

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2111: Not Earth?

The silence of the Human Domain very quickly became a raging uproar. Not many understood how Leonel had done it; it relied on concepts of Force Crafting that even Life Grade Crafters might not understand, let alone the general masses.

But what they were all aware of was that Leonel wasn't just lucky. Unlike Kron, they had a bird's eye perspective of what had happened. They saw Leonel placed his hand on the Protective Force Art, they saw the large, thick beams of lasers converge and come out the other side in a far thinner line, they saw Leonel dodge it with ease, and they watched as it shattered beneath its own power.

At this point, in the eyes of those watching, Leonel was practically omnipotent. He had just taken down a Starship that even Ancestors feared on his own, and yet he hadn't been injured during the exchange even a single time. In fact, he had entered the battlefield tired and drawing on his final dregs of stamina, and yet this was the result.

If it wasn't for the fact that Kron and the others had lost their lives as a result of this matter, some conspiracy theorists might have thought that this was all a show put on by the strongest powers of the Human Domain just to shine a halo upon Leonel.

It all felt too exaggerated. From the very moment he stepped onto the Heir Wars moon, it could be said that he was in first place from the very first breath, and in the end, he finished off in first place. Despite the winding twists and turns, and even when it seemed that he had nowhere to go and had finally reached a dead end, he broke through time and time again... Nothing was able to pause his steps.

The Morales Heirs watched on in silence, their expressions unreadable. They too had begun to feel the sort of bitter sweetness that the Heirs of the past had felt. For Adawarth, sometimes when his father got drunk and complained about the things on his plate and how being Patriarch was exhausting, he

could hear the undertones in his voice. That year, Velasco hadn't participated, and Montez, as though trying to prove something, had entered the Heir Wars with no backers other than his own spear, believing that he was no weaker than his elder brother and he didn't need the help of others.

The current Patriarch of the Morales was the first winner in their history that didn't feel the pride in his victory. Every time he had more work to do, every time another thing was shoved onto his plate, every time his temper wanted to flare up but he was forced to suppress it, he would remember that this was a job that others hadn't even wanted so he ended up with it, and it made it all the more bitter.

Adawarth had wanted to win, to defeat his fellow Heirs in the most talented generation of the Morales with his own hands, so that he could take some of his father's pride back.

But that satisfaction had already been stripped from him. The moment the Human Domain forced Leonel to participate as a Sixth Dimensional existence, he had been enraged, although he didn't show it. What good was it if he defeated Leonel like this? What was it worth? Could he take his father's pride back? Could he help their branch of the family set their hearts at ease?

This rage, however, wasn't aimed toward Leonel; he wanted to vent it on the other Heirs of the Human Domain for daring to stain something he had worked so hard for.

But now, seeing Leonel stand victorious, a smile couldn't help but spread across his face.

This was what Leonel deserved, what the Morales deserved. All the humiliation he had felt, that they had felt, that every Morales had been forced to shoulder for the last several months, was washed away in a single instant.

As fiery as all of their tempers were, they grinned from ear to ear, their bodies rumbling and their blood boiling.

One after another, the howl of the Morales spread through the Human Domain. There didn't need to be a projection for the powers, weak to strong, to hear it.

The stars aligned and a constellation that spanned countless light years appeared above their heads, taking the shape of a spear roaring with the howl of a blade.

The commotion was larger than a single Domain could encompass. The echo spread across the Dimensional Verse, the stars aligning as though in worship of the birth of a new existence.

The spear lengthened and grew, its mighty body shuddering and shaking as though it wasn't satisfied with this alone.

The doors that gates the Morales Lineage Factor were flung open one after another. A raging torrent of Star Force accumulated and descended upon their territory.

Everyone with even the slightest Morales blood rushing through their veins felt a connection with the roaring stars in the skies. Their understanding of Star Force and what it truly represented seemed to undergo a metamorphosis, and their gazes lost their sharpness, the vague hue of enlightenment filling their bodies as the commotion continued to grow.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The Morales Holy Land rumbled. The ground cracked and large plumes of violet smoke came out from its depths, filling the region that had already been extremely thick with Force with larger and larger amounts of it.

And then, suddenly, it was as though a pane of glass had shattered, a ceiling made of the most pure and transparent crystal being crushed as an artificial glass cap was erupted through.

The Morales lands trembled, their skies thundered, and all of the stars within the thousands of galaxies they commanded seemed to surge with life.

Every existence in the Dimensional Verse was alerted all at once.

The Human Domain finally had an Eighth Dimensional territory...

And it wasn't Earth at all.

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Chapter 2112: Howl

The howl of the Morales resonated with their spear constellation as it morphed into something entirely different.

A hand of stars appeared from the vast nothingness, grabbing ahold of the spear as the rest of his body quickly formed. A magnificent armor formed of a rainbow assortment of stars and galaxies took shape.

The man raised his foot and stomped it downward. A wild pressure spread in all directions, the howling blade of the spear piercing through the veil of the universe.

The man's spear steadied, straight and unfathomable, steady and unmovable.

And then, it all fell into silence.

The rolling blood of the Morales continued to tumble. They felt their bodies strengthening by leaps and bounds, whether it was the Heirs or the lowest of the talents, their so-called Bloodline Shackles were shattered one after another.

Even without being consciously aware of it, the Morales seemed to understand that they would never have to awaken their Lineage Factor step by step again. However, even this wasn't the most shocking part of it all.

Their Metal Synergy Lineage Factor and their Spear Domain Lineage Factor had seemingly fused into one, becoming an entirely new Lineage Factor more substantial than it had been in the past. And, as though that wasn't enough, every Morales alive on this day had received it.

In the past, the fifth door of the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor had been a tightly guarded secret, one that the Morales hadn't been willing for outsiders to understand. But when the sixth door was awakened by Leonel, the uproar within their Holy Lands was devastating, though many had assumed that it had been done by Velasco.

Now, however, it had all changed.

Doors? They didn't have them anymore. And let alone the sixth door that they had to suppress information about had entirely vanished.

