

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2141: Semi-Ring

The sudden change shocked many.

The dispelling of Anarchic Force wasn't rare. It was something that all those at the top echelon of various Domains were capable of. Though it took effort and many resources, it wasn't impossible so long as the Anarchic Force was beneath a certain threshold of concentration. Leonel himself had been to many places capable of doing this, like the Spear Faction of the Void Palace as one example.

But for it to happen here, on the second line of defense, and on such a large scale as well and seemingly completely randomly, it was a shocking change for many on the battlefield. And what was more important than even that was that it seemed that the shift of Anarchic Force wasn't a simple matter at all, rather, it seemed that this was just the byproduct of what was really happening.

The cities suddenly began to absorb a large amount of Force, and it was this rushing influx of Force that was pushing the Anarchic Force away.

It was then that a shocking realization settled in. The purpose of this commotion wasn't to shift the Anarchic Force at all. Rather, the true purpose was so volatile and taking place on such a large scale that it had formed a perfect semi-ring of Anarchic Force-less region that completely changed the landscape of the battlefield.

And then it happened.

The rumbling of the cities reached an apex and a strong fluctuation of Spatial Force began to accumulate. As the cities continued their loud commotion, it was as though the entire world was shaking.

The vibrations of the earth seemed to hit a perfect tone. Like the sharp voice of a soprano treble echoing into shapely glassware, the city and the earth shook as one, each amplifying the other until they reached a crescendo.

Fear took hold of the faces of several, both human and not. It felt like the entire world was coming to an end as one of the most dangerous Forces in existence, Spatial Force, continued to increase in concentration. If this amount of Spatial Force suddenly went out of control, what it could cause was simply beyond imagining.

Spatial ripples would be the least of one's concerns. Fissures in reality, cracks in the void, even the sudden onset of true blackholes wasn't impossible. If any one of these things occurred, there would only be death waiting for them all.

But at that moment, just when things had reached their greatest height, everything came to a grinding halt.

The rumbling slowed, the pillars of light gently dispersed, and the quaking cities solidified upon their foundations once again. It was as though the world had regained its peace, however... The clear semi-ring of dispersed Anarchic Force remained like the dividing line between Heaven and Hell.

It was then that many sighed a slight hint of relief, but their curiosity couldn't help but spike. Just what had happened here?

Some Races were trapped within the semi-ring, but the vast majority of them had retreated out of the range. As for the Human Race, they were the exact reverse, having been stuck in the middle of a retreat from the very start. But now, even they were wondering what was going on and just what had happened exactly.

Unable to withhold their curiosity any longer, some attempted to approach the semi-ring of Anarchic Force-less regions. However, when their hands tried to pass through, they were suddenly frozen solid.

Their hands, they couldn't pass them through. Even after putting in more effort, they couldn't seem to pass through at all.

At the same time, those on the opposite side, on the side of the humans, fell right through. But to their shock, their bodies suddenly began to stretch as though they had entered a blackhole. They didn't even feel any pain until they suddenly no longer felt anything at all.

Dead. They were all dead.

The hearts of those that hadn't had the courage to go forward lurched. They couldn't believe what they were seeing. How could Seventh Dimensional existences die after just touching a formation for a split moment? How could they not even have the chance to resist?

It was then that the Races stuck on the Human Race side of the barrier realized that they were truly trapped, there was no going back. They could either be obediently captured, or they would die to the last man.

As for the Races stuck on the Invader's side, they didn't have a quick method of moving forward at all. Ancestors started to come forward, and many attacked the barrier in full force, only for their expressions to change when they realized that even they couldn't make a dent.

When had the Human Race gained such a protective mechanism? What was happening?

The man who had made it all happen was still grinning, but the fatigue on his face was evident. He breathed heavily, his mind feeling as though it had been drained to the last drop. But even then, he could feel himself quickly recovering at a speed that had been entirely impossible.

Even so, he took a step forward, landing in the middle of the enormous, sunken teleportation platform. Force swirled around him and suddenly his image was projected to all nine of the cities, his grinning face appearing in the skies above the Void Battlefield.

"Welcome, welcome," Leonel said with a light chuckle. "You all may not know me, but that time will come soon. Don't worry about this for now, I just have a little message for my fellow humans.

"This barrier will hold for three days. In that period, any attacks that come from our side will be concentrated and amplified. Your canons will be easily five to ten times more powerful than usual. I would suggest that you use this time to attack."

Leonel spoke with a leisurely smile on his face, but his words were surprisingly sinister.

At that moment, a Starship had already suddenly appeared before a fortified city. Before it, there was an Ancestor of the Cloud Race testing the strength of

the barrier before himself. However, after throwing a punch, the world suddenly fell into silence.

The Starship fired a single time and the Ancestor froze, his body slowly falling backward and hitting the ground. Dead.

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Chapter 2142: Ideas

Leonel's laughter echoed through the Void Battlefield. He seemed to take the death of an Ancestor as a practical joke.

The most shocking part of the attack was that the laser beam had started off wide and thick. But the moment it passed through the semi-ring anti-Anarchic Force barrier, it was stretched so thin that it became entirely invisible on the other side.

It seemed that the stretching of the Races that had entered the barrier wasn't a bug, it was a feature. Not only could it prevent those races from running away and forcing them to accept their punishment at the hands of the humans that now suddenly completely outnumbered them, but it could also be used to enhance laser attacks and any Force based attacks for that matter.

Leonel had clearly taken inspiration from the end of the Heir Wars to design this barrier. Why just have a barrier that could only allow attacks from one side when you could have a barrier that only allowed attacks from one side AND amplified those attacks as well?!

It was only after the Ancestor collapsed to an attack he couldn't even see properly that a small dot in the middle of his forehead was noticed.

