

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2131: Not Quite

As Leonel was meditating in the depths of a pool of Cleansing Waters, the situation in the Void Palace was only getting worse with every passing moment.

The Domain Ranked disciples that remained had worked their whole lives for this matter, and they carried resolute faces as they faced off against legions of otherworldly beings, but their resolution did nothing to change the fact of the matter: they were entirely outmatched.

In the past, the humans had at least had the advantage of numbers. There were so many roads that they cultivated that there was bound to be at least one a person could excel in. This was about the only advantage humans had over the other races.

However, the Void Palace had suffered devastating losses due to the Cataclysm. And, to make matters worse, even if they hadn't, they were facing the combined numbers from several races at once. Not that they were also missing so many of their own, what chance did they stand?

The Nomad Race, the Cloud Race, the Rapax Race, even the Dwarven Race and the Beast Domain were attacking. It seemed that every single one of them wanted a piece of the pie and they weren't willing to take even a single step back.

They flooded in from five different directions, assaulting the humans on all fronts. They were stretched thin and there was simply nothing that could be done, and this was before even any Ancestors showed up. With the way things looked, it seemed as though the Human Domain would fall without the Eighth Dimensional experts of the other Races even having to lift a hand.

However, there seemed to be good news, even after the first line of defense was breached and the second was halfway through falling, the Spirituals had still not shown up.

The Spirituals rarely participated in conflicts and they didn't seem to care for the land of others. There were a rare few stragglers who came out from time to time to remind the world of the power of their Race, but other than that... there was absolutely nothing.

That said, it had been a long while since the last Eighth Dimensional world had appeared. It would be hard to tell what they would be willing to do in this situation.

As a result, they became like a lingering guillotine in the air. But so long as they didn't appear, the situation wasn't helpless quite yet...

On the side of the humans, the Void Elders stood outside the tallest peak of the Void Tower, their expression solemn and their wrinkled faces contorted. They could see that the second line was about to fall.

"The prestige of the Void Palace has fallen too far..."

It had already been half a day but there were no signs of those families appearing. The Void Palace wasn't worried that they wouldn't show up, but rather worried that they would show up far too late. They were waiting for everything to be perfect for them to make their appearance, not realizing that there would simply be nothing left to be perfect if they were any later.

But it couldn't be helped. The prestige of the Void Palace had taken a huge blow after they failed to protect so many of their disciples. Many middle-of-the-pack families had sent their own hope in generations to the Void Palace, only to lose their child forever...

Now, those families were being called again and it was hard to tell how they would feel.

"There's no choice. If they don't appear, the entire human race will be enslaved."

"It's already helpless," Void Elder Lizbeth said softly.

"What did you say?" Void Elder Galliene, a drill sergeant among them, snapped almost immediately.

"I said that it's helpless. Who cares how many of them appear, what will they do when the Ancestors of the other Races start appearing? Even back when

we had such a huge advantage in the number of Seventh Dimensional existences, our number of Eighth Dimensional existences couldn't match up to even one of the Races, let alone so many of them.

"We have many paths to reach the Seventh Dimension, but none of them are excavated deeply enough to allow a large number to enter the Eighth Dimension. We are finished."

Hearing a Void Elder say such words, the others were shocked, so shocked in fact that they couldn't even react to what happened next.

Void Elder Galliene, who had just seemed to be reprimanding Lizbeth, turned around and swiftly attacked. It wasn't just him, but Lizbeth and Void Elder Wimarc attacked all at once as well. The other Void Elders were caught off guard, many of them having their chests pierced and hearts shattered in a single swift move.

"YOU!" Cornelius, who had only recently managed to become a Void Elder himself, was instantly enraged. He had never imagined that the people he had spent his whole life looking up to would suddenly do this.

The remaining Void Elders suddenly recovered as well, but just when Cornelius was about to attack, he froze.

He looked down, finding an arm piercing through his chest. He struggled to look back, but he never managed to see who it was.

He had never expected it to be a two-layered plan. Only a part of the traitors had acted in the first rounds while the rest pretended to be shocked along with everyone else. Then, just when it seemed the traitors were clear, the second group attacked.

Cornelius didn't even know what to think in his final moments until his thoughts suddenly settled on a particular one man for some reason.

That young cub had given him such a headache in the small time he had known him for, but he had always seemed to pull out victory from the jaws of defeat.

Cornelius slipped down, falling from the hand of the person who had attacked him, through the clouds below and toward the ground.

The hand pulled back, slowly wiping their hand of blood as their features began to change.

"Do we attack now and finish it?" Lizbeth suddenly asked.

The person shook his head. "Not quite yet."

If Leonel had been here, maybe his heart would have stopped beating entirely.

This man was someone he knew all too well.

He was none other than Lionel Morales.

Erdiul's Notes: For those who are confused, or don't remember. Lionel Morales is the Savant from Earth, that thought he was Leonel. He should be dead, but I guess not. Also the author says maybe leonel would have his heart stopped beating, but let's be real... Bro just realized his world is a simulation and that people can get rezzed like it's nothing. I don't think this would surprise him.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2132: Mercy

Leonel opened his eyes, feeling a strong surge of power flooding his body. The odd part was that he didn't feel as though his strength had changed a great deal, but for some reason he still felt far lighter than he ever had before.

He didn't know what to say about that matter, but he slowly made his way out of the pool.

Unfortunately, because he had spent so long out of the pod, he didn't gain the 100 days others likely had. But even so, he felt that it was worth it. After some thought, he had finally touched upon what that odd feeling was.

It was like his body was a treasure and it was being slowly refined toward the Life Grade. It was like his body already had all the building blocks, but it was missing the impetus to fuse into a perfect product, becoming one.

Leonel had experienced this before, this was the feeling he had had before he succeeded in Crafting his first Life Grade treasure. When he connected the

two, he was quite speechless. It felt quite crude to think of his body as though it was some kind of inanimate object. But when he took a step back... wasn't it exactly that?

Earth had a dividing line between inorganic and organic materials, and the body was obviously formed of the latter, but higher in Dimensions, that line blurred more and more. Plus, Leonel had already had a huge breakthrough in his Earth Force that was caused by his realization that the body was quite reliant on Earth Force to survive, or else where would the important minerals that kept them healthy come from?

