

Dimensional Descent

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2151: Seven Minutes

The flying Ancestors looked like laser beams streaking across the skies. They moved so fast that the air combusted and space trembled.

As Leonel had expected, they had gathered together, forming a pack. Although they could cause more devastation to the humans by separating and attacking all nine cities at once, this would put their lives in danger. They had already come to understand that Leonel could somehow use the corpses of Ancestors to strengthen himself in these few hours, they couldn't risk any more accidents.

When they saw that Leonel was waiting ahead of them, their faces almost lit on fire for more reasons than just the combusting air around them. They wished that they could eat this child alive.

Not a single one of the Races had experienced losses less than a billion. For the largest of them, this was at least a 5% loss on their numbers, for the smallest it was already as much as 10%. To lose so much in just a few hours was completely unacceptable.

This boy needed to die. They didn't care if he was relying on someone else to do all of this, they didn't care if he was just a figurehead used in an attempt to humiliate them, both things they believed in their hearts to be the truth. All they cared about right this moment was crushing Leonel and forcing whoever was at his back to come out so they could crush them as well with their full force.

That was right. They had come all together like this not only out of caution toward what other tricks Leonel might have up his sleeves, but also because they felt that once they targeted Leonel like this, they might accidentally trigger the final stages of the battle. In such a situation, they would crush the Ancestors of the Human Race with all their might.

However, even after they closed the distance to just a few dozen kilometers, nothing more than a few seconds to the likes of them, there was still only

Leonel, standing in the skies with his spear pointed toward the ground. He seemed to be completely focused.

He didn't manifest his Divine Armor because he knew it couldn't withstand the kind of strength coursing through his body at the moment. But the rush of Force didn't stop.

His hair fluttered in the wind, his bare torso exposed to the world, covered in sweat, his pants simple and soft, rolled to his calves. He looked like he was in the middle of a training session rather than about to face off against a legion of dozens of Ancestors as a boy of the Sixth Dimension.

Suddenly, when the distance was less than ten kilometers, his eyes opened. His smile was gone and all that was left was an endless abyss of cold. The sharpness of his blade seemed able to cut the hardest of gems, the howl of his Spear Force shredding the air around him to pieces.

He took a step forward and eight flashes manifested around him. All eight Ancestors had returned, their auras blazing along with Leonel's. A pride shone within their eyes, as though they felt there was nothing they could do in their lives better than fighting on the same battlefield as Leonel.

Leonel's spear trembled and a crisscrossing, hazardous wasteland of spear blades shot through the air.

The Ancestors who had been charging forward with all the momentum in the world suddenly found themselves having to stop to defend themselves. The strength of this attack was beyond their expectations.

"Seven minutes," Leonel said lightly, his voice emotionless.

The Ancestors didn't know what this meant, but Leonel had already moved, his squad of Ancestors following to his back. They shot across the skies, intertwining around each other with a tacit understanding.

The Majestic Vulture took the helm, its wings spreading so far and wide that all eight behind him had been perfectly obscured. Before the Ancestors could rely on their Internal Sight to find the true locations, an orb of darkness, within Leonel as the starting point, suddenly erupted.

In the skies, an orb of darkness as large as a small moon appeared. Not even a few seconds after it had formed, a body flew out like a flying meteor. It

landed on the ground heavily, and the Nomad Race Ancestor who owned it coughed up several mouthfuls of blood. However, just when it seemed that he would be fine, his chest exploded with countless crisscrossing blades.

Just like that, his body was shredded to pieces, the only thing barely remaining intact being his head and his eyes opened wide to the world.

One after another, Ancestors were thrown out like ragdolls, the shocking devastation that Leonel had left in his wake leaving the Human Domain in silence once again. But while in the past it had been due to Leonel's potential, they now realized just how naïve they were.

This wasn't just a future monster, this was a monster. This wasn't a young man that was a devastation to the younger generation, he was a devastation to anyone that dared to slight him.

The orb of darkness suddenly burst. Leonel appeared drenched in blood, his left arm gone from the shoulder down and his right leg vanquished from the knee down. All around him, the shattered corpses of his eight Ancestors were struggling to pull themselves together again, but he simply didn't have enough Dream Force left.

Even so, the wild, surging Spear Force around him didn't seem intent on stopping.

Below his feet, a gorgeous Force Art had taken shape. In direct contrast to the darkness that floated around him, it was bright and untouched by imperfection. It seemed like that star of the world, a sun of worlds, a radiance of the universe, untouchable by even the Regulator itself.

With his singular arm, he raised his spear, the intent in his eyes as lofty as the skies above.

The Ancestors couldn't support him at the moment, but it was their momentum that had allowed him to complete his Force Art. This strength was beyond just eight Ancestors.

"Seven minutes," Leonel said lightly.

The tip of his spear trembled and the radiance beneath his feet took over the world, swallowing everything in its path.

Without hesitation, the Ancestors that remained turned, running for their lives.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2152: My Seed

Leonel's spear dazzled the world but his body cracked apart just releasing it. The roars of rage and helplessness of several Ancestors echoed like a symphony to his ears.

The surge overwhelmed everything in its path, and it was only after seeing this that Leonel's body couldn't sustain itself, falling to the ground. He barely held himself up, leaning on his one leg and the butt of his spear as he looked forward.

He didn't even bother to use [Instant Recovery]. He knew that it was helpless against these kinds of injuries. The blows of Eighth Dimensional Ancestors weren't something that he could handle.

When the lights faded, the world fell into an endless shock. Dozens of Ancestors had come, but only three heavily injured ones remained.

The leader of the Nomad Race, Charnos. The leader of the Cloud Race, Lufiel. And the leader of the Beast Domain, the Cerebos Serpent.

They looked as though they were standing on their last legs, but the devastation on their faces when they saw the death around them was hard to put into words. It all felt like a dream, they had come with such momentum, only to end up like this? How was that even possible?

It was all him. It was all him.

No matter how much they thought that Leonel had relied on others before, they didn't feel that it made sense to continue on with these thoughts. If he wasn't at least a part of these matters, why would the Human Domain put such important power in his hands? If they had done this with an actual Ancestor, would even they be able to survive?

The worst part was that they realized they had all been lured here. From the very beginning, this was Leonel's goal. He wanted them to lose themselves to rage, to abandon their people and to come here in full force, and most importantly, together.