On that day, the first Ancestor had fallen in the world, and the backdrop to his death was the laughter of a young man barely in his mid-twenties. The shock that this caused spread across the battlefield and the other races quickly retreated.

"Why are you running?" Leonel asked, jeering the invaders. "You all came with such fierce momentum, don't leave like this, I've been looking forward to meeting you all for so long."

The fury of the invading races seemed to reach an all new height. They had never thought that they would come here just to be humiliated. The truly horrendous part of all of this was that the matters of one battlefield couldn't travel to another instantaneously, and definitely not faster than Leonel's Starships.

Before even a few minutes was up, eight Ancestors of various races had fallen, each one as tragically at the last, and each one regretting that they didn't take Leonel's near maniacal laughter more seriously.

The Human Race was stunned as they watched the other Races flee, their frustration and agitation of the last day or so being reflected back to them in a way that had never felt more satisfying than now. It was like they had finally gained space to breathe.

However, when they remembered that this would only last for three days, though their moods didn't completely dampen, they cooled a great deal.

Looking up at the face in the skies, they didn't need to guess that it was Leonel that had somehow made all of this possible.

"Fortify your cities," Leonel commanded, changing the resonance of his voice so that it couldn't be heard past the barrier. "Don't retreat. Anyone who retreats now I will kill personally, that is a promise. The Human Race has more backbone than this, act like it."

The blood of the Void Palace disciples began to boil and they roared one after another, rushing toward the stragglers of other-Race members and killing them one by one. This wasn't the kind of war they could take prisoners for, the only thing that was left was battle!

Leonel "disconnected" and exhaled a breath, shaking his head. He was quite aware that he had just put a huge target on his back, but the smile on his face hadn't faded in the slightest.

Aina appeared at the edge of the crater and shook her head. She really wanted to ask Leonel why he had revealed that this barrier would only last for three days, but she didn't know if this annoying man would actually answer her question.

Leonel grinned, taking a step and appearing by her side. "What? Am I very handsome?"

Aina rolled her eyes, "barely passable."

"I'll take it," Leonel laughed. "You don't need to wonder so much. They would figure it out anyway eventually, the barrier will definitely weaken over time. If I tried to play it off like we had more than three days, or even an infinite time, they wouldn't see it as strength, they would see it as a vulnerability. By candidly admitting that we only have three days, after the three day period is up they'll second guess attacking immediately."

"How many Ancestors are there in the whole Dimensional Verse? Maybe a few hundred? I doubt it's much more than a thousand total, but eight died today when maybe eight have died in the past hundreds of years in totality. They'll definitely think twice before they make a move."

It couldn't be helped, this method by Leonel was genius, but it was crude.

He relied on the innate Spatial Force accumulating ability of the teleportation platforms and then used the earth and concepts of the Dwarven Race to amplify this ability hundreds of folds over. But the problem with that was the fact that the platforms were taking the brunt of the punishment.

These platforms were made with excellent, top class, top quality materials. They were rated to last thousands of years with minor maintenance. But now Leonel was burning through all of that durability in three days. It could be imagined the kind of pressure that was on these platforms currently.

Aina could see that behind Leonel's confidence, there was a hint of a spinning wheel. It was clear that he didn't have a solution for all of this, he at best had a minor stopgap but it was hard to say how things would turn out in the end.

He had given the Human Domain three days, so hopefully the other families would show up. The problem, however, was that the Void Palace was clearly compromised, it was hard to say what would happen. In fact, very soon, it might be the case that the Void Palace might try to come here to stir trouble, or they might ignore him directly out of fear of his father and target the other families before they could even appear.

This matter would definitely be troublesome.

However, Leonel was still Leonel. He had his own ideas.

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Chapter 2143: Treasured Son

The Dwarven Race didn't know exactly what had happened, they had no idea how lucky they were that they had gotten off so easily. The other Races all lost at least one Ancestor, while some had even lost two, with the worst being the Beast Domain which had lost three.

In their ignorance, they were quite enraged by what had happened, but they were also hesitant. They were the weakest of the Races aside from the humans themselves and they had only attacked because they felt that it would be an easy way to gather more resources and strengthen themselves.

They were well aware that their current strategy of remaining holed up in their Domain and constantly defending against outside attacks couldn't last forever. They would suffer greatly eventually if they weren't also improving. The only race that could afford to rest on their laurels was the Spirituals. They didn't have such luxury.

An Ancestor of the Dwarven Race, Ancestor Beros, looked toward another, an Ancestor Wranqen with a questioning look. Ancestor Wranqen was the very same Ancestor that had tried to quickly kill Leonel during the commotion. He was being questioned about what he had experienced.

"... It was a powerful attack, I didn't feel like I could resist. But I don't understand it well. She attacked from at least 10 kilometers away, through Anarchic Force, her strength is not small. If she was closer, she could have very well killed me."

Ancestor Beros and the other Ancestors looked quite serious. Against such a powerful Ancestor level being, the Dwarven Race was at a disadvantage, especially if that child's ability to negate Bow Force could be extended toward them as well.

"More importantly, that brat who destroyed our siege tower, how is that he can dispel Bow Force? Isn't the Bow Domain Ring with the Spirituals? How is this possible?"

"This is something beyond even the Bow Domain Ring. The Bow Domain Ring can only dispel Bow Force targeted toward the person in question, but this

child can dispel Bow Force in a wide range almost as though it's a Domain of sorts."

"Is it an Ability Index?"

"It must be, there doesn't seem to be any other explanation. It's just unfortunate that this is a perfect counter to our Race's strength. I think we should consider our next step very carefully."