Everything had a balance to it, and there was no reason to treat his body any differently than he would a treasure. In fact, his body was almost irrelevant, what was most important was its use as a medium to allow his soul and Ethereal Glabella to display their strength to the greatest degree.

As expected, Leonel's body didn't reach the level of perfection that he was looking for, but the change was still quite substantial.

There was still quite a long process left. He would have to be patient, waiting for his cells to turnover and then undergo the process again. The more times he did this, the better his body would be at producing cells that were closer to perfection, and the closer to perfection he would be overall.

His Force flowed through his Force Nodes much smoother.

At that moment, Leonel looked up, only to find that Aina had suddenly rushed in. He smiled.

"What's wrong, you're actually in such a rush?"

"Cleansing Waters," Aina suddenly said. "I think it would be very useful for this!"

Leonel smiled meaningfully.

"You already figured it out?"

Leonel chuckled. "Sort of, it was a bit of an accident. But it's crude right now. I'm only able to do it by breathing the water in, someone else would end up drowning themselves. Do you have a better method?"

Aina nodded. "I can use the Cleansing Waters as a binder in a Force Pill to amplify the effects. The other materials would just be supplemental to act as a binding agent to allow it to pass into the blood, the organs, and the cells effectively. It would take several treatments, but it should have a strong effect given enough time. The results would be better the more pain someone is willing to withstand."

Leonel's eyes brightened. "We'll revisit this after this war."

"After?"

Aina's brows shot up. Why did Leonel sound so confident? It didn't seem like they were in a very good situation right now. It would probably be better if they held back now and only came forward when they had all their ducks in a row.

When one took a step back, what were they worth in the face of the whole Human Domain? A billion warriors? That was a drop in the bucket. It might be enough to target a solar system, but even if one's target was only a galaxy it wouldn't be nearly enough, let alone a Sector or facing off against several Domains at once.

Leonel grinned. "Don't you think this is a good opportunity?"

Aina's expression changed.

She understood what Leonel wanted to do. The Heir Wars put Leonel on the map, but if he performed well in this war, or if he actually won it for the Human Domain, how much easier would it be to unify it in the future? In fact, he might even succeed before the Heir Wars were even through.

It was a wild plan, that was all she could say about it. She couldn't help but hesitate. Was Leonel doing this because of her words about wanting their children to be royalty? But...

Aina's eyes wandered, feeling nervous. She couldn't just take these words back now, or else the weight of her words in the future would diminish. She also didn't want to see Leonel without drive and ambition, she felt that the world deserved to know his talent.

In her stupor, she didn't even notice Leonel lean forward and kiss her forehead.

"You should trust your husband a bit more."

Aina frowned, responding subconsciously as she wiped her forehead. "Who's my husband? Why don't I see a ring."

Leonel grinned. "A ring, you say?"

Aina's heart skipped a beat, her frown suddenly vanishing into a panicking expression. However, it didn't last long because the mood was interrupted by Leonel's wheezing laughter.

Aina turned beat red, her fists suddenly beginning to rain down. Usually she held back, but Leonel truly felt the pain this time.

"Mercy! Mercy!" Leonel howled.

"Obediently take this beating! How dare you tease me about this!?"

Despite his cries, Leonel was practically grinning ear to ear?

A ring for his wife? How could he give her something casual? His aspirations were grand.

What was a diamond before the keys to the Void Palace? What about the head of a Spiritual? Or maybe he would make the Dimensional Verse kneel at her feet.

Leonel suddenly sprang up and wrapped an arm around Aina's waist, lifting her into the air and planting a kiss on her lips.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2133: Retreat.

"These humans are actually so worthless. What was all this preparation for," A Nomad young man yawned.

This young man mumbled to himself, watching the carnage without much care. He leaned back on his own floating hands, reclining in the skies without a care. He was well known among his race, but this went without saying since he was chosen to lead his own legion. He was Prince Gregwyn, and was quite

known for his laziness. He was probably the only Nomad who would use his extra hands in such a way.

The Nomad Race's standout feature was, of course, their three pairs of hands, two of which were attached by their wrists to their arms, and the remaining four of which floated around their bodies as though they had minds of their own. Then there was, of course, the gems on their foreheads, a protrusion of their Ethereal Glabellas.

Gregwyn looked off to the side. Two of his floating hands acted as his seat and the remaining two acted as his backrest. He looked quite comfortable, and yet he seemed to want more from the occasion.

Did he feel bad about attacking the humans like this? Of course not. He only lamented that they weren't strong enough.

The humans weren't unique in this matter. Every Domain that formed an Eighth Dimensional world like this would be invaded. Well... aside from the Spirituals.

That said, the humans were unlucky in the fact that so many were attacking them at once. Back when their Nomad Race had experienced this, only the Beat Domain had invaded. The only race that had experienced a similar level of pressure was the Dwarven Race, and right now the Dwarven Race had ironically sent the most experts.

Clearly, the Dwarven Race still held a grudge from being kicked out of the Human Domain back then.

The worst part was that the Dwarven Race were full of archery experts that were especially lethal in this density of Anarchic Force. Anyone who could expel their Force over large distances was a huge asset in this Void Battlefield, and the Dwarven Race happened to have the largest percentage of such existences.

"It'll probably only be another day before the second line is breached and then just the third line would be left. By then, the entire Human Domain will be open to us and the war will basically be over. It would be impossible for them to defend more from entering from the Void Battlefield, and deal with the wild fire spreading in their territory.

"The Dwarven Race was dealing with their own problems so they didn't want to overextend themselves by entering the Human Domain fully before, but now they won't have such scruples. Their defensive measures have grown too tough for others to continue to attack them now. It seems that the humans will be the new heel."

Gregwyn laughed uproariously.

On the side of the Dwarven Race, a pair of brother and sister stood in the air, the wings flapping. Their gazes were surprisingly cold despite their somewhat adorable appearances.