The two Lineage Factor standards that had become the deciding factor as to whether or not one could become an Heir and compete for the Patriarch position had vanished, fusing into one and forming an entirely new Lineage Factor that existed on a plain of its own... at least in the Human Domain.

The other families that were witnessing this felt shaken to their core.

At this moment, one had one very important question to ask themselves. Why was it that only 12 were known as the Constellation Families? Why was it that word of the Morales family or the Omann family or the Suiard family having Constellations not spread?

It didn't seem to make any sense. The influence of these constellations was so heavy that even the people of Earth had heard of them, to the point that they had even named them properly down to the final word.

If the influence was so great, then why was it that these families had to join up in alliances just to match up to the Suiard and Morales families? Why were they so weak, relatively speaking?

Of course, to the people of the Human Domain, these families were absolute behemoths, but they still didn't sit upon the apex. So what was the reasoning for this?

The harsh truth was that very few knew or understood, but there was some speculation... And that while it required a powerful family to form a Constellation, if a family was too powerful, it would be even more difficult than a weak family trying to form one.

While there were many medium to large families that had formed Constellations, the pinnacle of the Dimensional Verse had never managed to do so...

Until now.

The Morales Constellation seemed to take up the entire skies. No matter where you were in the Dimensional Verse, no matter how bright your sun had just been in your skies, there was nothing but darkness except for the shining radiance of this constellation.

The howl of the Morales, rather than getting weaker, only seemed to get stronger. Their boiling blood only grew hotter and hotter, their skin growing flush.

A spear radiance shot from their bodies, piercing toward the stars as though in acknowledgement of the man wielding a spear above them. Even their Ancestors couldn't seem to hold back, howling along as though they were in the prime of their youth once again.

The Human Domain was entirely silent outside the roar of the Morales. Many had thought about the fact that should the Morales have won these Heir Wars, their morale would have reached unreachable peaks, but they had never expected for it to be this exaggerated.

They felt that if they truly attacked the Morales now, even if they could deal a devastating blow, destroying them would be entirely impossible.

Their gazes couldn't help but fall onto a single young man, standing amidst a sea of blood and carnage. It was he who had caused all of this, he, who from the very beginning, had shattered their expectations one after another. It was he, who even on the first day of his role as Patriarch, had gathered up the Morales into a single unified front even without breathing a single word.

...

The Void Elders of the Void Palace couldn't believe what they were seeing. Void Elder Wimarc, Void Elder Galienne, and Void Elder Lizbeth had unreadable expressions, their gazes shifting from the Constellation in the skies to the young man basking in Star Force.

They had been infuriated by this youngster time and time again, but they had never been able to get their revenge. They had thought that they could at least watch him fall on his face during these Heir Wars after offending so many, but he had shattered their expectations again and again.

It was truly suffocating.

Before any of them could decide on a word to speak, the Void Palace suddenly rumbled.

Their expressions changed. The last time this had happened, the Cataclysm Zone had descended and swallowed them whole, it couldn't be that...

"The Void Battlefield! The barriers have been shattered!"

The expressions of the Void Elders turned pale all at once.

This only meant one thing. The other Domains were invading.

Erdiul's Note: I really enjoyed this Heir Wars arc, what about you guys?

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Chapter 2113: Drawbacks

Leonel opened his eyes, his gaze somewhat vacant. In truth, he wasn't entirely in the mood to worry about the changes happening to his body, nor the changes occurring outside this planet, but he didn't really have much of a choice. He might have still ignored it if it was a change to his Lineage Factor alone, but during these last few moments, he had suddenly gained enlightenment on Universal Force.

It had come in an unexpected way, but also in a mode that made perfect sense. He had never thought that the constellation families would be so related to the Universal Forces, but now that things had been laid out this way, it almost felt too obvious. Of course they would have to be related in some way.

Even so, the fact that his Lineage Factor had actually evolved was beyond his expectations, and his breakthrough was even more unexpected.

Leonel had found breaking through the Realms of the Sixth Dimension incredibly easy, he improved by leaps and bounds what felt like almost everyday. And yet, his Universal Force and comprehension of Universal Cycles was still stuck at a Fifth Dimensional standard, it didn't seem to make much sense.

That said, Leonel understood why this was. He had suddenly upturned his entire understanding of Universal Forces and what they were meant to be, and had even tied that in with [Dimensional Cleanse]. The complexity of taking even a single step forward now couldn't be understated.

What Leonel had neglected was the fact that since his Universal Force had fundamentally changed, the method by which he had to approach his next breakthrough should likewise change, but he hadn't been flexible enough.

Now, he realized where his mistake was.

He had already fully comprehended the Sixth Dimensional Layer of [Dimensional Cleanse]. All he had to do now was use it as a prism to comprehend the Natural Light Realm and everything would flow smoothly. The moment he had this thought, it happened.

The world of his Ethereal Glabella changed entirely and the shifting tides of night and day came with a surge of Universal Force that was all too easily masked by the commotion of the Human Domain as a whole.

Leonel was so distracted by these changes to his Universal Force that he didn't pay much attention to his body. He already had improved his Lineage Factor greatly and he hadn't thought about what benefits this matter would bring him. In fact, he was actually lamenting it.

Why were the Morales so powerful? It wasn't just because of their Lineage Factor, but rather because of the skills that they had paired it with.

The Metal Synergy Lineage Factor didn't come with Divine Armor by default, it had to be remembered that the Divine Armor creation technique was one that passed down to Leonel from his father. It and techniques like Metal Body were the real reason that Leonel and the others were so powerful.

If the Lineage Factor changed too much, these techniques that had taken countless generations to produce would become useless. Even if the floor strength of the Morales had skyrocketed, and their ceiling couldn't be seen, the time it would take for that improvement to be seen would be extremely long.

In fact, if those techniques truly became useless, in the immediate future, rather than becoming stronger, the Morales would actually weaken by a substantial margin.

