

## Dimensional Descent

### Dimensional Descent

#### Chapter 2171: Your Son

In a deep crevice of the shattered Void Battlefield, a man laid beaten and broken. He continuously coughed up blood, but he found it very difficult even to move a single inch, let alone escape from this place.

He had fallen into a fold of reality, albeit on purpose. He knew that his only chance at surviving was to do this.

The regions between Domains were quite volatile, and with the destruction of the Void Battlefield, the only real stabilizing force, it became even worse.

These so-called folds of reality weren't just pockets of space, or else there was exactly zero chance that Leonel would have missed a chance to kill this man. That was because this man was none other than the Emperor of the Spirituals Race, Ridryn.

It had to be remembered that folds of reality were the substance used to protect lower level worlds, and they were also what were used to keep Third Dimensional and yet to mature worlds away from the devastation of the wider Dimensional Verse.

In doing so, the Dimensional Verse was able to keep things organized and separated, and the Regulator was able to maintain its control.

This wasn't a normal fold of reality, it was one found in the Void Battlefield. It was stronger than most and it was highly layered. Ridryn had allowed himself to fall through three, nestled within one another. Maybe if Leonel had been specifically looking for him, he would have found him. But Leonel's opinion of his father was far too high, in his mind, Ridryn could only be dead.

Of course, Leonel had been thinking too much. Velasco had been heavily injured and he had also only attacked with a single palm strike. In addition, Ridryn was most proficient in defense as he was a Metal Type Spiritual. If Velasco had used his spear, there would have only been one result, but he had to use it on the puppet of the Silver Emperor at the time.

Ridryn shook his head. He knew he stood no chance to get out on his own, and this kind of injury wasn't something that he could deal with easily.

Usually, he would just cast this body away and rebuild a new one. Of course, such a thing would take a ridiculous amount of resources, but he was an Emperor. Even if he didn't want to waste the resources, his people would never allow him to give up on himself like that.

The issue was that Velasco was truly sinister. Something about that palm strike had not only heavily injured him, it had likewise heavily injured his soul, while simultaneously binding him to this body. Right now, he was like any other human. If his body died now, he would die. He had no choice but to call for help.

Ridryn had no idea how long passed. It was impossible to tell the length of time while stuck in a fold of reality, but eventually a Spiritual did come. When he saw who it was, he couldn't help but relax. It was his pride and joy, the best of his children.

A young man stepped into the fold of reality, his body protected by a mysterious flickering chain around his neck. His expression changed when he saw the state of his father, but he didn't say much as he came forward, helping him up slowly.

If Leonel had been here, he would have recognized this young man with incredible ease. It was none other than the very same young man he had seen projected from the Bow Domain Tower.

It was only right for the young man to be shocked. He hadn't expected that his father could ever end up in such a state.

"Let's return, Rhangyl."

"Are you going to be alright, father?"

"Yes, I just need-"

Ridryn froze.

He looked down at his chest, only to find that an arm had gone through it. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

He hadn't thought much about who he asked to come back, he trusted everyone in his race, his position had always been unshakeable. Although it was a bit weird that his son would come of all people, he didn't think twice about it, that was because even if he trusted everyone, how could he trust anyone more than his own flesh and blood.

But of all the outcomes, he had never expected this one.

"I don't know why you felt the need to lie to me, father," Rhangyl said lightly. "I can see through your state with a glance. Your soul has been fused to your body, you'll be a cripple for the rest of your life. You've served the Spirituals for long enough, it's time for you to rest."

"I..." Ridryn's consciousness began to quickly fade. "... didn't try to lie to you, I only wanted..."

Ridryn collapses, dead. He only wanted to tell his son that he hadn't tried to lie to him, he had just wanted to continue his front as a powerful father, unflappable and unmovable. But he didn't know that that image had already crumbled the instant Rhangyl had seen his state.

Ridryn looked down at his father's corpse. There was truly no better opportunity than this; it was as though a pie had fallen from the skies.

He looked away and at the object in his hands. With a flick of his finger, the flesh and blood vanished, leaving behind nothing but a gorgeous, golden Innate Node.

Rhangyl was the very same legendary genius that Wise Star Order had spoken about, the boy born with not just one, but nine Innate Nodes.

What others didn't know was that Rhangyl wasn't satisfied with this, that was because he was just a single Innate Node away from accomplishing something that would flip this world on its head. Not only did he need a tenth, but he needed this very Innate Node in his hand.

If he could have taken it from someone else, he would have... the trouble was that even though Innate Nodes were less rare amongst Spirituals, that was only for the base and lower elements. This variant Earth Type Innate Node was special and had only appeared once in their history.

And now, it was his.

"Don't worry father. The fact that you ended up in this state could only mean that your potential wasn't enough to stand atop of this world. If you can't even conquer this world, then how insignificant would you be in the next?"

"Your son will carry on this burden for you."

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2172: Better Lie?

Leonel lowered his leg once again and looked toward his uncle. He didn't say anything for a long while, and neither did Montez. It was completely silent, the scent of blood raising through the air as the countless corpses continued to bleed out.

"I can give you another chance to come up with a better lie," Leonel said lightly.

Montez's lip twitched, but he didn't know what to say. He knew nothing about Aina's ability. In fact, the last time he had seen Aina was the last time he had seen Leonel. He had never actually been to Earth before, and when he first met Leonel, it had been nothing more than a projection. As such, when would he have even had a chance to see Aina recently at all, let alone know before Leonel that she was pregnant?

Montez had been around the battlefield when everything happened. He felt that Velasco was too arrogant, arrogant even to the point of disrespecting their own father by refusing to take on his legacy when he was clearly so much better suited for it than Montez himself. But how could Montez not understand the inner turmoil within Velasco? There was a point in the latter's life where he didn't care about anything other than gaining his father's approval.