Each of them held a bow in their hands, directly following traffic below. The grey skies were practically blackened by the number of arrows that were flying. The humans couldn't even get close before they were mowed down. It was a truly devastating sight. The humans could only form barricades to try and defend from the volleys, but with half the second line having fallen, the defenses simply weren't very great and could only be hastily put up.

This pair of brother and sister were likewise nobility of their race. This could be seen by the fact that they looked more like short humans as opposed to dwarves in the eyes of most. The Princess, Ularora, and the Prince Malcuhorn.

What was far more interesting, though, was the fact that the city they were currently besieging was one that Leonel would very easily recognize, it was the very one he had first run into when he returned from the Cataclysm Zone. And, as expected, it was none other than Rowan. This was the very same young man that had almost killed Leonel after he had helped them to escape the Rapax Nest.

Rowan Cancer had surprisingly not participated in the Heir Wars and had remained with the Void Palace. He hadn't told anyone why, but if he had said it, no one would believe him.

The reality was that unlike others, he could see through the danger Leonel posed and he wanted no part in it. It was, of course, due to his special Ability Index that he was so certain. And he had felt that he was quite smart while watching the broadcast, but who would have thought that he would end up so unlucky in the end?

Suddenly, Rowan got an order that made his brows jump up.

Retreat? What?

Rowan couldn't even believe such a ridiculously stupid order. If they retreated from the position, they'd be completely finished. There was nothing to retreat back to but the first line, but the so-called first line was just the Void Palace itself. It was incredibly difficult to defend because the Palace was only meant to be used as a life support. As difficult as it was to attack, it would simultaneously be hard on those who took it upon themselves to defend.

To make matters worse, there was a forward legion below. Their blows from within the city weren't effective enough, and if they allowed the Dwarven Race to approach too closely, they would lose the city too swiftly. If they retreated now, how many of them would die?

Rowan hesitated. This order was definitely official, it couldn't just be ignored because he disagreed with it. For all he knew, they had a better plan than he did.

After another round of hesitation, it wasn't even Rowan himself who acted. He was yet to become a Domain Ranked disciple. He realized at that moment that it wasn't up to him in the first place. The Domain Ranked disciples were the true pillars of the Void Palace, they held the most authority.

A Domain Ranked disciple he knew as Avelaer handed down the orders.

"Prepare for retreat! Ready the canons for one final blow! Hurry!"

The words had only just fallen when the air trembled. Rowan's head snapped around to find a Starship had suddenly appeared behind their city, shocking him into silence.

Erdiul's Note: Two chapters today, none tomorrow and three on Saturday. Author's words, not mine.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2134: Defend

[I just remembered that I promised 3 chapters today, but when I promised I forgot that I had certain obligations this weekend. I'll find another date to make it up]

This was a completely unexpected change. Something so large should have been alerted to them in advance, but the fact that it hadn't made Rowan's eyes narrow. He felt that there was something big going on right now, and he felt far too small to handle it.

The very purpose of the Void Palace was to act as a defensive gate to the Human Domain. This defensive measure worked in both directions, it was impossible to just casually enter the Void Palace from any direction whatsoever. The only ones that could even think about doing so were Ancestor level characters.

The only way to the Void Battlefield was through the Void Palace, and the only way from the Void Battlefield to the Human Domain was, once again, through the Void Palace.

For this Starship to reach this location without a word from the higher ups, it meant that it was here without permission. But anyone in the Human Domain with access to a Starship was impossible high up on the food chain.

Did that mean that the humans had traitors already? But news of the fall of the first line should have only been sent to the most powerful of families.. but then again, only the most powerful families would have access to such a Starship.

Rowan felt his head spinning. No matter how much he thought, he could have never guessed that the traitors had come from the Void Palace itself. The Void Palace was the pinnacle of humanity, the Void Elders that led it had prestige surpassing all, they were the experts that had sacrificed their lifetime of happiness for the sake of the Human Race...

Even Rowan, who was quite jaded about most things, would never suspect them.

But when he saw who stepped out from the ship and onto the bow, his own expression couldn't help but change. Leonel Morales?

As impossible as it was for the Void Elders to betray humanity in his mind, it made just as little sense for Leonel to do so in Rowan's opinion. It had to be remembered that the only reason they had survived the Cataclysm and returned home in the first place was because of Leonel. Although Rowan hadn't known this before, who wouldn't be aware of this by now?

'Just what is going on...?'

Domain Disciple Avelaer frowned, but before he could say much, yet another Domain Ranked disciple appeared, and he was yet another person that Leonel was quite familiar with. This young man was none other than the very impetus for Leonel's falling out with the Void Palace, he was the one who moved behind the scenes to link the Leonel of the Milky Way, to the Leonel of the Void Palace, raising his fugitive status and causing Shield Cross Stars to come to the Void Palace to apprehend him: Ronan Sith.

Ronan was a member of Shield Cross Stars, but more importantly, a member of their Sith-led Assassin Unit. His position was extraordinary and the grudge he had with Leonel wasn't small at all.

Back then, Ronan had been stalled by Leonel's aunt while he and Aina slaughtered much of Ronan's Faction. Due to that, what had once been a powerful Faction well on its way to becoming a Legacy Faction as Ronan promoted to the Void Senate crumbled before everyone's eyes.

Ronan wasn't able to do anything as Leonel and Aina vanished, but now he seemed to have become an official Domain Ranked Disciple and he very clearly stood on Avelaer's side in wanting to follow orders and complete their retreat.

Seeing Leonel, he seemed to have seen red, but he quickly regained his calm, coolly ordering that the retreat continue. However, it was then that Leonel took a step, his figure flashing as he landed on the top of the city walls. He was only a few meters from Ronan, but it was as though he hadn't seen anyone else.

"Sheesh, the Void Palace is getting more and more pathetic these days, huh?"

Leonel looked up, his gaze suddenly becoming sharp.

"Anyone who retreats dies."

Leonel's voice thundered. It came as a completely unexpected change.

The level Leonel's mind worked on was completely different from others, but this time his action was purely based on his endless trust in his father. His father had attacked the Void Palace all those years ago, to Leonel that meant that there were definitely traitors within them. It was that simple to him.