If they were scattered, it would have been much easier for them to escape and much fewer would have died. But because of their choice, Leonel was able to round them all up and slaughter them as though their lives were as worthless as canon fodder.

The image was something that the Human Domain would never forget.

The Cerebos Serpent roared into the skies, its fury causing its scales to lift up and retreat again and again as though its body itself was inhaling and exhaling. It wanted to shred Leonel to pieces, and when it saw that Leonel could hardly hold himself anymore, it couldn't hold back any longer.

Leonel took deep, heaving breaths. That battle had only lasted for a short moment, but it was the most intense one he had ever been a part of. With the speed of Ancestors, seven minutes was the equivalent to days to lower level Dimensional beings, the amount of exchanges was too many to count.

When he saw that the Cerebos Serpent was going to attack him, he chuckled. He really didn't have anything left. That said...

BANG!

The Cerebos Serpent was sent flying. Before Leonel, a gorgeous woman with flowing golden hair had appeared, her expression livid.

Her son had been just fine when he entered the bubble of darkness, but when he came out he had practically been half dead. The moment she saw this, Alienor couldn't see anything else but red.

She had wanted to interfere earlier, but this son of hers was an enigma. She didn't want to disrupt his plans, but she hadn't expected him to be so absolutely reckless.

She threw out three more palms in quick succession. The three heads of the Cerebos Serpent burst with a rain of blood and flesh. Its body was thrown back even further, but it was actually buried into the ground at the same time, causing it to remain much closer to Alienor than it should have.

Maybe in its peak state, the Cerebos Serpent wouldn't be left in such a sorry state. However, after withstanding that attack from Leonel, it had already been on its last legs. Against an enraged Alienor, it seemed that it could do nothing at all.

Seeing this scene, without hesitation, the Nomad Race and Cloud Race Ancestors rushed off into the distance. But they couldn't even make it far before Alienor appeared before them, striking around twice.

Alienor had hardly finished her attack when her pupils constricted.

Without hesitation, she clapped her hands together, a large bubble of green instantly forming around her.

BANG!

An attack came from seemingly nowhere and crashed against the barrier, shattering it into pieces.

Leonel's expression changed, but his heart settled down immediately as his mother appeared by his side.

Before Leonel could understand what had happened, a blazing aura suddenly pierced the skies. To his astonishment, the cloudy greyness of the Void Battlefield that had never once dispersed was split, revealing an endless dark abyss above as this aura continued to grow.

"Who the fuck dares to attack my wife?!"

A beam of light pierced through the skies, the very fabric of the Void Battlefield tearing in two as though reality itself was being split.

The beam disappeared into the distance and there was suddenly nothing but silence.

Alienor frowned, placing a hand on Leonel's shoulder. A green bubble formed around Leonel and all of the Eighth Dimensional Force he couldn't handle was expelled.

'[Instant Recovery].'

As Leonel recovered, he tilted his head into the skies and watched as his father appeared. Velasco was completely enraged, every step he took shattered the ground beneath him despite the fact he had to be several kilometers in the air.

He grasped out, the folds of reality that were quickly repairing themselves suddenly shattering again.

All at once, countless figures that had been hiding seemed to have been ejected from their hiding places. Even if they were countless kilometers away, they were all brought forward.

These were individuals that Leonel couldn't recognize in the slightest... Most of them, anyway. But there were two that caused his eyes to narrow.

The first was a lovely woman protected to the back of an expert that must have stood at at least four meters tall. She was a woman he had only met once before, but the impression she had left was deep.

Anya.

The second was a man that should have long since been dead, however he had had his own thoughts about this matter. When he had taken out Monkey from the snowglobe and he had immediately died, he realized that someone must have interfered.

If they could interfere to kill Monkey, they could definitely interfere to save someone with a soul as powerful as this man's.

He was none other than the Savant of Earth, the so-called "Lionel Morales".

However, Leonel's father didn't seem to care to see any of them. Even Eighth Dimensional experts were beneath his notice, let alone Seventh Dimensional existences like Anya.

This number of experts was even greater than the number that had appeared across all the invaders. These people could only be of one group... The Scholars of the Three Finger Cult.

But once again, Velasco didn't seem to notice at all. His hand continued to grasp at the air and one of the Scholars was ripped forward out of his own control. He was sucked into Velasco's palm and crumbled to pieces before even making contact.

Velasco only now seemed to notice that there were others around him, the sneer that hung from his lips showed disdain for the very world itself.

"Sending this sort of trash to face me? Even my Seed just killed over 50 of you, what do you think I can do to you?"

Erdiul's Note: Lmao, Velasco is the goat.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2153: A Perfect Creature

The Scholars of the Three Finger Cult outnumbered even the number of invaders that had appeared earlier. Each of them wore scholarly red robes, their shoulders graced by ribbons that made it look more like they were on their way to graduate from a prestigious college rather than about to unleash a slaughter on the Human Domain.

Leonel's face couldn't help but contort with disdain. "What trash uniforms. Seriously uncool. Who decided on this design? Don't you all feel embarrassed?"

The atmosphere was quite tense at the moment, especially after the momentum of Velasco's strength settled in. These people had spent their lives hearing stories about this man, many of them even disparaging him as a weakling behind closed doors. However, standing face to face with him now, they couldn't seem to find those words ridiculous.

When that feeling was suddenly fueled by Leonel's disdain-layered words, these stone-faced Scholars almost blushed with shame. If it wasn't for their supreme control, many really would have shown such an expression, but they just barely managed to ignore Leonel.

Velasco looked down toward Leonel, shaking his head. If there was one thing this son of his was good at, it was pissing people off, and that apparently included even him. He had just said such a cool one-liner, and yet the show was stolen by this brat.

Leonel grinned when he saw his father's gaze. "There's quite a lot of corpses here, old man. How about you tell them to bring King out? I could probably deal with them all on my own. Your bones are getting a bit weak, maybe you should go back and relax with mom..."

When Leonel said the word King, the Scholars that had been trying to ignore him all had a change in expression.

"Is that a name that you can say?!"

The sudden roar came from a Scholar who stood at the helm. The ripples of his voice left trails through the air. This person was without a doubt a powerhouse even amongst Ancestors, however before the echo reached Leonel, Alienor raised a hand, her frown deep.