The truth was that despite the love that Montez and Velasco had for their own father, he hadn't been the best parent. The loss of their mother had led Ishmael down a road that seemed to have no reward at all, and though he never directly took it out on his two boys, he drifted away and apart from them until the day they received news of their death.

Montez and Velasco reacted very differently to this news. Back then, Montez had only been in the Sixth Dimension. His progress was so much more similar to the Cataclysm Generation than it was to his genius of an elder brother. He

couldn't do anything but lash out and rage within the confines of his own home.

Velasco, however, had strength, true strength. He left without saying a word and began to rampage, shedding blood all across the Human Domain. It was much different than what Leonel was doing now, but the difference was that Velasco had grown up within a power clan, he understood the inner workings and politics much more intimately than Leonel did. As such, he was far more interested in making those traitorous bastards die.

The reality was that the only reason the Void Palace had survived to this point was because Velasco had already killed all those he had evidence for. He had gathered much more evidence in recent years, but he never took action because he had a bigger target in mind, the real mastermind, the man who called himself King.

That event and the things that occurred afterward caused Montez to build up a lot of resentment. He felt that he was too useless, too small and insignificant in the face of his brother. He felt that as a son he should have had a part in revenge for his father, but he never got the chance, and he took that failure out on both himself and his brother... Even with his wife, he couldn't even bring himself to give her a child, that sort of trauma carrying forward and suffocating him.

But watching his elder brother die the way he had had broken him. Not only had he lost the man who likely understood him more than anyone else, he had once again been far too weak to even participate and could only stand there and watch. Even afterward, he was too weak to stop his own nephew. He had only barely managed to catch up because Leonel had spent so much time slaughtering. And even now, he couldn't seem to come up with a good reason.

Montez took a deep breath, closing his eyes as he exhaled. He regained his calm slowly and opened his eyes.

"Your father wanted me to give you something, please come with me. Show me some respect as your uncle."

Leonel remained silent. He looked off into the distance. He had enough time to slaughter the Dimensional Verse to his heart's content, but if he returned to the Human Domain now, this form would definitely vanish, and he would fall into a state of dormancy again.

The moment he awakened this form, he remembered what had happened that day in the Void Tower. He had entered this state back then, but he had completely forgotten it. This wasn't because something had happened to him, but rather because his mind's capacity in this state was far too vast.

If his mind out of his state was a grain of sand, the current him was an entire beach. Just a single second of thought was more than what he had pondered upon his entire life in his other form. As such, when he reverted back, his mind didn't have enough space for all of that information, so it was completely forgotten by him.

His best understanding was that this was some sort of latent, hidden Lineage Factor within himself that he couldn't fully access. He didn't feel that this was just the nature of the Lineage Factor. Rather, he felt that someone had messed with his body, causing it to be like this.

His first thought was his father. After all, that time he passed out in the Rapax Nest, Aina had told him that his father had done something to his body. But... he wasn't so sure, and after seeing his uncle in this state, he realized that his skepticism was correct.

Leonel raised a hand, and his uncle's body suddenly flew toward him. Montez's expression changed, but it was already too late. Leonel's claws ripped through his chest, tearing by his Divine Armor as though it wasn't there at all, and piercing his heart from five locations all at once, squeezing down without mercy.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 2173: Played

Montez looked toward his nephew, but he didn't quite seem to recognize him anymore. That cold gaze that looked down at him without a single word, as though his life was just as worthless as all the others he had killed... It was heartbreaking.

But Montez only felt this for a moment before his consciousness began to fade.

Just when it seemed that his death was imminent, Montez's body suddenly erupted with strength. His Force Nodes were forcefully expanded, and the Nodal Pathways between them doubled in size, and then doubled again.

At the same time, his Divine Armors shattered one after another until, under a mysterious force, his soul was forcefully separated from his body. But rather than being pulled out entirely, it rather felt that he had gained a great amount of clarity in an incredibly short period of time.

Leonel pulled his claw back, allowing his uncle to fall to the ground.

Montez's aura continued to grow explosively, as though all of his potential was being unearthed all at once. Leonel observed all of this silently, as though he was watching a science experiment of sorts. He wanted to see what the result would be.

Soon, his uncle actually began to change as well, a familiar set of dense scales, beautiful and radiant, took shape. Very quickly, he became a beautiful creature not much different than Leonel. In fact, he was taller and more magnificent, his power clearly beyond that of Leonel's. The difference, however... was that Montez had been fully awakened while Leonel's Lineage Factor was clearly very much still in a dormant state.

This much was obvious, though. Even in this state, Leonel was completely unable to fully awaken himself, and yet he had done so with ease for his uncle.

Montez collapsed to the ground, heaving for breath. His scales and horns quickly retreated, his body drenched in sweat. Clearly, he couldn't stay in that state for very long. But inwardly, he was completely astonished.

He kept his Divine Armor activated for every second of his life, rarely taking it off. It was a training method for his body, and one he took pride in since it was created by his father. But just a second in that form had left him completely gassed, he could barely find enough air to breathe.

He looked up at Leonel, slowly getting to his feet, not because he had the energy to, but rather because his pride wouldn't allow him to stay down.

"What did you just do to me?"

"What did I do?" Leonel mumbled. "The better question is what did I just undo. I didn't do anything, I just awakened what was already in you."

"In me? That's impossible. I've spent too long analyzing my body to..."

Montez trailed off because Leonel didn't even seem to be listening. It was as though he was in another world, thinking about something else entirely.

But Montez felt that he was correct. He was the only one who knew how much effort he had put into improving; it was impossible that he wouldn't have found such a large boost of power hidden within him. He couldn't even fathom what it would take to even begin to hide something like that. It wasn't as though the body was a vast and endless plane; there was a limited amount of space within it, and often one's talent was decided by how efficiently that space was used.

And yet...