If he accepted that as the truth, then it was impossible to do anything exactly to the wishes of the Void Palace. In fact, the reason Rowan and the others didn't receive any information about their arrival was because Leonel had directly shot by at the highest speed his Craft could muster, they hadn't even been able to react.

Everyone was stunned by these words. Those that had been following the orders of the Domain Ranked Disciples were caught in the crossfire, not knowing whether to continue or retreat.

On the one hand, there were the Domain Ranked Disciples, but on the other there wasn't only Leonel who had saved them all from the Cataclysm Zone, but even more importantly than that there was a Starship even Ancestors feared in the skies behind him.

Ronan was completely taken aback. Leonel actually dared to say these words?

At first, he was speechless until he was so enraged that he laughed.

"Do you think that because you did well against some little kids that you can do as you please now?!"

Leonel's head turned toward Ronan, his gaze as deep as the depths of the starry skies.

"No. I can do as I please because the power I wield is greater than yours."

The Starship suddenly rumbled as a piercing beam shot forward. Ularora and Malcuhorn's expressions changed at the same time.

"DEFEND!" They roared.

They had set their moving formations to a standard that could deal with the canons of the fortified city, but they hadn't expected for the canons of a moving ship to be even better than a fortified city. It made little sense, and yet...

BOOM!

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2135: Closer

Leonel's gaze flickered. The moving formation of the Dwarven Race was incredibly unique.

In his studies within the Void Library, Leonel had learned a lot about the warring habits of the various races. Usually, when launching a siege like this one, most Races relied on siege towers that double as formation foundations. These foundations would become the core of Force Arts that would help the army to move forward and attack while they defended themselves.

These defensive measures tended to be weaker than unmoving Force Arts for obvious reasons, but the one exception to this rule seemed to be the Dwarven Race that managed to have formations that were no weaker at all.

The canons of the fortified city weren't to be taken lightly. These cities had no less investment in them than Starships did, and their attacking methods were no weaker, but the Dwarven Race had managed to weather them with their siege towers without the slightest hiccup.

And then Leonel suddenly appeared.

The beams of light winked out after their power was exhausted. The siege towers of the Dwarven Race shook a great deal and some of the power leaked to the army below, causing many of them to die. But ultimately, the casualties were only in the few hundreds.

Even so, this loss of a few hundreds was more than the city had been able to accomplish in several volleys. It was clear that this Starship was on a completely different level.

This was a true success, but there wasn't a hint of happiness on Leonel's face. He knew that if he fired again without changing anything, he would be lucky if a few dozen died, let alone a few hundred.

In exchange for a slowed pace, the Dwarven Race could adjust the strength of their formations. They were caught off guard, but they wouldn't be caught off guard easily again. However, their speed had plummeted by more than 50%, Leonel had bought the fortified city a great deal of time.

This seemed to be the perfect chance to retreat, but Leonel had no intention of doing so. In fact, the canons of the Starship were already revving again. At the same time, a second Starship appeared, but this one was far larger, the first was only a few kilometers across, but this one was the size of a planet and it dwarfed the entire battle, casting a shadow over everything.

That said, this shadow didn't change much about the terrain. The Void Battlefield was an endless foggy and dull atmosphere to begin with. They were just swapping one form of darkness for another.

Soon, it began to fire on the Dwarven Race as well.

'The beams are about threefolds weaker,' Leonel quickly calculated, 'the larger Starship is even worse, only being about 20% as powerful as usual. That should be due to both the Anarchic Force and the distance of separation.'

"That's enough!" Ronan barked. "Did you think you could change the situation on the battlefield with a few Starships? Do you know how many the Void Palace has on their own? What did you think you could accomplish, don't come here to make a fool of yourself. Continue the retreat!"

BANG!

Ronan had hardly finished talking when he felt a huge pressure suddenly crush his chest. He was sent flying like a broken kite.

He only managed to stop himself a long while later and could only feel lucky that whoever had hit him had done so across the city walls and not to the ground below.

Unable to hold back, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, holding his chest. He looked up weakly to find a beauty with long, flowing black hair, standing by Leonel's side. He didn't even register when she had appeared.

Ronan coughed again, taking deep breaths.

To be a Domain Ranked Disciple, he had to at least have the strength of most Tier 7 Seventh Dimensional experts. He, himself, was only Tier 6, but with his talent, this was a difficult, but not impossible feat.

But just now, he had been slapped so far away by a single palm from a Tier 1 existence?!

"Demoralize the Human Race again and I'll have my lovely wife pierce through your heart next time. Watch your mouth."

Leonel looked back toward the battle below.

The humans, having gained some relief thanks to Leonel's actions, were able to reverse the situation somewhat.

The siege towers were only designed to take on powerful, large scale attacks. They weren't wasted on small scale attacks from the army's men and women below. As such, that battle was far more level, it was just that the humans were far too outnumbered.

In terms of direct combat, there was no large difference between the geniuses of the Human Race and the Dwarven Race, but a disparity so large...

Leonel, however, seemed to be entirely focused on the siege towers, trying to look for a weakness. At least it seemed so until he suddenly snapped his fingers.

The Starships opened up one after another, billions of armored warriors making their way out.

Their weapons clanged and the sound of surging energy whirred in the ears of the spectators. Their armors began to glow and they were quickly linked with one another.

The Human Domain had seen Leonel's special armors before, but... Those armors had been created on a whim based on a sea creature he had only seen for a small moment before he began. These armors, however, were crafted to perfection.

They were on an entirely different level.

'... I need to get closer.'

Suddenly, Leonel's body flashed and his Divine Armor formed. There was a hint of a frown on his face because it didn't feel nearly as comfortable as it had

in the past, but oddly enough, despite this, its strength had actually risen a great deal.

He extended a palm and his black rod appeared.

He stomped his feet hard, launching himself from the very walls Ronan had been fearful to fall from.

Aina frowned as well, but she stayed put, realizing that Leonel wasn't asking for her to participate.

It seemed that Leonel didn't treat this Domain War much differently than he did the Heir Wars he had just conquered...

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2136: Soaring

A single aura of the Sixth Dimension was completely out of place in a sea of Seventh Dimensional monsters, even more so when these Seventh Dimensional monsters were geniuses of other races or the best geniuses that the Human Domain had to offer.

