonel. This was nothing more than child's play in terms of distance at their strength. But it hadn't mattered because Leonel couldn't even get close. In fact, Leonel had even been pushed back until there was over a 10 kilometers distance separating them.

But Leonel suddenly closed the distance to nine kilometers, crossing a distance that should have gotten him killed immediately... And he was still moving!

Leonel's flickered and moved like the pieces on a chess board. Every time he shifted to one location and the canons reacted, he would shift again, sliding into an impossible to target blindspot.

All barrels had their limitations. These limitations came in terms of how fast they could move, their recharge time, their recoil, and the final limitation was that of the experts manning them.

With this fast rate of firing, the reload time was not even half a second. The recoil was minimized not only by the design of the barrels, but also the thickness of the lasers-although they were far thinner now than when they

were fully charged, that was only relative. As for how fast they could move side to side and up and down in order to re-aim, that was even smoother, they were being manned by the geniuses of the Omann family, their speed of calculation was out of this world.

However, in Leonel's eyes...

A half second was still a period of time. Recoil, no matter how minimal, was still minimal. Thickness, no matter how thick, wasn't infinite. And calculations, no matter how fast they were done, couldn't possibly be done faster than his own.

After just three minutes, a map of the location of the barrels, their limitations, and what regions they could currently attack, had all appeared in Leonel's mind. Every time he moved, he would force the barrels to overextend themselves, then suddenly step into the nearest blind spot they couldn't react fast enough to.

His movements were agile and his steps were confident.

He halved the distance to five kilometers in an instant, then in the blink of an eye he was already less than half a kilometer away.

It had all happened so fast that Kron almost couldn't react. Leonel was akin to a fish in water, the coldness in his eyes suddenly piercing through Kron's soul for the first time.

But just because he was a bit slow to react didn't mean he couldn't.

Kron calmed and waved a hand, a shield activating that blocked Leonel's path when he was just a hundred meters away. Even normal mortals could see across this distance clearly, let alone two individuals of their stature.

Looking into Leonel's eyes, Kron felt that it was far too close.

"Kill him," Kron said coldly.

This shield was even stronger than the shield Leonel had used to protect himself from Cross Elder Avan. This battle was over.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2109: A Practical Joke

The lasers charged and suddenly there was no place to dodge. With Leonel being so close, Kron changed his command. Rather than firing at the fastest speed possible, they delayed the onset, charging it up from 5% to over 50%.

The thickness of the lasers would increase ten times over. At this distance, if all the canons fired together, the entire range around Leonel would be enveloped. There would be no blindspot because all of the lasers would cover for one another.

Suddenly, Leonel, who looked as though he was about to turn the tide, faced his death.

Vanlamar, Eirdal and Garfin reacted even faster than Kron could give the order. They were all absolute geniuses in their own right and were only a small bit worse than Kron. If the Omann family had their own Heir Wars, there was no doubt that these four would all be their own respective Heirs.

Due to this, the order came even faster than Kron had expected and the sneer on his face deepened. If there had been a delay due to the time it took for him to give the order, Leonel might have had a 10% chance to escape. But now, those odds had fallen to 0%, and even that was Kron being reserved. If there was a way for him to give Leonel less than 0% chance, he would. But his pride as a Crafter and scholarly man wouldn't allow him to do something so meaningless.

Many looked away, unwilling to see such a scene. Leonel's death would mean Aina's death as well. Such a young couple, a Life Grade Crafter and Force Pill Crafter, would actually die in this way?

Of course, Kron had no idea about all of this as he didn't have the viewer's perspective and hadn't seen what the two had accomplished.

As far as Kron was concerned, he was unmatched amongst the younger generation in Force Crafting, he had no equal. Even though he was currently relying on Cynthia's blueprint, he didn't feel any shame. In fact, he only felt endless amounts of pride.

He, as a Seventh Dimensional existence, had actually led a team to complete a Life Grade Craft. He had already stepped through the threshold of becoming a Life Grade Crafter and he was sure that within the next three years he would succeed.

To him, the Crafters of the Morales family, especially those of the younger generation, were nothing more than jumping clouds.