"I've heard of a Demon Race... one that's physically extremely powerful, and yet they prefer to use their minds to mess with people. It's an interesting story, don't you think? Wouldn't it be funny if two brothers were born, but just as talented as one another, or maybe there was just a small difference between them, and yet the talent of one was sealed away, never to be reached, while the other continued to soar."

Leonel's gaze regained its focus as he looked down at his uncle.

"Would it be interesting? Interesting to watch that family crumble from the inside out, to watch as something that took so little effort on your part practically ruled the world of both of them? Maybe for a god, these sorts of things were the only way to brighten an otherwise dull day."

Montez froze.

Was he... talking about him and Velasco?

Leonel's gaze regained its focus as he looked down at his uncle.

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"... Don't speak nonsense, Leonel!"

Montez suddenly felt agitated. He had completely lost his bearing as an uncle; Leonel's words had pierced to the very depths of his soul. Something about his demeanor, his nonchalance, his casualness, had torn through what façade he had left as a senior.

If Leonel was correct, it meant that he had been played his entire life. He had lost connections with his brother for no other reason than the schemes of a third party. He hadn't given his wife the children she wanted all because of the schemes of some higher being, snickering at his suffering. He hadn't been able to live the life he wanted to, the life he deserved, all because some god was bored.

Leonel, though, didn't even care to respond to this; he was unmoved and unimpressed by the outburst. Instead, his mind was elsewhere.

The last time he had entered this state, he did two things.

The first was the change to his Mage Core. He turned it into a tree, filled with countless leaves, each one representing a different rune and a different discipline. It made digesting those various elements far easier for his suppressed self.

The second thing he had done was seal the smaller of his two innate nodes, allowing it to naturally progress, once again making it easier for his suppressed self to improve.

However, it could only be said that his suppressed self was far too stupid; he had overestimated himself. If others heard this evaluation of a Leonel was already too far beyond others, it was hard to say exactly how they would react, but this current version of him cared for nothing but the fact.

Since his uncle had come to stop him, Leonel had already made the decision to return. Whether Montez was telling the truth about his father's remnants or not, even if there was only a 0.1% chance, it was more important than the rest of these people's lives combined.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2174: [Bonus chapter]

He had decided to return. As far as he was concerned, whether he had this form or not, even if he forgot everything about entering it, it wouldn't make a difference. One way or another, these people would pay in blood, and that was especially so for the Spirituals. But before that, there were several of the Human Domain that he would make suffer for their inaction.

The only difference to him was a matter of time. Using this form would take much less effort, but there was no one in this world a match for him given time. They would all suffer one way or another.

When he made this decision, Leonel shifted his attention. He moved from thoughts of violence to thoughts of how to maximize his time in this form. Of course, his greatest reliance was his mind.

The first thing he did was analyze this new Lineage Factor. His Lineage Factor had undergone two changes since he last entered this form. The first was his fusion of it with the Silver Empire's portions, and the second was the Constellation event.

'I see. There's two main changes, and probably several dozen mid-level changes. Let's focus on...'

Leonel pressed a hand to his chest and closed. He drew five deep lines across his chest, but quickly, out of the center of his chest, three kernels of light appeared. Without much thought, Leonel squeezed a hand and shattered them.

These three were none other than his three Divine Armors. It was a shame; he didn't even get the chance to use his third, outside of the massacre of the Omann family, but it didn't matter much to him. In his eyes, these products were far too inferior. He could make them thousands of times better, but what he could do now was worthless.

He had to create a new design that was both far better, but also within the ability of his suppressed self to comprehend, or else it would be all useless. After not even a split moment of thought, his hand began to draw in the skies and three blueprints formed one after another. He hesitated for a moment, but didn't choose to form the fourth. It was better if his suppressed self did it; it

would be a good opportunity to improve his Dream Force further, and that would give him a greater chance of remembering the things he had thought of in this state.

If one looked closely at these blueprints, it would be possible to see that the armor wasn't the only part present. In fact... it wasn't just one extra part either. There was not only a spear to pair with, but a bow as well!

Leonel waved a hand and the blueprints vanished.

He immediately began to draw another blueprint. Those that were sharp would be able to see that it was actually a Starship, but it wasn't just any Starship; it was one based on the creation of the Omann family. Leonel was actually creating a blueprint of modifications that would make it far more efficient.

He planned to destroy the Omann family soon enough, and he believed that they had definitely already created a fleet of these Starships. Obviously, when things were said and done, those Starships would be his own to have.

This blueprint was like killing two birds with a single stone. It would inform his suppressed self about all the obvious deficiencies that could be taken advantage of, while also strengthening himself a great deal the moment those Starships landed in his possession.

It took him no more than a few seconds to finish, and he put this blueprint away as well.

After he finished this, he pressed two hands to either side of his hips, right over his flaming kidneys. With a thought, they were suppressed and sealed. Soon, the flames flickered out, and they returned to their original states.

Everything flowed smoothly, but to Leonel, this was simply too easy. Because he was keeping the level of his suppressed self in mind, he didn't need a lot of time to do things to a standard that his suppressed self would understand. These things were as easy as breathing.

He turned his attention to his Ethereal Glabella. Within, the glorious Mage Core stood tall and proud, almost entirely unused by his suppressed self. It was astonishing how dense he could be sometimes, but there wasn't much he could do about it. Instead, he turned toward his Ten Stars and waved a hand.

They began to tremble and quake, solidifying and becoming purer and purer.

His Vital Stars, the only a minimal number of runes, began to quickly catch up with the others. His Void Star Force also began to swiftly gain nodes.

Soon, they came to a stop. If he did too much, it would have the reverse effect. This was at a level his suppressed self could easily comprehend, thus making things flow far more smoothly.

Leonel turned his attention to his body and shook his head. More stupidity.