The Ancestors fell into silence and subconsciously looked toward Ancestor Beros. This man's opinion was highly respected as he was the one who had convinced them all to take part in this war. It was in their nature to defend and hole up, so one could imagine the kind of influence this man had to convince their entire Race to go against their usual stand.

Before Ancestor Beros could say anything, the Princess of their Race, Ularora, rushed in.

"Greetings, Ancestors, I've received a message from Gregwyn, Prince of the Nomad Race. There's a meeting of the Races taking place to discuss the Human Race."

The expressions of the Dwarven Race's people jumped. This wasn't something they had expected. Had something happened? What kind of change could warrant this sort of response?

Not long later, Ancestor Beros entered a circle of Ancestors.

The Nomad Race, the Rapax Race, the Beast Domain, the Cloud Race, they were all here. The appearances of the Nomad, Rapax and Cloud Race could be imagined, but the Beast Domain Ancestor was different as one might expect.

The Beast Domain's representative was a three-headed serpent beast. It had a huge body, spanning almost 20 meters in length. The section its three heads connected to thumped with the echo of a raging river. Every time its tongues slithered, a harsh whistling sound would fill the air and it felt as though all the oxygen in the surrounding dozens of kilometers was taken over by it.

The Beast Domain was really known as a wild zone. It wasn't controlled by any single type of beast but rather had a myriad of races within them.

However, each Ancestor that was born among them was allowed to take over a region of their own and this became their governing bodies.

They didn't cooperate in anything but war because they all felt that more territory would only benefit them. However, having lost three Ancestors already, it could be imagined that they were entirely enraged.

However, this made what happened next all the more infuriating.

"The Rapax will not be participating in this matter any longer."

The language of the Rapax was just as grating on the ears as usual, but it seemed to be perfectly translated in the ears of the Ancestors present.

Without any hesitation, the Beast Domain's representation raised its three heads and roared, its fury causing the skies above to churn.

Ancestor Beros' expression changed and he retreated. He wasn't the only one who retreated, but he was definitely the one that had the fastest.

The Rapax Ancestor, however, didn't move. In fact, he waited for the three-headed serpent beast to stop roaring before he swept it a casual glance and then turned to leave.

"WAIT!" The Beast Domain Ancestor roared, its voice sounding like rumbling thunder clouds. "Why you retreat?"

Its speech was very simple, and its language was nothing but a mixture of roars and grunts, but the point got across clearly enough.

"Because our Race's treasured son does not want to participate any longer," the Rapax said calmly before vanishing over the horizon.

The other Races were stunned. The Rapax put so much stock in the words of their prince? If they understood correctly, this boy was barely over 20 years of age as well.

The others looked toward one another, but it was clear they had no intention to retreat. They didn't know what the Rapax were doing, but this wasn't enough to sway them.

That said, aside from the Beast Domain, the Rapax were the most suited to being the vanguard. Even so... with the rage of the Beast Domain representative seemed clear enough... This could be used.

The Nomad and Cloud Race Ancestors looked toward one another, their thoughts unreadable.

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Chapter 2144: Could it be?

The choice of the Rapax didn't make sense to the remaining Ancestors. Their greater hatred told them that the Rapax were just cowards, but the much greater reason told them that this was absolute nonsense. The Rapax were a warring race, they were constantly attacking all of the Domains at once. In truth, they were a bit of an eyesore due to this, however they were so difficult to deal with that none of the Domains had taken action until now.

There was no race that was more prepared for war than the Rapax. From youth, they were birthed on the battlefield and from the moment they took their first breaths they had already begun to acclimate to Anarchic Force whereupon by the time they were mature, they were practically entirely immune. It also didn't help that they were entirely undetectable through usual sensory methods.

Due to all of this, they were a race unafraid of provocation and loss. They were probably the least moved by the loss of their Ancestors. So why were they retreating?

Even with all of this being laid out before them, the Ancestors simply didn't have a reason. They had no idea what had happened all those years ago, and maybe to them, even if they did know, they could never connect these two matters because it was simply too ridiculous.

After a moment, the Ancestors of the Cloud Race and the Nomad Race spoke.

"Even without the Rapax, this matter can't be ignored. The Human Domain cannot be allowed to produce an Eighth Dimensional World and advance within it."

If these words were to echo in Leonel's ears, it was unknown how he would react.

All this while, his assumptions toward why it was the Human Domain was being attacked was quite benign and normal. An Eighth Dimensional world provided a world of resources. These other Domains might not care about Seventh Dimensional worlds because they had too many, but Eighth Dimensional worlds, the pinnacle of the Dimensional Verse, were another animal entirely.

However, these words seemed to imply that this wasn't a war for resources, but rather an attempt to stop the humans from growing any further.

But this didn't make any sense. In terms of geniuses and overall combat strength, these races were far beyond that of humans, so much so that when it was one to one, humans would almost always lose against other races with the exception of the Dwarven Race.

"Even so, we will have to wait three days."

"Don't you think it's odd that this boy would make it so clear that it was three days? What's his purpose?"

"It might be to lure us into a trap. It's possible that in three days they will control that mysterious formation to vanish, and then when we've let our guard down, they'll spring another trap," the Nomad Ancestor said coldly.

"How could your spies not know about this?"

The Cloud Race's expression was somewhat ugly when he heard this question.

"What is it?"

"My race's members have been dying one after another in quick succession. Also, not a single one has sent reports about this formation. From the information I was fed before this war began, it's impossible for the humans to have such a measure, and it's even more impossible that it would be so well hidden. From my understanding, the greatest threat is, without a doubt, the Omann family's new Starships, and one has already appeared on the battlefield."

"No news, that's impossible."

"Might I ask what is going on here?" Ancestor Beros finally interjected, his brows locked into a frown.