And yet, Leonel didn't seem to feel the weight of the matter at all. In fact, his gaze flickered with fancy crimson lights that danced like embers within his irises. Beneath the helmet of his Divine Armor, a wild grin spread.

The Human Race was weak, huh...? He would be the judge of that.

BANG!

The ground beneath Leonel shattered. A roar filled the skies as his soldiers landed behind him, the earth rumbling and tumbling beneath their weight. And yet, in front of this monstrous tide, a singular young man who was nothing more than a speck of dust before the vastness of the Void Battlefield seemed to become the center of it all.

Leonel's black rod rose, his ten Stars appearing to his back, one part hidden in darkness and the other bathed in a blinding radiance.

His foot sank into the earth, countless cracks and devastating, bowing, boulders of earth raising from the ground as he exploded forth.

He crossed the distance between the city and front line warriors of the Void Palace in an instant. He soared above their heads, a flourishing pair of fiery wings appearing around him as he crossed the no man's land toward the Dwarven Race.

He seemed to have entirely lost his mind, too excited by the prospect of war and battle, he had done maybe the most foolish thing he could have, entering a piece of land that only left room for death.

This no man's land had formed after the Dwarven Race's pace slowed due to the roaring lasers of the two Starships. This kind of region was absolutely deadly under normal circumstances, let alone when facing a race of marksmen like the Dwarven Race.

The eyes of Ularora and Malcuhorn flashed at once. They didn't even need to give the order, the archers had already raised their bows, nocked them and fired. Their movements were smooth, it was an action they had lost track of the number of times they had completed. In truth, only one of them needed to act, but they had all reacted so fast that hundreds had fired at once.

The rain wasn't exaggerated to the point of blotting out the skies, but it was simply too fast and too vast, there was nowhere for Leonel to dodge.

But it was right then that the people of the fortified city seemed to remember something.

Leonel's grin became wilder. "Using archery against me? It seems I need to introduce myself to you invaders."

Leonel's heart seemed to blaze with an undying fire, his voice booming. The Anarchic Force seemed entirely incapable of stopping the spread of his presence. His Scarlet Star Force Wings expanded, and then expanded again.

He came to a sudden stop in the air, his spear sweeping out before him. However, it wasn't aimed toward the coming arrows at all, instead it drew a perfect arc on the ground below. It didn't seem to serve a purpose at all other than to display the sharpness of Leonel's blade even from afar... until the arrows tried to cross it.

One after another, the volley disintegrated to ash. It was as though the dividing line Leonel had casually drawn had laid down a law of causality, an unbreakable rule decided by the man standing high in the skies.

Leonel was entirely unmoved by the failure of the arrows. The ash that remained of them continued to float in the air, dancing like the dead embers of a fallen hope.

The tip of his spear trembled and he vanished.

When he appeared again, he was standing before the frontline of Dwarven Race members and his blade flashed.

In an instant, dozens of heads flew into the skies.

Leonel took another step and vanished once more. Everywhere he passed by, his Spear Force would sparkle for just an instant before fountains of blood would fall.

The bows and arrows of the Dwarven Race were entirely useless against him. Every time one tried to target him, it would disintegrate even before making contact. As for the close combat skills of the Dwarven Race, they were worse than trash. They were smaller than him, weaker than him, and in such a large group, their level of agility was entirely useless.

Leonel's wings alone left a trail of death and destruction. He hardly tried, but every flap would send out a wave of heat and destructive aura, shattering protective armors and Forces that were already struggling beneath the Anarchic Force in the surroundings.

He was a one man grinding machine... And then his army caught up with him.

Streaks of lightning filled the air as several large eyes appeared in the skies. The Dwarven Race, which was already thrown into disarray by Leonel, was suddenly faced with an unending tidal wave of oppressive might.

No matter how fast Leonel killed, he was still one person. He could at most kill two or three dozen per second, against an army of tens of billions, it would take him decades to kill down to the last man.

However, if Leonel was the swiss army knife that disrupted their formation, and his army was the butcher's knife that ground down what remained, how much faster would his killing speed be? It simply couldn't be compared.

Leonel's roaring laughter filled the skies.

Indeed, the great Dimensional Verse didn't know the name Leonel Morales, but starting today, much like he had put the Human Domain on notice, he would make sure that they were aware of him as well... Because he was coming.

Leonel flickered and vanished, or so he thought, but he quickly found that the siege towers had changed once more and his Spatial Force was restricted. Even so, the wild grin on his face didn't fade at all.

He unleashed a roar, his spear spinning in his hands as a wild wheel of flames took shape, surging in all directions a single sweep.

and wiping out over a hundred Dwarven Race members in

He pointed his spear toward the skies toward the pair of prince and princess.

A soaring battle intent surged out from his spear.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2137: Exposed

Billowing plumes of royal blue fog came from Leonel's Divine Armor. Standing in the middle of a region that had been entirely cleared by him, he looked like a war god descended from the very skies themselves, untouchable and noble.

BANG!

His Gravity Field seemed to activate on its own. The Dwarven Race members that were rushing to fill in the gap were crushed instantaneously. Their faces were driven into the ground before bursting into a puddle of flesh and blood.

Leonel's free hand grasped out at the air, space itself solidifying to the point he could run his fingers through it as though it was the surface of a calm lake.

Suddenly, his hand which had been moving slowly pressed down with great force. The Gravity Field's range expanded to double its original range. The carnage was devastating. From hundreds, thousands of Dwarven Race existences were compressed from the head to their feet, falling into condensed bags of meat.

Ularora and Malcuhorn finally couldn't stay still any longer. They raised their bows, attacking in unison. They had a beautiful tacit understanding, their arrows spiraling around one another and suddenly fusing. They didn't seem to believe that Leonel could ignore any and all arrows.

Unfortunately...

BANG!

"[Emperor's Edict]."

Leonel suddenly disappeared. The lockdown of his Spatial Force vanished, the siege towers having been rendered useless within the range of his Emperor's Edict.