His blood churned and he shattered the barriers holding back his Northern Star Lineage Factor just like he had done in the past.

Before, when Leonel lost consciousness, he had suddenly awakened with the Starry Tailed Fox Lineage Factor. You would have thought that he would have taken the hint, but apparently he was truly too stupid. While it was true that a Lineage Factor could suffer without having the appropriate paired techniques, the gap between a Seventh Dimensional Lineage Factor and a Peak Eighth Dimensional one was so large that it didn't matter, especially when two Peak Eighth Dimensional ones could interact and benefit one another greatly.

Unfortunately, he didn't have any golden tablets to reach the true pinnacle of these two halves of the Northern Star Lineage Factor, but this would have to be enough.

The roar of a majestic tiger and the proud shadow of a deer with fur as dark as night and eyes as bright as the starry skies appeared.

The tiger had gorgeous white fur and stripes of the brightest gold. Just a single one of its roars seemed capable of collapsing the bounds of reality itself.

The Golden Tiger and the Death Pulse Deer had appeared.

[Author's Note: Leonel and Aina are slipping further and further away from first place in the event \*tears\*. I was going to wait until later to say this, but if we can make it to first place overall by the end of the event, I was going to upload four chapters a day again for a 5 day period, so essentially five . Anyhoo, let's just try our best]

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2175

The strength in Leonel's body seemed to reach another level, but his reaction was quite benign; he didn't seem to care very much at all. To him, this wasn't very impressive at all, in his current state whether his Northern Star Lineage Factor was Seventh or Eighth Dimensional didn't make much of a difference. It would only make a difference if he had the golden tablets for both.

In reality, just the fact he had the Death Pulse Deer's blood running through him right now was even more impressive because of one simple fact: he had never seen the Dark Side Silver Tablet before. He had instead given it up the chance to Aina who had gained the Blood Sovereign Tablet.

So how did he have the Death Pulse Deer Bloodline now? The answer was quite simple: Anya.

After he had lost himself to rage, Anya's souls had been shattered. She was completely unable to withstand that kind of force, and he didn't care to save her either. However, all of his souls had an undying character. They wouldn't die unless he wanted them to, but that was reliant on his stamina and his intention.

After Anya had "died," he vanished. The kernel of her soul, or the root that could be used to allow her to resurrect was with him, he just hadn't made any attempt to deal with it. However, just now, he had used Assimilate on it, and then, he had used Breathe, the third and final monstrous ability of the Emperor's Might Lineage Factor.

Assimilate allowed one to fuse a soul construct with an external item, or fuse a soul into oneself to gain its abilities. Either one worked, though the second had far more restrictions under normal circumstances. However, Breathe was very different.

With Breathe, someone could take a soul, sacrifice an item, and give it life again. This life, however, was very different from the normal as this soul would remain highly loyal. This was akin to gaining a death sworn by one's side, and the most important part was that they were far more permanent than the original 24-hour period that limited Arise. Although, the more powerful the soul, the more powerful the sacrifice required.

However, there was a second method of using Breathe, and that was similar to the second method of using Assimilate. By using Assimilate and Breathe in unison, Leonel was able to sacrifice a portion of himself in order to give himself the permanence of Anya's ability. In the end, he had chosen to sacrifice the Aurora Bloodline within him.

Of course, there was a very important issue here. How could he sacrifice an inferior Bloodline in order to gain a much stronger one?

And that was where the genius of the current Leonel came into play.

The potential of the Death Pulse Deer was already within Leonel's body, what was missing was the catalyst. Normally, that catalyst was the comprehension and use of the silver tablet, but with Anya's soul, he didn't need to. He just needed to catch a small spark of the Death Pulse Deer Lineage Factor. Once he did, he could catalyze the Northern Star Lineage Factor within his body to force it into being.

The short of it was that his Aurora Bloodline indeed wasn't enough, but what it was enough for was causing a small fuse to be lit, and before this fuse burnt out, Leonel stimulated it with the rest of his Bloodline, forcing it into being.

This matter was explained quite simply, but if this was explained to others, the amount of awe they would experience wouldn't be small in the slightest. Leonel had essentially casually figured out a workaround for the need of the tablets.

It had to be understood that these tablets weren't just existences used to bestow power, they were also used as a means of control. You weren't meant to be able to access the next unless you were of a certain standard. Without reaching this standard, you would never be able to touch upon this level in your entire life. This was what the Umbra family had experienced until Leonel gave them the Bronze Tablet of the Dark Side Northern Star Lineage Factor.

And yet, in just a brief few seconds, Leonel had already figured out a method to circumvent this without even the slightest of effort. He had just broken a code that had left countless generations helpless with little trouble at all. And yet... he didn't seem like he was done.

The three-headed construct that had once been so strong for Leonel had already begun to fall by the wayside. This was the reason he was using it less

and less recently. The self-created techniques that he had formed and that paired with it so well were too casually constructed.

His Lotus Domain, for example, was created off the back of a low-level research paper from the Void Library that the current Leonel felt was nothing more than trash. Its construction was shoddy and it didn't have staying power at higher Dimensional levels.

He could do much better. Whether it was the Golden Tiger or the Death Pulse Deer, they both had exceptional combat prowess. Leonel had already taken this into account when he had created the blueprints for his Divine Armors; they would take great advantage of this. But in order for it to work, he had to fuse the two first.

His body began to change and he grew even taller. His scales vanished beneath strong tufts of white fur, his eyes becoming a sparkling golden color, his horns becoming even more prominent and powerful, shimmering with a black luster.

The Death Pulse Deer controlled Death Force, the Golden Tiger, however, controlled Golden Force. It was a very special variant earth-type Force known for its astounding offensive power.

Golden Force was constructed of Variant Earth Force, Spatial Force, Star Force, and Light Force. It was considered to be the Force with the greatest piercing power in all of existence, aside from weapon Forces mastered to an extreme.