Even if these two looked down on the Dwarven Race, speaking as though he wasn't here after inviting him here was too ridiculous, no? It was one thing for the somewhat slow and unintelligent Beast Domain Race Ancestor to not speak, but shouldn't they try and integrate him into the conversation?

The Cloud Race and Nomad Race Ancestors looked over. They instinctually wanted to ignore the question, but they had already decided to invite the Dwarven Race. So they were needed. They quickly explained things, but the more Beros heard, the more ridiculous he felt it was. But then... he thought of a certain body.

"... My Race was forced to retreat before these things occurred so I was unaware. However, we experienced something similarly baffling. One of our siege towers was destroyed by a boy, likely the same boy you are speaking about. Indeed, he did say his name was Leonel Morales as well."

The two Ancestors were frowning, but when they heard this they suddenly jolted awake. They had subconsciously ignored Leonel's name because they couldn't be bothered to give a Sixth Dimensional existence the time of day. They all inwardly believed that Leonel was just the proxy for the actions of someone else and had ignored his name.

But suddenly hearing it again, they linked it to another man.

Velasco Morales.

Their expressions turned serious.

The reason they were taking the Human Race so seriously was because they were aware of the potential of the humans. Their efforts were scattered and unfocused, so they were weak, but that didn't mean that it would always be like this... Leonel wasn't the only one who felt that the Human Race and the Spirituals were far too similar for it to be a coincidence.

But if there had to be a second reason, it was definitely that man who had been rampaging across the Dimensional Verse as though it was his own backyard, acting as he pleased without a care in the world.

The Morales name was of no consequence to them, they knew them as a family with a Seventh Dimensional Lineage Factor. However, that had recently changed with the eruption and formation of their family's Constellation.

However, according to their understanding of that man, he didn't work with others... ever. But would he be so callous toward his own son?

From what they knew, years ago, he had caused a commotion in order to save his wife's life. Could it be that woman had birthed him a child?

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Chapter 2145: Idle

The expressions of the Ancestors continuously changed, and soon they became unprecedentedly determined. The silent Beast Domain Ancestor growled, its scales lifting up as though they were peeling before settling back down. It looked as though it was breathing through its skin. They seemed to have made a decision right then and there.

At that moment, Leonel wasn't idle. Much like the Cloud Ancestor had said, before he did anything else, he went through every human, painstakingly, one by one. Every time he found a Cloud Race member, he slaughtered them without mercy.

There was a limit to how many people he could control with his seals, and the Cloud Race was too skilled in these matters. He had to take his own cautions.

After he had resurrected Maia after her death, she was far more obedient than she had been in the past, but this didn't make Leonel relax. If anything, it made him more attentive. It made sense for someone to change after experiencing death, but it was when things seemed the most calm that the greatest caution needed to be taken.

Maia had never been so close to the Cloud Race's core since she began her mission. In addition, her uses to Leonel currently were limited. She was a great power in the Heir Wars, but she was ultimately of little consequence here.

The first day passed in a blaze and it was only at its tail end that Leonel finally finished expunging the frontlines of the Cloud Race. The harsh reality of this,

though, was that once the other families came, it would infuse the army with another huge load of them, it was an infestation that would never give out.

However, half way through the second day, Leonel's expression was quite dark.

These families that he was preparing for... hadn't appeared at all.

At first, Leonel had understood how slow they were being. After all, not all of them had had the luxury to come here directly from the Heir Wars like he had. They had affairs to get in order, and defenses to set up in case the final lines of defense were breached and the invaders poured into the Human Domain. But...

A day should have been enough.

After that day, especially given the urgency of the messages that were sent out, they should have already appeared the day after. However, he was well into the second day after his arrival and he hadn't seen a single shadow of even a single one of them.

He thought that maybe the Void Palace had done something. This wasn't impossible, but then he shook his head.

The current Void Palace should be in a peculiar state. It was obvious to Leonel that there were traitors, but it wasn't the same for everyone else. It was also in the Void Palace's best interest that they keep up this façade of being still on the side of "good", which was why they hadn't done anything even after their orders for retreat were directly ignored.

If they did something as ridiculous as command the large families to not come, they would definitely be exposed.

But on an even deeper level than that, wouldn't they prefer those families to come? If the Void Palace was under the control of traitors, their goal was obviously to deal a blow to the Human Domain. If those families were scattered, how would they deal with them all at once? That might even be why the traitors had allowed the urgency message to be sent out about the first line of defense being breached.

And yet now... Those families had yet to appear.

Leonel's gaze was practically spitting fire. He might have reacted with a cold sneer if it was just the usual suspects. But he, the Patriarch of the Morales family was currently standing on the front lines, facing off against the enemies of the Human Domain. And yet, the family he supposedly led was nowhere to be seen.

He didn't receive a message, there was no communication, not even an attempt at once. It was as though they didn't feel the need to explain themselves to him.

Leonel's gaze flickered with a crimson glow, an eerie grin spreading across his face.

The second day came to an end and the weaknesses of the formation were already becoming clear. Whereas before it was impossible to push it even a single inch, those that were sent forward to test it, although meeting some resistance, could push forward a few feet before being repelled.

Due to this, the Races were able to confirm that Leonel hadn't been lying about the three day deadline and they began to prepare. This wasn't something that could be faked. Leonel wasn't the only Force Art expert in existence. Although they couldn't replicate what he had done, or figure out exactly how he had done it, analyzing Force Arts was far easier than creating them.

The third day began to be eaten into and Leonel realized that not only would he not receive the reinforcements he thought he definitely would, but he wouldn't even receive a message from the family that he supposedly ruled over either.

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Chapter 2146: A Bit Longer

The Morales Ancestors hadn't had even a moment of rest. The moment they felt they understood the situation, they had given up all thoughts of going to the Void Battlefield and instead began to spend night and day fortifying their defenses and learning the new landscape of their territory.