Leonel's gaze landed on his mother's wrist, noticing just how much effort it had taken his mother to do that despite the casualness of her actions. His gaze flashed with a dangerous light as he looked up.

"I've yet to come to collect the debt the Three Finger Cult owes me, but it seems that you're actually so eager. Someone actually dares to call themselves King when I exist in this world, and you're mad that I said his name? That's about as much respect as I have for that sore loser."

The eyes of the Scholars opened wide.

How could they not know what Leonel was referring to? What else could it be if not the love triangle of the Silver Emperor, King, and the Demoness? They had all been alive for more than long enough, and been part of the Three Finger Cult upper echelon for enough time, to be aware of these sorts of secrets. But they didn't even dare to say King's name, who would actually dare speak about such things aloud?

However, they were focused on the wrong thing...

BANG!

The head of the Scholar who had just roared suddenly exploded. It came without warning, the only marker being the simple flick of a finger.

Velasco slowly lowered his hand, his expression indifferent. The most powerful of the Scholars was crushed in a single movement as though he wasn't worth more than a single glance. The gap was so exaggerated that the remaining Scholars explosively retreated, their expressions turning heavy.

"It seems you all take my presence too lightly. That's strike two already."

The Scholars fell into silence, the beating of their hearts being the only thing they could hear. The rushing of their blood seemed to encapsulate their entire world.

Velasco took a step forward and a Scholar was shattered to pieces.

He took another, and yet another fell.

He took a third step and a third body exploded, filling the skies with a rain of blood.

Even Leonel had forgotten that there was a broadcast to the Human Domain currently. When he finally did, he clicked his tongue. He had put so much effort into looking cool, and it was all ruined by this old man. Who would remember him after this?

The legend of Velasco, which had been brewing in the hearts of many for countless words, suddenly exploded. It was one thing when Leonel relied on the help of other Ancestors to defeat others, but it was a completely different matter to kill with such casualness.

Another step and a fourth died, then it was a fifth, then a sixth. It hadn't even been more than a few minutes, and yet 10% of their people had fallen.

It didn't even seem like Velasco was in a hurry to kill him, it felt more like he was on a leisurely stroll, moving through the world without a care and taking lives for no other reason than the fact it felt convenient to do so.

Leonel, however, was thinking about something else. His father seemed to be trying to lure something out.

There were many things about his father's actions that he didn't understand, many of those matters also happened to revolve around the Three Finger Cult. His father was so intelligent and powerful, and he seemed to be mowing down the Three Finger Cult as though they were worthless, so why did the Three Finger Cult still exist?

There was something else at play here.

All of a sudden, the skies were filled with a blinding, golden flash.

Leonel looked up and past where his father had been standing and watched as maybe the most perfect creature he had ever laid eyes on slowly appeared.

This "creature" was a man wearing golden robes. He stood unblemished and untouched by nature, and yet as one with it at the same time. The Anarchic

Force around him dispelled naturally for no other reason than his very existence.

Leonel had thought the most handsome man he had ever seen was Wise Start Order, but now even he felt wholly inferior.

'A Spiritual...?'

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2154: Emperors

Leonel's gaze narrowed. The Spirituals hadn't shown up for the invasion, but had shown up now? And it was just one man? What did this mean exactly? Were they related to the Three Finger Cult? Or was this precisely the King he had been asking for?

But that didn't make any sense. Leonel was over 90% certain that King came from the Cataclysm Zone, or more accurately, the so-called "true" world. This was why he and the Demoness could have lived for so long, it was all a matter of relying on the huge time dilation between the two regions. Over a year had passed since Leonel had exited that Zone, but maybe only a few fractions of a second had passed over there. That was the reality.

Why did this mean it made little sense for this man to be King?

Leonel didn't know what Race it was that had created this simulation, but if he had to guess, it would definitely be the humans. The reason for this was the way this world was set up, and how all of the other Races seemed to have perfectly set and defined paths to take, while the humans were meandering and somewhat aimless.

If one had to run a simulation, constraining the variables made no sense. They would be looking for something that could change the status of their current situation, and constraining the subjects would make little sense. Rather, they would more so want to allow the simulations as much freedom as possible, allowing the chance for spontaneous mutations that could result in changes that they could take advantage of to help them out of their current situation.

Leonel was even more certain of this because of what had happened in his last moments in the Cataclysm Zone. Back there, there had been many

Seventh Dimensional experts present, trying to stop him, but not a single Eighth Dimensional expert.

That event was far too important for not even one Eighth Dimensional existence to show up. And given what Leonel had done and said about the Ancestor who had brought Aina, it was even more impossible that she would do nothing.

So where had she been?

With the sudden breakthrough of his mind, he had a secondary experience of what he had gone through the very first time he had awakened Dream Force, and that was an amplification of his memory.

Suddenly, the SNAP! sound that everyone could seem to hear but it became like a dream in Leonel's mind, a lingering memory that he was faintly aware existed, but he couldn't quite grasp... And he also remembered that that harsh sound had echoed while he was in the trial alongside Aina.

Could it be a coincidence? The likelihood of that being the case was near zero.

So why was all of this important? It all went back to proving the fact this simulation was likely created by humans and that King couldn't possibly be a Spiritual. What was the implication of the Dream Project, created by humans, being infiltrated by Spirituals of the "true" world?

What chance would the humans stand?

Leonel's expression changed. Was that the truth? Was that the reason the Three Finger Cult was created?

Now that he thought about it, was the Demoness human? She should be exactly what her namesake claimed her to be, a Demoness, an Empress of the Demon Race. Didn't that make two Races now that had infiltrated?

Leonel frowned. He couldn't understand why he had muddled such an obvious deduction. Why was it that he was so sure that this man wasn't King when it made perfect sense that he would be? What was wrong with him?

He raised a palm to his forehead, pressing it. He felt an aching in his head all of a sudden, and it was making him feel more and more annoyed, agitated

even, he was finding it difficult to stay still. He suddenly really... really wanted to kill something.

"Little Lion?" Alienor's concerned voice echoed. She didn't seem to care about what was happening around in the world at all as she took care of her son. At some unknown time, even Aina had appeared, ignoring the danger to approach Leonel.