With his hands clasped behind his back, he met Leonel's cold gaze. Just a hundred meters separated them, but it might as well have been an endless cavern.

'This is my skill, this is what the power of a Crafter can bring you. What meaning is there to be a group of fighting apes like the Morales, unable to focus on anything and having the tempers of children? You'll die and your parents will come to accompany you soon.'

Kron's intent blazed and his Force actually surged. Beneath the rising might of the laser barrels, his power actually improved. He stepped across the threshold of Tier 3 of the Seventh Dimension and stepped into Tier 4.

His Force flowed with an impossible smoothness and the smile on his face was calm. He felt like everything in the world was in the palm of his hands. The difference between him and Leonel was akin to the skies and mud. He had just broken through a barrier no one in the younger generation could touch, and Leonel's journey would end here. Wasn't it all clear?

BOOM!

The lasers fired and enveloped the world. As expected, Leonel was entirely swallowed. There was nowhere to dodge, no blind spots to take advantage of.

It was over.

Kron looked away complacently, a bright smile on his face. "You've all done well! This is the Omann family's glory! Prepare the ship, we'll go to kill off the rest of the Heirs and finish this farce."

"Long live the Omanns!"

"Long live the Omanns!"

The roar of the geniuses on the ship was deafening. They too had had a helping hand in completing a Life Grade Starship, how could they not be endlessly prideful? Maybe soon, like Kron, they would sense the threshold of the Life Grade as well.

Vanlamar, Eirdal and Garfin were all feeling prideful as well. Unlike the others, they were right on Kron's heels, they had already sensed the threshold as well. Although Kron had gone beyond them and entered Tier 4, he was always slightly older than them.

Soon, the Omann family would have four new rising geniuses. This was the power of Cynthia's blueprint!

But at that moment, amidst the roaring adulation, the gentle sound and feet landing on the ground was deafening.

It should have been a sound that was entirely drowned out, a sound that was so miniscule and unimportant that it would have been washed away by the deafening boom of their happiness. And yet... it echoed in their ears like thunder... because they were all too familiar with that sound, it was a sound they had heard thousands of times in their lives... the sound of someone descending from the skies...

But the problem was that none of them had been in the skies just now.

They all looked back, their eyes widening as they found Leonel standing there with the same cold expression. This time, the biting wind of his gaze reached them, the hollow sound of chilly wind echoing through their heart resounding in their ears like the creaking doors of an abandoned home.

Kron's expression changed, his head whipped back so fast that an aching pain spread through his neck. However, he couldn't seem to sense this at all as his eyes landed on Leonel.

"You... How..."

Leonel didn't say a single word as the entire ship was enveloped by darkness. At that moment, even the Human Domain couldn't see a single thing. All they could hear was the echo of screams, a shuddering, heart wrenching, blood curdling symphony that they would never forget.

When the darkness cleared, Leonel held Kron's throat in his hands as he breathed his final few breaths.

Kron's eyes suddenly lit up with enlightenment, a wash of relief flooding his body. "That's how... how you did it..."

Kron chuckled, the excursion causing him to cough up the final strands of blood in his body. To the horror of those watching, everything beneath his waist had actually already been separated from his body.

The ship could only be described as the bloodier reincarnation of hell. Limbs, headless corpses, random assortments of legs, bones and inner organs. Blood painted the deck and dripped down the sides of the once proud Starship. It could be seen that Leonel hadn't spared even a single person, not even the most minor of characters from the Omanns had lived, because they were all responsible for Aina's injuries.

And yet, the leader of them all, was laughing such a mad laughter as he breathed his last breaths. He found it all to be absolutely hysterical, a wild tale of the most epic proportions.

That was because he felt that his title as number one Crafter of the younger generation had been nothing more than a joke the Human Domain had played on him.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 2110: Silence

There was nothing but a void of silence. The way Leonel stood, it looked like he was still infuriated, tossing aside Kron's corpse as though he was dissatisfied that there was no one left to vent his fury on.

Indeed, Kron had managed to figure it out at the last moment. His shock and awe had nothing to do with Leonel's Divine Armor. As he watched his fellow family members die one after another, suffering horrible, cruel deaths, all he could think about was what could have possibly led things to come to this point... and in the end, as he breathed his last, he finally grasped it.