Leonel's slaughter only became more devastating. Every time he appeared, his Gravity Field only seemed to get stronger, its range getting wider and wider. It had never been this powerful before, but it seemed to be drawing on an endless store of energy, descending down toward the world as though the core of its plane of existence.

The devastation of dying for simply being within range of a person began to fill the Dwarven Race with fear. Without their bows and arrows, their strength was far beneath that of their Tiers. Even those well into the middle Tiers of the Seventh Dimension, and even some of the higher Tier, couldn't last a single strike against Leonel.

For the first time since the Domain War began, one of the other Races seemed to see the downside of their actions. It had seemed that there would be nothing but benefits to gain in their future at almost no cost to themselves. But now, although the number Leonel had killed was nothing more than a drop in the bucket, it was as though they could finally see their own mortality.

Leonel's body spun and the arc of his Spear Force seemed to gain a new sort of character to it.

The line of a Force Art appeared around his feet. One stroke, then two, then three. His laughter filled the air as he seemed to be dancing all alone, each stroke of his Spear Force shooting out for dozens of meters and cutting down those that managed to escape outside the range of his Gravity Field.

The accumulation of his momentum seemed to be getting faster and faster and faster. The rumbling roar of a beast slowly crescendoed. Leonel's words seemed to echo in all of their ears.

"My name is Leonel Morales. Welcome to the Human Domain."

ROAR!

A towering violet dragon manifested from the foggy energy around Leonel. His spear swung, carrying the momentum of the world as it suddenly thrust forward.

A trench was torn through the battlefield, the violet dragon roaring forth as it took out hundreds of Dwarven Race members a second.

There was no escape, no refuge to take, no amount of togetherness and teamwork that could block it. Everyone in the line of Leonel's spear strike was wiped out, left without body and corpse, their final moments spent in awe.

BANG!

The butt of Leonel's spear slammed into the ground, his ten Stars growing another size as the light of day and night flickered back and forth. The current Leonel, just by virtue of his improved Universal Force, was on a completely different level. But when this was paired with his new Lineage Factor, he seemed to have become a beast in human skin.

He turned his back on the battlefield as though he couldn't be bothered to fight anymore, as though his boredom had taken hold and there was nothing left that could interest him.

Ularora and Malcuhorn were infuriated. He had just pointed his spear at them and provoked them, before he entirely ignored their presence. However, what could they do with their archery being useless? Without it, they weren't much more powerful than their Race members. Even so, it was impossible for them to do nothing.

"RISE!" Malcuhorn roared.

The siege towers whirred to life, a beam of light connecting them in a line. Malcuhorn swapped his bow for a staff, using it as the center to connect the siege towers before pointing it down toward Leonel.

Leonel had put in a lot of work to clear out the surrounding dozens of meters around him, but this only made things more convenient. They could target him without harming any of their own. However, at that moment, Leonel suddenly looked back.

Malcuhorn couldn't see his face, but he still felt a cold shiver run down his spine.

"Your little siege towers... I've already figured them out."

Leonel suddenly vanished, appearing atop a siege tower in an instant.

Malcuhorn frowned before relaxing. Approaching a siege tower was maybe the most foolish thing a person could do. Leonel's actions now were akin to trying to attack a fortified city wall with nothing more than a fist.

However, Leonel only raised a hand and snapped his fingers. It was a snap that echoed much further than it should have.

The ground beneath the siege tower trembled and some sort of rhythm seemed to have been disrupted. The beam that had been accumulating on Malcuhorn's staff vanished as Leonel casually swung his spear blade down.

The siege tower, meant to be indestructible and unmovable, was split in two down to the base, a blood mess falling to the ground as well as the Dwarven Race members within collapsed along with it.

Leonel raised his spear once again and rested it on his shoulder, softly landing on the ground.

The canons of the Starship took aim and the entire Dwarven Race felt exposed.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2138: Ancestor

Ularora and Malcuhorn were shaken by what they had just seen. There were without a doubt Ancestors hiding likely in plain sight, but all of them had similar reactions. They didn't understand what it meant for Leonel to simply snap his fingers and for their highly touted formations to just collapse as though they were never a big deal.

What they didn't know was that Leonel had been getting familiar with the Dwarven Race's Force Arts for over a year now already. His first exposure to them was within a Sub-Dimensional Zone, and it went to show why existences like the Silver Empire went so far out of their way to distort their Zones. Leonel had actually gotten so much information out of what was essentially a lingering remnant of the Dwarven Race long since passed.

What Leonel learned in that Zone was twofold. First he had learned that Zones were almost entirely constructed of Dream Force, a realization that laid the foundation for his sudden understanding that everything around him now was nothing more than a simulation. The second thing he had learned was a concept that resided with him to this day, and that was the concept of Resonance.

Resonance was an ethereal concept that was difficult to grasp, but just by understanding tidbits of it Leonel was able to do a great deal. He was able to amplify his battle strength when fighting alongside Aina, he was able to bring his Spear Force to the current level, and most importantly to the given situation, he was able to grasp the weakness of the Dwarven Race.

The Dwarven Race loved to build underground, they had a fascination with being close to earth and nature, and their Force Arts were built upon this. The reason their traps and defensive measures were so great was because they could resonate with the very ground they stood upon and pull upon both its strength and its concealment.

This made the Dwarven Race's Force Arts incredibly powerful and it had also allowed them to resist the invasion of other Races. However, before Leonel who both had a deep understanding of Force Arts and an Earth Force affinity that was quickly flying off the charts...

They were worth nothing more than a snap of his fingers.

While Leonel couldn't dispel all Dwarven Race constructs so easily, the siege towers were especially vulnerable to him. That was because their foundation was compromised for the sake of gaining mobility. They simply stood no chance against him.

The canons began to glow and were already prepared to fire, however it was then that the Ancestors of the Dwarven Race couldn't seem to sit still any longer.

There was a very obvious tacit understanding amongst those participating in this war. So long as the Ancestors of one side didn't appear, neither would the Ancestors of the other side. However, with their army facing extinction in the face of these laser canons, what choice did the Dwarven Race have? They could only attack.

But to their surprise, their action didn't receive the sort of retaliation they were expecting. It was as though the Ancestors of the Void Palace elders hadn't appeared just yet, nowhere to be seen in one of the most crucial times.