"... I'm fine," Leonel said much more coldly than he had wanted to. His mother was a bit stunned and her eyes dimmed, but the care on her expression didn't change as she rubbed Leonel's cheek. It felt cold to the touch, but the warmth of her palm seemed to be pouring into him.

Aina's expression was especially worried. Leonel seemed to be going through, but she couldn't even begin to understand what it was. The worst part was that she didn't even know how to ask Leonel about it, she wasn't sure if he would even have an answer.

In the far off distance, very few were paying attention to Leonel anymore, and even fewer were paying attention to the small figures of the Three Finger Cult, namely... Lionel. However, Lionel's current gaze was practically spitting fire as he watched Alienor take care of Leonel.

That was his mother, his mother.

Just as he was about to lose control, the reality around him warping, a hand pressed down on his shoulder. He looked to see Anya wearing that same carefree smile on her face.

"Soon," she said in that voice as sweet as honey before looking up.

Velasco sent a casual glance upward and yawned.

"The Emperor of the Spirituals," he said casually. "... Still not enough. Who said you could stand higher than me?"

Velasco pressed his raised hand down and suddenly, the lofty Spiritual's head distorted. A strong golden Force appeared above his head, but it was useless.

BANG!

In one moment, he was in the air, and in the next, he was buried deep into the ground.

Leonel frowned. The gap between his father and this so-called Emperor of the Spirituals was indeed large. But he had noticed something immediately...

His father had killed all the others with a single strike. But this Spiritual...

The ground rumbled and an unblemished golden figure slowly walked out from it.

... had actually survived.

Almost on cue, the skies split again. One after another, existences that could not be said to be the Emperors of their Kind appeared.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2155: Imperatress

Leonel looked forward. He didn't seem to notice the appearance of the other Emperors because his eyes were still on the Spirituals Emperor.

He slowly stood from the ground. It even looked like he had simply descended all by himself, his legs hardly bending when he hit the ground.

He stepped out from the crater, rising into the air once again. The dust that fell around him couldn't seem to reach his body at all.

This man was, indeed, the Emperor of the Spirituals, Emperor Ridryn. This wasn't a man who had been seen by his own people in hundreds of years. And yet, oddly enough, he had appeared here, and maybe even more odd than that, Leonel's father had recognized him in a single glance.

'Was this about dad the entire time?' Leonel thought to himself.

These people had begun to attack the Human Domain immediately. But if that was their goal, why did they wait so long to appear? Why was it that it took Leonel killing so many for this to come to fruition? This might have still been acceptable, after all, maybe they were biding their time and waiting for the right moment to expose their true strength. But then why did none of them pay much attention to Leonel?

Someone else might answer that Leonel was too insignificant, but would Leonel think about himself that way? Also, could someone insignificant kill more Ancestors in a day than the number that had fallen for centuries?

Leonel pinched his forehead harder.

He felt like his thoughts were meandering, like he was constantly thinking about worthless, meaningless things. Somehow his mind both felt sharper than it ever had, and slower, as though it was something other than his intelligence that was impeding the flow of his thoughts.

'Dammit!'

Leonel's aura fluctuated wildly. He was getting more and more frustrated, but he didn't know where this frustration was coming from.

Only Alienor and Aina seemed to realize that there was something wrong with Leonel. Well, there was one other person... a particular white-haired beauty that stood high in the skies with a careful and gentle smile on her face.

'You are indeed dangerous,' Anya thought to herself.

She had asked herself a question long ago. If you knew what someone would become, the kind of heartache and carnage they would cause, should you kill them while they were still in their cradle? Would that make you a moral person? Or would that make you more evil than the person you were trying to put a stop to?

She still didn't know the answer to that question, but seeing Leonel now, she felt that maybe she wouldn't have to answer it. After all, that dangerous bloodlust would be picked up by her from worlds away.

"Hoho," Velasco chuckled. "Personally, I would be embarrassed if I were you. But this is still not enough. How about you all stop playing around and get serious?"

The Emperor of the Nomads, Keafir. The Empress of the Cloud Race, Venxina. The Emperor of the Spirituals, Ridryn. The Emperor of the Beast Domain... Abyss. Even the Emperor of the Rapax was present... Uh'Cerax. It seemed that the weight of their little prince's words might be enough to sway the lower reaches of the Rapax, but those at the very top still acted as they pleased.

However, Velasco was most definitely correct. This wasn't everything.

At that moment, in the skies, four colored bridges appeared, arcing through the air in a fine mist that made them look like rainbows. One was blue, one was green, one was yellow, and the final was red.

When these bridges faded away, slowly but surely, four figures appeared. This time, Velasco didn't recognize them at all. But he knew exactly where they had come from.

Blue-haired and blue eyes. Green hair and green eyes. Golden hair and golden eyes. Red hair and red eyes.

These could only be one group of people. They were none other than the Four Great Families. The Adurna family in blue robes, the Crudus family in green, the Laevis family in gold, and finally... The Brazinger family in red.

When they appeared, it was as though they were above the world itself.

Leonel's head felt as though it was splitting into two. No matter how hard he tried to use his healing, even resorting to Dream Sense to split the pain he was experiencing several times, it wouldn't vanish. There was one explanation he could think of, and that was that these symptoms were purely psychosomatic. It didn't matter how many times he split the pain because his brain would always make him feel it to the same level.

That woman in red, the one with flaming crimson hair and a pair of ruby eyes that looked like rubies carved from the gems of hell itself, he subconsciously knew her name. Or rather, he subconsciously knew her title.

This was a name that Simeon had spoken before while his soul was under Leonel's control. This was the woman who was responsible for the cruelty of Aina's mother's death.

Imperatress Anselma.

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2156: Instant

Leonel had no reason to draw this conclusion, and yet he felt that it was the obvious answer. Nothing that he thought of could shake this belief.

The more agitated Leonel became, the more the burning sensation in his kidneys grew, but he didn't even seem to understand until something suddenly clicked.

Four auras flourished and Leonel's expression changed. 'Ninth Dimension!'

He didn't know why he knew this. He couldn't even differentiate the strengths of Ancestors yet and could only make vague guesses based on the varied pressures they put on him. But right now, he couldn't have been more certain.