Death Force, of course, spoke for itself. Now, Leonel had fused the two halves into a perfect whole.

His eyes regained their focus, and he looked back down toward his Uncle, who was still in an agitated state. He grabbed his shoulder.

"Let's go."

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2176: I swear

Not long later, Leonel had appeared before his father again, his uncle by his side. His gaze flickered as he looked at the man, his rage threatening to bubble up again.

Montez's gaze flickered with its own complicated light. The words that Leonel had spoken had truly weighed heavily on him. His relationship with his elder brother had once been very good. If he thought about it, it was indeed his fault that it had reached the state it had.

He clenched his fist. 'I swear I'll kill whoever did this to us...'

Although he thought this, the amount of self-blame was palpable. He didn't say anything for a long while, and it was only after he felt the coldness emitting from Leonel that he remembered how things had reached this point.

He actually hadn't been lying; Velasco had indeed left something behind. The only lie was that it wasn't exactly meant for Leonel, although it would benefit him greatly.

"Your father... Val said that after a Ninth Dimensional expert died, there would be a great phenomenon. The land they stood within would gain a great boon, even more beneficial than a world entering the Eighth Dimension. Depending on the strength of the expert, it might even be better than a world entering the Ninth Dimension.

"I didn't have much of a reference for that until recently, but if he's right, the change would be enormous. Do you know why there isn't a phenomenon here?"

Leonel wanted to hope, but his uncle's eyes painted a completely different story. There was truly no use in him having hope. His father was indeed... dead.

"Your father has always been a selfish man; how could he allow others to benefit from his death?"

Montez opened Velasco's shirt with shaking hands and revealed a necklace. He slowly took it off and handed it to Leonel.



"Give this to Anastasia. Tell her that Val said he always keeps his promises."

Leonel's jaw clenched as he took the necklace. It looked as though an entire universe was spinning within the gem that hung from it.

In this state, he could vaguely remember some things. Back when he had lost to Amery, Anastasia had nursed him to health, swearing about how he was holding her back and how he was just as useless as his father. She had also mentioned something about his father promising to bring her back to the Ninth Dimension, implying that she had once been there before.

"... What happened to Anastasia?"

"I'm not sure, but when she fell into father's hands, she was already heavily injured. But after Val lost himself to rage after father's death, Anastasia fell even further, descending to the point that she was barely at the Third Dimension anymore; she even had to fall into a deep sleep. Your father was slowly nursing her injuries until he left her to you."

Montez hesitated for a moment, but in the end, he decided to speak.

"Your father... has been very powerful for a long while. Back then, he had already broken free of the restrictions of the world."

Leonel frowned.

"You're wondering why he died this time, but not back then? I think you're already smart enough to know the answer," Montez looked down at the necklace.

Suddenly, Leonel understood.

His father had already broken free of the restrictions of this world, but if he had continued to do so, he would have died that day. He probably relied on Anastasia to avoid punishment back then, causing her to be heavily injured and almost die.

Thinking about how angry Anastasia was when his father hadn't come to say hello after so long, Leonel felt he understood his father even deeper than before. It wasn't that his father was so aloof... he didn't want to see Anastasia so that she would remain angry, continuing to ignore him. That way, when he

acted this time, she wouldn't do something as foolish as trying to protect him again.

Because this time, if she really dared to interfere again... she really would die.

Leonel clenched the necklace in his hand. Without a word, he sent it into the Segmented Cube and crushed it before Anastasia could understand what happened.

A large amount of energy rushed forward. As though the skies were filled with golden blood, what once were blue and expansive became bold and beautiful.

Anastasia rushed out, seemingly focused on something in the lab. She looked into the skies in a daze before her senses extended outside of the finger sleeve Leonel always wore. She had indeed not been paying much attention, but when she saw the state of the Void Battlefield, and then rewound the events play by play, she froze.

Her little face became ghastly pale, and her big, larger than life blue eyes reddened. Even the adorable little blue cloud that made up her lower body darkened, rumbling with arcs of lightning.

Her aura surged, quickly approaching the pinnacle of the Eighth Dimension and then shattering a path through to the Ninth, but this only caused the tears she was holding back to spill forth.

"Idiot! Idiot! IDIOT!"

Her small body rushed out of the finger sleeve, her little fists pounding against Velasco's body.

Unfortunately, Velasco's body had already lost all of its strength. The power holding up was no longer there, the necklace having already been taken.

Anastasia panicked when the body began to fall, forgetting all about the huge amount of power at her fingertips. She balled her eyes out, helpless and weak before the changes.

Leonel took a step forward, barely catching his father's body before it crashed, catching it. His gaze carried a frigid cold within them, looking off into the distance. He seemed to peer through the veil of reality, looking toward the

enemies and marking each one of them in the heart. Whether it was the invaders, or the cowardly humans who remained on the sideline...

'I swear I'll kill them all.'

Leonel barely had this thought himself before he too collapsed, his body exploding with clouds of blood.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 2177: Sharper

Leonel's eyes snapped open.

It was probably a common occurrence among normal people to be partially confused about where they were, or maybe forget about what had happened recently, especially after being asleep for so long. But while the events of his transformation were blurry to Leonel, it was much less so than it had been in the past. In addition, his mind was far too fast to fall into such a trap..

In the end, he remembered it all instantly. He didn't get the hope of a few seconds of bliss; the instant his eyes opened, he was plunged into a pit he didn't know how to get out of. He simply stared blankly at the ceiling. But even this was short-lived.

Not even a few seconds later, Leonel stood to his feet. He had work to do.

He didn't contact Aina, he didn't go to see how his mother was doing, he didn't even try to communicate with Anastasia despite the fact he was already aware that he was within the Abode Setting. Instead, he directly entered the lab and pulled out three blueprints.