This is why Leonel wasn't very excited about these matters. He had already lucked out once by the improvement of his Lineage Factor not interfering with his Metal Body and the like, he didn't know if he would be lucky enough to succeed again.

These reasons were also why he had held back in improving his Northern Star Lineage Factor to the next stage either. If he casually did so, the synergy

between the light and dark halves might vanish and things like the Lotus Domain that he had grown to like very much would disappear as well.

Leonel shook his head and sighed. It seemed that only time would tell.

After his enlightenment ended, he swept through his body once and sighed a breath of relief when it seemed that his Divine Armors were still there. However, although they were still there they felt somewhat... empty.

They had had such a perfect fusion with Leonel before, but now it felt that there was something missing.

The situation in Leonel's body, oddly enough, was actually quite similar to what the other Morales were experiencing as well. This was surprising because Leonel's own Lineage Factor had already deviated from their own, and his Divine Armor had changed a great deal.

'Hm?'

Leonel's gaze sharpened. He actually felt that he could expel his Divine Armor from his body now.

Others weren't aware, but Leonel very much understood how he had managed to reforge his Divine Armors... It required literally being eaten alive. Although it wouldn't have had to be so exaggerated if he wanted to do it again, he would still have to take the step to destroy his own body and reforge it like a Spiritual would.

That wasn't a fun process, and he could only do it because he had succeeded in separating his soul. But now, it seemed that he could actually do it at will.

'Maybe... the drawbacks won't be so bad...!' Leonel felt hopeful. However, he didn't smile too quickly. He knew that with these sorts of subtle changes, it would take time to pick out all the new issues they would have to deal with.

At least with how things stood now, his Divine Armor was definitely no longer perfectly suited to his body, he would have to do something about that sooner rather than later.

Exhaling a breath, Leonel looked up. It seemed that it was time to leave.

He took a step and the Starship rumbled. The corpses that had fallen into the ocean were all taken by him.

When Leonel pierced through the atmosphere of the Heir Wars moon, there probably wasn't a single person who didn't have their eyes on him. All at once, the animosity that had built up so long came flooding forth like a tide. This was truly their last easy chance to kill Leonel.

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Chapter 2114: Brat

These people never got the chance to act. Let alone his parents, the Morales all moved in unison. However, people soon realized that it was entirely unnecessary.

'This brat...' The Morales Ancestors shook their heads. Even in this situation, it seemed that Leonel didn't care to rely on others. He had exited the Heir Wars riding on the Starship that the Omann were so proud of. They had been so excited by the various emotions they had experienced in the last several moments that they had entirely neglected this point.

Who here could even harm Leonel? They would have to turn their own flagship canons toward him first, but the agility that the Omann's new prototype had shown was on a completely different level. Their large Starships took time to warm up and prepare for action, and took even longer to accelerate into movement. After all, they were all the size of a planet at the smallest. But the Omann's... or rather, Leonel's now, was only about three or so kilometers in length. It might be small, but it was no less powerful, and they would probably be crushed before they even knew what happened.

Even now, Leonel didn't need any sort of protection. He had the pride that a Patriarch of the Morales family should have.

Leonel stood quite stoically, he didn't seem moved by the killing intent of those around him. Even those of his generation that had managed to escape, lucky enough to have never run into him, lowered their heads, unwilling to meet his sweeping gaze.

Whether it was the arrogant Conon of the Lio family, or even Simona who had just been Leonel's ally, they felt that they were at a loss for words and didn't deserve to stand on the same plane as him.

One might wonder why it was that Simona was already among the spectators, but the truth wasn't all that difficult to decipher. She had charged toward the Omanns to deal the final blow along with Leonel's brothers and his armies. However, the moment she had seen the Starship, she felt that the situation was helpless.

Without hesitation, she crushed her badge, leaving the others behind to fend for themselves.

Leonel's army was only about 20,000 deep. The millions of soldiers that had been under Xavnik were all in the territory of the Spiritual Religion. It could be said that Simona and her people had been the absolute largest force, but they had left even without a fight.

It was hard to blame her, what could she do in the face of a weapon even Ancestors would be helpless against? But when Leonel swept a gaze past her, unsurprised by her appearance here and treating her just the same as every other genius he had trampled beneath his feet, she felt a hollowness in her chest.

Looking toward the beauty calmly resting on Leonel's back, Simona thought she saw a slight smile on Aina's face. Even so injured, even in such a helpless situation, the moment she had felt Leonel's touch she seemed to have entered a state of incomparable ease.

She didn't care if the skies were falling, her man would be there to hold it up.

Simona adjusted herself and calmed down. Looking at the puppy by her legs, she relaxed entirely. In some time, she would dazzle the world as well. It might be later than her peers, but that time would come. The helplessness of this day would reverse soon enough.

Suddenly, a shadow appeared before Leonel with a swift speed. Leonel, who wasn't in the best of moods, couldn't help but smile. He didn't move as two soft palms pressed his cheeks together.

Compared to Leonel's mood, Alienor's mood was even worse. If not for Velasco, she really would have stopped the Heir Wars and attacked directly. Everyone could see how unfair the situation was, the Omann family was actually so disgusting and shameless.

Seeing that her Little Lion was okay, the heavy boulder on her chest had finally been placed down. Even so, it was quickly replaced by an erupting fury. She wanted nothing more than to charge into the Omann family's territory and slaughter them down to their last man.

Leonel chuckled. "Mom, don't frown so much, it'll age you."

Alienor was stunned out of rage with Leonel's words and she suddenly gave her son a light palm to the forehead.

"Look at you, mom has neglected your education. Don't you know how to talk to women?"

Leonel grinned. "I think I did okay."

Alienor rolled her eyes. Although Leonel didn't pick up his father's playboy habits, he had definitely picked up that glib tongue and arrogance.

With a gentle swipe, Alienor palm descended on Aina's cheek as well, but this time there was a swell of Light Force. Very soon, the paleness on Aina's face vanished entirely.