Those four men and women that had appeared, each and every one of them was an existence that surpassed the Eighth Dimension.

However, almost the moment they appeared, that flourishing aura suddenly collided with something. Their faces paled somewhat as foggy chains latched onto their bodies, wrapping around their arms, legs, and necks.

Still, they had come prepared. Their skin began to glow with various colored runes, these runes matching the colors of their hair and eyes. When these runes solidified, the constricting effect of the black chains that seemed to have been formed of concentrated Anarchic Force weakened and slowed, though it did not disappear in the slightest.

Not many understood what they were seeing. They simply felt that these four were the most powerful Eighth Dimensional existences that they had ever seen. They stood on a level all to their own. But as though this wasn't enough, the skies suddenly shook once more.

Another bridge appeared, but this time, it was a blinding silver, and more shockingly than that, it wasn't Leonel who understood what was going on first, but it was rather Aina's expression that changed first. That was because she was intimately familiar with this aura, it was the very aura she had sensed after she entered the Silver Empire's Zone, the very same aura that was in line with the inheritance she had received.

In the skies, a man donning radiant silver armor stood. The armor was constructed of so many pieces that it looked more like an elaborate work of art than anything else. This man's aura... was no weaker than the four of the Great Families, but what was different this time was that...

The chains didn't appear!

Leonel's pupils constricted. What did this mean? What was going on?

He had learned from Simeon that the people entering through the Ascension Empire from the Four Great Families were very restricted. Even Little Nana, who was only a great genius of the Seventh Dimension, couldn't use her full strength, let alone these four.

So why was this man fine? The Silver Emperor? Leonel was certain that he should have been from the "true" world too, so why was he just fine?! And wasn't he dead?! How was he here?!

That was when he saw it. The gaze of the Silver Emperor was entirely vacant. It didn't carry any emotion, any light... any life.

'A puppet?'

Leonel shuddered. He seemed to catch a glimpse of how others felt when they saw his Lineage Factor. There was something about that vacant abyss that shook him to his very core.

At that moment, Velasco was grinning ear to ear.

"Good, good. This is more like it."

His black hair fluttered in the air. He seemed to grow to twice his original size despite the fact his body was most definitely the very same. It was like his aura itself simply demanded more space.

It had been a very long time since he had faced any sort of challenge. His sights were impossibly far beyond these words, he couldn't even talk about these matters with his wife and son.

"... But, this is still not enough," Velasco growled, his irises turning red. "If the man who dared to lay a hand my father doesn't appear, I will just kill you one by one until he does."

"Arrogant!" Imperatress Anselma's sharp voice echoed. "Do you believe you would even have the right to stand before me if not for the restrictions of this world?! Die!"

She struck out with a palm.

The entire world seemed to lose its color. In the blink of an eye, a formless energy wrapped in a translucent fog appeared before Velasco. Leonel couldn't even track it properly, even his senses seemed to have been distorted by it.

BANG!

Velasco's body disappeared beneath the raging torrent of Force.

Anselma snorted. She wasn't happy to have to come here just for the scum of this world, to have such a lowly being actually speak to her was even more unacceptable. If this matter could end so simply, that would be even better. She felt uncomfortable all over.

However, at that moment, the volatile Force cleared and Velasco appeared. He seemed unscathed, his robes fluttering in the air, and his gaze as bright as torches. At that moment, his eyes seemed to carry far more of a golden color than bronze.

Without a word, he suddenly punched out. He felt that the time for talking was over. Right now... he was nothing more than an enraged son.

His fist landed on Anselma's chest before she could react. Her body curved and shot out like a speeding bullet.

Velasco took a step forward, ready to pursue, but before he could, a blinding silver light descended. Velasco responded with a punch.

The skies split, a vast cavern of darkness taking shape.

Velasco and the Silver Emperor stood both close and worlds apart, neither taking even back, the gap between their fists enveloped by a black hole that could shred a solar system to pieces.

The Emperors and the Four Great Families' experts acted at once, all of them surrounding Velasco.

Leonel was suddenly agitated and he took a step forward. His mother stopped him before he could even move very far, but before she could say anything to comfort him, several auras locked onto them.

Too many of the Scholars still remained, and aside from them, Anya and Lionel seemed to be focused entirely on Leonel.

The situation had flipped on its head.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2157: NO!

Anya landed on the ground far more softly than one might expect. As the colors in the sky changed, a battle of proportions far too world-changing and epic to describe began, she didn't seem very affected by it. But at the same time, Leonel seemed to have noticed her at all either.

While Anya had been focused on Leonel the entire time, Leonel himself had only faintly noticed her appearance before ignoring her entirely. At this moment, almost all of Leonel's computing power was trying to find a way out of this.

His gaze was frighteningly cold, the space before his eyes seeming to freeze a great deal. However, no matter how he racked his brain, nothing seemed to be enough. The scale of the battle above him was far too much.

Leonel had thought a lot of times that maybe he would one day run into this sort of situation. But he didn't expect it to actually appear, maybe he was too arrogant, maybe it was just a confidence that he had earned, but he had truly believed that there was no situation his mind couldn't get him out of.

He had defeated a squad of Sixth Dimensional existence in the Fifth. He had entered a world where even those on his same level were tens of times more powerful than him and still came out alive. He had fought demons, been eaten alive. He had just crushed legions of Seventh Dimensional geniuses while still in the Sixth Dimension and even slaughtered over 50 Ancestors due to his mind alone.

He had felt invincible, untouchable, infallible, as though everything in the world could exist on the palm of his hands and be flipped on its head with a thought. It wasn't an arrogance that had come from nowhere, it was a confidence that he had built with his own hands from the ground up, a level of prestige that he deserved.

He had accomplished what no other existence could, and just when he was flying high, he had crashed head first into an immovable wall.

His eyes were glued to the skies, his teeth set so hard against one another that it felt as though they might crack at any time. His father was entirely surrounded by an existence that wouldn't even need to raise a finger to erase his own existence, just a single one of their attacks seemed to overturn the world itself, the battlefield entering a state of chaos. Maybe if not for his mother by his side, he would have already been crushed by the battle before him.

For the first time, he knew it was useless. There was no path out, there was no sudden plan he could pull out from thin air to claim victory. He felt a sort of helplessness from the depth of his soul, a helplessness that he should have experienced long ago when the Metamorphosis just began, but also one that had been delayed to this point.