His mind's capacity was far beyond what it had been in the past. As such, the gap wasn't as exaggerated as it had been back when he had first entered Void Tower, and he was able to remember bits and snippets. At the same time, his more enlightened self had been ready as well, sealing off much of what it could and leaving behind only what he felt that the current Leonel could handle.

As such, Leonel remembered the most important points.

He remembered the blueprints, whether that was his Divine Armor or that of the modifications to the Starship. He also understood some of the changes that had been made to his body and he was aware that he had awoken two new Lineage Factors, though they now seamlessly acted as one. He was also aware that he needed to pay more attention to his Mage Core in the future and understand it to a greater degree.

But for now, he was focused on these blueprints before him.

What astonished him was how simple the materials were, and the path they took was even more curious. There was very clearly a heavy emphasis on his new Lineage Factors, namely the Golden Tiger and Death Pulse Deer Lineage Factors, but it hadn't completely abandoned the path of vitality that he had laid out either.

It used concepts of Death and Life to find greater life and vitality than even Leonel thought possible. At the same time, it opened up a door toward a fusion of his talents that Leonel had never considered before.

The way Leonel saw it, Aina had always been able to keep up with him because her ability to focus her talents into a single path was simply unmatched. Even without much effort on her part, all of her skills, whether it was Ability Index and Lineage Factor all came together seamlessly. In fact, there was a very long time where Leonel couldn't even tell where her Lineage Factor ended and where her Ability Index began.

His more enlightened self had seen through this problem clearly and gave him a solution: his Divine Armor.

Now, his Divine Armor, or more accurately, his Metal Body, though even this wasn't wholly accurate any longer, could accommodate both an armor and two weapons. This gave him a level of flexibility that hadn't been there before.

This added flexibility opened a door of possibility that if he should walk through, he would be able to become an entirely new person, one that could stand toe to toe with Aina in terms of how streamlined and perfectly meshed his talents were in one.

There was some bad news, though, unfortunately. As great as an idea that this was, there was a huge elephant in the room: his Spear and Bow Sovereignty.

In the past, it was his Spear Domain Ring that didn't allow him to touch inferior spears. He had never even attempted to Craft a spear before because it would have been a useless effort. He didn't quite understand where that kernel of "worthiness" stemmed from.

It made sense that he was confused. After all, the Spear Domain Ring was filled to the brim with swords of all kinds, from those formed of the most inoffensive and cheap wood, to those constructed of the holiest and most precious materials known to man.

There didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to it outside of a mysterious something that set them apart from everyone else.

One might say that Leonel no longer needed the ring; he could just set it aside now that he had Sovereignty of his own. Plus, the spears within were useless to him as they wouldn't mesh with his Divine Armors perfectly. It would be better to set them aside.

However, therein lied a problem. Because he didn't need to rely on the ring anymore, the source of the trouble was no longer external. If he tried to Craft an inferior spear now, or even an inferior bow as well, for that matter, the result would be the same.

Failure.

It wouldn't be a ring that destroyed the spear anymore, but rather Leonel's aura itself.

The only past this was to figure out what that kernel was, and finally forge a true spear for himself. But all he had here was a blueprint, and he didn't even need to try to know that just following it wouldn't be enough to reach that standard.

It was almost too silly. He was a Spear Sovereign, a True Spear Sovereign, and yet he had no confidence in forging a spear.

His gaze turned colder and colder, until it reached such an abyssal absolute zero that he couldn't quite even see clearly anymore.

He clenched his fists and closed his eyes. This sort of agitation wasn't helping him in the slightest; it was only wasting his mental strength on useless emotion.

When his eyes opened once more, they were several fold sharper.

## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2178: Intent

Leonel tossed another aside, his expression indifferent. He felt by this point that maybe his enlightened self had created a blueprint that used such cheap materials anticipating that he would fail so often. Even though he was only working on a Fourth Dimension blueprint right now, even Fourth Dimensional materials when piled up to a high enough degree would make him feel a pinch, especially since he was in a stage where he was completely focused on saving as much material as possible for the coming battles he planned to fight.

Leonel tossed yet another aside, not even bothering to continue it. He already knew that it was a failure..

The design of this spear he was attempting to Craft was ingenious. It used the simplest elemental ores, sticking to the basics and using them to create something new. Their power would only show when they came together as one, entering the true Life Grade Realm.

Often, ores like these ones were used in amplification Force Arts, ones that could increase the concentration of certain Forces in a given area. This was something that the Void Palace had quite a lot of. In fact, they had so many that they wouldn't even bother with Fourth Dimensional materials like this one, or even Sixth Dimensional ones. They directly began at the Seventh, which was why these materials were seen as so cheap in Leonel's eyes.

Thinking back to how many of his points he had wasted back in the Cataclysm Zone, gathering the most expensive of materials, Leonel realized that he had been going down the wrong path of Crafting, or at the very least, Life Grade Crafting.

Life Grade Crafting was meant to create new life from the materials that forged it. The more dominant the material, the more resistant it would be to change. Using high class, high-level materials was actually the antithesis of what he really wanted, and he was actually holding himself back.

That wasn't to say that you weren't allowed to use high-class materials, but the issue was that he had overstepped his bounds in some respects and underappreciated himself in others.

He had overstepped his bounds in the regard that he had only just entered the Life Grade; he could be considered a fledgling to the discipline. What right had he earned to already be working with the best materials already?

As for how he had underappreciated himself, one only had to ask one simple question. What point was there in using the highest class materials of the Fourth Dimension? What about the Fifth? Or the Sixth?

It had to be remembered that the entry of the Life Grade by many was seen to be the Eighth Dimension; this wasn't a coincidence.

After one entered the Gold Grade, it didn't matter how great the materials were, even if one used Ninth Dimensional materials-of course, only if you were able to refine such materials despite only being in the Gold Grade-there wouldn't be a qualitative leap in terms of treasure strength unless one understood the concepts of the Life Grade.