The disciples of the fortified city all paled at once. They thought they had a clear grasp of the situation because Leonel had stopped them from retreating. Of course the elders wouldn't be present to help stop this situation because they likely already expected to sacrifice a number of them in exchange for giving up the city.

The Dwarven Race Ancestors immediately spread out into a formation of their own, their gazes steely as they prepared to block the coming lasers. They didn't have the luxury to guess at why the Void Palace elders hadn't appeared just yet because even a single Starship was a huge threat to an Ancestor, let alone a pair of them like this.

That said, not all of them were like this. Taking advantage of the situation, one peeled off from the group, his gaze malevolent as his wings flapped, bringing him near Leonel in the blink of an eye. He didn't even bother to use his bow and arrow, not knowing whether Leonel had a method to dispel even his, instead he wanted to end this matter as swiftly as possible.

A Sixth Dimensional existence capable of killing Seventh Dimensional geniuses as though they were trash? That was unacceptable enough. He couldn't allow such a genius to grow in another race.

He didn't know whether Leonel was responsible for the collapse of his formation. In his eyes, this must have been something the Human Race as a whole had figured out recently. After all, the Dwarven Race was well aware of the danger that the Zones they had left behind posed, they just hadn't expected for the Humans to find a method of dealing with them through it.

If he had known that Leonel had figured it all out on his own, nothing would change. At most, his killing intent would be even sharper, but he was already going all out to kill Leonel as soon as possible so that none could interfere.

Leonel sent a gaze toward the oncoming Ancestor. Unlike normal Sixth Dimensional existences, he was capable of sensing this sort of speed clearly, and his speed of thought was fast enough to keep up. Unfortunately, his body was not.

The gap between the Sixth and Seventh Dimensions was already enormous, let alone the gap between the Seventh and Eighth. This man didn't just seem to be in Tier 1 of the latter either.

Even so, Leonel remained exceptionally calm, unmoving.

The Ancestor believed that this was because Leonel didn't even realize he was in danger yet, but at that moment a palm suddenly manifested from thin air, appearing right before the Ancestor.

The Ancestor was taken off guard and hurried to defend, striking out with a palm of his own.

BANG!

His figure shuddered and he was sent flying back dozens of meters before he stopped in the air.

From afar, a woman with flowing golden hair and sharp green eyes stood on the bow of a ship, looking down toward the battlefield.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2139: Glow

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The lasers collided with the formation of the elders in the skies. They all grit their teeth defending against the volley. At the same time, the pair of prince and princess hurriedly commanded a retreat, having no choice but to leave behind the siege tower that Leonel had split in two.

After a small bit of hesitation, Leonel didn't follow after them, his gaze only narrowing.

He was truly aware now of the scale of these wars. Unless he was supremely powerful, it was impossible to make a dent against so many people. He must

have killed thousands already, but that wasn't even a tenth of a percent of the enemy's army. They were simply an endless swarm.

His own army didn't get a chance to be very effective because the Dwarven Race was simply too decisive. Normally, another race might be too arrogant to throw out their Ancestors just because a Sixth Dimensional existence was stirring trouble, but this must be why the Dwarven Race had managed to survive for so long despite their weakness.

They were decisive, they weren't scared of being called cowards, and they cared for their own. For the current Leonel, this was the most troublesome type of opponent because they were too cautious. The moment they felt that things were going left, they vanished. Even the Ancestor that had attacked him, after his mother had forced him into a retreat, he vanished without a trace as well, not even trying a follow up attack.

Ultimately, the losses for the Dwarven Race were more than acceptable. They had exchanged basically a few thousand lives in exchange for breaching the first line of defense and causing no small bit of damage to the structure of the second. They would probably regroup and prepare for another attack, or try to benefit off the back of another Race's attack.

Leonel looked down at the siege tower beneath him, his gaze flickering with some thoughts.

In his preparation for war, he had created quite a number of things. The armors, or what he called the Linked Resonation Armors, were only just one of these numbers, he had also created his own siege towers. The Segmented Cube made these matters so much easier on him since he only needed to create one and provide the resources while Anastasia handled everything else.

But, one thing he had neglected in their creation was the possibility of incorporating the Force Arts of the Dwarven Race. This siege tower might give him some clues toward improving it.

He tossed the siege tower into the Segmented Cube then threw these matters to the back of his mind. Then, he ordered his subordinates to return before looking toward the disciples of the Void Palace.

"Return to the city, I don't want to hear talks of retreat."

The disciples hesitated, but then they looked toward the woman on the bow of the ship. They didn't recognize her by face, but they could guess who she was, and they had all heard the rumors about what had happened at the Heir Wars.

This woman should be Leonel's mother, and with her here, even if Leonel's intention was to betray the Void Palace, there really wasn't much of anything they could do. The gap between their Dimensions was far too steep. Even if the current Leonel was in Tier 9 of the Seventh instead of the Sixth, no one would just assume that he would be able to battle an Ancestor.

To put this matter into perspective, if Leonel had the means of an Ancestor, it wouldn't take him decades to kill an army of billions. A few hours would probably be enough. The gap was impossible to fathom.

Like this everyone returned to the city obediently and Leonel began to take inventory of everything. Of course, this wasn't for resources, but to rather understand what he could make do with and what was useless about the city's defenses.

This was only one city of many, he couldn't just stay here, and there were likely other cities that had received the retreat order, if he was too slow the entire second line would collapse and by then, a single city would be useless.

The second line of defense had by far the most cities of them all. The first line only had three cities, but the second line had nine while the third line of defense was just the Void Palace which, though large, technically just counted as one though no one would really see it that way.

There were certain advantages.

The first was that the cities were connected by teleportation platforms, and these platforms could accommodate large amounts of people at once, up to a million at once without issue. Of course, a million was a drop in the bucket in a war of this scale, but it was much better than others.

Leonel, though, didn't plan on relying on this. Although it wouldn't be instant, he could transport more people at great speed with his Starships. Then, he suddenly had an idea and grinned. Such a large teleportation platform, it would be a shame if he didn't use it.