It was extremely difficult and there was chaos across their world. There were countless Force Eruptions day in and day out as the Force in the atmospheres began to raise themselves to an Eighth Dimensional standard. This caused

the wild evolution of various plants and wildlife, not to mention the birth of new Force Crystal Mines and other ore deposits of the like that stimulated the greed of their people.

They didn't even have time to think about Leonel. In fact, Leonel technically wasn't their Patriarch yet because the coronation ceremony had yet to take place. For all intents and purposes, Adawarth's father was still their Patriarch.

Even so, at the moment, even Patriarch Alejandro was nothing more than a figurehead at the moment, the reins of the family having been taken over by the Ancestors.

A large portion of the Ancestors had split off to focus on researching the changes to their Lineage Factor and how to quickly maximize the benefits that they could gain from it in the shortest amount of time possible. Using their knowledge and countless family records, they were already making great progress.

It was lucky for them that the Lineage Factor seemed to have been amplified rather than mutated, or else the progress would have been even slower and it would have taken an unknown number of decades and maybe even generations to figure everything out.

However, after just two and a half days, it felt to them that they had figured out about 20% of the new changes and they were making faster progress the more they understood. Every time they made a large discovery, they released it immediately, knowing that there wasn't much time left. They wanted those that could take advantage of the changes to do so as soon as possible.

As for the remaining Ancestors, they were entirely focused on governance and policy. Namely, Ancestor Alvaro and Ancestor Issa took these reins. They didn't believe that it would take more than two Ancestors to handle these matters.

Ancestor Hito, as the most senior and knowledgeable, was entirely focused on researching their new Lineage Factor.

Ancestor Alvaro and Issa were swift and decisive. They quelled greed with strict and even draconian policies, they directed large workshops of Crafters to get to work on building defenses around their new Eighth Dimensional world, and at the same time, they began to organize evacuation orders for the most vulnerable.

They realized that defending their entire territory might be impossible as much as they wanted to. So while they set up strong defenses on the outer regions, they evacuated much of their population to the core regions of their territory.

Trillions of Morales made their way swiftly and it could be said that the organization was as good as it could be for such a large scale migration. It was clear that the weight of an Ancestor's words and appearance weren't small in the slightest.

Whether it was the Ancestors themselves, or even the citizens who had just been praising Leonel to the high heavens, none of them felt that this was odd. After all, Leonel was still young, it only made sense that such important matters would be handled at the whims of those that were by far his senior, this was just the way of the world.

It was likely that no one expected that Leonel would be upset by this matter. Or maybe more accurately, they thought it would be ridiculous for him to feel such a way.

"We haven't gone far enough," Ancestor Issa spoke in her usual cold tone.

"We can't be too cruel to our own citizens, Issa," Ancestor Alvaro shook his head. "No, they aren't citizens, they are our family, no matter how distant."

"This 'family' of ours has worked us to death in the last two days. Why haven't they realized we're family yet?"

Alvaro didn't respond because he didn't have anything to refute with. This was true enough. The mob mentality of people in these sorts of situations was nothing short of annoying. Weren't they smart enough to realize that everyone would benefit very soon and this wasn't the time for this?

He shook his head before his eyes suddenly lit up as though he finally remembered something.

"Right, we need to have someone call Littlest Nova back. It's a good time to hold the coronation ceremony and officially crown him as Patriarch. It'll help calm the people's hearts down, the more normal we can be, the better.

"He's an excellent uniting force. It'll be easier to control the masses with him here. It's like killing two birds with one stone. We can also give him much of

the credit for the organization of this matter, give him a nice little boost to start his term."

Ancestor Issa frowned. "Are we sure we want to do this?"

"Do what?" Alvaro asked, confused.

"This Leonel is just as unruly as his father, but he has ambition Velasco didn't have, and that makes him more dangerous. I'm afraid if we give him the family, he'll never want to give it back."

Alvaro fell into silence before he shook his head. "Breaking tradition now isn't worth it. Also, can he even do such a thing with us here? It's a worthless worry, when the Ancestors speak to have him step down, what will he be able to say?"

Issa's gaze flickered, but this time it was her turn to remain silent.

"Okay, we'll wait a bit longer to call him back. Your words aren't without merit, he may need a little reminder of what the position of Patriarch represents."

...

Leonel looked up into the skies, standing silently. The third day's light was waning and the formation was already beginning to flicker.

Suddenly, the formation ring collapsed entirely and Anarchic Force began to rush forward.

The third day had ended and there were no reinforcements in sight.

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Chapter 2147: Assimilate (1)

Aina appeared by Leonel's side. She knew him well enough to know why the smile had disappeared from his face even if he didn't spell it out for her.

After the matters related to what seemed like Leonel's future self, he had been entirely carefree. But in these last three days, he had become serious once more, entirely silent and unmoving. It felt like every time she looked for him, he was standing in this very spot.

Without a word, Aina took Leonel's hand, looking out toward the failing formation. His hand felt sturdier than usual. It seemed as though, despite what his expression might show, he was still the same steady hand.

This serious expression of his was nothing more than him keeping receipts, remembering this moment quite well.

His impression of the Morales family was still overall quite good. It was probably difficult for old folk that had been doing things one way all their lives to suddenly change.

It probably also had to be remembered that they were probably just as arrogant individually as Leonel was. After all, to step into the Eighth Dimension, which of them weren't the absolute geniuses of their era? In fact, the only reason they didn't get a fancy name like the Cataclysm Generation was one because they hadn't experienced such a disaster, and second because in their day, only one or two of them appeared at a time.

How could you name an entire generation when there were only a couple of stars among them?