But even then, he found it hard to believe... hard to believe that such a Crafter could exist in the younger generation because it was hard to believe that such



an existence could even exist amongst the older generation. It felt that none of it made any sense.

Everything hinged on one matter: the protective formation itself.

When one thought about it, what did it mean for a Starship to be able to defend itself and attack at the same time? How could it both stop Leonel from approaching, while also attacking Leonel? It seemed that the only way for that to be possible would be for the canons to be outside of the formation, but in that case, the canons would be too easily targeted.

Of all the blind spots that Leonel had risked his life to calculate, there existed some that even toddlers would be able to figure out was a safe region, and that was the location of the barrels themselves. If the canons had been located on the outside, it would be easy for Leonel to protect himself.

However, there would never be such an obvious design flaw. The formations of the Starship were designed to allow one-way pass through, to block from one direction, but allow easy access from another direction. It was like this the ship was able to both protect itself and attack at the same time.

It didn't need to be an example just how difficult doing such a thing was. The level of Force Art mastery that was required was on a completely different level. It was one thing for it to be a simple pass through, or to maybe allow a person or two through, but to maintain its integrity while powerful cannons like those lasers were firing, it was almost impossible.

It could be said that the greatest feat of engineering on the Starships was this formation that could block Eighth Dimensional existences from one side and kill them from the other. To Leonel, however...

This was nothing more than a flaw to exploit.

The weakness of such a Force Art was that the amount it could let through at once was limited. Kron wasn't a fool, he was well aware of this. As for the Protective Force Art, it was designed to be just fine even if all the cannons fired at once at 100%. If it could do this, it wouldn't be a feat of engineering.

Even so, there were still flaws, and it had only taken Leonel a moment to find them.

During his approach to the Starship, Leonel had already been targeting one region in particular. However, those that were intelligent would see that there was a problem with all of this.

The cannons, fired at 50%, had lasers so thick that they covered the entire range of Leonel's escape options. How could Leonel target a single flaw if the lasers spanned hundreds of meters? And if the flaw spanned hundreds of meters itself, it wouldn't have even been a feat for Leonel to succeed because the Force Art would have long since collapsed.

But once again, the Starship was designed to take the cannons fired at 100%, even all at the same time, so something wasn't adding up.

Originally, Kron had thought of this possibility, and simply threw it to the back of his mind. It wasn't until his final breath that he remembered what Leonel had done right at the beginning of the battle and it all clicked for him at once.

In order to survive the first strike of lasers and save Aina, Leonel had redirected the lasers, using his Gravity Field, Light Force, and Spatial Force to bend light as though he was a crystal prism.

This time, Leonel did it once again, but on a far larger scale.

He had realized that the protective Force Art was no different from a polarized lens. It allowed objects to pass through from one direction, but didn't from another. So long as he got close to this lens, he could tweak it just the slightest bit.

On his own, Leonel could only shift the laser's light a few centimeters...

With the help of the Protective Force Art, he forced the lasers that spanned hundreds of meters in thickness to concentrate onto a single point, targeting the weakness of the Force Art.

While passing through the Force Art, the lasers immediately overloaded the protective formation. The formation was rated to handle 100% canon fire with ease, but after Leonel took action, it was as though the power of the cannons had increased a thousandfold, shooting far past what the Force Art could handle and shattering it.

At the same time, because the laser was concentrated into a single point chosen by Leonel's manipulation of the Protective Force Art, he knew exactly where to stand to avoid being hit.

As though this wasn't terrible foresight enough, because the lasers had to be filtered through the Force Art first before their beams could be shrunk, from Kron's perspective, it looked as though everything had gone perfectly because all he and the rest of them could see was a blinding flash of light that enveloped everything ahead.

Leonel controlled it all perfectly. He overloaded the Force Art just enough that it only shattered after all the light had passed through. Then, he calmly stepped forward through the now shattered Force Art, and before it could even be reported that the Protective Force Art had issues... He landed on the desk of the Starship.

Now, he stood alone and it all began to sink in for the spectators.

These Heir Wars were over, and the number one genius of the younger generation had been crowned.

His name was Leonel Morales.