Alienor's brows jumped. She hadn't expected healing Aina would take such little Force, that could only mean that Aina was more than 50% healed by now. Such self-healing capabilities for a Tier 1 Seventh Dimensional practitioner was more than exceptional, she could only be said to be a little monster.

Leonel looked past his mother's shoulder to see that his father was still lying lazily and he couldn't help but roll his own eyes. He hadn't seen this old man in over half a decade, in fact, to this old man, it probably would have been over three decades since he last saw his son, but he was still trying to act cool.

Before Leonel could say anything, the rage seemed to have boiled over. It seemed that what would come would come. The Golddark family, the Taur family, the Gemin family, the Libra family, the Quarius family, the Pisc family... More enemies than Leonel could even count were all infuriated.

Of them all, the Matriarch of the Gemin family, that vindictive young woman's mother, seemed to be the most pressuring.

Seeing them really about to do something, Leonel suddenly held up a finger as though he was telling them to wait a moment.

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Chapter 2115: Extortion

Leonel's actions stunned the surrounding elders before they were suddenly infuriated. Patriarch of the Morales or not, since when did a Sixth Dimensional junior have the right to speak to them in such a way? No, he hadn't even spoken to them, he waved at them like a nobleman might a doorman.

Leonel seemed to remember something at that moment and took out a Silver Tablet. Before anyone could understand what was happening, his eyes glowed a fierce violet light and the corpses that he had brought up with him began to vanish one after another.

Aina, who was having a good sleep, subconsciously mumbled something and the Blood Force responded, surging into the Silver Tablet. After a moment, Leonel began to revive them.

Under the astonished gazes of the Human Domain, Leonel's people came back to life one after another. His brothers, who had experienced this once before, looked at their bodies and shook their heads, a feeling of helplessness welling up inside of them.

As for the members of the Skies and Oryx families, they jolted feeling as though everything was surreal. Many thought they had entered some form of heaven or hell, until they looked around and realized that it was all as they remembered the real world to be. Were they hallucinating?

But soon, Leonel's next words seemed to have awakened everyone to reality. Then, he looked toward the families that were clambering and every one of them seemed to understand what this matter meant.

They looked toward the Silver Tablet in Leonel's hands, their gazes practically burning.

This was a gathering of the strongest powers of the Human Domain, it wouldn't be unlikely that one or two of them had seen such a tablet before. In fact, the Morales might even have one. But what was clear was that none of them had ever seen it used like this.

The reason was simple... which of them had the ability to control and snatch souls before they disappeared like Leonel did? The answer was that no one but Leonel had this ability, not even his mother did, that was because the Golden Tablet of the Emperor's Might Lineage Factor that held all the secrets of their power's uses was with Leonel.

Even if they knew the tablet had such an ability, they wouldn't be able to use it in such a way. Only Leonel could, and that was thanks to the amazing soul controlling ability that they had seen him use on those lowly disciples of the Libra family.

Leonel's gaze blinked as he looked toward the Patriarchs, Matriarchs, and Ancestors who had been ready to clamor. None of them seemed to know what to say because they suddenly realized that Leonel was their only hope at ever seeing their young geniuses again.

Alienor gazed at the Silver Tablet silently for a moment, but didn't say anything, simply standing by her son's side.

Suddenly, it became obvious why Leonel hadn't used one of his greatest trump cards during the Heir Wars. He had already exposed his ability to control souls, so why had he only used it once but never again? Wouldn't it have been useful?

And the answer to that was that after he resurrected a soul, it would only last for 24 hours before vanishing. At that point, forcing it to rise wouldn't be possible again, and said person would be officially dead. This was something even the snowglobes couldn't stop.

But by only keeping their corpses, he could freeze them in the moment of death and force their soul to stay put until he was ready to force it to rise.

Leonel suddenly grinned. "It seems that you're all very eager to see your geniuses rise again, huh?"

Leonel's words made their bodies tremble, but no one said a single thing.

Suddenly, everything felt like a joke. They had done all of this to stop the Morales from monopolizing an Eighth Dimensional world, but now the Morales territory itself was an Eighth Dimensional world. They didn't even have to overextend themselves anymore, as a Crafting family, the built-in defenses of the Morales territory were beyond what most could imagine.

And now, the youth that was both the Prince of a world about to become an Eighth Dimensional world and the current Patriarch of an Eighth Dimensional world was sneering at them while they could only come with a hat in hand.

"It's very simple. I'm willing to trade the life of an ordinary genius for a gold grade weapon, it doesn't even have to be a good one."

Hearing this, the expressions on their various elders softened considerably. This might sound like an astronomical price, but a Gold Grade treasure for a genius that had entered the Seventh Dimension with the God Path was more than worth it. In fact, Leonel was suffering a huge loss. These powerful families could probably pay that price with a single one of their main cities with just half a year or so's revenue. Of course, that was if they were exchanging for all of their geniuses at once.

However, the smile on Leonel's face was anything but comforting.

"For a medium-level genius, a Half Life Grade weapon. These will be geniuses that had been in leadership roles beneath the Heirs and their trump cards."

The elders remained silent. The price was getting far steeper.

Life Grade weapons were exceptionally rare, and Half Life Grade weapons, although a step down, could be considered the pinnacle of what most experts would wield. Only in the hands of Ancestors could you find Life Grade weapons, and even that wasn't guaranteed if the family was on the weaker side.

"For high-level geniuses, geniuses on the level of the likes of Gunter who were the right-hand men of your operations, or the partner that your Heirs brought in, I want the revenue of a capital city for ten years."

The elders choked, their gazes becoming gloomier and gloomier. That price was enough to build a Tier 2 Starship!

"As for your Heirs, your beloved geniuses, I want the revenue of 100 years. Or, 10 years from 10 Capital cities, whichever you so choose," Leonel said with a bright smile.

"You're extorting us!" Matriarch Gemin roared.

"Yeah, and?" Leonel asked, blinking as though it was only a matter of course. "As for you, because I particularly dislike your daughter, the price is double. On top of that, if she dares to appear before me again, I'll directly kill her even if she says nothing at all. So you'd better protect her well."