This was to say that materials less meaningful at the lower level of the Life Grade. How could it matter much whether you used a low class or a high-class Fourth Dimensional material when your aim was the Life Grade anyway? It was a waste of effort.

It was better to simplify things, to go back to the basics, to choose materials one comprehended to their very roots and bring out the best in each and every one of them.

'... Go back to the basics...'

\*Bloop

Leonel's fingers flickered, and Little Tolly went into action, moving with swift speed. Leonel's action seemed far sharper, and his True Spear Sovereign Aura towered.

He thought back to what it would take to forge a wooden spear... carefully picking out a branch, checking its sturdiness, letting it dry, then carefully beginning to carve it with a knife. Each one of your strokes would carry your

intent, the thought of forging a spear. Was it long enough? Was it sturdy enough? Was it flexible enough? How did it feel in your hands?

When using a Metal Spirit to forge an item, it was easy to forget these things. You were detached from the material, the spirit becoming the medium of your efforts, and disconnecting you from the process of the spear's creation. In such a situation, how could you gain access to its truest strength? How could it feel the dignity of a Sovereign?

At that moment, Leonel understood. He was trying to form a Life Grade Spear. The Life Grade represented new life, a new creation. If he just threw the materials together, following the blueprint, would this new Life Grade spear even have the understanding that it was now a spear? Or would it feel that it was a rod? A glaive maybe?

Leonel had always had this question in his mind. There were many so-called spears in the Spear Domain Ring that looked a lot more like other weapons, some looked like glaives, some could be separated into two pieces and wielded like twin swords, some looked like tridents, even his favorite spear in recent memory looked like nothing more than a long black rod until its foggy blade took shape. So... what was the separation? What decided what was a spear and what wasn't?

The answer was obvious now that he thought about it... It was the intention.

If he wanted to create a Life Grade Spear, he had to have the intention to do so from the very beginning.

But that begged a question. Why were there Bronze, Silver and Gold Grade Spears within the ring, then? There were even Black Grade spears as well.

But Leonel felt there was an answer to this too, and it was related to the reason why the higher in quality one went, the further one traveled into the Spear Domain Ring, the more spears of these higher caliber could be found!

Leonel retrieved Little Tolly, and a pulsing light radiated. The roar of a tiger and the proud prance of a deer king echoed, flashes of light and dark piercing outward.

He had succeeded.



## Dimensional Descent

### Chapter 2179: Return

The answer was quite simple. When those spears began their life, they had no intention of becoming the weapon of Sovereigns. It was only after a long journey, and a life by their side, that they evolved and entered the state they were in. However, most normal spearmen probably couldn't even notice how special they were, even Leonel couldn't grasp it... until now.

Holding his forged spear in one hand, Leonel extended his other, and a wooden spear appeared..

Leonel remembered this stinger-like spear quite intimately. It was the second ever spear he had gotten from the Spear Domain Ring, the first having been destroyed due to his carelessness. Usually, the Spear Domain Ring could repair damaged Spears, but this was only up to a point, a point his first spear had passed, unfortunately.

This spear, however, was owned by a female spear master. She was quite crafty in her bearing and the way she used a spear was light and agile, quick and sharp. She had taught Leonel a lot about cautiousness and precision in battle, not to mention cleverness. Without even noticing, she was probably a large reason why Leonel's battle style had become the way it was, even aside from the state of his Ability Index.

It was one of the spears he was most familiar with, intimately so. And yet, in his hands right now, it felt completely different. It had soul, it had heart.

He casually pierced outward, and the spear seemed to sing.

Leonel stood in silence for a very long time. That feeling, he had seen it before. His father's last spear strike...

It was much weaker, by an impossibly wide margin, but he was certain that they shared the same roots. At the same time, his Spear Force, which had been at the Third Layer, transcended to the Fourth, faintly touching upon the next level.

That spear strike that had taken him 333 strokes to complete could now be executed casually by him. If he executed his Spear Dance, he might be able

to take a half-step into the Impetus State, a level of strength that was practically an infinite distance from the Fourth Layered State.

It had to be remembered that the Impetus State was the requirement for entering the Ninth Dimension, and now Leonel was just a step away. However... He had no plans on relying on this, that was because he had no intention of suppressing his Spear Force. Once he entered the Seventh Dimension, he would allow it to smoothly enter the Seventh Dimension as well, and as a result, his Spear Force would fall back from the Fourth Layered State to the Third Layered State.

Even so, the feeling of the Fourth Layered State in his hands right now made him feel invincible. The power to use such strength so casually made him feel like a completely new person. With this kind of strength, defeating Amery, or at least the Amery he had last battled, would be a matter of a single stroke of his blade.

Even if he entered the Seventh Dimension, he wouldn't suddenly weaken, he would probably actually become a slight margin strong. After all, the gap between the Sixth and Seventh Dimensions would make up for the gap between the Third and Fourth Layered State.

Leonel slowly put the stinger spear away and gripped his self-created spear.

It was truly beautiful and it radiated a unique aura. It felt better in his hands than any spear he had ever touched, as though it was created for him... and that it was.

It sparked with what looked like muted lightning, its shaft filled out with hexagonal scales that shimmered with a golden light between their bodies. Its blade had a dark gold body and its sharp edge was like a radiant black light, even looking somewhat purple and ethereal.

The next progressions of the spear looked similar. The only real difference was that the Fifth Dimensional one was three meters long and far more flexible, similar to a wind spear he had used in the past. As for the Sixth Dimensional one, it was four meters long and had twin heads.

Now that Leonel had succeeded with one, he was far more confident that he would succeed with the others.

He closed his hands tight and the blade disappeared into his body, a shuddering strength shooting within him as the fusion process completed. He had never experienced this before when fusing, or rather, the effect was always minimal. But this time, it felt as though everything had changed.