But this only made these Ancestors even more arrogant. They were used to not having any opponents at all. In their view, in their youth, they were probably no worse than Leonel. They glanced over the details, ignoring the things that made them uncomfortable and focusing on what gave them confidence. It was human nature and something that even powerhouses of their stature weren't immune to.

Ultimately, they still had the intention to crown Leonel their Patriarch, they still saw him as a Morales, they still felt that he was the pride of their family, they only wanted to remind him that in the past, they too had once been the pride of the Morales family.

The Leonel of today, in their eyes, was just a younger version of them. And yet, not only were there multiple of them, but they had had the time to grow and reach the extent of their potential... Why would they defer to a youth?

Leonel understood all of this. He even felt that it made sense on some level if you ignored the details of what he had accomplished. He just didn't care.

If his arrogance had been a vague, amorphous being that only partially directed his action in the past, right now it was like an oppressive, shining

beacon that refused to be restrained. It was as though he was both the same, and an entirely different person at the same time.

In the past, he might have been enraged because the Morales family didn't show him the due respect he deserved. Even when he was at his most docile, and the most lacking in ability, back then when he first met King Arthur and casually took a knee to bow because he didn't care much... His limit of patience toward those who didn't give him his due respect was limited.

But now, even this small slight of not even bothering to contact him was burning like an inferno within his heart.

Even so, after a moment, he grinned.

It was his first smile in three days, and as the barrier he had formed continued to weaken and the teleportation platform to his back began to crack and collapse in on itself, he spoke some words that didn't seem to make much sense at first.

"It would be a shame if the Human Domain didn't witness this matter, right? I can't have old fogies thinking that they can just be so casually compared to me, right?"

Leonel looked toward Aina who looked back with a complicated look in her eyes. She didn't quite know how to feel. Her gaze was a cross between confusion, worry, and a hint of support as though she was trying her best to put on a strong front. However, she couldn't hide the fact that hearing these words of everything come from Leonel in this matter had left her not quite knowing what to feel.

However, when she saw the brightness in Leonel's gaze, it seemed to illuminate the darkness within her thoughts. It was as though a galaxy of violet was hidden within, expanding with the grandeur of the big bad and the beauty of a nebula that held the very kernels of life and future possibilities within them.

Leonel's Emperor's Charm seemed to overflow out of his control, roaring with the arrogance of a mythical creature never before seen.

With a thought, Leonel snapped his finger.

At that moment, an echo flashed before quickly vanishing. A dispelled connection that had ended after the Heir Wars concluded suddenly fired up once again, but this time it was of something entirely different. The projection of the second line of defense appeared, and to the shock of many of the powerhouse families who had more information than the general population, it was actually still holding on firmly.

Leonel waved a hand and the corpses of several Ancestors fell to the ground. His eyes opened wide and his hair fluttered wildly. These were corpses that should have long since disintegrated, and yet they were laying at Leonel's feet.

What others didn't know was that this had been a façade from the very beginning. And now, these dead Ancestors had fell in the hands of Leonel Morales.

The wild grin on his face became more menacing as his hair whipped about.

He wasn't on the same level as Ancestors? Was that so?

There was nothing in this world above him.

No one worthy to be compared to him.

"[Emperor's Command...

"... Arise]!"

Leonel roared.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2148: Assimilate (2)

The eight corpses before him trembled. A shuddering might came from Leonel's mind, and he even deployed his Ten Stars. Day and Night fluctuated to his back, the rushing impact of a roaring wave of Dream Force descending.

His three Dream Force Stars began to rotate so fast that harsh winds threatened to flatten the entire city. It felt as though the world was coming to an end, and yet the young man at the center of it all was at the mere Sixth Dimension.

There was absolutely nothing that could have prepared the Human Domain for this. The death of eight Ancestors was already enough to shake them. Even after so long, they didn't quite believe what they were seeing. However, after a double take, and a triple take, they had no choice but to believe what it was they were seeing before them.

However, before they could even settle down to accept this sort of reality, these changes began to occur. What happened in the Heir Wars suddenly shook them all awake. It couldn't be... it couldn't be that he would take control of their souls as well?!

At that moment, the impossible seemed to have become the exact opposite. The shadows of eight Ancestors took shape, each armored in gorgeous violet armor.

One was a tiger beast, a menacing creature with teeth alternating between a dense black and a glowing, vibrant red. Its gaze flashed with endless killing intent, and when it lifted its large head to roar into the skies, the whole of the Void Battlefield seemed to be collapsing at the seams.

The second was a rhino-type beast. It had three horns, each larger than the last and aligned in a straight line up its nose. Its body shimmered with radiant silver scales, and even in death, it looked as though it could illuminate a night sky. As a soul, its radiant scales were mostly obscured, but this didn't dim its radiance at all. In fact, it only amplified it. The violet armor and silver scales seemed to have fused into one, acting in synergy with one another and feeding off the strengths of one another.

The third was a vulture. It was a grotesque, wrinkled creature from the neck up. And yes, from the neck down, its majestic bearing seemed as though it could compete with any creature in all of existence. Its individual black feathers looked like they had been crafted by the most elite of artisans, carefully and individually. In its soul form, much of its grotesque head was obscured by its violet armor, and much like the rhino, the armor accentuated its body, giving it an elegant bearing that it had never had in life.

These three were the three Ancestors of the Beast Domain. The Blood Tiger Ancestor, the Radiant Rhino, and the Majestic Vulture. However... they were just three of eight.

There still remained two of the Nomad Race, two of the Cloud Race, and one of the Rapax Race. They looked just like the others of their Races.