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Chapter 2116: Acting Cool

The smile on Leonel's face was one those elders present wished that they could wipe away with a single slap, but whether it was the Starship, or due to Alienor, they knew that such a thing was a pipe dream. But the ask alone wasn't why they were in such a tough situation. They had witnessed Leonel's cunning a long while ago, they had even felt enraged on behalf of their disciples, but when it was suddenly turned on them, they felt even more suffocated.

Compared to the revenue of a 100 years for a single disciple, a single Gold Grade weapon was less than nothing, it might as well be an ant by the side of the road. So, why was there such a disparity in the price?

Of course, the Heirs were worth a great deal more, but surely it wouldn't be millions of times more which was the range that they were working with here. The only explanation was that Leonel had done it on purpose.

While one Gold Grade weapon wasn't worth much, just how many disciples had they sent in? Any who wanted to have even a small chance of winning would have to send tens of millions in, and that was the bare minimum.

Those that were like the Taur family that had died early on were still relatively luckier. That was because they had only had a few thousand disciples to start when their road had come to an end. But how could this be the case for them all?

Leonel hadn't made a distinction between people he had killed with his own hands and those that had died at the hands of others either. That meant it was a wide open opportunity for all of those here, and after the shock that they could be revived subsided, the sinister nature of Leonel's words settled in soon after.

This was because of one simple reason: if they saved one, they would have to save them all. No, even further than that, even if 99 of 100 families refused this deal, just one of them nodding their head would force the hand of the rest.

The Taur family, for example, was one such existence that was very likely to agree. Armand was their one Heir level genius that had died, if his partner was taken into account, they would have to exchange 110 years of revenue in addition to a few thousand Half Life Grade weapons. After all, the first few thousand disciples to be traded for would have been their absolute best.

This was a steep price, but it was relatively easier to swallow compared to what the Gemin and Libra families would have to pay, or the Pyius and Quarius families after them.

This might not sound like a big deal. Just exchange for less people, right? But any Patriarch or Matriarch who would be willing to make such a decision never deserved their position in the first place. That wasn't because of some sanctimonious moral high ground, but rather because they would be far too stupid.

If you traded for some lives, but not others, how would their people react? Didn't those geniuses have their own parents? Didn't they have grandparents? Siblings? How would such individuals react to knowing that the family could have revived their loved one for a mere Gold Grade weapon and yet refused to?

What was the value of a human life? This was a question that Leonel had been pursuing the answer to for all his life. But right now, the answer seemed quite clear: to the right person, it was priceless.

If these leaders and Ancestors wanted their absolute geniuses back, they would have to exchange for everybody, or nobody at all. And if they took the latter option, they would have to hope that no other families took Leonel up on his deal or else their higher ups would look both weak and heartless in comparison.

That was the reality. Although Leonel was seemingly giving them the option to refuse, the guillotine was already above their heads. His sly smile held all the meaning in the world. They were already caught in his net the moment he had taken action.

And now, these families were in a situation where they had no choice but to fund the Morales family's war efforts. And considering the skill that Leonel had displayed, and the special armors he had created that could allow soldiers to share their power amongst one another, this was the worst thing they could do.

Leonel smiled and didn't say anything more, he didn't care to waste his breath on these people. He had already given them a way out.

He had told them already that anyone he saw would die under his hand. They hadn't believed him, they had thought he was too weak, and far too arrogant, and now they were paying the price for it.

With a slight nudge, the Starship moved forward, the various Ancestors having no choice but to move out of the way.

Alienor shook her head when she saw where Leonel was going.

Leonel landed on his father's silver boat and unceremoniously threw out a kick. Those in the surroundings were once again stunned, and each of them wore odd expressions. Once again, everything they knew about Velasco's character said that he wouldn't stand for such a thing even by the hands of his own son.

As expected, before the kick could land, a shield magically appeared and Leonel's foot was blocked.

"You have a lot of nerve disturbing my nap!"

Velasco's voice boomed like thunder, the various Starships in the surroundings tumbling and groaning. Even the Protective Force Art of Leonel's newly acquired Starship rumbled and cracked. A shield that should have been immune to the attacks of an Ancestor almost fell beneath a single shout.

Everyone's expression changed once again. However, Leonel's next words made them choke.

"Are you done yet, old man? Give it up, your beautifully sculpted image has been tarnished. I mean, I could tarnish it a little bit more if I revealed what was in-"

Velasco suddenly scrambled to get up.

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Chapter 2117: Degenerate

Leonel's next words were covered by Velasco's hand. The latter looked like he had a fiery rage in his gaze, but before he could do anything more, Alienor landed silently by Leonel's side, throwing up an eyebrow.

"Reveal what, exactly?"

Leonel sent his mother a helpless glance, as though to say that his mouth had been sealed by the criminal before him. He was helpless to do anything before this kind of power, how could he continue to explain?

"Nothing, dear. This little rascal is just making things up," Velasco hurried to explain.

"Is that so?" Alienor said lightly. "Interesting."

Velasco coughed, trying to regain his dignified bearing. He sent another glare Leonel's way, but the latter seemed to have been consumed by his amusement.

His father had a fascination with anime during his time on Earth. Just like any self-respecting weeb, he had fallen down his own rabbit holes and ended up basking in the degenerate side of the culture. That poor man, within his wife by his side for a whole 17 years, he fell into complete depravity. He was a reformed playboy, but his libido hadn't magically vanished.

It was impossible for Leonel to find something that Velasco wanted to hide normally, but the trouble was that Earth had very strict rules before the Metamorphosis, such content had very strict bans on them and the methods by which one could get their hands on them was very long and grueling.

Of course, Velasco didn't fear the punishment of the people on Earth. But the trouble was that in order to partake in that culture, one had to use the systems of Earth, obviously. That meant that he had to use the same devices as everyone else.

Velasco's main focus on Earth originally was taking in their knowledge about healing the body. Earth might have been primitive at the time, but they were unmatched in talent, and when it came to curing the ailments faced by Third

Dimensional existences, it probably wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that they had become number one.