Without much more thought, he began to work on the others, moving swiftly as though he didn't have time to lose, and he truly didn't.

Every time he thought about his father's final moments, the fire within him burned fiercer and fiercer. He wanted to destroy everything, to watch the world burn. That fire spurred him on, and he worked faster and faster.

In just a day, he had finished all of his armors. To his surprise, no one had come to bother him, but he also didn't mind. He preferred it this way. He didn't want to socialize, to speak to others; it would only delay his revenge.

After he was finished, he entered a pod even though he didn't absolutely need to. He had rather done it because he knew exactly what kind of workload was facing him.

Once he finished modifying the Starship, he would start making plans to return to the Morales family. But the kind of return they expected was most definitely not the one he would give them. However, before he even thought about that, he would most definitely enter the Seventh Dimension.

Of all the kernels that his enlightened self had left for him, this was probably one of the more important. If he had to find a key to enter the Dimensional Cleanse Trial World, and then wait for the other keys to be found and everyone to be ready to enter, who knew how much time would pass?

Luckily, his enlightened self had left behind enough of the deductions he would need.

Once he entered the Seventh Dimension, he would return to the Morales as Patriarch Leonel.

## [Dimensional Descent](#)

### Chapter 2180: Real Mother

The Starship could be considered to be Cynthia's magnum opus, the greatest blueprint she had ever constructed and the best Craft that she had ever been

a part of. Even so, there were many faults with it, most of which surrounded its shrunken size.

A regular Starship was capable of lasting without a replacement of its core for at least a decade without issue, but Cynthia's could only last a single year. This was still not bad as a year was a relatively long time in the scale of a war, at least. However, this 90% drop was something that hurt quite a bit..

The reason for this was that because the core, a fusion core, was an object that simulated the power of a Star. It was extremely powerful. The amount of power within it was obscene, if it wasn't like this, how could it power such a large vessel? But it was also ironic because of this that the fusion core last a shorter time on this modified starship, rather than longer despite its smaller size.

There were a few reasons for this. The first was cooling, the second was capacity, and the final was size, this time referring to the core's size instead of the ship's.

The cooling of the fusion core didn't just happen within the engine room, but rather throughout the entire ship. The main method used was also the easiest and most effective, and that was diffusion. By using special cooling pathways more effective than even copper could hope to be, the heat was evenly distributed throughout the ship.

The problem was that because the size of the Starship was a handful of kilometers, as opposed to the thousands of kilometers of the original Starship, the change in size was far too drastic to accommodate the original fusion core.

The second problem was one of capacity, and that was that the smaller Starship simply didn't have enough mechanisms that could be powered. Fusion cores had a great amount of volatile energy and it could only calmed and parsed to a certain degree. After a certain point, it would refuse to split. As such, a much smaller Starship could be easily overloaded.

In order to deal with these problems, Cynthia had chosen to shrink the size of the fusion core, and the method she used was actually quite ingenious, but it unfortunately only further exacerbated the problem. Now that the fusion core was also smaller, there was less overall energy and ultimately there was the trouble result of a shorter shelf life.

This was the trade off that had come with a smaller core, and this was just one of the major problems the Starship faced.

The second issue was one of defense, and this unfortunately fed into more of the size of the vessel.

The main mode of defense for both Starships were their protective Force Arts. However, for the smaller of the two, this was basically the only mode of protection, and it wasn't as good as the first. It required access to much more energy to complete the same tasks.

Of course, since the Starship was smaller, the area its Force Art took up was much smaller as well, but that also meant that it had much less area to take up. When it took on attacks, there was much less room to disperse said attacks and as a result, it took more energy to deal with the same trouble, once again resulting in a decrease in its shelf life.

The larger a Force Art, controlling for quality, the more powerful it was. This was a simple rule. But even more importantly than that in this case, the more material used as the foundation of a Force Art, the more powerful it was.

But this was unfortunately another problem that the smaller Starship had to suffer in to gain the benefits it had.

The third and the final major issue was speed.

In truth, the smaller Starship was both far more agile, and far faster. Where it suffered was in using space jumps.

Its personal gravitational pull was highly limited due to its much smaller size, and as such its size couldn't be used as a personal shortcut to opening up a spatial tunnel. As a result of this, it took a great deal of time for the smaller of the two Starships to move across large distances, even though in confined spaces, it far outstripped the larger one.

In order to make up for this deficit, the smaller of the two Starships, once again, had to compensate with more energy usage, once again placing it even further behind.

These were the three most major issues, while the rest were more miscellaneous. Leonel planned to not only fix this, but he also planned to improve upon the Starship's strengths as well. In fact, he planned to use the

material of this one Starship, to Craft three more. He would also use the much larger of the two Starships to construct an entire fleet, but he wouldn't be able to do that until he finally brought Little Tolly beyond the Fifth Dimension.

However, in order to help Little Tolly evolve, he would have to find a Force Eruption, and there was only one place that he could guarantee would have one... and that was none other than the Morales' territory which was currently undergoing a huge evolution.

For now, he would focus on this matter.

"Let's do it," Leonel said lightly, taking Little Tolly along with him. This would be a large project, even larger than the creation of his Divine Armor, but soon he would be ready.

Right outside of the Segmented Cube, a trio of women sat. The atmosphere was quite somber.

Empress Fawkes gently rubbed her daughter's back, her eyes slightly puffy from crying. She didn't want to see her daughter like this either.

Alienor was always cheery and full of life, but now she could only be said to be the complete opposite.

"He's awake?" Alienor asked.

Aina, the third woman among them, nodded her head slowly.

Slowly, Alienor's gaze went from downcast to sharp, and then from sharp to sharper.

"Let's not bother him. Tell me when he comes out, it's about time I was a real mother to him."