Back on Earth, he had dropped a city from the sky relying on a Force Art similar to this one. Although he had completed so many great things since then, that still felt like a crowning achievement of sorts. Wouldn't it be a shame if he peaked so early? Wouldn't it be embarrassing if the coolest story he could tell had happened when he was still a teenager?

He was a grown man now, but he wasn't old yet. He still had some youth in these bones.

Leonel grinned wildly.

His mind swirled with thoughts of the Dwarven Race Force Arts, his new comprehension of Spatial Force, his self-created Lotus Domain. Then he thought about how this formation was quite unique in the fact that it could only teleport precisely to nine locations, those being the other eight cities and the final being the Void Palace itself.

Leonel double checked and realized that there was truly no way for him to make it to all eight cities at the same time.

That was when his eyes began to glow, his Dream Force flourishing.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2140: Pure Radiance

Leonel looked like a madman. He stood before the empty teleportation platform while everyone else remained idle. He must have stood staring into space for what was at least 10 minutes. This was really only a small period of time, but in this kind of war where everyone felt as though they were sitting on tenterhooks, it was far too long.

For Leonel, this sort of time was even longer. His Dream Force had experienced three enormous leaps during the course of the Heir Wars, each time his Ability Index increased with it. But none was more exaggerated than after his future self seemed to connect with his current self. It was as though all of the shackles that had been holding him down were crushed into ashes all at once.

For the current Leonel, thinking for 10 minutes without any other thoughts was akin to another person thinking for years, it was truly that exaggerated. In the past, Wise Star Order had been able to counter his split minds and speed of

thought with pure speed of thought of his own. But the current Wise Star Order couldn't hold a candle to Leonel, and at the moment, even Ancestors couldn't think even a fraction of a percent as quickly as Leonel could.

For Leonel to spend an entire 10 minutes on this problem, it could only be said that it was the greatest project of his life.

The problem with what he was trying to do was the fact that he only had access to one of the nine formations. He couldn't do anything to the others. If he had access to all nine, it would be far easier, but because he didn't, he had to use the spatial tunnel that connected them all to transpose the changes in real time.

He couldn't do this ahead of time or else it would alert others and introduce variables. He had to do it such that everything would move in unison, at once, completing in the shortest time possible and executing all at once.

At the same time, the movement through the Spatial Tunnels would introduce deviations, distortions and margin of error. He had to account for this and correct it, but this was a tall task not just due to the insane distances that were in question, but also the biggest elephant in the room: Anarchic Force.

While it seemed that Leonel had reached the point where he could ignore Anarchic Force, this couldn't have been further from the truth. The reality was that he hadn't noticed a significant dip in his strength only because this was the second line of defense, if he had been at the first, he would have probably experienced at least a 10% dip.

And with how things were, even in the second line, the further one's attacks or Force in general traveled through Anarchic Force, the larger chance there would be for it to suddenly collapse.

In order to account for this, Leonel had to wrap his calculation in a complex lotus pattern, like a transfiguration for his Force that would account for the chewing up of Anarchic Force and leave behind just enough that everything would go perfectly.

He couldn't make these defenses too solid or else there would be too much, and he couldn't make them too weak or else there would be too little.

This was the reality of what Leonel was facing. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that it was the toughest problem he had ever faced. And yet, in the face of such a problem, he was already grinning ear to ear in just ten minutes.

Leonel began to move.

The first thing he did was stomp a foot, hard, shattering everything in his path and seemingly ruining the formation before him. But those thoughts only seemed to last for a moment before it became clear that the formation was untouched and undamaged, the only change was that the enormous platform had begun to sink into the earth.

Many paled when they saw this. For one, this was their only route out, but the second issue here was that... wasn't Leonel's Earth Force affinity a bit too high?

It was well known that Earth Force was one of the hardest Forces to use at a high level not because it was any more unruly than others, but rather because the higher the Dimension of the world you were in, the more sturdy the ground and the more unmovable the earth was.

This matter was even more exaggerated in a world filled with Anarchic Force, and yet here was Leonel, casually stomping his foot and causing a platform kilometers in diameter to sink into it. It was ridiculous.

Only Leonel knew how far he had come. The first time he stepped foot into the Void Palace, he couldn't even leave a white mark on a mere tree trunk, let alone take mastery over the earth. But now...

The cracks in the earth began to become thicker. Not only did they become thicker, but they became more organized and mysterious. Just looking at them, people felt as though their souls were being sucked out from their eyes, it was a magical feeling that couldn't be described.

And then, these lines solidified. The moment the earth stopped rumbling, the teleportation platform began to grow on its own, large swaths of Anarchic Force being dispelled as pure Force moved forward, filling the trenches created by Leonel's stomp.

It was then that it clicked. Those trenches... They were a large Force Art!

By this point, the teleportation platform had already sunk deep into the earth for what must have been at least 10 meters. As it did so, all of the Force in the surroundings surged toward it, growing thicker and thicker until the point of a dense white fog was covering the top of the teleportation platform and completely obscuring it from view. It was unlike anything anyone here had ever seen, it looked like the Force was just moments away from becoming a dense liquid.

And then, the entire city began to rumble.

Leonel tilted his head up into the skies and began to laugh.

A wild pillar of energy surged out and pierced into the skies.

At that moment, all eight of the remaining cities were in a heated retreat. Many of those in the vanguard were being slaughtered wantonly. The Dwarven Race could be considered the weakest of these invading Races, so one could imagine the kind of devastation the others were facing currently.

If Ronan's orders had been followed, this sort of slaughter would have been levied against the people of Leonel's fortified city, but they were spared this fate while the others weren't so lucky.

The spirits of the invading races were high and filled with disdain while those the humans had hit rock bottom. It seemed that there would only be death or enslavement in their future... Until their cities began to rumble and suddenly gave off an enormous pillar of light.

One after another, their teleportation platforms sunk into the earth and exploded with Force, deep trench marks identical to the ones Leonel had created taking shape one after another.

The ground shook and quaked, then in a shocking scene, all of the Anarchic Force in the region seemed to be pushed away, expelled like waste blocked by a barrier of pure radiance.