This was a wall that many learned to overcome early on. Anyone who had grand aspirations should have run into such a roadblock in their early years. One might be able to say that it was technically still quite early for Leonel, he wasn't even 26 years old yet. But even in his young age, he had reached a level that others couldn't imagine touching even in their old age.

The agitation was bone deep, and the wild fluctuations in his body were only growing. The frigid region before his eyes seemed to have been sparked. Like two rocks banging against one another, the sharp lines of red-gold sparks flew through the air, and yet the temperature only continued to plummet.

"I really didn't expect you to ignore me on our first meeting in so long, Leo," Anya said lightly. She still wore a smile, barely visible behind that veil she wore everywhere. Though her words seemed to be reprimanding, and even carried a faint touch of a wronged expression, her smile never faded and her voice was as gentle and beautiful as ever.

Aina frowned. She was very worried about Leonel's current state and she didn't want to have to deal with this sort of nonsense.

As for Alienor, her expression was serious. Of course, this wasn't for Anya, nor was it for Lionel. Rather, she was focused on the Scholars. That said, the Scholars didn't seem to have any intention of attacking. The warning Velasco had left echoed in their ears, it was likely they didn't even dare to attack for fear that the rage of the battle above would turn on them.

At that moment, none of them had any illusions about Velasco's weakness. All of those harsh words they had spoken about his cowardice had long since

been thrown out. They didn't even dare to breathe too loudly, only silently encircling Alienor, Aina and Leonel.

Leonel didn't even seem to hear Anya's words at all.

"Mom!" Lionel spoke with a somewhat twisted expression.

Alienor frowned, sweeping a glance over this boy before her. Mom? There was only one person in this world that could call her that. She would know better than anyone.

"Don't you remember me?" Lionel asked, his expression becoming more and more agitated.

Alienor looked away from this boy, her expression becoming more and more serious. She could have maybe two or three of these Scholars at once. Maybe if she had more time, she would have a greater chance of dealing with them all. But she was simply too young, she wasn't even 100 years old. Compared to these other Ancestors, she hadn't even had time to grow yet.

Just when Alienor was about to make a decision to take Leonel and Aina away, a powerful pressure descended.

Alienor's expression changed. "Father! NO!"

It was too late. A pillar of emerald enveloped Alienor and even Leonel couldn't react to the sudden change.

Leonel seemed to finally wake up, but when his head snapped back, his mother was gone. It wasn't just his mother, but Aina had disappeared as well.

He frowned. 'Father? Emperor Fawkes?'

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2158: Relief

Leonel actually sighed a slight breath of relief when he saw this. In truth, he felt that he had underestimated Emperor Fawkes even more than he knew. To be able to directly snatch people from the Void Battlefield as though nothing at all had happened, he couldn't even fathom what kind of strength it would take to do that from Earth.

At the same time, though, with his mother and Aina safe, he really could breathe a sigh of relief. Even though he still felt completely helpless, he still felt freer to move as he pleased. If only he could grasp onto something, anything, even the faintest hope, he could take action.

...

"BRING ME BACK!" Alienor's roar shook Earth itself. The oceans rolled and the earth split. It looked for a moment as though the supercontinent that the Ascension Empire had so painstakingly put together was about to split into pieces once again. It really would have happened if an emerald energy didn't suddenly heal everything, stitching the very land back together and filling the skies with beautiful, green northern lights.

Emperor Fawkes sat on his throne calmly, his gaze flickering when he saw his daughter's rage, but he didn't say anything.

Aina stumbled back, her ears bleeding due to Alienor's roar. She had only barely entered the Seventh Dimension, how could she handle such a thing?

...

"BRING ME BACK!" Alienor's roar shook Earth itself. The oceans rolled and the earth split. It looked for a moment as though the supercontinent that the Ascension Empire had so painstakingly put together was about to split into pieces once again. It really would have happened if an emerald energy didn't suddenly heal everything, stitching the very land back together and filling the skies with beautiful, green northern lights.

Emperor Fawkes sat on his throne calmly, his gaze flickering when he saw his daughter's rage, but he didn't say anything.

Aina stumbled back, her ears bleeding due to Alienor's roar. She had only barely entered the Seventh Dimension, how could she handle such a thing?

Alienor's expression warped when she saw that her father had no intention of responding. Maybe if he said something, she might be able to convince him. He had always listened to her, doted on her, without exception. But he could also be stubborn about a great many things, and when he got like this, it was impossible to change things.

Tears fell from Alienor's eyes like the rain. Her father never interfered with Velasco, even if it was related to her protection. This showed an implicit sort of belief in Velasco's strength. But the fact that he was doing this now made Alienor, who had had reason to believe that her husband would pull through like he always did, second guess herself.

Alienor's head suddenly snapped around. Her expression changed when she saw the state of Aina and she quickly waved a hand to help her heal. But when she looked again and saw that Leonel wasn't here, her emotions that had been turning from rage to worry reversed once more. The agitation in her heart practically exploded and her chest heaved.

"Little Lion, where is my Little Lion?" Alienor looked toward her father, not roaring again. This time, her gaze was filled with a pleading light.

This time, Emperor Fawkes couldn't quite meet his daughter's eyes. He looked away, gazing off into the distance.

"... If I brought him here the fuss he would cause would be much more than yours."

Alienor's expression changed. What kind of nonsense was her father saying? She was in the Eighth Dimension! Her son was powerful, but he wasn't even in the Seventh yet! Was this really just an excuse? Was Emperor Fawkes tired of Leonel defying him and had chosen to do this?

"Father... Father... Father please, he's my little baby. I'm sorry, I'm sorry I didn't wasn't here to introduce him to his family, to help him meet his grandfather, for him to know that he could rely on you. Please, please forget about any rude things he's said, please bring Little Lion here too."

Alienor looked as though she would completely lose it, she was only moments from falling to her knees and pleading. She didn't want to believe that her father would do this.

Emperor Fawkes, who had been calm and somewhat awkward from the very beginning, suddenly became enraged.

BOOM!

His palms slammed onto his throne as he stood to his feet. Earth vibrated, pillars of ocean water piercing the skies and tearing holes through the

atmosphere. They escaped Earth's orbit as suddenly covered half the planet in a rushing river of raging waters.