Velasco was originally a Crafter, he didn't know anything about biology initially, and because he was so focused on the biological side of things, his tech savviness lagged behind.

In such a situation, an old man with minimal knowledge or care, faced with a youth of the younger generation who knew the ins and outs of such devices, he never stood a chance. It also didn't help that Velasco was arrogant and felt that everything was beneath his notice, it only took a single slip up and Leonel had grasped his weakness.

Originally, Velasco had already wiped this memory from Leonel, but after Leonel's Dream Force had reached a certain standard, he was even able to remember his mother's face, let alone this.

Thinking to this point, Leonel's grin only grew wider and wider.

Seeing that his wife was now ignoring him, Velasco really wanted to shake this son of his until he couldn't see straight anymore. If before Leonel had already tarnished his well-earned reputation, it had all come crumbling down now.

"Alienor, babe, baby, it's not like that, really!" Velasco let go of Leonel and moved toward Alienor. However, he knew it was helpless. Alienor wouldn't talk to him until he explained what Leonel had wanted to say, and knowing her character, she wouldn't let Leonel tell her, she would want to hear it from Velasco himself, making it even more embarrassing. How could he say such a thing out loud?

"I was just speaking nonsense, mom. You don't need to worry about it," Leonel said slyly.

"You!" Velasco nearly cut Leonel's tongue out.

Saying such a thing only made it worse. This son of his was more than smart enough to know that, he had definitely said it on purpose.

Leonel started to laugh hard, so hard that he couldn't even breathe properly.

This was what his father got for trying to act cool. Leonel seemed to be having the time of his life. It didn't look like he had just fought a life and death battle at all, all of his gloominess had vanished. He felt that life wasn't so bad right now.

He looked toward Aina's side profile. She still rested on his back, lost in a deep sleep.

Yeah, life wasn't so bad right now.

The rest of the Human Domain weren't quite sure what they were looking at. Seeing the kind of relationship that Leonel had with his father, and that Leonel truly dared to tease him to this extent, they realized how foolish it was to try and separate Leonel's death from Velasco by using the younger generation.

They had thought that no matter how in love Velasco was with Alienor, when it came to his own bottom line, he wouldn't cross it no matter what. There were many relationships like this where the man would take the docile position until it came to a matter that he had a stern position on. That was why they weren't too worried about Alienor pressuring Velasco into taking action.

But now... it seemed that maybe all this time Velasco's love for Leonel was a bit too understated, and maybe that had been done on purpose by Velasco to force his son to grow without his shadow and looming presence.

And the results were all too clear. Between Amery who had been protected from birth and Leonel, which one of them was better? They didn't believe that Leonel was so much more talented than Amery, the gap between them lay between what they had experienced to reach this point...

The Morales Ancestors looked quite gratified. For a long while, Velasco, despite being one of the Nebula Generation, was practically a separate entity from the Morales due to his independence. But now, it felt like the Human Domain had been reminded of where his roots truly lay, and it was ironically due to his son.

"It seems that we'll need to prepare for a grand coronation ceremony," Ancestor Alvaro said with a bright smile.

However, at that moment, their expressions all seemed to change at once.

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Chapter 2118: Unity

The rumbling of the Human Domain wasn't something that could be ignored. It was a trembling that originated in the depths of space, as though a monstrous existence had grabbed hold of the folds of reality and began to whip it about.

There was only one thing that could cause this, and that was a large change in the Domain Barrier.

The Domain Barrier wasn't much of a barrier, it was instead the very Void Battlefield that Leonel had been to once before. The trouble was that the deeper one ventured into the Void Battlefield, the thicker that Anarchic Force would become. At a certain point, it would thicken to the extent that even Ancestors would find it difficult to make their way through while maintaining their lives.

It was possible to make it through, but it required a great deal of effort. This process usually required a large amount of Force that scaled depending on the number of individuals that were being transported through.

Leonel had been to a Rapax Nest before, but that Rapax Nest was located in human territory, on their side of the barrier. It was just unfortunate on the part of the Rapax that their once-in-a-generation genius happened to be born there. But this was due to the fact that Rapax were particularly war-hungry, they spent the majority of their lives on the battlefield and many joked that the Rapax Domain was probably empty because the rest of them were all fighting Domain battles on the Void Battlefield.

This aside, the point in mentioning this was that movement through the barrier was infrequent, but it wasn't rare, so many were used to it. However, for the commotion to be this large, it could only mean that an impossible number of enemies were storming through all at once, possibly even from multiple Domains at once!

When those present thought to this point, their hearts lurched into their throats.

Suddenly, the reason settled in for them all.

All this time, those races had mostly left the humans alone because they didn't have any land worth conquering. For those monstrous Races, they had too many Seventh Dimensional worlds to care about waging war to get more. All they cared about were Eighth Dimensional worlds. If they could claim a few human territories with ease, they would take some, which was why there were still other races on the Void Battlefield. But if it took too much effort to the point of not being worth it, they wouldn't bother.

But now...

Everyone looked toward the Morales.

This had all happened even faster than they had expected. The sudden breakthrough had caught them all off guard. They were ready for Earth to promote in the next coming years, but no one had been ready for the Morales to do it first.

It had to be remembered that the Morales world only had Seventh Dimensional potential to begin with. If not for the sudden formation of their Constellation, all of this wouldn't have happened.

Many wanted to blame the Morales. They were already enraged with them as it was due to Leonel, but what could they do in this matter? At best, they could use it as an excuse to try and force the Morales to take on the most difficult missions.

But after they had this thought, they couldn't help but take a look toward Velasco who was still trying to appease his wife as though he couldn't feel the commotion at all. In fact, his silver boat was surprisingly sturdy in the roaring waves of space.

They hesitated and grit their teeth.

The Void Palace was the frontline, but they knew that they would have to act to help soon. The strongest of the human families were surprisingly unselfish in this matter as they were well aware that if things went wrong, it would be they who were finished.