The Nomad Ancestor, Ancestor Naedi, was an older woman but carried a beauty even in her elder age. All six of her hands were fair, delicate, and dainty, and yet they carried a strength that caused the air around her to tremble. She was the strongest of the two.

The Cloud Race Ancestor, Ancestor Olfina, was yet another woman. Her Cloud Figure was the largest Leonel had ever seen, extending out from the back of her head like a long, flowing river of hair, filled to the brim with complex Runes that would make even the strongest of Crafters dizzy. She was also the strongest of the two.

And finally, there was a Rapax Ancestor, Ancestor Xipex. He stood tall at almost three meters, his tail looked like his spine had continued out from its back, covered in a metallic, silver skeletal structure. He stood on his digitigrade feet, his pill-shaped head splitting to reveal a glistening row of transparent, drool-covered teeth.

Each and every one of these existences were legends of their races. But one after another, the instant they appeared, without even the slightest hesitation, they turned toward Leonel and bowed.

Ancestor Xipex, Olfina, and the other humanoids all dropped to their knees. The Radiant Rhino Ancestor and the Blood Tiger Ancestors lowered their heads until their foreheads touched the ground. The Majestic Vulture Ancestor prostrated itself to the ground, even allowing its chest to press down.

"Emperor!"

They all roared out in their various languages, the echo of their voices echoing like a clap of thunder. The reverence in their eyes couldn't have been any clearer.

Leonel waved a hand and the eight of them immediately vanished. However, it was soon clear that they hadn't truly disappeared. Rather, they had moved so fast that the tracking system lost track of them for a moment. This was inevitable, Leonel had commandeered the projection method of the Morales, and it was designed to follow Seventh Dimension existences; how could it keep up?

However, the one person who was easy to follow was Leonel. It was then that it was clear that Leonel had hopped into the cracking foundation of what remained of the teleportation platform, letting go of Aina's hand.

He raised his hands and pressed them together. His Dream Force Stars, which had calmed down, began to roar to life once again.

"[Emperor's Might]..."

"... [ASSIMILATE]!"

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2149: Assimilate (3)

At that moment, the images seemed to have finally caught up. The Human Domain realized that the Ancestors hadn't vanished; they had moved exceptionally quickly, and their destination was actually the eight remaining cities.

When Leonel roared out, they too had appeared on the teleportation platforms of the eight fortified cities with Leonel on the ninth.

At that moment, the cracking teleportation platforms began to crumble even faster. But rather than this being a result of the crumbling formation, it became obvious that it was because of Leonel's actions.

One after another, the residual Force of the teleportation platforms surged into Leonel and his eight Ancestors' bodies. The weakening formation weakened even faster as this began to happen, but Leonel didn't seem panicked in the slightest.

[Emperor's Command: Arise] was quite straightforward. It was able to take control of the souls of the dead and force them into submission. Depending on the stamina of the one who awoke them, they would basically be undead warriors, unfazed by injury and death and completely loyal to their Emperor.

It was a fearsome ability, and one that struck fear in the Four Great Families. This alone was enough to explain the collapse of the Fawkes family. This sort of power was likely the kind of thing that even the Spirituals wouldn't be able to remain idle in the face of.

However, [Emperor's Command: Arise] was only one of three... there was still Assimilate and Breathe.

If [Emperor's Command: Arise] was able to handle the souls of the organic, [Emperor's Command: Assimilate] was able to handle the souls of the inorganic.

Assimilate allowed Leonel to find the kernel of life within natural resources and take control of them. He could then assimilate with these resources or allow those awakened by Arise to do so.

When Leonel learned of this ability's capability, his entire expression changed. That was because it was simply too heaven-defying, even if it was the case that it was temporary just like Arise was, the implications were massive.

It had to be remembered that natural resources were where the inspiration for the Life Grade came from. Natural resources were akin to the universe's hand at Crafting a Life Grade existence. It was seamless, perfect, and carried its own sort of life. This was why it was so dangerous for Leonel to have so little control over his Scarlet Star Force Innate Node.

But Assimilate allowed Leonel to sense that kernel of specialness that made a natural resource unique, tap into it, and then extract it. Once he did, and he absorbed it to himself, he could gain the benefit of clarity that resource provided. It would cause a sharp spike in his affinity for it for a span of 24 hours, just like Arise.

However, gaining affinity was just one of the possibilities...

At that moment, the violet armor that covered the eight Ancestors began to warp and change. It was as though the ores of the teleportation platform were becoming a part of them, but not just that, they seemed to all connect them all across the cities.

This wasn't just an example of Assimilate. Or rather, Leonel was applying it in a way that maybe no one of the Fawkes family ever had before. And if they had... It was something that could have only been accomplished by the most talented of them all. Not only was he integrating the remaining strength of the teleportation patterns into them, but he was also using their innate link to fuse the changes into one.

To make something complicated simple, Leonel was creating the strongest linked armors he had ever created before.

From the very beginning, Leonel had had this plan in his back pocket, it was rather that he didn't know if it was worth it to expose at this moment. But his rage had spilled over.

Rather than letting the platforms run out of strength on their own, he changed his mind. He instead used Assimilate on them, sucking in the last of their power. This was absolutely perfect because Assimilate had its limits, if he had tried to Assimilate them in the beginning, even the Ancestors would have exploded and died, not to mention him.

But now... It was absolutely perfect.

The eight Ancestors raised their heads and howled into the skies.

The other Races were alerted to the sudden change immediately. Although the third day had ended, it looked as though the barrier would still persist for a while, which made sense since it was just an imprecise estimate. But just now, it had suddenly blinked out, a huge change from the previous steady decline.

They immediately sent out their orders, preparing their armors to attack, but that was when something shocking happened.