Alienor was stunned. Her father was the calmest man she knew, nothing ever fazed him, he never so much as raised his voice. He was prideful, but it was almost impossible to see it from his exterior. She had never seen him react like this about anything.

"Do I seem like a petty man who would do such a thing because of a few words?"

Emperor Fawkes' voice rumbled with a deep tone. The echo made Alienor feel as though her bones might shatter at any time, the suffocating sort of feeling overwhelming her.

"Don't mistake my softness toward you for anything more than what it is. My grandson, my son-in-law, are two men I respect the most in this world. My leaving them on that battlefield is nothing more than a sign of this. Whether they live or die will be decided by the weight of their own spears."

Emperor Fawkes flicked his sleeves and vanished. The vigorousness of his aura only seemed to be increasing by the day. The last time Leonel had seen him, he already looked no different from a middle-aged man, but now he only looked like a man in his thirties. Maybe soon he would look no different from any other young man.

Alienor stood in stunned silence.

By her side, Aina's lip trembled, but she remained silent. She hadn't wanted her own words to sway Emperor Fawkes one way or another, she knew too little about this man. But if even Leonel's mother couldn't do anything, what would her words mean?

However, this didn't change how helpless she felt. She fell into her old habits once more, nibbling at her lip. She didn't even realize when she had drawn blood. The pain in her heart was far more than what the pain of her lip could match up to.

Maybe if Leonel had been here, he would do what he usually did. Picking her chin up with a finger, he would wipe her blood away with a finger and reprimand her with a smile. "How could you ruin such beautiful lips?" he would say.

Aina's tears welled up in her eyes, but she bit her lip harder, refusing to allow them to fall.

Dimensional Descent

Chapter 2159: Two Favors

Leonel turned back. His heart couldn't calm, but its beating had slowed somewhat. That roadblock ahead was as tall and thick as it was before. In fact, the more he observed the battle above him, the more he felt that he was still underestimating things.

The Scholars' eyes narrowed, the apprehension in their hearts increasing. They had no idea how this had happened. How could they just disappear right before their eyes? If there had been some sort of spatial tunnel formed, then they would have been able to take action to cut them off. But how could you move someone such a large distance without Spatial Force?

More oddly, who would have the willingness to save Aina and Alienor, but not Leonel? What sense did that make?

Anya's gaze flickered, seemingly thinking of something. But she didn't say anything about it, it was Lionel instead who seemed to have lost his mind. He roared out, his expression warping. Not only had his mother ignored him, but she had disappeared not long after. He had finally seen her after so long, and yet this was what had happened.

His Dream Force peeled off into countless layers, twisting and warping the space around him. It was truly the stuff of nightmares.

Werebeasts, monsters, twisting distortions of fear and animosity, all bundled up into a single, towering tapestry of twisting dreams.

Anya frowned slightly, her lips parting as though she was preparing to say something. But it was actually Leonel who spoke this time first.

"SHUT UP!"

Leonel's roar echoed like a clap of thunder. All at once, Lionel's Dream Force seemed to have been forced back into a bottle.

In a flash, Leonel had appeared before him, his fingers shooting out like a spear and ripping Lionel's throat through.

Leonel's wrist flickered and his hand wiped off to the side, the motion causing a disk of crimson blood to erupt from Lionel's throat, separating his head and neck.

Anya's brows jumped. Their strongest Savant had died... just like that? What?!

Leonel kicked out, his eyes lit with fury. Lionel's entire body exploded to pieces.

He grabbed out at that air. "RISE."

Lionel's soul was ripped out from his body.

"ASSIMILATE."

Lionel's soul didn't even get a chance to show its loyalty. In fact, he wasn't the only one that was too slow. An odd and mysterious force seemed to rush forward, but it was far too late.

Leonel knew exactly what it was. It was that odd force that had appeared after he captured Monkey, the very one that appeared after he took him out and he died right before his eyes. But this time, Leonel was even faster than it.

The rush of violent violet aura surged and Leonel's hair fluttered into the air. He grasped at the skies before him and the atmosphere changed.

Anya's foot tapped the ground and she glided backward, out of reach of Leonel's influence, or so she thought. She looked down and her expression changed, why was she still standing in the same area? She could have sworn that she had moved back.

"I've already returned the favor I owe you. Right now, I think that you should just die," Leonel said coldly.

He reached forward at the air right before him. There was still quite some distance separating himself and Anya, and yet her neck magically appeared in his palm.

Anya's pupils constricted, but her face was surprisingly calm given the situation. She just hadn't expected this change to be so sudden and for her life

to be in danger so swiftly. But since she had dared to take control of Lionel, why would she be afraid now?

Her pupils slowly relaxed and a ring on her finger trembled before Leonel's hand could squeeze. At that moment, a figure appeared to her back.

A Domain spread out in an instant and all the Dream Force that had been at Leonel vanished into thin air.

Anya's body was enveloped by a pure white light and she vanished into motes.

Leonel cast an indifferent glance toward the one that had appeared from Anya's ring. It was actually yet another Savant, one with the ability to disperse Force and nullify Ability Indexes.

Anya appeared by the Savant's side, but before she could speak, Leonel pierced forward with two fingers. A strong pulse of Bow Force took shape. Her expression changed, but it was much too late.

The Savant's head burst like a watermelon, the rain of blood splattering toward Anya who had been by his side. A white light shielded Anya from being spoiled, but the Savant was deader than dead.

Anya heart leapt into her throat. She didn't understand what she was seeing. First the Dream Force of a Savant was directly suppressed. Then, a Savant who should have had the ability to nullify all Force, Ability Indexes and Lineage Factors had suddenly died to... Force?!

However, Leonel didn't even take it seriously. When he first met Savants, they were existences that he found hard to fathom. But now, he had long since come to know that they were just as fragile as everyone else, if not more so. If not, why were they strategic resources that powerful families could take control of? If they were so invincible, wouldn't they have a rising power of their own that could exist outside of the shadows? What right did a mere Savant have to suppress his Sovereign Force?

Leonel waved a hand. "RISE."

That mysterious energy appeared again, but Leonel was even faster. "ASSIMILATE."