Like this, many of the Starships vanished into the horizon. Many swept another glance toward Leonel, but seeing that it was absent-minded, they felt that the warning in their glares fell on blind eyes. He simply didn't seem to care.

Soon, only the Morales were left, but they realized the seriousness of the situation as well. It was unknown how long the Void Palace disciples would be able to last. There was no doubt that the Domain Ranked disciples would take action now as this was their main purpose, but many of them were out on missions and it was hard to tell how organized they would be.

This matter dampened their mood considerably. Those that were sharp knew how much this matter would influence the Morales' place in this war. It was one thing for Earth, which was perceived to have little power of its own, to trigger this war, but for it to be them, as one of the apex families of the Human Domain to do so...

It had a completely different connotation.

"Little Nova, it seems that your coronation will have to be put on hold, but for all intents and purposes, you are the Patriarch of the Morales family now," Ancestor Alvaro said lightly.

Suddenly, a rare female Ancestor among them stepped forward. "Indeed, Little Nova is now our Patriarch, but isn't it about time that you released Third Nova? The Heir Wars are over and any grudge you two have had during them should be over now."

Ancestor Alvaro subconsciously nodded. Indeed, those were the rules of the Heir Wars, it kept the peace in the family. And since a Domain War was about to be waged with the Human Domain being assaulted from all sides, unity was more important now than ever.

The female Ancestor went by Ancestor Issa, she had a petite frame and was getting on in her middle ages, but she still had a youthful, sharp look in her eyes. Female Ancestors were quite rare among the Morales because the Metal Synergy Lineage Factor wasn't particularly suited to them. However, Ancestor Issa was one of the rare few women who had been an Heir Candidate in the past, although she hadn't won.

Leonel sent a calm gaze toward the Ancestors. Indeed, to these old fogies, the Patriarch position was only the figurehead of the family, the true authority rested on their shoulders. This could be seen by the dissatisfaction even the impartial Ancestor Alvaro had felt when he thought that Leonel was ordering him to capture Rychard.

But how could Leonel release Third Nova so easily?

Second Nova frowned, he knew that Leonel knew something, but if he took too firm of a stance without evidence, it would cause far more harm than good. He knew that Leonel was a bit hard-headed, but at the same time he believed that Leonel wasn't a fool either. It was hard to tell how he would approach this situation.

Just when Leonel was about to respond, a dashing streak of golden light came from the distance and it unfurled into a long, white gold scroll.

The expressions of the Ancestors changed once more. This scroll, it was the fastest communication method the Void Palace had access to.

They thought it was fine at first, just alerting them to what they already knew, but the actual news shook them to their core.

It only had one line.

The First Line has been breached!

The Human Domain of the Void Battlefield only had three main lines of defense and in just a few moments, the first had already been charged through!

This matter was impossible to understate. The Domain Ranked disciples they had thought could hold on for at least some time had already fallen into chaos.

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Chapter 2119: Complex Feelings

The Ancestors were all shaken. No matter how fast the others invaded, they believed that the Void Palace should at least be able to hold on for a few days, at least two or three on their own. In the best case scenario, and if the other Races had reservations of their own, even a few weeks wouldn't be impossible.

It couldn't be forgotten that the Void Palace was the protector of humanity against foreign races. They weren't just a random power, it could be said that if they weren't neutral, they would be the strongest power in the whole of the Human Domain. For them to have already lost a line of defense was ridiculous.

But then, it hit them like a ton of bricks.

To Leonel, the matters of the Cataclysm Zone were only less than a year ago, but to the people of the Human Domain, it was over 20 years ago and much of those matters had already long since settled down. Even for these Ancestors who had experienced so much life, 20 years was definitely not a short time by any stretch.

It had made them neglect a fact... the current Void Palace wasn't the same Void Palace of the past!

Not everyone had made it out of the Cataclysm Zone. In fact, the casualties were heavy. It had to be remembered that just a normal beast Leonel came across had almost taken his life, and before he left, he could already be considered to be better than most Galaxy Ranked disciples.

If just a single beast had put Leonel in that position, let alone the strength of that small village he had run into, what chance did many of the others stand?

But this was something that should only affect the disciples at and below the Galaxy Rank, right? Unfortunately, this wasn't even remotely the case.

After adjusting themselves, many had concluded what Leonel had. A rampaging Zone had trapped them all and now they would suffer the same fate as others that had failed to clear Sub Dimensional Zones. As such, many had thought that they would have to adjust themselves and live out the rest of their lives in this place.

They had tried to contact civilization, to become a part of their cities, and their culture... but just how many would have died in such an environment?

Leonel had only spent one day in a city before he practically became a slave to a noble family. The outcomes for the others would have been even worse.

Many wouldn't have even been able to make it to the city. They would have died in the forests before reaching it, they would have died at the hands of the villagers who couldn't enter the cities, and even if they made it to the city, they would have fallen from the chain bridge before they could cross it.

This was the cruel reality. Many didn't even have spectacular deaths, some even spawned directly into demon territory and were shredded to pieces by monsters one would only see in nightmares.

The true weight of the lives lost was hard to quantify only because those that had survived had come back in such a trickle, so many could hope that the rest were still on their way. However, with Leonel's return, that hope was dashed... but the Void Palace had taken advantage of the lag to not promote their losses as it would shake the Human Domain's resolve in their abilities.

But now, they were seeing those effects first hand. It didn't matter if they tried to control it now, the Void Palace wasn't even 50% as powerful as it used to be.

Many Void Elders had died, many Domain Ranked disciples vanished never to be seen again, and even more disciples beneath the Domain Rank that had died couldn't even be counted in numbers that could be visualized.

This delayed onset of the severity of the matter hit much harder than if they had been fully prepared.

Leonel stood in silence, watching the reactions of the Ancestors carefully. He had already guessed that this matter would happen, but even he was caught off guard by the sudden promotion of the Morales territory to the Eight Dimension.