Eight figures... No, nine figures, charged past the second line of defense, rushing toward the first line the Invaders had been using at their headquarters. They were erratic and hard to track, moving at a speed so impossibly fast that it seemed as though they were practically shuttling through the bounds of reality.

Leonel felt a power booming through his body that he had never touched upon before. However, he knew that it was nothing more than an illusion. What wasn't an illusion, though... Were the eight Ancestors under his control.

Leonel appeared high in the skies above the base the Cloud Race called home. He didn't seem to have the disposition a Sixth Dimensional youth should have... and why should he?

He raised his hand high into the skies. At that moment, something odd happened. It was as though the shadows of the eight Ancestors that were nowhere near him stacked atop of his own, appearing as illusions to his back.

Linked armors worked best when the people using them were of one mind, but there would always be flaws. That said... what if the links were formed between a man and the souls under his control? Wouldn't that be a completely infallible link?

Leonel roared, pooling the strength of eight Ancestors into the Force above his head and lashing out.

His palm descended from the skies, covering the whole city.

BOOM!

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2150: Time

A raging torrent of energy fell like the collapse of a mountain. It was sudden and ferocious, barbaric and uncontrolled. It was as though Leonel had released this attack, venting out everything in his chest all at once.

The savage grin on his face practically rose from the depths of hell, an abyssal sort of unbridled darkness spilling over. The crimson within his irises threatened to spill over.

The balance was entirely broken. Hundreds of thousands of Cloud Race members died all at once, falling in droves. They didn't even understand how it was that they had died before it was too late, and never could any of them had thought that it would happen at the hands of a Sixth Dimensional expert.

Eighth Dimensional experts weren't supposed to make moves easily. This sort of change could lead to terrible losses on all sides. But what could be done if a Sixth Dimensional expert seemed to have suddenly gained the strength of an Eighth Dimensional one?

The Ancestors of the Cloud Race rushed out all at once, they seemed to be the only ones that could withstand such an attack without dying directly. Their faces were all contorted in shock and horror. Even for an Ancestor, causing this amount of damage wasn't a simple matter.

They wanted to lash out, but when they saw that the one that stood before them was actually Leonel, their hearts lurched. What was going on? How

could a Sixth Dimensional expert have such strength? It didn't make any sense.

However, there was no time to worry about such matters. They rushed forward, trying to target Leonel and kill him as swiftly as possible.

But just when they thought that they had succeeded, Leonel suddenly vanished.

The Nomad Race had no idea what had just happened. Just a moment ago, an Ancestor had appeared in the skies above the encampments they had formed. But the oddity was that this Ancestor wasn't a member of their race and was instead the Majestic Vulture Ancestor.

The Beast Domain Ancestor had never communicated which of their Ancestors had fallen, so the first assumption was that the beasts had something to communicate with them. The Nomad Ancestors appeared one after another, prepared to receive a message. But just when they had, the Majestic Vulture Ancestor vanished.

Before the Nomad Race could react, Leonel had appeared, but compared to the beast Ancestor, he wasn't even a tenth as large, his body vanishing and appearing above the city. A roar escaped his lips as he struck down with all his might.

BOOM!

He didn't have any regard for life. After luring the Ancestors out, the number remaining that could resist his strike plummeted. Whereas the Cloud Race had lost hundreds of thousands to his singular strike, the Nomad Race lost millions.

The devastation could only be described as carnage, the destruction leaving only blood, flesh and ruins behind.

The Nomad Race Ancestors were so stunned that they couldn't even react properly. What had just happened?

However, before they could do anything, Leonel had already vanished once again.

The Void Battlefield was an impossible large place. Even with the Starships, it took several minutes to hours to cross from one location to another. But the current Leonel treated it like a playpen. He skipped from location to location, leaving death in his wake. He toyed with the Invading Races as though they were nothing more than children before a wild beast.

In just a few hours, he had killed more than the total number that had fallen in several days all on his own. The gap between him and the rest of his generation seemed to only be growing wider and wider. In fact, it seemed that even those in elder generations couldn't hope to compare to him.

The Nomad Race, the Cloud Race, the Dwarven Race, and the Beast Races found themselves unable to retaliate. Eventually, they saw nothing but red.

There was only one way in their minds to deal with Leonel, and that was to unleash the devastation he had unleashed upon their Races against the Human Race. Since the rules of the Eighth Dimensional experts seemed to have been ignored, they would ignore them as well. They wanted to see what Leonel's face would look like whenever everything he had been protecting was razed to the ground.

Their fury rose up to their heads as they directly abandoned the Seventh Dimensional experts of their Races without a care, shooting toward the Second Line of Defense again with their greatest speed, each and every single one of them with nothing more than murder on their minds.

The only one that didn't seem to react like this was Ancestor Beros. Looking toward his dead clansmen, he felt heavy of heart, and he commanded a full retreat. He didn't know just how much he would appreciate this decision in the future.

...

Leonel suddenly appeared high in the skies of the second line, breathing heavily.

His body couldn't handle the influx of so much energy. He was using the materials that he had absorbed as a proxy, but even then he didn't want it to wear out too fast, so most of the energy he had taken control of was used externally, placing a great deal of pressure on his mind and draining his Dream Force at an extreme pace.

Even so, the brightness in his gaze didn't diminish in the slightest. He had already known that these invaders would react like this. They felt humiliated. A Sixth Dimension expert was leading them by the nose and forcing them to suffer losses they maybe never had in their entire lives.

However, Leonel didn't care about their feelings. All he cared about was making a point.

He suddenly flipped a palm, revealing the trembling body of his spear. All this time, in order to limit the amount of drain his mind experienced, he had only used the simplest attacks. If he tried to filter so much energy into his real skills, the formation would collapse within a few minutes, which was why he had only used his fists and palms.

But now... It was time to see just what he could do.