This kind of soul soldier would have been far more useful to him as a separate entity, but it couldn't be helped. Leonel knew that if he didn't assimilate these souls instantly, whatever that mysterious energy would, it would step forward and scoop these Savants up.

Leonel's Dream Force, which had vanished, appeared once again in full force. By then, Anya had already calmed down.

She sighed lightly. "How about you return my sister to me, Leo, and accept the guidance of the Three Finger Cult? It's still possible for you to turn a new leaf, you're following down the wrong path.

"Not everything in life can be calculated, I've told you that one before. Trying to treat life like it's something that can be weighed on a scale is something only a narcissist would do. You aren't as special as you think you are.

"Also, I believe you've forgotten... You owe me two favors, not just one."

Anya spoke lightly, her voice light and gentle. She had told Leonel these things once before, but this time, her words were far more direct and forceful.

Leonel truly looked at Anya for the first time. He didn't just look through her, he looked into her.

"The first favor was returned when I didn't kill your sister. The second favor was returned when I didn't use your sister to find you and take your head."

Anya's gaze flickered. How arrogant. She was always with the people of the Three Finger Cult, did he think killing her was so easy?

Her gaze couldn't help but become colder and colder. Every word Leonel spoke was as though he was looking at an ant, an insignificant figure that would be buried six feet deep in the blink of an eye.

"Now, my patience has run out."

[Dimensional Descent](#)

Chapter 2160: What Right?

Leonel's body swayed and suddenly vanished into a stream of mist. He looked like an image dashed away by rushing waters, floating away and into the wind

as though his body had lost all of its form. He didn't even bother to respond to Anya's words, the response she received was a danger sign tingling up the length of her spine.

Anya's expression became unprecedentedly serious, a familiar twin pair of horns appearing on her forehead. There was no doubt that this was the Death Pulse Deer, the highest Lineage Factor provided by the Silver Tablet of the Dark Side of the Northern Star Lineage Factors. However, Leonel had already seen it once before... He was entirely unmoved.

BANG!

A scythe appeared in Anya's hands, barely blocking Leonel's fist. Even so, she took a strong step backward, her wrists trembling. She felt as though her arms might collapse beneath the strain at any moment, but just when she wanted to use Force to stabilize herself, it vanished into thin air, Leonel's fist stripping it from her scythe's body.

Her body lost control of itself and she was sent flying back. The expressions of the Scholars that had formed a circle froze. Anya was the greatest genius of their Three Finger Cult, they had never expected for such a thing to happen in just a single exchange.

Leonel appeared above Anya, his gaze as cold as an abyssal hell. He didn't seem to see the gorgeous features revealed under her fluttering veil. If he couldn't crush this woman, what right did he have to think about helping his father? He felt that she should just die.

BANG!

Leonel's fist descended. Anya tried to block again, but it was entirely worthless. Leonel's arm deformed, countless arms growing out from the right side of his body in a truly grotesque sight. But regardless of how impure and gut-turning it was, what it was most definitely was effective. He didn't care about looking pretty, he only cared about destroying this woman before him.

Anya's scythe couldn't even begin to block them all. Her body was barraged by a rain of fists, each one more powerful than the last. Her body's clothing was torn to pieces, her bones breaking and her limbs shattering. Before she even hit the ground, she was beaten to a bloody pulp.

Leonel flexed his fists and they vanished one by one until just a single arm was left. Wasting his Dream Force on creating elaborate, reality-warping phenomena was just a waste of stamina. Since he could bend reality with his Dream Force now, he would use it in a way that fool Lionel had never considered.

He stepped through the void, his body appearing above the beaten and broken Anya. He rose even higher, his fist raising above his head and multiplying to several times its original size. It wasn't just a cosmetic change, but rather a multiplicative effect, one that twisted space and dispersed Anarchic Force.

"Die."

His fist descended, falling like a meteor from the skies. Sparks of flames flew, a cocoon of wind forming around it as it shot downward. Anya could barely see straight, but in the final moments, her finger barely twitched, two more figures appearing from within her ring. One moved quickly, appearing before Leonel's fist and crossing his arms.

BANG!

Leonel's arm trembled for a moment before it suddenly exploded. His bones shattered to pieces, his blood and flesh falling like rain from the skies above. The destruction was so devastating that in one moment, his fist seemed to cover the skies, and in the next, he was left with nothing more than a shoulder stump overflowing with rivers of crimson blood.

Even so, Leonel's gaze didn't shift in the slightest. One might have thought that it wasn't his arm that had just been torn to pieces. The second figure that Anya had manifested pressed her hands together and cast a light over Anya before quickly disappearing. It was clear that she didn't trust herself to remain safe, so after healing Anya, she vanished, not staying behind for even one moment later.

Leonel only took note of this as Anya stood. Without any more hesitation, he took out his bow as his arm grew back under a mysterious force. He didn't have the time to waste. He drew his bow and fired.

Anya's expression changed, but the arrow she thought was aimed for her suddenly vanished. She sighed a slight breath of relief. To her, Leonel was clearly targeting the defensive Savant that had just protected her, but if he

thought it was so easy to deal with him, he would be sorely mistaken. This Savant was the oldest in her possession, and also the one with the highest survivability if Lionel was ignored. The irony that Lionel had long since died to Leonel's hands didn't settle in until it was far too late.

Anya's expression, which had just settled, shook once again as she looked down at her ring in horror. But there was nothing she could do.

CRACK!

The ring on her finger, a protective item that carried her greatest trump cards, cracked and then shattered into pieces.

It was then that it dawned on Anya. Leonel's arrow wasn't aimed at her or the defensive Savant. Somehow, he had breached the boundaries of reality, peeling back the layer of space that her spatial ring called home and attacking its structure directly. In that moment, it wasn't just one Savant that perished; it was all of them.

Anya didn't have time to recover before the defensive Savant, standing before her in a protective stance, froze. He stood there for a moment, seemingly at peace, before...

BANG!

His head shattered like a watermelon. This time, in too stunned a state, Anya was splattered from head to toe in blood, her pristine image, already shattered by Leonel's fists, falling even further.

Leonel took a step forward, his fist piercing forward. It ripped through Anya's chest as she stood frozen, her body shivering as she looked down at the hole going through her chest.

"What right do you have to speak to me about morality, what place does trash have to pass judgment on my actions?"