That said... He had been prepared for a war to break out the instant the Heir Wars erupted, it was just that this was a much different war than the one he had been waiting for. Even so... war was war, was it not?

Leonel reached out a hand and suddenly snapped his fingers.

His second Starship, the much larger of the two, rumbled as the sound echoed. Under the shocked gazes of those present, the skies suddenly began to ripple.

One warrior after another appeared. At first, there were only thousands, but then there were tens of thousands, then hundreds of thousands, then millions, then tens of millions.

By the time they had all appeared, there were billions of them. And, somehow, the Ancestors didn't sense them until Leonel had snapped his fingers.

"Board the ship," Leonel commanded coolly.

The billions of troops filed onto the Starship. Despite their numbers, the Starship didn't even begin to show any signs of being overloaded. In fact, it could probably house ten times more warriors with absolute ease.

The Morales Ancestors looked toward Leonel with an incredulous gaze.

"The rewards for winning the Heir Wars, can I have them please?" Leonel turned toward Ancestor Hito and asked.

Before Ancestor Issa could bring up her request again, Ancestor Hito actually waved a hand.

The Morales weren't easy to force into a corner. Long before the Heir Wars began, they had already forced those families to hand over the rewards, that way it would be impossible to back out in the final moment.

Leonel caught the spatial ring.

"If you want to use the Morales pools, you'll have to go there, though," Ancestor Hito said amiably.

Leonel smiled. "There'll be plenty of time. For now, I'm more eager to slaughter those that want to stand on my land."

The gaze of the Morales family flashed.

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Chapter 2120: On Par

"Mom, old man, are you two coming with me?" Velasco, who was still trying to appease Alienor snorted. "Why would I stand on such a shabby ship? Do I look like a beggar to you?"

The Morales Ancestors couldn't help but wear weird expressions. Velasco sounded much less overbearing than he usually did; he sounded more like a big brother teasing his little brother. They found it hard to believe, but indeed... the relationship between Leonel and Velasco wasn't as it had seemed.

"Of course, mom will come with you," Alienor said immediately as though Velasco hadn't spoken at all.

Velasco was speechless, but as the Starship vanished into the distance, he could only climb into his own silver boat and follow behind, mumbling something to himself.

The Morales Ancestors watched in silence, their feelings complicated.

This Leonel was somehow both very much like his father and very different. They were both supremely arrogant, but while Velasco didn't care to accumulate power, believing that he himself alone was enough, Leonel was different. He had supporters, he was more than willing to leverage his bloodline to command their resources, and he even had no qualms about being shameless and relying on the support of others.

In a way, Leonel was even more dangerous than his father was. Just as talented, but less restricted by his own personality and demeanor.

Seeing him take out billions of soldiers this way, right after the youths had already put everything they could into the Heir Wars, was baffling. Though most of them were older than 100 years old, there were definitely a large number that weren't, and yet he didn't even care to use them...

That was because his goal had never been the Heir Wars in the first place, from the beginning, his vision was beyond that, and it seemed to be that he didn't care whether the Morales fully supported him or not.

The former Heir Candidates looked toward one another silently, but the Ancestors were the ones who really didn't know how to deal with this matter.

Leonel couldn't be controlled, he couldn't be constrained, it was difficult to tell just what would happen to the Morales family under his control. In fact, it seemed that their usual traditions were in jeopardy. They had just been really happy, but they weren't sure now.

When it came time for the next generation to take up the Patriarch position, would Leonel willingly step down as all the others before him had? His ambition didn't seem to allow for this...

There had been one other time this happened in Morales history, and it had caused divisions that lasted until this day. Could they allow it to happen again?

The Ancestors looked toward one another, their expressions unreadable.

How could they remove Leonel from the Patriarch position after all that had happened? Maybe even some of the Ancestors wouldn't agree. How would the Human Domain react to such a farce? And further than that, what kind of retaliation would Leonel give them?

...

Leonel could guess the thoughts of the Ancestors. The funny part was that they were right to worry, because he truly had no intention of stepping down. He truly had a knack for getting himself into trouble he deserved, but he didn't care very much.

By the time it was time for him to step down, he would have already united at least the Human Domain. It would no longer be the Morales family, it would be an Empire.

If the Morales tried to kick him out ahead of time, well... Good luck.

Leonel spun the spatial ring he had received in his finger before he forgot everything around him to send his mind into it. He didn't have as much time as he thought he would, so if he wanted to maximize these resources, he would have a very short time.

The Silver Tablet only worked on those below the Eighth Dimension, he couldn't just use it as a get out of jail free card. And even when it came to using it on Seventh Dimensional experts and lower, there were limits, or else he wouldn't have had to purge the souls that had remained from the trial.

Relying on just being able to revive everyone would only get him so far, he needed real power.

He had prepared a great deal already, but in his opinion, there was no such thing as too much preparation. These resources were rare and he couldn't easily get his hands on them, they represented the accumulation of the most powerful families of the Human Domain. He would be a fool to not try and make use of it immediately.

With the help of the suspended reality pods of the Segmented Cube, he could extend this next day into almost 100 days.

He had only displayed 1000 pods during the Heir Wars, but that was only so that others would be fooled into thinking it couldn't be scaled. In reality, he had a million. This was enough to fundamentally change an already elite troop.

Leonel didn't edge himself, he moved his mind directly to the most powerful treasures, or rather, what he assumed to be the most powerful, the Suiard family, the Omann family, and the Spiritual Religion.

It had to be remembered that the treasure they were trying to match up to was the Transcendent Pool of the Morales. This allowed someone with no training to enter the Seventh Dimension of the Conventional Path in just one day!

The Morales wouldn't let those families bring out anything weaker than that. Of course, the resource itself wouldn't be given to Leonel, that would be ridiculous. But the amount necessary to use it once would be.

To most, a quantity of one for an army of billions was far too little... but Leonel had his own thoughts.

His mind landed upon the Suiard family's treasure and his eyes narrowed.

Indeed, it seemed that the Suiard family was worthy of being on par with the Morales family.